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M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE

THE
FIRST CHAPTER OF
"REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE"

BY
CARL SCHURZ

BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

A NEW STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY
RAY STANNARD BAKER

THOSE WHO USE HAND SAPOLIO need no cosmetics—nature, relieved, does its own perfect work. Other soaps chemically dissolve the dirt—HAND SAPOLIO removes it. Other soaps either gloss over the pores, or by excess of alkali absorb the healthful secretions which they contain.



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1882

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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1905-1906



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Drawn by H. Reuter, Jabi

“ON THE UPPER STAGING A LITTLE HOODED FIGURE ALSO STRETCHED
ARMS WIDE TOWARDS HER FATHER”

“WITH THE NIGHT MAIL,” BY RUDYARD KIPLING

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 1

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND BY REGINALD BIRCH

In order to bring Mr. Schurz's narrative within the compass of magazine publication, occasional incidents and descriptive passages have been omitted. These omissions are indicated by asterisks and, of course, will appear in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.—Editor.



ANY years ago I began to write down these reminiscences at the desire of my children. In the domestic circle, partly from myself and partly from relatives and old friends, they had heard much about the surroundings and conditions in which I had grown up, as well as about the strange and stirring adventures of my youth, and they asked me to put that which they had heard, and as much more of the same kind as I could give them, into the shape of a connected narrative which they might keep as a family memorial. This I did, without originally contemplating a general publication.

The circumstance that this narrative was first intended only for a small number of persons who might be assumed to take special interest in everything concerning the subject, may explain the breadth and copiousness of detail in the description of situations and events, which, perhaps, will occasionally try the reader's patience. To soften his judgment he should imagine an old man telling the story of his life to a circle of intimates who constantly interrupt him with questions about this and that of which they wish to know more, thus forcing him to expand his tale.

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However, I have to confess also that while I was writing, the charm of story-telling, the joy of literary production, came over me, and no doubt seduced me into diffusenesses which I must ask the kind reader to pardon.

Until recently, it was my intention not to publish these reminiscences during my lifetime, but to leave it to my children to decide after my death, how much of them should be given to the general reading public. It appeared to me that such a publication during the lifetime of the author might easily acquire the character of self-advertisement, especially in the case of a man who had been active in public life, and might, perhaps, continue to be so. But after mature consultation with judicious friends I have come to the conclusion that in consideration of my advanced age and of my retirement, which manifestly exclude all political ambition, I could not be suspected of such designs.

It is hardly necessary to say that in telling the story of my youth I had to depend largely upon memory. I am well aware that memory not seldom plays treacherous pranks with us in making us believe that we have actually witnessed things which we have only heard spoken of, or which have only vividly occupied our imagination. Of this I have myself had some strange experiences.

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I have therefore been careful not to trust my own recollections too much, but, whenever possible, to compare them with the recollections of relatives or friends, and to consult old letters and contemporary publications concerning the occurrences to be described. It may indeed be that in spite of such precautions some errors have slipped into my narrative, but I venture to hope that they are only few and not important.

When I began to write these reminiscences of my youth, I attempted to do so in English, but as I proceeded, I became conscious of not being myself satisfied with the work; and it occurred to me that I might describe

things that happened in Germany among Germans, and under German conditions, with greater ease, freedom, and fullness of expression, if I used the German language as a medium. I did so, and thus this story of my youth was originally written in German. It was translated by my friend Mrs. Eleonora Kinnicutt, and I cannot too strongly express my obligation to her who not only did for me the more or less dry work of turning German phrases into English, but was in a large sense my co-worker, aiding me throughout with most valuable counsel as to the tone of the narrative, and as to passages to be shortened or struck out, and others to be more amply elaborated.

PART ONE: CHILDHOOD

I was born in a castle. This, however, does not mean that I am of aristocratic ancestry. My father was, at the time of my birth, a schoolmaster in Liblar, a village of about eight hundred inhabitants, on the left bank of the Rhine, three hours' walk from Cologne. His native place was Duisdorf, near Bonn. Losing his parents in early childhood, he was adopted into the home of his grandfather, a man belonging to the peasant class, who possessed a small holding of land upon which he raised some grain, potatoes and a little wine. Thus my father grew up a true peasant boy.

At the period of his birth, in 1797, the left bank of the Rhine was in the possession of the French Republic. The years of my father's youth thus fell in what the Rhine folk called "the French time," and later in life he had much to tell me of those stirring days; how he had seen the great Napoleon, before the Russian campaign, passing in review a body of troops in the neighborhood of Bonn; how, in the autumn of 1813, the French army, after the battle of Leipzig, defeated and shattered had come back to the Rhine; how, while standing in the marketplace of Bonn, he had seen General Sébastiani dash out of his headquarters in the "Hotel Zum Stern," leap upon his horse and gallop around with his staff, the trumpeters sounding the alarm and the drums beating the long roll, because the news had come that a body of Cossacks had crossed the Rhine between Bonn and Coblenz; how the French troops, stationed in Bonn, had hurriedly formed and marched off in the direction of France, many disabled soldiers dropping out

of the columns; how one morning several bands of Cossacks, dirty, long-bearded fellows on small shaggy ponies, had swarmed over the country, and chased the French stragglers, killing many of them; how they had also forced themselves into the houses, stealing everything that took their fancy; and how then, when the Cossacks had disappeared, the peasants hid their few remaining possessions in the woods, to save them from the oncoming Russians.

Soon after, the troops belonging to the allied powers marched through the country on their way into France to fight the campaign of 1814, which ended in the occupation of Paris and Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba. A short period of apparent peace followed; but when Napoleon, in 1815, suddenly returned from Elba and again seized the government of France, the Prussians levied fresh troops on the Rhine; all able-bodied young men were obliged to enlist; and so my father, who was then eighteen years of age, joined an infantry regiment and marched off to the seat of war in Belgium. The troops were drilled on the way thither in the manual of arms and in the most necessary evolutions to fit them for immediate service. My father's regiment passed over the field of Waterloo a few days after the battle, on its way to a small French fortress which they were to besiege, but which soon capitulated without bloodshed. Later he was transferred to the artillery and raised to the dignity of a corporal, an honor which gratified not a little his youthful ambition. He regretted never to have been in actual combat, and later in life, when his contemporaries

told the stories of their deeds and dangers, he was always obliged to admit, with reluctance, the harmless character of his own war experiences.

Upon his discharge from military service my father entered as a pupil a teachers' seminary at Brühl, and was soon appointed schoolmaster at Liblar. He had received a little instruction in music at the seminary, and had learned to play the flute. This enabled him to teach simple songs to the school children and to form a glee club composed of the youths and maidens of the village. In this glee club he made the acquaintance of my mother, Marianne Juessen, whom he married in 1827. My mother was the daughter of a tenant-farmer, Heribert Juessen, who occupied part of a seignorial castle called "Die Gracht," near Liblar. My father and mother lived, for several years after their marriage, with my grandparents; and so it happened that I, their first born son, came into the world on March 2, 1829, in a castle.

This castle, the ancestral seat of Count Wolf Metternich, was not very old — if I remember rightly, it was built between 1650 and 1700. It consisted partly of a large compound of buildings under one roof; surrounding on three sides a spacious courtyard; at the corners, tall towers with pointed roofs and large iron weather-vanes that screeched when moved by the wind; a broad moat, always filled with water, encircling the whole; spanned by a drawbridge, which led through a narrow arched gateway into the court. In the wall above the massive gate, which was studded with big-headed nails, there was a shield bearing the Count's coat-of-arms, and an inscription which I puzzled out as soon as I could read and which has remained in my memory through all the vicissitudes of my life. It read:

*In the old days in Hesserland,
I was called the Wolf of Gutenberg;
Now, by the Grace of God,
I am Count Wolf Metternich of the Gracht.*

This large group of buildings contained the dwelling of the tenant and his retainers, the steward's offices necessary for the management of the estate, the granaries and the stables. On the fourth side of the court a second bridge spanned a branch of the moat and led to a small but more pretentious

building also surrounded on all sides by water. This was the residence occupied by Count Metternich and his family during the summer and the shooting seasons. It also had its tall towers and spreading wings containing a chapel and household service rooms. It was situated on somewhat higher ground, and seemed to dominate the other buildings. This residence standing apart was called the "House." A third drawbridge united the House with a park of about sixty acres, of which one-half resembled the Versailles gardens with its straight pebble walks, labyrinths and trimmed hedges, and here and there statues of Greek gods and nymphs, fountains and ponds. Large orange trees, in green tubs, stood like sentinels in rows along the walks. The grounds were enlivened by flocks of guineahens and stately-moving peacocks. Another part of the grounds was laid out like an English park, with lawns, ponds and groups of tall trees and shrubbery, and here and there a small summer-house or a pavilion. The estate as a whole was called by the people, "die Burg," and my grandfather was known in the village and surrounding country, as "der Burghalfen." "Halfen" was the name given originally to the farm-tenants who went halves with the lord of the estate in the proceeds of the crops. This has in some parts of the Rhineland given way to the payment of a fixed rent to the landlord, but the old name 'Halfen' remains.

My grandfather, the Burghalfen, had at the time of my first recollection attained his sixtieth year. He was a man of huge proportions; over six feet in height with powerful chest and shoulders, and massive features to correspond; square chin, a firm mouth and full lips; large straight nose; fiery dark eyes with bushy eyebrows; a broad forehead, shadowed with curly brown hair. His strength of muscle was astounding. Once, at a Kirmess festival, when several other Halfen were his guests, my grandfather accepted a challenge to lift in his arms the great anvil, which stood in the blacksmith's forge on the other side of the moat, and to carry it over the drawbridge, through the gate, into the house, up two stories to the loft, and back again to the forge. I can see him now, striding along, up and down the creaking stairs, with the heavy block of iron in his arms, as though he were carrying a little child.

Wonderful were the tales told about him ; that once a mad bull which had broken loose from the barn into the courtyard and driven all the stablemen under cover was confronted by him single-handed and felled to the ground with one blow of a hammer ; and that when heavily-laden wagons were stuck in the ruts of bad country roads, he would lift them up and out with his shoulders ; and various other similar feats. It is not unlikely that such stories as they passed from mouth to mouth, may have gone a little beyond the boundary line of fact, and swelled into legendary grandeur ; but they were recounted with every assurance of authenticity ; and certain it is that the Burghalfen was the strongest man of his day in the neighborhood of Liblar.

His education had been only elementary. He could read and write ; but these arts did not belong to his favorite occupations. With books he had little concern. But he was a man of great authority with the people. From the village and the surrounding country men and women came to seek the Burghalfen's advice, and to lay their troubles before him ; and whenever report reached him of a quarrel among neighbors, or between husband and wife, he would start forth with a stout stick in his hand for the seat of war. He would hear the case both for plaintiff and defendant, and after making up his mind which side was in the wrong, he would pronounce judgment and deal out the punishment on the spot, which not seldom consisted in a sound thrashing. Against his verdict and its immediate execution — a somewhat patriarchal form of judgment — no one ever ventured to protest.

When the harvest-time came and the Burghalfen needed laborers for his fields, he had only to walk through the village streets, and old and young flocked to his service and worked for him with zeal, until the harvest was safely garnered. But the spirit of helpfulness was mutual ; whoever was in distress would say, "I will go to the Burghalfen," and he would do so, confident that no sacrifice would be too great, no service too burdensome to him, when the welfare of others was concerned. "Live and let live," was his principle and his habit. Every parish in the Rhineland had its yearly Kirmess, with feasting, drinking, games, and dances. These festivals lasted always three days, and were not infrequently carried over into a fourth. At such times, relatives and friends

visited one another, bringing along their families ; so that for those who had many brothers, sisters, cousins and intimate friends, opportunities for enjoyment were not wanting throughout the summer. At every kirmess gathering that he visited, the Burghalfen was the central figure. He was pleasure loving — perhaps a little too much so for his own good. There were few whom he could not "drink under the table" ; and he was a terrible fighter, too, when it came to blows ; but fortunately this did not happen often, for he was a man of peace by nature. I have been told that when under strong provocation, he would in his wrath seize a chair, dash it to pieces with a mighty foot thrust, grasp one of the legs for a weapon, and, like Sampson with the ass's jawbone, charge upon and drive the Philistines irresistibly before him.

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But the Burghalfen was also a thorough husbandman ; intelligent, energetic, and indefatigable. Bright and early in the morning he was up and joined his laborers in the field, not only giving directions, but when occasion required, setting a good example by doing himself the most arduous tasks. I still see him before me, as, according to custom, he drove the first harvest load into the barn, whip in hand, sitting on one of the four gayly decorated horses which were harnessed tandem fashion to the wagon ; and I have often heard that his counsel about questions of husbandry was frequently sought and highly esteemed by his fellow farmers. In his own home, of course, he was king, but a king who was loved as well as obeyed, and whose very faults were accepted by others as a kind of necessity of nature which had to be submitted to, and would suffer no change.

At his side, in remarkable contrast, stood my grandmother, a small slender woman, with a thin, once pretty face ; delicate, devout and domestic ; always active and full of cares. The household which she conducted, was, indeed, sufficiently large and onerous to allow her but little rest. At dawn of day in summer, by lamplight in winter, she was busy superintending the preparation of breakfast for the working people, and starting them at their various occupations. They numbered, men and girls, over twenty, without counting the day-laborers.

The "Folk," as they were called, assembled for meals in a hall on the ground floor, which had a vaulted ceiling resting on thick stone columns. On one side was a huge hearth, with an open-mouthed chimney; large pots hung over the fire on iron hooks and chains. This was the "commons" of the house. On the other side of the hall stood a long table with wooden benches, at which the Folk took their meals. Before sitting down — standing with their backs to the table — they all said a prayer; then the "meisterknecht," or foreman, struck a loud rap with the handle of his knife on the table, which was the signal for all to sit down. They ate their soup or porridge with wooden spoons out of big wooden bowls which were arranged along the center of the table within easy reach. There were no individual plates or platters; meat and vegetables were served upon long narrow strips of board, scoured white. The house provided three-pronged iron forks; for cutting the Folk used their own pocket-knives. The foreman dealt out the black bread in large chunks; white bread was given only on festive occasions. During the meal not a word was spoken, and when the foreman laid down his knife, it was the signal that the repast was over. It goes without saying, that he always allowed the people a sufficiency of food. They arose, again turned their backs to the table, repeated a prayer and separated, each to his or her task.

During the time that the servants were taking their morning meal, my grandmother busied herself with the help of a scullery maid at the big fireplace preparing breakfast for the family. On one side of the hall a few steps led up into a smaller, though spacious room, also with a vaulted ceiling. A long table stood in the middle, surrounded by chairs, of which several were upholstered in leather and adorned with bright copper nails. A wide window, with a strong outward-curving iron grating, opened into the courtyard and allowed a full view of whatever took place there. This apartment was the living room of the family and served also as a dining-room, except upon great occasions, when the feast was spread in the "Saal," on the opposite side of the servants' hall. This living room was my grandmother's headquarters. It had a small window, cut through the wall into the Folks-hall, which enabled her to oversee whatever happened there; and through it her voice was at times to

be heard instructing or reproving. When the autumn and winter evenings came, she gathered around her the maid-servants, of whom these were a dozen or more, with their spinning-wheels. Then was the flax spun which supplied the house with linen; and while the wheels whirled, the girls sang, my grandmother encouraging them by setting the tunes. The men, meanwhile, came in from the stables and workshops and seated themselves on benches around the great hearth in the hall, to tell stories and to indulge in what passed with them for wit. In the summer evenings they sat around in the courtyard, or leaned upon the bridge-railing, chatting or singing. Two or three times during the year, in accordance with ancient custom, all assembled in the Folks-hall for a romp; blind-man's-buff and other games were played, and there was no end to the tumbling and pulling, shrieking and laughing, until, at a fixed hour, the foreman stalked in like stern fate, and sent them all off to bed.

Such were the surroundings in which I first became aware of existence, and in which the earliest years of my childhood were passed.

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My mother told me later that when I was between three and four years old I had a very exciting love affair. The Count had a daughter who was then about eighteen or nineteen and very beautiful. The young Countess Marie, when she met me on her walks, sometimes stroked my red cheeks with her hands, as young ladies now and then will do with very little boys. The consequence was that I fell ardently in love with her, and declared frankly that I would marry her. My intentions were quite determined, but the young Countess Marie did not seem to look at the matter as seriously as I did, and that led to a catastrophe. One day I saw her standing with a young man at one of the windows of the House, busy catching carp with a hook in the moat of the castle. A furious fit of jealousy seized me; I demanded, screaming, that the young man should leave the adored Countess Marie at once, in default of which I insisted that some one should throw him into the water. I grew still more furious when the young gentleman not only did not leave, but even seemed to be laughing at me. I made such a noise that the castle Folk came running from all parts,

to see what was the matter. I told them, with hot tears ; and then they also laughed, making me still more furious. At last, the Count's good old cook hit upon a successful idea ; she took me into the kitchen where she gave me a small jar of quince jelly to eat. Quince jelly was then to me an entirely new form of human happiness, and it had a remarkably quieting effect upon my distressed feelings. So far the tale my mother told me ; and I will confess that quince jelly has ever since remained my favorite sweet.

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I must have been a little over four years old when my parents left the castle to establish a home of their own in the village of Liblar. The village consisted of one street on which midway, on an elevation, stood the parish church with its pointed steeple and cross. The houses, mostly one-storied and very small, were of whitewashed plaster with frames and beams exposed, and tiled roofs. There were perhaps half a dozen brick buildings in the village, belonging to the Count. The inhabitants of Liblar, small farmers, laborers, mechanics and a few inn or shopkeepers took an especial pride in their village for the reason that its street was paved with cobblestones. The house in which we lived had two stories, but likewise was very small, with ceilings so low in the upper story that my grandfather when standing upright almost touched them with his head.

Although we no longer lived at the castle, I continued to be, as I had been, my grandfather's favorite, and he wished that I should come to him as often as possible. My mother had to take me almost every day to the Burg, and I accompanied my grandfather sometimes even at his work. At harvest time when he took the loaded wagons into the barn, I had sometimes to sit with him in the saddle. In the late autumn, when the slaughtering of the fat swine—a work which he insisted upon performing himself—took place, the honor fell to me of carrying the big leathern knife-case, the bright buckled straps of which were wound around my neck so that they should not drag on the ground. And the more important I believed myself to be on such occasions, the greater was my grandfather's delight. On rainy days he lent me an old gun with a flint lock, and taught me how to cock and snap it so that it gave out sparks. Then I was allowed to go hunting in the sitting-room and

the adjoining chambers, and to shoot as many deer and wild birds as my imagination could scare up. This would amuse me for hours ; and my grandfather then took me up on his knees and listened to the wonderful tales about the game I had bagged and adventures in forest and field I had encountered.

Suddenly a terrible misfortune befell the family. My grandfather had a stroke of paralysis. The upper part of his body remained sound, but he could no longer walk or stand. And thus, alas ! the Burghalfen's bustling activity came to a sudden end ; no more feats of strength ; no more merry rides to the bird-shooting and to the Kirmess. The robust man, yesterday still proud of his vigor, was now obliged to sit still from morning until night, his legs swathed in flannel. During the daytime his great arm-chair stood at the sitting-room window with the outward curved grating, so that he might overlook the courtyard. For a while he attempted to conduct farm affairs in this way, but it did not continue long, and he delegated his authority to a younger brother. And now the suddenly aged man did not know what to do with himself nor with his time. The *Cologne Gazette* was daily brought to him, but reading had never been much to his liking. It being summer, and fly-time, a movable table attached to his arm-chair, was sprinkled with sugar to attract the flies that swarmed into the room. He would sit for hours with a short leathern-flapped stick in his hand killing flies, now and then giving the table a terrible whack.

"This is all that I am still fit for," sighed the once so useful man. Often I was taken to him to entertain him with my boyish prattle, and to make him laugh. Then he began to tell me about bygone days, especially about "the French times," and the experiences of landed proprietors and peasants during those terrible years of war and pillage. As he talked I could see the merry "sansculottes" swarming over the land, indulging in their wild pranks. I saw, as they approached, Count Wolf Metternich one night flying from the castle in a hurry, after having buried and walled in his treasures, including the family archives, deep down under one of the towers, and confided all the belongings he left behind him to my grandfather's safe-keeping. I could see one of the great Napoleonic generals ride through the gate, filling the court with brilliantly uniformed horsemen, and take up his quarters in the great

House. When my grandfather's narrative reached the period of the departure of the French and the arrival of the Cossacks, he became specially animated. Then it was that the castle people had to hide in the depths of the forest all their horses and wagons, cows and sheep and pigs, so that they should not fall a prey first to the retreating French and then to the advancing Russians. His description of the Cossacks he had to repeat to me once and again. They ate tallow candles and ransacked the house and stables for spirits. When none were found they threatened to use force with my grandmother; whereupon my grandfather knocked a few of them down, and was much surprised that none of their comrades came to their help. When the search for "schnapps" continued, my grandmother hit upon the happy idea of filling a barrel with vinegar to which she added a large quantity of mustard and pepper seeds and a little alcohol. This brew which would have burned like fire the throats of ordinary mortals, the Cossacks praised highly, and moreover it seemed to agree with them. With all their deviltries, they possessed a God-fearing sense, for whenever they were planning an especial mischief they would carefully cover the eyes of the crucifix on the wall so that the good Lord might not see the sin that they were about to commit.

Stories such as these were told to me over and over and were elaborated to suit the questions I asked; and questions were never wanting. The eager craving to know more was insatiable, so that before I had learned to read and write, a very fair impression of the Napoleonic wars, so closely connected with future complications in the history of Germany, had been etched into my mind by my grandfather's stirring personal recollections, and a foundation laid for my future political opinions and sympathies.

In the winter evenings the Burghalfen's great arm-chair was rolled up to the center-table for a game of cards; but in spite of all efforts made for his entertainment the sad contrast between the past and the present soon undermined his cheerfulness. He tried to appear content, and not to become a burden to his loved ones, but the old life of bustle and gaiety at the Burg, of which he had been the soul and center, was now forever gone; and soon other clouds loomed upon the horizon.

Before I was six years old my father took me into the village school of which he was the teacher. I remember that I could read and write very early, but not how I had acquired those arts. Much I owed to the instruction which my father gave me at home. I had frequented the village school hardly a year, when my father resigned his position as schoolmaster. The salary, about \$90 a year, was pitifully small and did not suffice to support the family to which in the meantime a boy and two little girls had been added.

My father, like all who feel within themselves a yearning for knowledge and education, with few opportunities for satisfying it, had the earnest ambition to give to his children the education which fate had denied to him. With this object in view, he made a start in a new direction and opened a hardware shop for which he appropriated a part of the house which had once been a cow-stable, hoping that the business would gradually yield an income sufficient for the family needs. In me he believed to have discovered an aptitude for study. He therefore decided that at the proper age I should go to the "gymnasium," and later to the university to be fitted for one of the learned professions. For the time being I continued to attend the village school, but the instruction I received there was early supplemented in various directions. It was my father's especial wish that all his children should study music; to this end, when I was about six years old, a queer little piano was procured which had neither pedals nor damper and possessed several peculiarities incident to old age. But it served well for my first finger exercises, and to me the instrument was very beautiful. Now we had to find a music-teacher. The organist who played in our village church possessed an ear for harmony, but he was quite devoid of training and could hardly decipher the simplest composition on paper. The village folk had accustomed themselves to his performances, and when there occurred in his interludes some strange entanglements, nobody was much disturbed. After the organist had frankly admitted to my father, with entire preservation of his dignity, that his musical talents did not include an ability to impart knowledge to others, it was decided that I should go twice a week to Brühl, a town four miles distant, to receive lessons from the well-equipped organist living there. The broad turnpike leading to Brühl passed through a great forest. It was

a mail-coach road ; and whenever the postilion happened to see me trudging along he would invite me to a seat with him on the box, which was a great favor and cheerfully accepted. After a while my younger brother Heribert joined me in taking music lessons, and this enabled me to enlarge the scope of my own studies ; for while Heribert was taking his lessons with the organist, I had time to lay the foundation of a knowledge of Latin with the parish priest. Thus we wandered twice a week to Brühl and back, singing duets on the way ; and as we were both blessed with a good ear and were not wanting in voice, it may have sounded well enough. At least we attracted the attention of many passers-by. It even happened once that a pleasure party stopped their traveling carriage, dismounted and invited us to sit with them under the trees where they made us go through our entire repertoire, and rewarded us with good things from their provision hamper.

My brother Heribert, fifteen months younger than I, was a charming boy ; blue-eyed, blond, of a most cheerful temperament and an exceedingly amiable disposition. He liked more to occupy himself with animals and flowers than to sit still and pore over books ; so it was decided that he should become a florist-gardener. We two clung fondly to one another, and my mother has often told me later in life, that she had no greater joy than to see us together when clothed alike and in many ways recognizable as brothers. We were the most cordial comrades in work and play. Nor were wild pranks wanting, but there were none of a vicious nature. The worst adventure that happened to us made at the time a profound impression upon me, and has remained vivid in my memory. The old Halfen of an estate near Liblar, died, and as he belonged to our extensive kinship, we two brothers had to carry lighted tapers in his funeral procession. After the burial, according to Rhenish custom, the relatives and friends attending sat down to a funeral feast. Such repasts may have been very solemn at the start, but they were apt to degenerate toward the end into merry carousals. And so it happened this time. The feasting lasted long, and the excellent wines pleased the mourners mightily. One of them — a thoughtless uncle — had the unfortunate idea that this would be a good opportunity for giving my brother Heribert and me a practical lesson in

wine-drinking. He filled and refilled our glasses, constantly urging us to empty them. The result was that first we became very jolly, and that finally we slipped down from our chairs under the table in an unconscious state ; whereupon, profoundly sleeping, we were put into a haycart and taken home. When we woke up the following morning and heard what had happened, we were heartily ashamed. I do not know whether or not at that time I resolved never to allow the like to happen again, but certain it is that the impression made upon me by this occurrence never vanished. It gave me a profound loathing of drunkenness which I have carried with me throughout life ; and although I have always taken wine or beer whenever it pleased me, that excess at the funeral feast has remained to the present hour my only one.

Of intellectual stimulus our village did not offer much, except that which I found within our home walls and in the larger family circle. My mother's opportunities for cultivation had never extended beyond the parish school and intercourse with relatives and friends. But she was a woman of excellent mental qualities, in a high degree sensible, of easy and clear perception and discernment, apt to take a lively interest in everything deserving it. But the chief strength of her character lay in her moral nature. I know no virtue that my mother did not possess. Nothing, however, could have been further from her than assumption of superiority, for she was almost too modest and self-effacing. Rectitude which is as it is because it cannot be otherwise, was in her joined to the gentlest judgment of others. Her disinterestedness proved itself in every trial capable of truly heroic self-sacrifice. The sorrows of those around her she felt more deeply than her own, and her constant care was for the happiness of those she loved. No misfortune could break her courage, and the calm cheerfulness of her pure soul survived the cruellest blows of fortune. When, nearly eighty years old she died, she had even in the last moments of consciousness a bright smile for the children and grandchildren standing at her bedside. Her figure was slender and well-formed, and her features somewhat resembled those of our grandfather. We children always admired her curly, golden-brown hair. Whether in the blossom-time of her life she would have been called beautiful or not we never knew ; but her



From the portrait painted in 1900, by Ferraris

C. Schurz.



The Grandfather of Carl Schurz

countenance was to us all love and goodness and sunshine. The customs and forms of the great world were of course unknown to her, but she possessed the rare grace of noble naturalness which goes far to supply a deficiency in social training. Her handwriting was awkward, and her spelling by no means faultless. Of literature she knew little, and with grammar and style she had never been troubled. But many of her letters written to me at different times and in different situations of life, were not only filled with noble thought and sentiment, but possessed rare poetic beauty of expression. The unconscious greatness of her soul found its own language. Her very being exercised a constantly elevating and stimulating influence, although she could aid her children but little in the acquisition of what is commonly called knowledge.

All the more zealous was my father in this direction. The low whitewashed walls of

the small modestly-furnished living room of our house, in which we also took our meals, were hung with the portraits of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Körner, Tasso and Shakspeare; for poets, historians and scientists were my father's heroes and he early told me of their creations and achievements. He read every book he could lay his hands upon and had collected a few of his own, among them Becker's "Universal History," some German classics and some translations from Voltaire and Rousseau. But these books were still beyond my childish comprehension; and so others were obtained for me from a circulating library at Brühl. There we found a series of folklore-tales — pretty well-told old legends, of Emperor Octavianus, and the four Haimons children, and the horned Siegfried, and strong Roland, etc., and some of the popular knight-stories, the contents of some of which I still could tell.

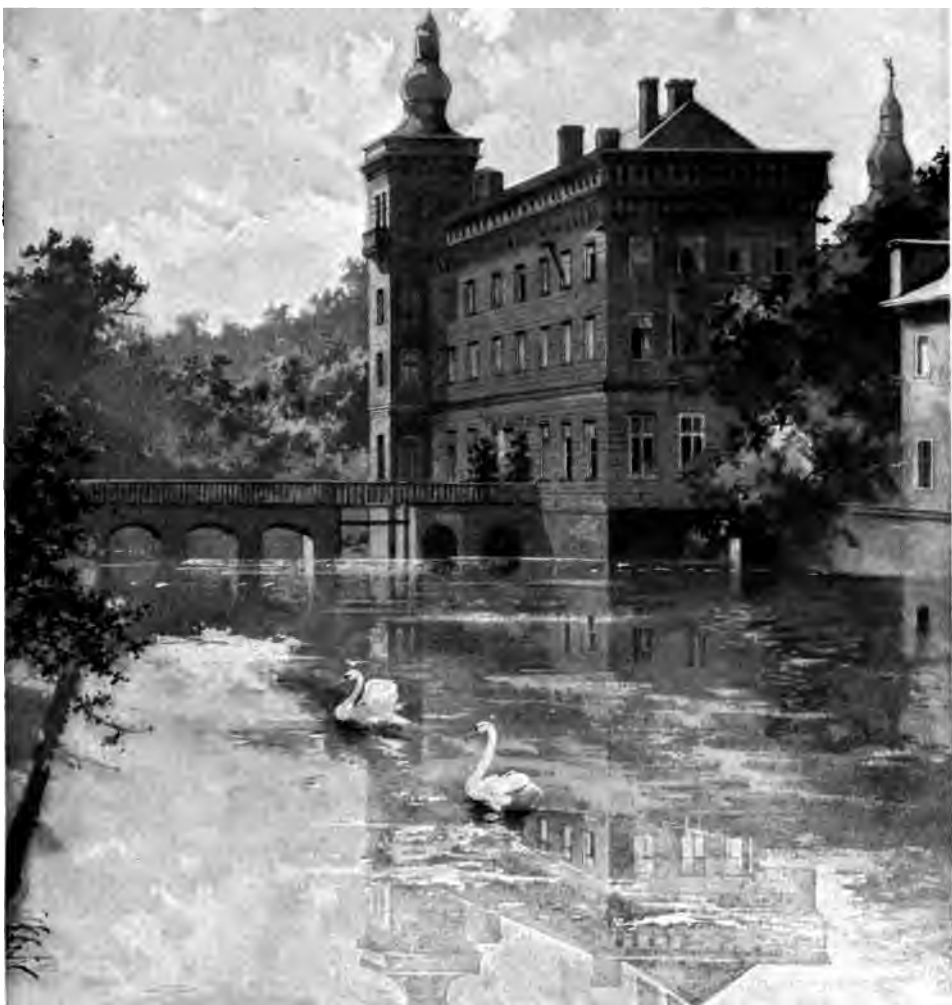


The Grandmother of Carl Schurz

Then a new world opened itself to me. The old head-gardener of the Count, who had observed my love of reading, gave me one day that most magnificent of juvenile books, "Robinson Crusoe." It may be said without exaggeration that to "Robinson Crusoe" the youth of all civilized peoples have owed more happy hours than to any other one book. I can still see the volume before me as I grasped it eagerly the moment school hours were over; I see the worn edges of the binding, the woodcuts, even the inkspot which to my extreme annoyance disfigured one of them; and I can still hear myself telling the schoolmaster about the wonderful contents of this book and begging him to read it aloud to the class, which he did on two afternoons in the week, his own interest increasing so much with every reading that the hours gradually lengthened to the detriment of other studies. Next to "Robinson Crusoe" came the

"Landwehrmann," a popular history of the war of liberation in 1813, for which my interest had been excited by my grandfather's and my father's reminiscences and from the reading of which I emerged a fiery German patriot. And finally I was led up to higher literature by my father reading aloud to me while I was ill with measles, some of Schiller's poems and even "The Robbers."

There were still other stimulating family influences. My mother had four brothers. The oldest, "Ohm Peter," as we children called him, had served in a French regiment of grenadiers during the last years of Napoleon's reign, and was rich in recollections of that eventful period. The wars over, he married the daughter of a Halfen, and became himself the Halfen of a large estate in Lind near Cologne. In body and mind he resembled my grandfather, and we children loved him heartily. The second was "Ohm



DIE GRACHT, COUNT METTERNICH'S CASTLE NEAR LIBLAR

*In part of this castle, separated by a moat from the Count's seat (the "House" shown in this picture),
Carl Schurz was born*

Ferdinand." He was the superintendent of extensive peat-works belonging to Count Metternich, and lived in Liblar in comfortable circumstances. He had risen in the Prussian military service to the dignity of a "Landwehrlieutenant," and we children looked at him with awe and admiration when he turned out at the periodical musters in his fine uniform, a sword at his side and a "tschako" with a high bunch of feathers, on his head. This uncle had read much and was a free-thinker, the Voltairian of the family. He also belonged to a freemasons' lodge in Cologne, of which it was whispered among the village-folk that the members had sold themselves body and soul to the devil, and that at the frequent night-meetings of the freemasons the devil appeared in the guise of a black goat and demanded homage of them. The fact that "Ohm Ferdinand" never went to church on Sunday seemed to confirm the worst rumors with regard to him. The third brother, "Ohm Jacob," lived at Jülich, a fortified town not far distant, where he married the daughter of a merchant and established himself in mercantile business. He was an extraordinarily handsome man in face and figure, of fine amiable qualities, and of distinguished personality. His admirable character won for him the respect and liking of the community to such a degree that he was elected burgomaster, an office which he held for many years with great dignity and with popular approval. Once a year he visited the great fair at Frankfort from which he returned by way of Liblar, bringing to us pretty little gifts, and also interesting tales about the remarkable men and things he had seen and heard of there. The fourth and youngest brother was "Ohm Georg," who had served in a regiment of cuirassiers in Berlin, and then had come home to aid my grandfather in his husbandry. He had lived three years in the capital of the kingdom, and therefore had looked far beyond the shadow of the church-steeple of his home. He too was a handsome man and had the chivalrous trait of the family.

Each one of the four brothers was over six feet in height, and together they formed a stately group. Not alone in personal appearance, but also in intelligence and breadth of view they towered far above the ordinary people of their surroundings. In addition to them there were two brothers-in-law, my father and "Ohm Rey," the husband of a sister of my mother's, a wide-awake

and jovial man, who owned a good farm about an hour's walk from Liblar. This circle met often in cheerful social intercourse. The conversation at such times was by no means restricted to local topics nor to the transaction of everyday business. These men read newspapers, took an interest in all that happened in the outer world and discussed, if not with thorough knowledge at least with interest and sympathy, the events that moved humanity at large. Not seldom was I present at these talks, leaning against the arm of my father's chair or crouching unnoticed in the corner of the room, a silent and receptive listener. Here it was that I first heard of the struggles of Abd-el-Kader in Algiers and of the hero Schamyl in the Caucasus; of the repeated attempts upon the life of Louis Philippe in France and of the Carlist wars in Spain, with the generals of high-sounding musical names; and, what especially excited me, of the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne for Jesuitic conspiracies against the Prussian government. And so on. Much of what I heard was at first to me little more than mere sound. Still I asked many questions which were answered by my father and by my uncles as well as they could. And although perhaps the mind of the boy thereby acquired but little clear understanding of things, the feeling early took root in me that we in our little village were a part of a great world the affairs of which concerned us too, and demanded our attention and sympathy.

In this family circle I also heard for the first time about America. A peasant family of our village by the name of Trimbörn emigrated to the United States. I still have the picture before my eyes of their departure: one afternoon a wagon loaded with trunks and boxes and household utensils started from a neighboring cottage, and the village folk wished good luck to the emigrants; and a large crowd followed them a way out until the wagon disappeared in the forest on the road to Cologne. Another family by the name of Kribben, who were particular friends of ours, soon followed the Trimbörns to settle in Missouri, where many years later I saw them again. Meanwhile things American were eagerly discussed by my father and my uncles. Then I heard for the first time of that immeasurable country on the other side of the ocean, its great forests, its magnificent rivers and lakes — of that young republic where the people were free, without kings,

without counts, without military service, and, as was believed in Liblar, without taxes. Everything printed about America that could be got hold of was eagerly read; and then I also saw for the first time, in a penny magazine, the picture of George Washington, whom my father called the noblest of men in all history because he had commanded large armies in the war for the liberation of his people and had then, instead of making himself a king, voluntarily divested himself of his power and returned to the plow as a simple farmer. By this example my father explained to me what it was to be a true patriot.

The men in our family circle fairly reveled in that log-cabin romance which is so full of charm to the European unacquainted with the true conditions of American life; and it wanted but little to induce them to try their fortune in the new world at once. Although the resolution was not taken in a hurry, yet America always remained a favorite topic of conversation with them; and indeed, in the course of time every member of my family did emigrate, some to remain in America, others to return to Germany.

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An unhappy party quarrel which arose in the village about this time affected the relations between my grandfather and the Count which till then had been most friendly. Count Wolf Metternich was older than my grandfather — a stately and stalwart figure over six feet high and unbent by the burden of his years, his hair and whiskers silver-white and his countenance most benignant. He was a nobleman of the old school, proud to have old servants and old well-to-do and contented tenants. The farm-rents were low, and when the crops failed the Count always was willing to make reductions. On the other hand, when the crops were plentiful, he did not at once seize the opportunity to advance rents, but rejoiced in the prosperity of his people. His old business manager, the rent-master, as he was called, looked grim and exacting, but he conducted the affairs in the spirit of his lord. Thus the relation between the Count and my grandfather had been one of easy-going contentment on both sides, cemented by the common remembrance of the dark days of the "French time," during which the Count was often obliged, under the most trying circumstances,

to entrust to my grandfather the care of his ancestral home. Of course, the difference in the worldly position between the Count and the Halfen was never overlooked. My grandfather, according to the ideas of those days, was a well-to-do man and could allow himself some comforts and luxuries. But I remember hearing it spoken of in the family circle that this or that could not be had or done, because the castle people might consider it presumptuous and take offense. For instance, my grandfather could go to town or pay visits in a two-wheeled chaise but not in a four-wheeled carriage; and his wife and daughters might wear as pretty caps or hoods as they pleased, trimmed with lace ever so costly and even adorned with precious stones, but they could not wear bonnets such as were worn in Cologne. The Count when he gave his great annual hunt, always invited the men of our family. I vividly remember the stately old nobleman as he went on foot with his company into the forest — he himself in a gray hunting coat armed with an out-of-date flint-lock gun — for such new-fangled things as percussion-caps he would not trust. Upon such occasions he treated his guests, whether noble or not, as friends. But when my grandfather leased for himself a hunting preserve in the neighborhood, to shoot his own hares and partridges, it was considered doubtful at the castle whether the Burghalfen had not gone a little too far. However the matter was fortunately allowed to remain in doubt. The old countess was generally regarded as a very proud lady, but in her intercourse with my grandfather's family she always showed the friendliest spirit. We children were invariably invited on Christmas eve to the Christmas tree at the castle and presented with gifts; and whenever there was illness in our family, practical helpfulness as well as warm concern was shown by the Count and his family, proving their interest to be genuine. The Count's sons were on a friendly footing with the sons of the Burghalfen, and on festive occasions they danced right merrily with the daughters. Into this long-established happy relation the quarrel in which, I do not know why, the Count's family took a lively part, sounded like a discordant note. As so often happens, when irritated feelings are once at play, one cause succeeded another to breed mutual misunderstanding and discontentment. Then the old Count died, and soon after also the old

rent-master. The estate passed into the possession of the eldest son and with him began a new régime. The young Count was a man of a good and kindly character, but the time-honored principles in regard to old servants and old tenants were not a part of his being, as they had been with his father. The high-bred patriarchal simplicity, so characteristic heretofore of the house, seemed to him antiquated and not a little dull. He found more pleasure in his English racehorses and his smart jockeys, than in the fat, heavy bays that had formerly drawn the family coach, with a sleepy gray-headed coachman on the box. He was not bound to the Burghalfen by any memories of the hard French times, and thus their relations gradually became merely those of business interest. He appointed a new rent-master, a young man with entirely unsentimental views of life and brusque manners, and when he explained to the Count that the income from the estate could be considerably increased, the information was by no means unwelcome in view of growing expenditures. Under these circumstances, the breach between the young Count and the Burghalfen rapidly widened and finally — the precise particulars I no longer remember — the rupture came, the lease of the estate was cancelled and my grandfather, a year or two later, left the Burg. There was a public auction of the house and farm-belongings lasting several days, which I once attended for a few hours. The jokes of the auctioneer sounded harshly offensive to my ears, and there was a deep resentment in my young heart as though a great wrong was being done. My grandparents then took a house in the village, but they did not long survive the change from the castle. My grandmother died first and my grandfather twelve days later. Many tears of heartfelt sorrow were shed for them both.

Meanwhile a great change had taken place with me, too.

When I was in my ninth year, my father thought I had outgrown the village school in Liblar. He therefore sent me to a school of a somewhat higher order in Brühl, which was connected with the teachers' seminary there, and was regarded as a model institution. The school-rooms were in an old Franciscan monastery, and I remember with a shudder the tortures that my sensitive musical ear suffered, when my father, in order to present me to the principal, led me through

a long corridor in that building, in each window recess of which stood a young man practising finger-exercises on the violin, so that at least a dozen instruments giving out discordant sounds were to be heard at the same moment. The instruction I received from the well-equipped master was excellent, and at the same time I continued my lessons in Latin and my musical studies. I also began to live among strangers, boarding during the winter in the modest home of a butcher's widow. In the summer I walked to school from Liblar to Brühl and back every day of the week — a walk of about eight miles.

And now came a heavy blow. One gloomy winter's day, returning from school to my lodging, I found my father awaiting me with tears in his eyes. Several times his voice failed in attempting to tell me that my brother Heribert, after an illness of only a few days, had died. Only the Monday before, I had left him a picture of health. This was a dreadful shock. My father and I wandered home through the forest holding one another by the hand and weeping silently as we walked. For a long time I could not console myself over this loss. Whenever I was alone in the woods, I would call my brother loudly by name and pray God to give him back, or at least to allow his spirit to appear to me.

Then I felt a want of mental occupation on my lonely way between Brühl and Liblar, and so I accustomed myself to reading while I walked. My father, whose literary judgment was somewhat determined by current tradition, counted Klopstock among the great German poets, whom one "must have read," and so he gave me "The Messiah" as appropriate reading. To read the whole of Klopstock's "Messiah" is considered to-day an almost impossible test of human perseverance and there are probably few Germans now living who can boast of having accomplished the feat. I am one of the few. On the long walks between Brühl and Liblar I studied the whole twenty cantos, not only with steadfastness but in great part with profound interest. It is true that among the pompous hexameters I hit upon many that sounded very mysterious to me. I consoled myself with the thought that probably I was too young fully to understand this grand creation. Other parts really impressed me as transcendently beautiful. I must confess that in the literary studies of my later life I have never been able to rise again to

this appreciation of Klopstock's greatness. After having finished "The Messiah," I was told by my father to learn by heart Tiedge's "Urania," and a series of poems by Gellert, Herder, Bürger, Langbein, Körner and others. Thus I became acquainted with a good many products of German literature, and was in point of reading well prepared to enter the lowest class of the gymnasium.

Here I must mention an occurrence which in a truthful narrative of my life should not be suppressed. My father, who loved me dearly and took pride in me, was extremely exacting in the matter of the performance of duty. He examined carefully the weekly reports of my teachers and was never satisfied with anything short of the best. These reports were always good. Only once, tempted by a robber play with my school-fellows, I had omitted the learning of the Latin lesson which crime the priest, my teacher, duly recorded. Whether shame or fear prevented me from telling my father I do not remember, but returning home on Saturday afternoon, I tried to make him believe that accidentally the report had not been written. My hesitating manner at once convinced him that something was amiss, and a few direct questions brought me to full confession. Then the following conversation took place :

"You failed to do your duty and you tried to conceal the truth from me ; don't you think that you deserve a whipping?"

"Yes, but do please let us go into the cow-stable, so that nobody can see or hear it." The request was granted. In the solitude of the cow-stable I received my punishment, and nobody knew anything about it ; but for many a day I carried with me a bitter consciousness of well-deserved humiliation, and for a long time I would not put foot into the cow-stable, the theater of my disgrace.

But with all this my childhood was on the whole sunny and happy, and if my memory fondly dwells upon it and I am a little diffuse in describing it, I must be pardoned. I consider myself fortunate to have spent my early childhood in the country, where one feels himself not only nearer to nature but nearer to his kind than in the confinements and jostling crowds of the city. I also consider myself fortunate in having grown up in simple and modest circumstances which knew neither want nor excessive affluence, and which did not permit any sort of luxury to become a necessity ; which made it

natural to me to be frugal and to appreciate the smallest pleasures ; which preserved my capacity of enjoyment from the misfortune of being blunted and blasé ; which kept alive and warm the sympathy, the feeling of belonging together with the poor and lowly among the people, without discouraging the striving for higher aims.

* * * * *

Summer was for us a period of festivities. Already in May occurred the Kirmess in Lind, Ohm Peter's home, and late in the autumn the Kirmess in Herrig, where Ohm Rey lived ; and between those there were still a great many more Kirmesses on the farms of uncles and cousins. To most of them the whole family went, including the children. For such occasions a two-wheeled chaise was not sufficient. So the Kirmess-car, an ordinary two-wheeled cart, covered with tent cloth and furnished with seats that consisted of wooden boards and bundles of straw, was put into requisition, and the number of human beings which the Kirmess-car could take seemed beyond calculation. The horse, or when the roads were bad, the horses, shone in their most resplendent brass ornaments, and the vehicle was decorated with green boughs and flowers. Then we found at the Kirmess a crowd of boys and girls of our kinship, who, like ourselves, during the festive days enjoyed full freedom. At the midday-meals, at which the older guests usually spent from four to six hours, we children did not sit very long. Only when for the entertainment of the company a juggler appeared, as for example the great "Janchen of Amsterdam" who on the farms of that region enjoyed the reputation of being a true sorcerer, we would stand transfixed until he was gone. Then we ran to the booths on the village street with their honey-cakes, cheap toys and little roulettes, and in the evening we went "to the music." From the dance the older people as well as the children usually retired early — the older people to begin their game of cards which frequently lasted until sunrise next day — and the children to go to bed. But again, this going to bed was a festivity in itself. As the house on such occasions always had many more guests than beds, a room for the boys was fitted out with straw and blankets and linen sheets and pillows laid on the floor. When such a sleeping apartment was offered to a dozen or more boys as their domain for

the night, of course the main frolic of the day began, which was continued with boisterous hilarity until one boy after the other sank down utterly overcome by fatigue.

* * * * *

Although the summer was thus rich in joy, our winter was no less so. It not only brought skating on the ice and battles with snowballs, but to me also the first enjoyment of the stage; and of all the joyous excitements of my childhood none surpassed the one into which we were thrown by the arrival of the puppet theater in Liblar. With eagerness we boys regularly accompanied the crier through the village, who by means of a drum brought the people to the doors and announced to the honored public the coming of the drama. Oh, the fear that I might not be allowed to visit the theater, and the impatience until the final moment came! The stage was erected in a small dance-hall. The price for front seats ranged from one cent for children to five cents for adults. The lighting of the hall consisted of a few tallow candles. But the center of the dark curtain was decorated with a rosette of transparent paper in different bright colors and was lighted from behind by a lamp giving a suggestion of marvel and mystery. A shiver of expectation crept over me when at last a bell rung three times, sudden silence fell upon the hall, and the curtain lifted. The stage scenery was arranged in perspective and the puppets were moved from above by wires.

The first play that I saw was "Die Schöne Genovefa." It was a splendid piece.

* * * * *

The puppet show had other plays, one the great warrior "Prince Eugene"—a heroic drama in which great battles were fought and whole rows of paper Turks were shot down. And then a fairy play with every kind of marvelous transformation and other surprises. All these things were very pretty, but to my mind they could not be compared to the fair Genovefa. The impression that this play made upon me was simply overpowering. I wept hot tears at the leave-taking of Count Siegfried from his wife and even more over their reunion, and could hardly restrain a cry of delight when husband and wife returned to the castle and the wicked Golo met his well-deserved fate. I do not believe that ever in my life at a play was my imagination so active

and the effect on my mind and emotions so direct and overwhelming. This doll with a plume on its hat was to me the real Count Siegfried; that one there with the red face and black beard the real treacherous Golo; this one with the white gown and the yellow hair the beautiful Genovefa, and the little red thing with the wriggling legs a real live doe. The impression was the same when I saw the play a second time. I knew the whole story then and how it was to end; and when the Count took leave of his wife and departed for the Holy Land, I could hardly refrain from calling out to him not to go, for if he did something terrible was sure to happen. How happy that naïve condition of childhood in which the imagination surrenders itself so unresistingly, without being in the least disturbed by the critical impulse!

- But just this faculty of naïve enjoyment received with me an early and a vicious shock. When I was about nine years old I saw for the first time live human beings on the stage in a play called "Hedwig the Bandit Bride," by Körner. It was played in Brühl by a traveling company. The chief character, that of the villain Rudolph, was acted with all the teeth-gnashing grimaces customary on little provincial stages, but as I then still took this to be the genuine thing, it did not fail to make a strong impression, although not nearly so strong a one as at the puppet-show when the fair Genovefa was played. I began to criticise, and this inclination received a tremendous impulse when in the company of my father I saw this "Bandit Bride" for the second time. In the last act, according to the text, Hedwig the heroine has to kill the villain by hitting him a vigorous blow on the head with the butt of a gun while he is crouching over a trap-door. On the Brühl stage this, however, was changed: Hedwig was to shoot the villain instead of striking him. When the actress who played this part, pointed her weapon and tried to fire, it refused to go off and gave only a faint click. The villain remained in his bent posture over the trap-door, hoping every moment to be killed. Hedwig again pulled the trigger, but in vain. The poor woman looked around utterly helpless. In the audience there was the deepest silence of expectation. Then from behind the side-scene came the order in that loud stage-whisper which can fill an entire house: "Bang him on the head with the butt; bang him quick!" Whereupon

Hedwig with slow deliberation reversed the gun and struck the man who had been so patiently awaiting death, a slow blow upon the head. He rolled over, the audience burst into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter in which the dead villain, lying upon the stage, could not refrain from joining. In the audience the laughter would not cease. But as

for me I would far rather have cried; the occurrence fairly stunned me. With it ended that complete surrender to illusion, which had given me so much joy. It failed me, at least until I was fortunate enough to behold artistic performances of a higher order; and this happily came soon during my school time at the gymnasium in Cologne.

(To be continued)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BY

F. H. LANCASTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SNUBBING OF ADNAST"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

LO, it was the sheep did it! Your 'Cajan farmer is good-natured, slow to anger. Yes! but when he *gets* mad he *stays* mad. And it would make any man mad to have his sheep stolen? Very true! And it would make any man mad to be unjustly accused of stealing sheep? Again, very true. That was why it was eye for eye between M. Gasconne and M. LeReille.

"Oeil pour Oeil." All the neighbors took sides. The children fought at school; the

young people cut each other at church; the old people were savage. "Oeil pour Oeil." And it was the sheep did it. Routed harmony from the banks of Bayou Canada. The poor, silly sheep.

But in her heart the teacher, burned by the crossfire, called other things silly besides the sheep. She was a practical young woman, that teacher. She could not teach a school with a feud in it. Lo, the feud must cease! She would ignore it. She would down





“ ‘His papa call my papa ‘T’ief.’ I won’t seet by heem, me’ ”

it. Boldly did she send Silvan and Dazier to the spring for water, and boldly did she lick the pair of them when they returned bloody after the inevitable scrimmage.

“He say I eat dead ox, me,” declared Silvan in extenuation of Dazier’s bleeding nose.

“Well, you do, and so does every one that eats beef,” returned the teacher, and laid on judgment.

But the patrons rose in arms. They “visited la maitresse d’école.” They hanged. But she would listen to neither side.

“I have been appointed to teach this school, and I am going to teach it. If the boys fight, I will whip them. If the girls quarrel, I will punish them.” She was not a woman of many words, that teacher, but her eyes blazed. And they knew, the dullest of them, that shrillest tone or most emphatic gesture were alike of no avail here.

“You do what teacher say,” they counseled their rebelling youngsters. “She’s illected for dis year, *dis year*, yas,” with slow significance of utterance. With bad grace the boys and the girls obeyed. Came and went, sat and spoke as the school-teacher

directed. But even the meekest of them plucked up spirit — anticipating a glorious row — when the teacher, determined upon a clean sweep of feud antagonism, ordered Étienne Gasconne to take his books to the next seat to Madeline LeReille. Étienne scowled his blackest but went. Madeline’s eyes blazed scorn at him. She started up :

“I want go home, me.”

“No,” said the teacher.

“His papa call my papa ‘T’ief.’ I won’t seet by heem, me.”

“That will do, Madeline.”

“Je me paindre a papa.” And the rebellious little beauty burst into tears. The teacher gave her attention to the class at the board, deaf to the heartrending sobs from that far corner, blind to the blazing indignation of half the black eyes in her school : dead to the open enjoyment of the other half.

Good ! But Étienne was not so “hard-heart” as “das teacher.” In vain he planted an elbow on either side of his fourth reader, and stared at the lesson ; those pitiful little sobs bothered him. He turned with an impatient whisper :

"Why don' you shot op?"

"Because I won' shot op, me."

"I 'm goin' ask tetcher mek you."

A stinging slap in the face was her reply. All the school saw it. All the school looked at the teacher. Teacher was blind. Bébé, the telltale, stood in his seat: "Mees Bella, Madeline, she slap Étienne."

"She didn'. Nothin' the sort," thundered Étienne.

"You may come and stand at my desk, Bébé, said the teacher. Bébé stood. All the school wondered.

On the road home from school that afternoon Étienne instructed his little brothers and sisters: "Don' you say nothin' a la maison. The elder brother is a power in the 'Cajan family. Is obeyed more implicitly than the parent. Nothing was said. There was corruption in the ranks? No, Étienne's little brother still went daily out of his way to the store to stop at the LeReille gate and call Madeline's little brother a polecat. And Madeline's little sister called Étienne's little sister: "Un' pauvre vieux fille" — a poor old maid — before the whole school at recess — and got herself punished by the relentless teacher for doing it. But Madeline sat next to Étienne without further protest. Would not look at him or speak to him. Ha, no! Held her head high and drew her skirts close when he took his seat. But — she carried her sunbonnet in her hand all the way to school for fear of mussing her hair.

Poor Étienne, his lot was a hard one. To have to sit by a girl that he knew despised him, and not be able to despise her back because she was too pretty! Verily, it was no bed of roses. And yet, when the end of the month came, and with it the privilege for boys to change seats, Étienne buried his fists in his

curly hair and studied hard. Not even when the teacher called his name did he raise his eyes. Madeline touched him with her pencil: "Don' you hear?"

"No," he whispered briefly.

The roll went on. The changes were made. The primary grade rose at the tap of the bell, but even the little primaries were round-eyed and stumbled as they walked — staring at Étienne.

"Attention!" said the teacher. She alone had not looked upon Étienne's blood-red shame. But after school she gave him a letter to mail for her, and spoke very nicely to him about the mare he was going to run at next Sunday's races. Told him cordially how she hoped MaBelle would win. Étienne reddened again — with delight — that she should have known his pet's name, and went away with the letter, walking on air, thinking "tetcher" a very nice person indeed.

Feeling the touch of Madeline's pencil ever against his sleeve. Hearing nothing but her whisper in his ear, though many words and much hearty abuse were poured into those same ears when it leaked out at home that he had not changed his seat.

"I don' know, me, what for you want seet by one t'ief," shouted irate papa.

"Cher, cher," interposed mild little Madame "Das ain' Madeline steal ship?" Étienne got up quickly and went out. Next morning Madame found enough split kindling in her kitchen to last her a week, and Étienne

trudging to school repeated eagerly her justifying words: "Das ain' Madeline steal ship." Ah, what a wonderfully wise little mother was his. Life seemed very sunny as he slid into his seat, but the gods still had grief in store. Madeline dropped her pencil. It fell close to his foot. With his eyes on his book Étienne stooped sideways, picked



"'I don' know, me, what for you want seet by one t'ief,' shouted irate papa"



"When they turned a leaf their sleeves brushed or their hands touched"

up the pencil, and slipped it into her lap. Nobody saw. With her eyes on her book Madeline whispered softly: "T'ank you." "Reckless courage came to Étienne. He looked at her. "My mama say tain't you steal ship."

Reckless anger seized Madeline. She blazed at him. "Tain't my papa, neither!"

"Étienne! Madeline!" The teacher's pencil dashed down two vicious demerits. The culprits bent over their fourth readers. Madeline's lips began to move silently, conning her definitions with a fine air of indifference. Étienne did not even see the book before him. He had made her mad and got her into trouble. Life was all gloom. With his fist at his temples he stared wretchedly, blindly. At last the fourth reader — the highest class in school — was called. And he stood up in cold consternation. Madeline was head, he was next. He gave one despairing look at the first word that would come to him, and closed his book. The word came. He spelled and defined

nervously. It was a long class. If nobody missed a second word might not come to him. "But, of course, that *sot* at the bottom would miss." And the booby did. Madeline caught the word in the air, rose, spelled, defined, sat down. Étienne stood up. "Wilderness." It was an easy word to spell. He spelled slowly. What *did* it mean. He knew that the next boy knew by the way he was watching him. "Wilderness," he pronounced and paused. The teacher looked up. Madeline looked down. Étienne looked down also, looking desperately at that bent head. Then he found himself repeating quietly: "A place where no one lives." "Good," said the teacher. The other boy sank back disappointed. Madeline rose to read. The teacher spoke: "You may give me your book, Étienne, if you please. There is a leaf missing in this one. You will look on with Madeline."

What it was all about Étienne never knew. When Madeline stopped reading he began where her shyly pointing forefinger directed.

When they turned a leaf their sleeves brushed or their hands touched. That was all he comprehended of the most wonderful lesson that had ever come his way. But in getting out their slates for the arithmetic hour their eyes met. Madeline's swept down swiftly. Étienne fell to work furiously upon his fractions. His ears burned. He longed to, but could not look at her again. How very still the school-room was. The only thing under heaven to be heard or thought of was the clicking of that busy pencil scratching away on the slate next his own. When, presently, the delicious sound stopped suddenly, he was startled into looking at her. There was a wet spot in the middle of Madeline's slate, widening slowly, and another wet spot hanging from Madeline's lashes. Without a thought of consequences, or a glance toward that martinet of a teacher, Étienne drew the wet slate to him and wrote down rapidly the common-denominator she had been trying so hard to find.

"You should not work Madeline's examples for her," said a quiet voice at his elbow.

The boy looked up with pleading eyes: "I can't help it, me," he whispered.

"I do not object to your helping her with an explanation," and the quiet voice broke with a strange, sweet note of sympathy. "But she must do the work herself."

Madeline was late the next morning. How could *she* know who it was that laid the big, red rose on her desk. Truly, such a gift may not be expected from an enemy. Surely, there was no reason, then, why she should not wear it in her hair all day. The more so that when Bébé told her after school that it was Étienne who brought the rose she promptly snatched it from her hair, and flung it

under foot with every mark of disdain. But, perhaps she felt a little — just a little badly about doing that when she heard them telling Étienne next morning and laughing at him. And it was the morning, too, for the girls to change seats if they wished to. Maybe it was because she was so busy watching the way Étienne's fingers trembled as they



"flung it under foot with every mark of disdain"

fumbled his fourth reader that Madeline did not hear when the teacher called her name. The teacher did seem to be in a hurry, and ran over Madeline's name "too quick," as everybody admitted. Étienne drew an audible breath, the color came back to his face. His hand steadied. He looked at Madeline, and caught her looking at him. He was very handsome, was Étienne, the handsomest boy in school. Madeline smiled and dropped her lashes but he, the bold boy, laid surreptitious fingers upon the pink bud in her belt, and transferred it to his pocket. "T'ief," she whispered.

"Yes," he agreed. "Goin' steal all you got." And quite as a matter of course that afternoon, he carried Madeline's books home for her. "Eye for eye?" The teacher smiled. It *looked* more like "heart for heart."

But it was a long time after that when M. Gasconne drew rein beside M. LeReille, with a cheery hail:

"Jack, you know 'bout das moutons I *los'* las' winter? I find out, me, where dey was *los'*. In das branch back of old man René's place. Yas. Find all five dey's head. You comin' to das choppin to-morrow? C'est bon."

Ah, but that was long time after Étienne's little brother had stopped calling Madeline's little brother "one pole-cat." Long time, yes. Étienne had been smoking cigarettes on Madeline's front gallery every Sunday for nearly six months.

WITH THE NIGHT MAIL*

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATED BY H. REUTERDAHL

(McCLURE'S MAGAZINE ADVG. DEPT., JUNE, 2025 A.D.)



AT 21 o'clock of a gusty winter night I stood on the lower stages of the G. P. O. outward mail tower. My purpose was a run to Quebec in "postal packet 162 or such other as may be appointed": and the Postmaster General himself countersigned the order. This talisman opened all doors, even those in the despatching-caisson at the foot of the tower, where they were delivering the sorted Continental mail. The bags lay packed close as herrings in the long gray underbodies which our G. P. O. still calls "coaches." Five such coaches were filled as I watched and were shot up the guides to be locked on to their waiting packets three hundred feet nearer the stars.

From the despatching-caisson I was conducted by a courteous and wonderfully learned official — Mr. L. L. Geary, Second Despatcher of the Western Route — to the Captains' Room (this wakes an echo of old romance), where the mail captains come on for their turn of duty. He introduces me to the Captain of "162" — Captain Purnall, and his relief, Captain Hodgson. The one is small and dark: the other large and red; but each has the brooding sheathed glance characteristic of eagles and aeronauts. You can see it in the pictures of our racing professionals, from L. V. Rautsch to little Ada Warrleigh — that fathomless abstraction of eyes habitually turned through naked space.

On the notice-board in the Captains' Room, the pulsing arrows of some twenty indicators register, degree by geographical degree, the progress of as many homeward-bound packets. The word "Cape" rises across the face of a dial; a gong strikes:

the South African mid-weekly mail is in at the Highgate Receiving Towers. That is all. It reminds one comically of the traitorous little bell which in pigeon-fanciers' lofts notifies the return of a homer.

"Time for us to be on the move," says Captain Purnall, and we are shot up by the passenger-lift to the top of the despatch-towers. "Our coach will lock on when it is filled and the clerks are aboard."

"No. 162" waits for us in Slip E of the top-most stage. The great curve of her back shines frostily under the lights, and some minute alteration of trim makes her rock a little in her holding-down clips.

Captain Purnall frowns and dives inside. Hissing softly, "162" comes to rest level as a rule. From her North Atlantic Winter nose-cap (worn bright as a diamond with boring through uncounted leagues of hail, snow and ice) to the inset of her three built-out propeller-shafts is some two hundred and forty feet. Her extreme diameter, carried well forward, is thirty-seven. Contrast this with the nine hundred by ninety-four of any crack liner and you will realize the power that must drive a hull through all weathers at more than twice the emergency-speed of the "Cyclonic"!

The eye detects no joint in her skin plating save the sweeping hair-crack of the bow-rudder — Magniac's rudder that assured us the dominion of the unstable air and left its inventor penniless and half-blind. It is calculated to Castelli's "gull-wing" curve. Raise a few feet of that all but invisible plate three-eighths of an inch and she will yaw five miles to port or starboard ere she is under control again. Give her full helm and she returns on her track like a whip-lash. Cant the whole forward — a touch on the

wheel will suffice — and she sweeps at your good direction up or down. Open the full circle and she presents to the air a mushroom head that will bring her up all standing within a half mile.

"Yes," says Captain Hodgson, answering my thought, "Castelli thought he'd discovered the secret of controlling aeroplanes when he'd only found out how to steer dirigible balloons. Magniac invented his rudder to help war-boats ram each other; and war went out of fashion and Magniac he went out of his mind because he said he could n't serve his country any more. I wonder if any of us ever know what we're really doing."

"If you want to see the coach locked you'd better go aboard. It's due now," says Mr. Geary. I enter through the door amidships. There is nothing here for display. The inner skin of the gas-tanks comes down to within a foot or two of my head and turns over just short of the turn of the bilges. Liners and yachts disguise their tanks with decoration, but the G. P. O. serves them raw under a lick of gray official paint. The inner skin shuts off fifty feet of the bow and as much of the stern, but the bow-bulkhead is recessed for the lift-shunting apparatus as the stern is pierced for the shaft-tunnels. The engine-room lies almost amidships. Forward of it extending to the turn of the bow tanks is an aperture — a bottomless hatch at present — into which the coach will be locked. One looks down over the coamings three hundred feet to the despatching-caisson whence voices boom upward. The light below is obscured to a sound of thunder, as the coach rises on its guides. It enlarges rapidly from a postage-stamp to a playing-card: to a punt and last a pontoon. The two clerks, its crew, do not even look up as it comes into place. The Quebec letters fly under their fingers and leap into the docketed racks, while both captains and Mr. Geary satisfy themselves that the coach is locked home. A clerk passes the way-bill over the hatch-coaming. Captain Purnall thumb-marks and passes it to Mr. Geary. Receipt has been given and taken. "Pleasant run," says Mr. Geary and disappears through the door which a foot-high pneumatic compressor locks after him.

"A-ah!" sighs the compressor released. Our holding-down clips part with a tang. We are clear.

Captain Hodgson opens the great colloid underbody-porthole through which I watch million-lighted London slide eastward as the gale gets hold of us. The first of the low winter clouds cuts off the well-known view and darkens Middlesex. On the south edge of it I can see a packet's postal light plowing through the white fleece. For an instant she gleams like a star ere she drops toward the Highgate Receiving Towers. "The Bombay Mail," says Captain Hodgson, and looks at his watch. "She's forty minutes late."

"What's our level?" I ask.

"Four thousand. Aren't you coming up on the bridge?"

The bridge (let us ever bless the G. P. O. as a repository of ancientest tradition!) is represented by a view of Captain Hodgson's legs where he stands on the control platform that runs thwartships overhead. The bow colloid is unshuttered and Captain Purnall, one hand on the wheel, is feeling for a fair slant. The dial shows 4,300 feet.

"It's steep to-night," he mutters as tier on tier of cloud drops under. "We generally pick up an easterly draught below three thousand at this time o' the year. I hate slathering through fluff."

"So does Van Cutsem. Look at him huntin' for a slant," says Captain Hodgson. A fog-light breaks cloud a hundred fathoms below. The Antwerp Night Mail makes her signal and rises between two racing clouds far to port, her flanks blood-red in the glare of Sheerness Double Light. The gale will have us over the German ocean in half an hour, but Captain Purnall lets her go composedly — nosing to every point of the compass as she rises.

"Five thousand — six, six thousand eight hundred" — the dip-dial reads ere we find the easterly drift, heralded by a flurry of snow at the thousand fathom level. Captain Purnall rings up the engines and keys down the governor on the switch before him. There is no sense in urging machinery when Æolus himself gives you good knots for nothing. We are away in earnest now — our nose notched home on our chosen star. At this level the lower clouds are laid out all neatly combed by the dry fingers of the East. Below that there is the strong westerly blow through which we rose. Overhead, a film of southerly drifting mist draws a theatrical gauze across the firmament. The moonlight turns the lower strata to silver without

a stain except where our shadow under-runs us. Bristol and Cardiff Double Lights (those stately inclined beams over Severn-mouth) are dead ahead of us; for we keep the Southern Winter Route. Coventry Central, the pivot of the English system, stabs upward once in ten seconds its spear of diamond light to the north; and a point or two off our starboard bow The Leek, the great cloud-breaker of Saint David's Head, swings its unmistakable green beam twenty-five degrees each way. There must be half a mile of fluff over it in this weather, but it does not affect The Leek.

"Our planet's overlighted if anything," says Captain Purnall at the wheel, as Cardiff-Bristol slides under. "I remember the old days of common white verticals that 'ud show two or three thousand feet up in a mist, if you knew where to look for 'em. In really fluffy weather they might as well have been under your hat. One could get lost coming home then, an' have some fun. Now, it's like driving down Piccadilly."

He points to the pillars of light where the cloud-breakers bore through the cloud-floor. We see nothing of England's outlines: only a white pavement pierced in all directions by these manholes of variously colored fire—Holy Island's white and red—St. Bee's interrupted white, and so on as far as the eye can reach. Blessed be Sargent, Ahrens, and the Dubois brothers, who invented the cloud-breakers of the world whereby we travel in security!

"Are you going to lift for The Shamrock?" asks Captain Hodgson. Cork Light (green, fixed) enlarges as we rush to it. Captain Purnall nods. There is heavy traffic hereabouts—the bank beneath us is streaked with running fissures of flame where the Atlantic boats are hurrying Londonwards just clear of the fluff. Mail-packets are supposed, under the Conference rules, to have the five-thousand-foot lanes to themselves, but the foreigner in a hurry is apt to take liberties with English air. "No. 162" lifts to a long-drawn wail of the breeze in the fore-flange of the rudder and we make Valencia (white, green, white) at a safe 7,000 feet, dipping our beam to an incoming Washington packet.

There is no cloud on the Atlantic, and faint streaks of cream round Dingle Bay show where the driven seas hammer the coast. A big S. A. T. A. liner (*Société Anonyme des Transports Aériens*) is diving and lifting

half a mile below us in search of some break in the solid west wind. Lower still lies a disabled Dane: she is telling the liner all about it in International. Our General Communication dial has caught her talk and begins to eavesdrop. Captain Hodgson makes a motion to shut it off but checks himself. "Perhaps you'd like to listen," he says.

"'Argol' of St. Thomas," the G. C. whispers. "Report owners three starboard shaft collar-bearings fused. Can make Flores as we are, but impossible further. Shall we buy spares at Fayal?"

The liner acknowledges and recommends inverting the bearings. The "Argol" answers that she has already done so without effect, and begins to relieve her mind about cheap German enamels for collar-bearings. The Frenchman assents cordially, cries "*Courage, mon ami*," and switches off.

Their lights sink under the curve of the ocean.

"That's one of Lundt & Bleamer's boats," says Captain Hodgson. "Serves 'em right for putting German compos in their thrust-blocks. *She* won't be in Fayal to-night! By the way, would n't you like to look round the engine-room?"

I have been waiting eagerly for this invitation and I follow. Captain Hodgson from the control-platform, stooping low to avoid the bulge of the tanks. We know that Fleury's gas can lift anything, as the world-famous trials of '17 showed, but its almost indefinite powers of expansion necessitate vast tank room. Even in this thin air the lift-shunts are busy taking out one-third of its normal lift, and still "162" must be checked by an occasional drawdown of the rudder or our flight would become a climb to the stars. Captain Purnall prefers an overlifted to an underlifted ship, but no two captains trim ship alike. "When I take the bridge," says Captain Hodgson, "you'll see me shunt forty per cent of the lift out of the gas and run her on the upper rudder. With a swoop upwards instead of a swoop downwards, as you say. Either way will do. It's only habit. Watch our dip-dial! Tim fetches her down once every thirty knots as regularly as breathing."

So is it shown on the dip-dial. For five or six minutes the arrow creeps from 6,700 to 7,300. There is the faint "szgee" of the rudder, and back slides the arrow to 6,500 on a falling slant of ten or fifteen knots.

"In heavy weather you jockey her with the screws as well," says Captain Hodgson and, unclipping the jointed bar which divides the engine-room from the bare deck, he leads me onto the floor.

Here we find Fleury's Paradox of the Bulkheaded Vacuum—which we accept now without thought—literally in full blast. The three engines are H. T. & T. assisted-vacuo Fleury turbines running from 3,000 to the Limit—that is to say, up to the point when the blades make the air "bell"—cut out a vacuum for themselves precisely as do over-driven marine propellers. "162's" Limit is low on account of the small size of her nine screws, which, though handier than the old colloid Thelussons, bell sooner. The midships engine, generally used as a reinforce, is not running; so the port and starboard turbine vacuum-chambers draw direct into the return-mains.

The turbines whistle reflectively. From the low-arched expansion-tanks on either side the valves descend pillarwise to the turbine-chests, and thence the obedient gas whirls through the spirals of blades with a force that would draw the teeth out of a power-saw. Behind, is its own pressure held in leash or spurred on by the lift-shunts; before it, the vacuum where Fleury's Ray dances in violet-green bands and whirled tourbillions of flame. The jointed U-tubes of the vacuum chamber are pressure-tempered colloid (no glass would endure the strain for an instant) and a junior engineer with tinted spectacles watches the Ray intently. It is the very heart of the machine—a mystery to this day. Even Fleury who begat it and, unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how the restless little imp shuddering in the U-tube can in the fractional fraction of a second strike down the furious blast of gas into a chill grayish-green liquid that drains (you can hear it trickle) from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction-pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returns to its gaseous, one had almost written sagacious, state and climbs to work afresh. Bilge-tank, upper tank, dorsal-tank, expansion-chamber, vacuum, main-return (as a liquid), and bilge-tank once more is the ordained cycle. Fleury's Ray sees to that; and the engineer with the tinted spectacles sees to Fleury's Ray. If a speck of oil; if even the natural grease of the human finger touch the hooded terminals,

Fleury's Ray will wink and disappear and must be laboriously built up again. This means half a day's work for all hands and an expense of one hundred and seventy-odd pounds to the G. P. O. for radium-salts and such trifles.

"Now look at our thrust-collars. You won't find much German campto there. Full-jeweled, you see," says Captain Hodgson as the engineer shunts open the top of a cap. Our shaft-bearings are C. D. C. (Commercial Diamond Company) stones, ground with as much care as the lens of a telescope. They cost £37 apiece. So far we have not arrived at their term of life. These bearings came from "No. 97" which took them over from the old "Dominion of Light," which had them out of the wreck of the "Perseus" aeroplane in the years when men still flew kites over thorium engines.

They are a shining reproof to all low-grade German "ruby" enamels, so-called "boort" facings, and the dangerous and unsatisfactory alumina compounds which please dividend-hunting owners and turn skippers crazy.

The rudder-gear and the gas lift-shunt, seated side by side under the engine-room dials, are the only machines in visible motion. The former sighs from time to time as the oil plunger rises and falls half an inch. The latter, cased and guarded like the U-tube aft, exhibits another Fleury Ray but inverted and more green than violet. Its function is to shunt the lift out of the gas, and this it will do without watching. That is all! A tiny pump-rod wheezing and whining to itself beside a sputtering green lamp. A hundred and fifty feet aft down the flat-topped tunnel of the tanks a violet light, restless and irresolute. Between the two, three white-painted turbine-trunks, like eel-baskets laid on their side, accentuate the empty perspectives. You can hear the trickle of the liquefied gas flowing from the vacuum into the bilge-tanks and the soft *gluck-glock* of gas-locks closing as Captain Purnall brings "162" down by the head. The hum of the turbines and the boom of the air on our skin is no more than a cotton-wool wrapping to the universal stillness. And we are running an eighteen-second mile.

I peer from the fore end of the engine-room over the hatch-coamings into the coach. The mail-clerks are sorting the Winnipeg, Calgary, and Medicine Hat bags; but there is a pack of cards ready on the table.

Suddenly a bell thrills; the engineers run to the turbine-valves and stand by; but the spectacled slave of the Ray in the U-tube never lifts his head. He must watch where he is. We are hard-braked and going astern; and there is language from the control-platform.

"Tim's sparking badly about something," says the unruffled Captain Hodgson. "Let's look."

Captain Purnall is not the man we left half an hour ago; but the embodied authority of the G. P. O. Ahead of us floats an ancient, aluminum-patched, twin-screw tramp of the dingiest with no more right to the 5,000 foot lanes than has a horse-cart to a town. She carries an obsolete "bar-bette" conning-tower—a six-foot affair with railed platform forward—and our warning beam plays on the top of it as a policeman's lantern flashes on the area sneak. Like a sneak-thief, too, emerges a shock-headed navigator in his shirt-sleeves. Captain Purnall wrenches open the colloid to talk with him man to man. There are times when Science does not satisfy.

"What under the stars are you doing here, you sky-scraping chimney-sweep?" he shouts as we two drift side by side. "Do you know this is a Mail-lane? You call yourself a skipper, sir? You ain't fit to peddle toy balloons to an Esquimaux. Your name and number! Report and get down!"

"I've been blown up once," the shock-headed man cries hoarsely as a dog barking. "I don't care two flips of a contact for anything *you* can do. Postey."

"Don't you, sir? But I'll make you care. I'll have you towed stern first to Disko and broke up. You can't recover insurance if you're broke for obstruction. Do you understand *that*?"

Then the stranger bellows: "Look at my propellers! There's been a wullie-wa down under that has knocked me into umbrella-frames! We've been blown up about forty thousand feet! We're all one conjuror's watch inside! My mate's arm's broke; my engineer's head's cut open; my Ray went out when the engines smashed; and . . . and . . . for pity's sake give me my height, Captain! We doubt we're dropping."

"Six thousand eight hundred. Can you hold it?" Captain Purnall overlooks all insults, and leans half out of the colloid, staring and snuffing. The stranger leaks pungently.

"We ought to blow back to St. John's with luck. We're trying to plug the fore-tank now, but she's simply whistling it away," her captain wails.

"She's sinkin' like a log," says Captain Purnall in an undertone. "Call up the Mark Boat, George." Our dip-dial shows that we abreast the tramp have dropped five hundred feet the last few minutes.

Captain Purnall presses a switch and our beam begins to swing through the night, twizzling spokes of light across infinity.

"That'll fetch something," he says, while Captain Hodgson watches the General Communicator. He has called up the Banks Mark Boat, a couple of hundred miles west, and is reporting the case.

"I'll stand by you," Captain Purnall roars to the lone figure on the conning-tower.

"Is it as bad as that?" comes the answer. "She is n't insured."

"Might have guessed as much," mutters Hodgson. "Owner's risk is the worst risk of all!"

"Can't I fetch St. John's—not even with this breeze?" the voice quavers.

"Stand by to abandon ship. Have n't you *any* lift in you, fore or aft?"

"Nothing but the midship tanks and they're none too tight. You see, my Ray gave out and—" he coughs in the reek of the escaping gas.

"You poor devil!" This does not reach our friend. "What does the Mark Boat say, George?"

"Wants to know if there's any danger to traffic. Says she's in a bit of weather herself and can't quit station. I've turned in a General Call, so even if they don't see our beam some one's bound to—or else we must. Shall I clear our slings? Hold on! Here we are! A Planet liner, too! She'll be up in a tick!"

"Tell her to get her slings ready," cries his brother captain. "There won't be much time to spare . . . Tie up your mate," he roars to the tramp.

"My mate's all right. It's my engineer. He's gone crazy."

"Shunt the lift out of him with a spanner. Hurry!"

"But I can make land, if I've half a chance."

"You'll make the Atlantic in twenty minutes. You're less than fifty-eight hundred now. Get your log and papers."

A Planet liner — east bound, heaves up in a superb spiral and takes the air of us humming. Her underbody colloid is open and her transporter-slugs hang down like tentacles. We shut off our beam as she adjusts herself — steering to a hair — over the tramp's conning-tower. The mate comes up, his arm strapped to his side, and stumbles into the cradle. A man with a ghastly scarlet head follows, shouting that he must go back and build up his Ray. The mate assures him that he will find a nice new Ray all ready in the liner's engine-room. The bandaged head goes up wagging excitedly. A youth and a woman follow. The liner cheers hollowly above us, and we see the passengers' faces at the saloon colloid.

"That's a good girl. What's the fool waiting for now?" says Captain Purnall.

The skipper comes up, still appealing to us to stand by and see him fetch St. John's. He dives below and returns — at which we little human beings in the void cheer louder than ever — with the ship's kitten. Up fly the liner's hissing slugs; her underbody crashes home and she hurtles away again. The dial shows less than 3,000 feet.

The Mark Boat signals that we must attend to the derelict, now whistling her death song, as she falls beneath us in long sick zigzags.

"Keep our beam on her and send out a general warning," says Captain Purnall, following her down.

There is no need. Not a liner in air but knows the meaning of that vertical beam and gives us and our quarry a wide berth.

"But she'll drown in the water, won't she?" I ask.

"I've known a derelict up-end and sift her engines out of herself and flicker round the Lower Lanes for three weeks on her forward tanks only. We'll run no risks. Pith her, George, and look sharp. There's weather ahead."

Captain Hodgson opens the underbody colloid, swings the heavy pithing-iron out of its rack, which in liners is generally cased as a settee, and at two hundred feet releases the catch. We hear the whir of the crescent-shaped arms opening as they descend. The derelict's forehead is punched in, starred across, and rent diagonally. She falls stern first; our beam upon her; slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her.

"A filthy business," says Hodgson. "I wonder what it must have been like in the old days."

The thought had crossed my mind too. What if that wavering carcass had been filled with International-speaking men of all the Internationalities, each one of them taught (*that* is the horror of it!) that after death he would very possibly go forever to unspeakable torment?

And not half a century since, we (one knows now that we are only our fathers re-enlarged upon the earth), *we*, I say, ripped and rammed and pithed to admiration.

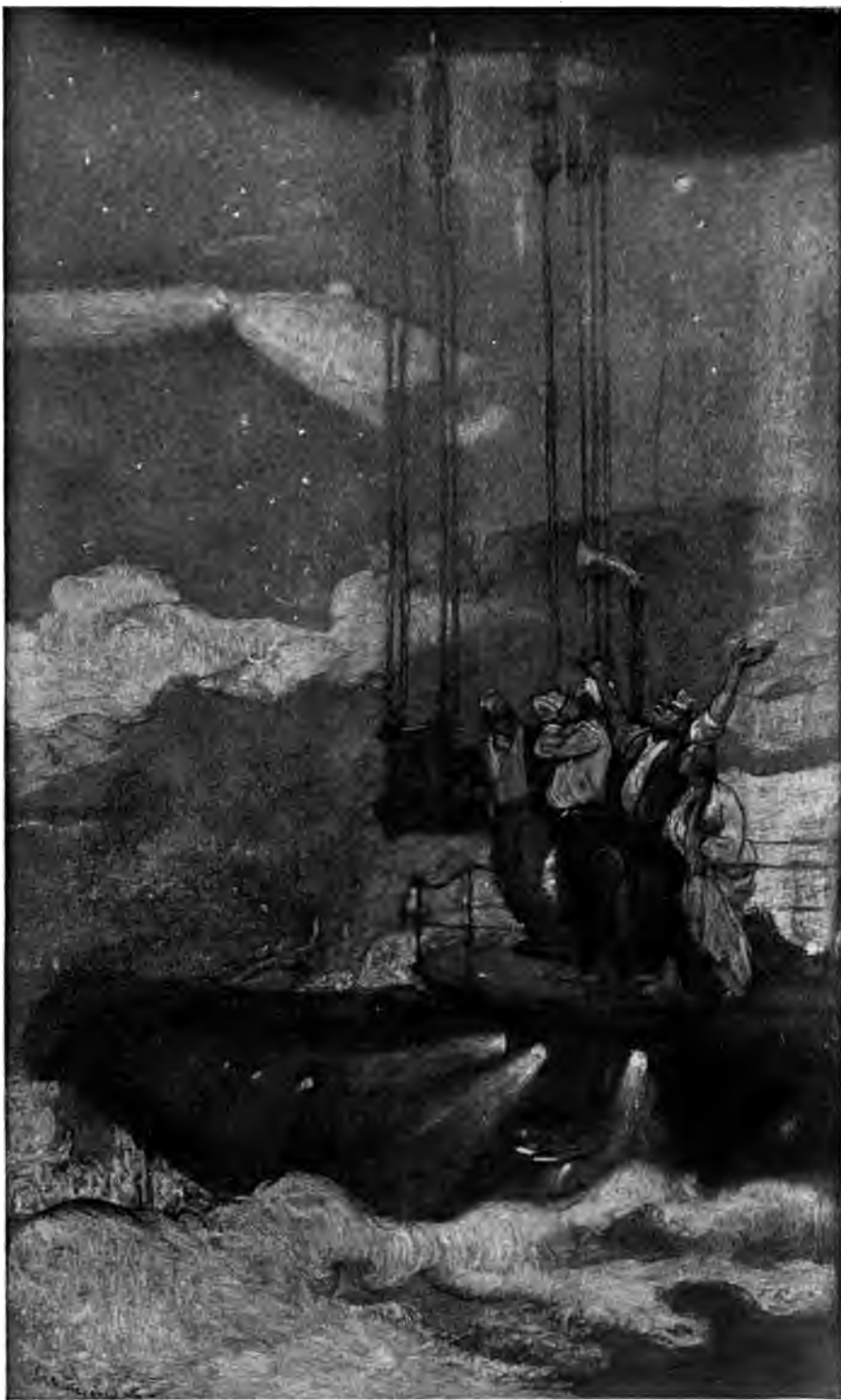
Here Tim, from the control-platform, shouts that we are to get into our inflaters and to bring him his at once.

We hurry into the heavy rubber suits — the engineers are already dressed — and inflate at the air-pump taps. G. P. O. inflaters are thrice as thick as a racing man's "heavies," and chafe abominably under the armpits. George takes the wheel until Tim has blown himself up to the extreme of rotundity. If you kicked him off the c. p. to the deck he would bounce back. But it is "162" that will do the kicking.

"The Mark Boat's mad — stark ravin' crazy," he snorts, returning to command. "She says there's a bad blow-out ahead and wants me to pull over to Greenland. I'll see her pithed first! We wasted an hour and a quarter over that dead duck down under and now I'm expected to go rubbin' my back all over the Pole. What does she think a postal packet's made of? Gummed silk? Tell her we're coming on straight."

George buckles him into the Frame and switches on the Direct Control. Now under Tim's left toe lies the port engine Accelerator; under his left heel the Reverse, and so with the other foot. The lift-shunt stops stand out on the rim of the steering-wheel where the fingers of his left hand can play on them. At his right hand is the midships engine lever ready to be thrown into gear at a moment's notice. He leans forward in his belt, eyes glued to the colloid, and one ear cocked toward the General Communicator. Henceforth he is the strength and direction of "162," through whatever may befall.

The Banks Mark Boat is reeling out pages of Aerial Route Directions to the traffic at large. We are to secure all "loose objects;" hood up our Fleury Rays; and "on no account to attempt to clear snow from our conning-towers till the weather abates."



"A MAN WITH A GHASTLY SCARLET HEAD FOLLOWS, SHOUTING
THAT HE MUST GO BACK AND BUILD UP HIS RAY"

Under-powered craft, we are told, can ascend to the limit of their lift, mail-packets to look out for them accordingly; the lanes westward are pitting very badly, with frequent blow-outs, vortices, and laterals.

Still the clear dark holds up unblemished. The only warning is the electric skin-tension (I feel as though I were a lace-maker's pillow) and an irritability which the gibbering of the General Communicator increases almost to hysteria.

We have made eight thousand feet since we pithed the tramp and our turbines are giving us an honest two hundred and ten an hour.

Very far to the west an elongated blur of red, low down, shows us the Banks Mark Boat. There are specks of fire round her rising and falling — bewildered planets about an unstable sun — helpless shipping hanging on to her light for company's sake. No wonder she could not quit station.

She warns us to look out for the backwash of the bad vortex in which (her beam shows it) she is even now reeling.

The pits of gloom about us begin to fill with very faintly luminous films — wreathing and uneasy shapes. One forms itself into a globe of pale flame that waits shivering with eagerness as we sweep by. It leaps monstrously across the blackness, alights on the precise tip of our nose, pirouettes there an instant, and swings off. Our roaring bow sinks as though that light were lead — sinks and recovers to lurch and stumble again beneath the next blow-out. Tim's fingers on the lift-shunt strike chords of numbers—1 : 4 : 7 :—2 : 4 : 6 :—7 : 5 : 3 ; and so on ; for he is running by his tanks only, lifting or lowering her against the uneasy air. All three engines are at work ; the sooner we have skated over this thin ice the better. Higher we dare not go. The whole upper vault is charged with pale krypton vapors, which our skin friction may excite to unholy manifestations. Between the upper and the lower levels — 5,000 and 7,000, hints the Mark Boat — we may perhaps bolt through if . . . Our bow clothes itself in blue flame and falls like a sword. No human skill can keep pace with the changing tensions. A vortex has us by the beak and we dive down a two-thousand-foot slant at an angle (the dip-dial and my bouncing body record it) of thirty-five. Our turbines scream shrilly ; the propellers cannot bite on the thin air ; Tim shunts the lift out of five tanks at once and

by sheer weight drives her bulletwise through the maelstrom till she cushions with a jar on an up-gust, three thousand feet below.

"Now we've done it," says George in my ear. "Our skin-friction that last slide, has played Old Harry with the tensions ! Look out for laterals, Tim, she'll want lifting."

"I've got her," is the answer. "Come up, old woman."

She comes up nobly, but the laterals buffet her left and right like the pinions of angry angels. She is jolted off her chosen star twenty degrees to port or starboard, and cuffed into place again, only to be swung away and dropped into a new blow-out. We are never without a corposant grinning on our bows or rolling head over heels from nose to midships, and to the crackle of electricity round and within us is added once or twice the rattle of hail — hail that will never fall on any sea. Slow we must or we may break our back, pitch-poling.

"Air's a perfectly elastic fluid," roars George above the tumult. "About as elastic as a head sea off the Fastnet."

He is less than just to the good element. If one intrudes on the heavens when they are balancing their volt-accounts ; if one disturbs the High Gods' market-rates by hurling steel hulls at ninety knots across tremblingly adjusted tensions, one must not complain of any rudeness in the reception. Tim met it with an unmoved countenance, one corner of his under lip caught up on a tooth, his eyes fleeting into the blackness twenty miles ahead, and the fierce sparks flying from his knuckles at every play of the hand. Now and again he shook his head to clear the sweat trickling from his eyebrows, and it was then that George, watching his chance, would slide down the life-rail and swab his face quickly with a big red handkerchief. I never imagined that a human being could so continuously labor and so collectedly think as did Tim through that Hell's half hour when the flurry was at its worst. We were dragged hither and yon by warm or frozen suction, belched up on the tops of wulli-was, spun down by vortices and clubbed aside by laterals under a dizzying rush of stars, in the company of a drunken moon. I heard the rushing click of the midship engine lever sliding in and out, the low growl of the lift-shunts and, louder than the yelling winds without, the scream of the bow-rudder gouging into any lull that promised hold for an instant. At last we began to

claw up on a cant, bow-rudder and port-propeller together; only the nicest balancing of tanks saved us from spinning like the rifle-bullet of the old days.

"We've got to hitch to windward of that Mark Boat somehow," George cried.

"There's no windward," I protested feebly, where I swung shackled to a stanchion. "How can there be?"

He laughed — as we pitched into a thousand foot blow-out — that red man laughed under his inflated hood.

"Look!" he said. "We must clear those refugees with a high lift."

The Mark Boat was below and a little to the sou'west of us, fluctuating in the center of her distraught galaxy. The air was thick with moving lights at every level. I take it most of them were lying head to wind but, not being hydras, they failed. An undertanked Moghrabi boat had risen to the limit of her lift and, finding no improvement, had dropped a couple of thousand. There she met a superb wulli-wa and was blown up spinning like a dead leaf. Instead of shutting off she braked hard and, naturally, rebounded as from a wall almost into the Mark Boat, whose language (our G. C. took it in) was humanly simple.

"If they'd only ride it out quietly it 'ud be better," said George in a calm, as we climbed like a bat above them all. "But some skippers *will* navigate without lift. What does that Tad-boat think she is doing, Tim?"

"Playin' kiss in the ring," was Tim's unmoved reply. A Trans-Asiatic Direct liner had found a smooth and butted into it full power. But there was a vortex at the tail of that smooth, and the T. A. D. was flipped out like a pea from off a fingernail braking madly as she fled down and all but over-ending.

"Now I hope she's satisfied," said Tim. "I'm glad I'm not a Mark Boat . . . Do I want help?" The G. C. dial had caught his ear. "George, you may tell that gentleman with my love — love, remember, George — that I do not want help. Who is the officious sardine-tin?"

"Rimouski drogher on the lookout for a tow."

"Very kind of the Rimouski drogher. This postal packet isn't being towed at present."

"These droghers will go anywhere on a chance of salvage," George explained. "We call 'em kittiwakes."

A long-beaked, bright steel ninety-footer floated at ease for one instant within hail of us, her slings coiled ready for rescues, and a single hand in her open tower. He was smoking. Surrendered to the insurrection of the airs through which we tore our way, he lay in absolute peace. I saw the smoke of his pipe ascend untroubled ere his boat dropped like a stone in a well.

We had just cleared the Mark Boat and her disorderly refugees when the storm ended as suddenly as it had begun. A shooting-star to northward filled the sky with the green blink of a meteorite dissipating itself in our atmosphere.

Said George: "That may iron out all the tensions." Even as he spoke, the conflicting winds came to rest, the levels filled; the laterals died out in long easy swells; the airways were smoothed before us. In less than three minutes the covey round the Mark Boat had shipped their power-lights and whirled away upon their businesses.

"What's happened?" I gasped. The nerve-storm within and the volt-tingle without had passed — my inflaters weighed like lead.

"God he knows!" said Captain George soberly. "That old shooting-star's skin-friction has discharged the different levels. I've seen it happen before. Phew! What a relief!"

We dropped from twelve to six thousand and got rid of our clammy suits. Tim shut off and stepped out of the Frame. The Mark Boat was coming up behind us. He opened the colloid in that heavenly stillness and mopped his face.

"Hello, Williams!" he cried. "A degree or two out o' station, ain't you?"

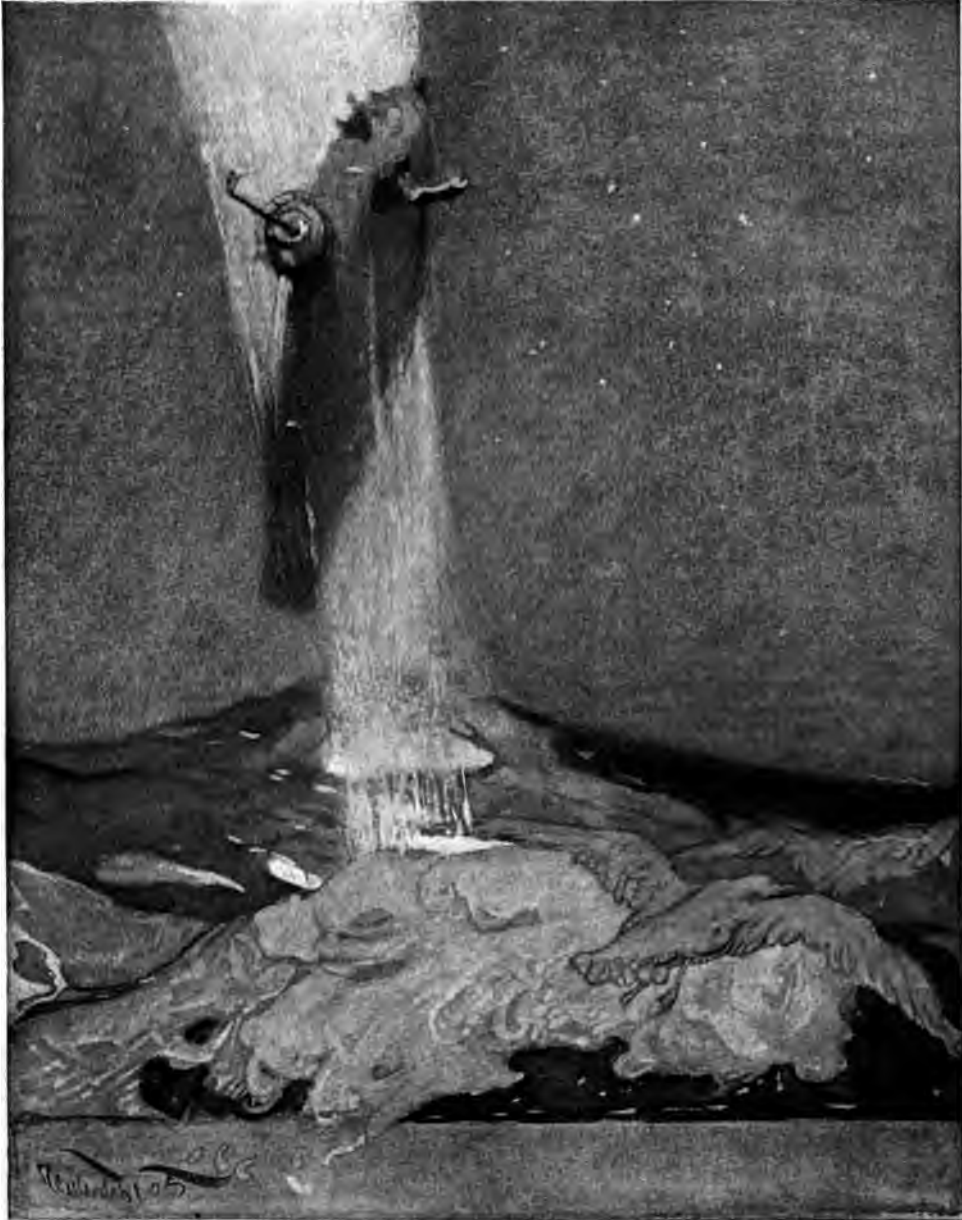
"May be," was the answer. "I've had some company this evening."

"So I noticed. Was n't that quite a little flurry!"

"I warned you. Why did n't you pull out round by Disko? The east-bound packets have."

"Me? Not till I'm running a Polar consumptives Sanatorium boat! I was squinting through a colloid before you were out of your cradle, my son."

"I'd be the last man to deny it," the captain of the Mark Boat replies softly. "The way you handled her just now — I'm a pretty fair judge of traffic in a volt-flurry — it was a thousand revolutions beyond anything even I've ever seen."



"Slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her"

Tim's back supples visibly to this oiling. Captain George on the c. p. winks and points to the portrait of a singularly attractive maiden pinned up on the telescope-bracket above the steering-wheel.

I see. Wholly and entirely do I see!

There is some talk overhead of "coming round to tea on Friday," a brief report of

the derelict's fate, and Tim volunteers as he descends: "For an A. B. C. man young Williams is less of a high-tension fool than some . . . Were you thinking of taking her on, George? Then I'll just have a look round that port thrust — seems to me it's a trifle warm — and we'll fan along."

The Mark Boat hums off joyously and

hangs herself up in her appointed eyrie. Here she will stay, a shutterless observatory; a life-boat station; a salvage tug; a court of ultimate appeal-cum-meteorological bureau for one thousand miles in all directions, till Wednesday next when her relief slides across the stars to take her buffeted place. Her black hull, double conning-tower, and ever-ready slings represent all that remains to the planet of that odd word authority. She is responsible only to the Aerial Board of Control — the A. B. C. of which Tim speaks so flippantly. But that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons of both sexes, controls this planet. "Transportation is Civilization," our motto runs. Theoretically we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic *and all it implies*. Practically the A. B. C. confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to lay the whole burden of private administration on its shoulder.

I discuss this with Tim, sipping maté on the c. p., while George fans her along over the white blur of the Banks in beautiful upward curves of fifty miles each. The dip-dial translates them on the tape in flowing freehand.

Tim gathers up a skein of it and surveys the last few feet, which record "162's" path through the volt-flurry.

"I haven't had a fever-chart like this to show up in five years," he says ruefully.

A postal packet's dip-dial records every yard of every run. The tapes then go to the A. B. C., which collates and makes composite photographs of them for the instruction of captains. Tim studies his irrevocable past, shaking his head.

"Hullo! Here's a fifteen-hundred-foot drop at eighty-five degrees! We must have been standing on our head then, George."

"You don't say so," George answers. "I fancied I noticed it at the time."

George may not have Captain Purnall's catlike swiftness, but he is all an artist to the tips of the broad fingers that play on the shunt-stops. The delicious flight-curves come away on the tape with never a waver. The Mark Boat's vertical spindle of light lies down to eastward, setting in the face of the following stars. Westward, where no planet should rise, the triple verticals of Trinity Bay (we keep still to the Southern route) make a low-lifting haze. We seem

the only thing at rest under all the heavens; floating at ease till the earth's revolution shall turn up our landing-towers.

And minute by minute our silent clock gives us a sixteen-second mile.

"Some fine night," says Tim. "We'll be even with that clock's Master."

"He's coming now," says George. "I'm chasing the night already."

The stars ahead dim no more than if a film of mist had been drawn under unobserved, but the deep air-boom on our skin changes to a joyful shout.

"The dawn-gust," says Tim. "It'll go on to meet the Sun. Look! Look! There's the night being crammed back over our bow! Come to the aft colloid. I'll show you something."

The engine-room is hot and stuffy; the clerks in the coach are asleep, and the Slave of the Ray is near to follow them. Tim slides open the aft colloid and reveals the curve of the world — the ocean's, deepest purple — edged with fuming and intolerable gold. Then the Sun rises and through the colloid strikes out our lamps. Tim scowls in his face.

"Squirrels in a cage," he mutters. "That's all we are. Squirrels in a cage! He's going twice as fast as us. Just you wait a few years, my shining friend, and we'll take steps that will amaze you. *We'll* Joshua you!"

Yes, that is our dream: to turn all earth into the Vale of Ajalon at our pleasure. So far, we can drag out the dawn to twice its normal length in these latitudes. But some day — even on the Equator — we shall hold the Sun level in his full stride.

Now we look down on a sea thronged with heavy traffic. A big submersible breaks water suddenly. Another and another follow with a swash and a suck and a savage bubbling of relieved pressures. The deep-sea freighters are rising to lung up after the long night, and the leisurely ocean is all patterned with peacock's eyes of foam.

"We'll lung up, too," says Tim, and when we return to the c. p. George shunts off, the colloids are opened, and the fresh air sweeps her out. There is no hurry. The old contracts (they will be revised at the end of the year) allow twelve hours for a run which any packet can put behind her in ten. So we breakfast in the arms of an easterly slant which pushes us along at a languid twenty.

To enjoy life, and tobacco, begin both on a sunny morning half a mile or so above the

dappled Atlantic cloud-belts and after a volt-flurry which has cleared and tempered your nerves. While we discussed the thickening traffic with the superiority that comes of having a high level to ourselves, we heard (and I for the first time) the morning hymn on a Hospital boat.

"She was cloaked by a skein of raveled fluff beneath us and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. *"Ob, ye Winds of God,"* sang the unseen voices: *"bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"*

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms they looked up and stretched out their hands neighborly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white-button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dews of the night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished, her song continuing up. *Ob, ye holy and bumble men of heart, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.*

"She's a public lunger or she would n't have been singing the *Benedicite*, and she's a Greenlander or she wouldn't have snow-blinds over her colloids," said George at last. "She'll be bound for Frederikshavn or one of the Glacier sanatoriums for a month. If she was an accident ward she'd be hung up at the eight-thousand-foot level. Yes—consumptives."

"Funny how the new things are the old things. I've read in books," Tim answered, "that savages used to haul their sick and wounded up to the tops of hills because microbes were fewer there. We hoist 'em into sterilized air for a while. Same idea."

How much do the doctors say we've added to the average life of a man?"

"Thirty years," says George with a twinkle in his eye. "Are you going to spend 'em all up here?"

"Flap along, then. Flap along. Who's hindering?" the senior captain laughed, as we went in.

We held a good lift to clear the coastwise and Continental shipping and we had need of it. Though our route is in no sense a populated one, there is a steady trickle of traffic this way along. We met Hudson Bay furriers out of the Great Preserve hurrying to make their departures from Bonavista with sable and black fox for the insatiable markets. We over-crossed Keewatin liners, small and

cramped, but their captains, who see no land between Trepassy and Blanco, know what gold they bring back from West Africa. Trans-Asiatic Directs, we met, soberly ringing the world round the Fiftieth Meridian at an honest seventy knots; and white-painted Ackroyd & Hunt fruiterers out of the south fled beneath us, their ventilated hulls whistling like Chinese kites. Their market is in the North among the northern sanatoria where you can smell their grapefruit and bananas across the cold snows. Argentine beef boats we sighted too, of enormous capacity and unlovely outline. They, too, feed the northern health stations in ice-bound ports where submersibles dare not rise.

Yellow-bellied ore-flats and Ungava petrol-tanks punted down leisurely out of the north like strings of unfrightened wild duck. It does not pay to "fly" minerals and oil a mile further than is necessary; but the risks of transhipping to submersibles in the ice-pack off Nain or Hebron are so great that these heavy freighters fly down to Halifax direct and scent the air as they go. They are the biggest tramps aloft except the Athabasca grain tubs. But these last, now that the wheat is moved, are busy over the world's shoulder, timber-lifting in Siberia.

We held to the St. Lawrence (it is astonishing how the old water-ways still pull us children of the air) and followed his broad line of black between its drifting ice blocks, all down the Park that the wisdom of our fathers—but every one knows the Quebec run.

We dropped to the Heights Receiving Towers twenty minutes ahead of time and there hung at ease till the Yokohama Intermediate Packet could pull out and give us our proper slip. It was curious to watch the action of the holding-down clips all along the frosty river front as the boats cleared or came to rest. A big Hamburger was leaving Pont Levis and the crew, unshipping the platform railings, began to sing "Elsinore"—the oldest of our chanteys. You know it of course:

*Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic—
Forty couple waltzing on the floor!
And you can watch my Ray,
For I must go away
And dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!*

Then while they sweated home the covering-plate:

*Nor-Nor-Nor-Nor-
West from Sourabaya to the Baltic!
Ninety knot an hour to the Skaw!
Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic
And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!*

The clips parted with a gesture of indignant dismissal, as though Quebec, glittering under her snows, were casting out these light and unworthy lovers. Our signal came from the Heights. Tim turned and floated up, but surely then it was with passionate appeal that the great arms flung open from our tower — or did I think so be-

cause on the upper staging a little hooded figure also stretched arms wide towards her father?

In ten seconds the coach with the clerks clashed down to the receiving-caisson; the hostlers displaced the engineers at the idle turbines, and Tim, prouder of this than all, introduced me to the maiden of the photograph on the shelf. "And by the way," said he to her, stepping forth in sunshine under the hat of civil life, "I saw young Williams in the Mark Boat. I've asked him to tea on Friday."

MRS. CARTER AS FATE*

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "GERVIE ZAME, GERVIE DOOR," "MISS ETHEL'S DRESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THERE had been pretty maids before at Willowbrook, but never one who tied her aprons with such perky bows behind or wore such fetching little caps as Annie. Peter's admiration had been immediate and intense, but his usual daring impudence, which had endeared him to Annie's predecessors, had suddenly deserted him, and he had become blushing shy and stammering. Annie found that she could do with him as she wished, and she accordingly did it; and poor, badgered Peter discovered what it feels like to be a brook trout when a skilful angler is managing the reel.

The course of affairs between the two became a subject of interested comment among the other servants. Joe, the head coachman, who was planning to resign next year in favor of Peter for the purpose of opening a livery stable of his own, remarked to his wife one day, that he guessed it was a go for sure between Annie and Peter; and that he should n't wonder if, by the time they themselves were ready to move out of the coachman's cottage, the two would be ready to move in.

Peter himself was not so sanguine, however, nor, if the truth were known, was Annie. Neither was quite comfortably sure of how the other felt, and when it came to the point, they were both a little shy. Annie, with laughing eyes, tempted Peter at every turn, and then precipitously fled whenever he showed a disposition to control matters himself. The poor fellow was so bothered that he could scarcely attend to his work, and had he been the one in charge of the stables, the horses would have received far less than their due allotment of meals. Matters had reached this interesting point when they were suddenly brought to an unexpected climax.

The two were standing on the back veranda one moonlight night, and Annie was engaged in pointing out to Peter the lady in the moon. Peter was either stubborn or stupid; he frankly declared that he saw no "lady," and did n't believe that there was one. In her zeal in the cause of astronomy, Annie unwarily bent her head too near, and while her eyes were turned to the moon, Peter basely kissed her. She slapped him smartly, as a well brought up young woman should, and

* This is the third of a series of four comedies among the servants, all dealing with the same characters



for his future peace of mind. He arrived at the kitchen door just in time to see the man from the grocery put his packages on the table and his arms around Annie and kiss her with a smack that resounded through the room, and would, to Peter's outraged senses, resound through all time. Annie turned with a startled cry, and as her gaze fell upon Peter her face paled before the look in his eyes. Without a word he whirled about and strode back to the stables with white lips and clenched fists, and murder in his heart for the grocer's man if he should ever catch him alone in the dark. He did not hear what Annie said to the grocer's man, nor did he know that she locked herself in her room and cried. All he did know, he told himself fiercely, was that she had been making a fool of him, and that she flirted with every man who came along, and that that was n't the kind of a girl he wanted to do with.

Several days before, as Peter was driving Mr. Lane, who was visiting at Willowbrook, and Master Bob to the village, Annie had been shaking rugs on the front veranda as they passed, and had thrown a friendly

Chapman

"his usual daring impudence, which had endeared him to Annie's predecessors"

fled into the house before he could catch her. Peter, strong in his new-found courage, waited about in the hope that she would reappear; but she did not, and he finally betook himself off to his room over the carriage-house, where he sat by the window gazing out at the moonlight a good two hours before he remembered to go to bed. The slap had hurt neither him nor his feelings; he liked her the better for it. And Annie was n't really mad, he reflected happily, for she had laughed as she banged the door in his face.

The next morning Peter went about his work with a singing heart and many a glance toward the kitchen windows. He swashed water over the stable floor, and rubbed down the horses with a mind happily intent upon what he would say to Annie when he saw her. About ten o'clock Mrs. Carter ordered the victoria, but as the carriage horses were at the shop being shod, Joe told Peter to go in and ask if Trixy and the phaeton would do as well.

Peter dropped his sponge and started for the house — at exactly the wrong moment



"Annie found that she could do with him as she wished"



"THE COURSE OF AFFAIRS BETWEEN THE TWO BECAME A SUBJECT OF INTERESTED COMMENT AMONG THE
OTHER SERVANTS."



"Peter basely kissed her"

smile in the direction of the cart. The smile was intended for Peter, but Mr. Lane had caught it, and had remarked to Bobbie:

"That 's a deuced pretty maid you 've got there."

"Annie's the bulliest maid we ever had," Bobbie had returned appreciatively. "She swipes cake for me when Nora is n't looking."

But Peter had frowned angrily, as he longingly sized up Mr. Lane and wished he were not a gentleman so that he could punch him. It was none of Mr. Lane's business whether Annie were pretty or not.

At that time Annie could do no wrong, and Peter had not thought of blaming her for Mr. Lane's too open admiration, but now he wrathfully accused her of trying to flirt with gentlemen, than which, in Peter's estimation, she could do no worse. As he could take it out of neither of them in blood — which his soul thirsted for — he added it to the grocer's score, and his fingers fairly itched to be at work. The grocer was just the sort of man that he most enjoyed pommeling — big and florid, with curling hair, a black mustache, and a dimple in his chin.

Annie after her *contretemps* with the grocer passed a miserable day. In vain she tried to get a word with Peter; he was not to be seen. Billy, the under-groom, was the man who came to the house on all further errands from the stables. That evening she put on her prettiest gown and sat for two hours on the top step of the back veranda with her eyes turned expectantly toward the carriage-house, and then she went to bed and cried. Had she but known it, Peter was in a vacant lot back of Paddy Callahan's saloon, blissfully remodeling the features of the grocer's man.

Annie passed a sleepless night, and the next morning, being no longer able to stand the suspense, she swallowed her pride and went to the stables in the hope of seeing Peter alone. Peter, too, in spite of his victory of the evening, had kept vigil through the night. He was listlessly currying one of the carriage horses when he saw Annie leave the house and come slowly down the walk toward the barn. His heart suddenly leaped to his mouth, but a moment after he was bending over the horse with his back to the door, and whistling as merrily as if he had not a care in the world. He heard Annie's hesitating step on the threshold, and he smiled grimly to himself and whistled the louder.

"Pete, I 'm wantin' to speak to you if you 're not busy."

Peter glanced up with a well-assumed start of surprise. He looked Annie over slowly and deliberately, and then turned back to the horse.

"Aw, but I am busy," he returned. "Lift up," he added to the horse, and he solicitously examined its nigh hind foot.

Annie waited patiently, struggling between a sense of pride which urged her to go back and never speak to Peter again, and a sense of shame which told her that she owed him an explanation.

"Petie," she began, and there was a little catch in her voice which went to Peter's heart, and in his effort to resist it and mete out due punishment for all the misery she had caused him, he was harder than he otherwise would have been.

"Petie," she faltered, "I wanted to be tellin' you that it was n't my fault. He—he niver kissed me before, an' I did n't know he was goin' to. I could n't help it."

Peter shrugged. "You need n't be apologizin' to me; I ain't interested in your amours. If you want to be apologizin' to any one, go an' do it to his wife."

"His wife?" asked Annie.

"Aye, his wife an' his two childern."

"I did n't know he was married," said Annie, flushing again, "but it's no difference, for it were n't me fault. I niver acted a bit nicer to him than to anny other man, an' that's the truth."

"Oh, you're a lovely girl, you are. Flirtin' around with other women's husbands, an' lettin' every fool that comes along kiss you if he wants to."

"You need n't talk," cried Annie. "You did it yourself, an' you're no better than the grocer man."

"An' do you think I'd a-done it if I had n't knowed you was willin'?" Peter sneered.

Annie backed against the wall and with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes, stared at him speechlessly, angry with herself at her powerlessness to say anything that would hurt him enough. As she stood there Master Bob and Mr. Lane came in on their way to visit the kennels. Mr. Lane looked curiously from the angry girl to the nonchalant groom who had resumed his work and was softly whistling under his breath. Master Bob, being intent only upon puppies, passed on without noticing the two, but Mr. Lane glanced back over his shoulder at Annie's pretty, flushed face, and then turned back and asked:

"My dear girl, has that fellow been annoyin' you?"

"No, no," Annie said, wildly. "Go away, Mr. Lane, please."

Mr. Lane shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Ah, I see. A lover's quarrel!" and he followed Bobbie into the kennels.

Peter laughed softly, and in a tone which would have justified Mr. Lane in knocking him down had he heard. "So you are his dear girl, too, are you? He's a nice gentleman, he is! You ought to be proud o' him."

Annie straightened herself with her head thrown back. "Peter McGowan," she burst out, "I came out here to apologize to you 'cause, without meanin' any harm, I thought as I'd hurt you're feelin's an' wasowin' you an explanation. I niver had anything to do with that groc'ry man nor anny other man, an' you know it as true as you are standin' there, and instead of acceptin' me apologies like a gentleman would, you insult me worse than any person iver did in me life, an' I'll niver speak to you again as long as I live." And Annie choked down a sob, and with head erect turned and walked back to the house.

Peter watched her go with a sickening feeling at his heart, and as he slowly recalled the words they had spoken, his face turned white. He leaned his head against the horse's neck.

"Oh, Lord!" he whispered, "what uv I done?"

The week which followed was one of outward indifference and inward misery to both. Annie mourned when alone, but under the eyes of the stable she flirted openly and without conscience with the Jasper's gardener, who spent the entire week in clipping the hedge between the two places. Peter watched her with an aching heart, and formed a brave determination never to think of her again, in pursuance whereof he thought of her every minute of the day. He made one awkward attempt at reconciliation but was spurned, whereupon he, too, plunged into a reckless flirtation with Mary, the chambermaid, who



"clenched fists, and murder in his heart for the grocer's man"

was fat and every day of thirty-five. As neither Annie nor Peter had any means of knowing how wretched this treatment was making the other, they got very little comfort from it.

Annie sat at the kitchen-table polishing silver with a sober face. It was six days since the groceryman's historic visit, and the war

clouds showed no sign of lifting. There was a houseful of company at Willowbrook, and the work was mercifully distracting. Mary, this morning, had obligingly volunteered to look after two visiting children, and she had taken them out to play in the sand pile, for the sole purpose of being near the stables, Annie knew. Peter was visible through the open window, greasing harness in the carriage-house doorway, and exchanging jocular remarks with Mary. Annie's eyes were out of doors oftener than upon her work. Nora, who was sitting on the back veranda shelling peas, remarked on Peter's newly awakened interest in Mary, but as Annie did not answer, she very wisely changed the subject.

"I guess that Mr. Lane what 's visitin' here has got a heap o' money," she called in tentatively.

"I guess he has," Annie assented indifferently.

"He seems to be pretty taken up with Miss Ethel. That was an awful becomin' white dress she had on last night. Mrs. Carter would be pleased all right."

Annie received this remark in silence, but Nora was not to be discouraged. She felt that this new freak of taciturnity on Annie's part was defrauding her of her natural rights.

A maid whose duties call her to the front part of the house is in a position to supply more accurate gossip than it is given a cook to know; and it is her duty to supply it.

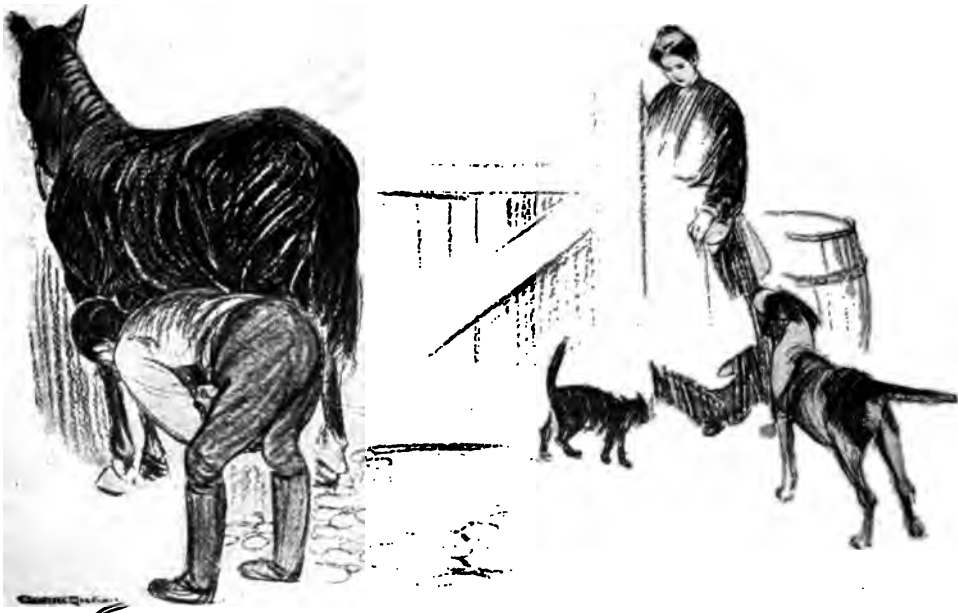
"Mr. Harry would feel awful, havin' growed up with her like," Nora continued. "He's a sight the best lookin' o' the two, an' I'm thinkin' Miss Ethel knows it. It ud be convenient, too, havin' the places joined. The Jaspers has got money enough, an' him the only son. I guess they would n't starve if she did marry him. I've always noticed it's the people as has the most money as needs the most. I don't think much o' that Mr. Lane," she added.

Annie suddenly woke up. "I don't either. 'T is too fresh he is."

"That 's what I'm thinkin' meself," said Nora cordially, "an' I guess so does Mr. Harry. I'm after observin' that he has n't been around much since Mr. Lane's been here."

Annie's mind had wandered again; her own affairs were requiring so much attention lately that Miss Ethel's were no longer a source of interest. Out in the barn Peter was proclaiming, in tones calculated to carry to the kitchen, "There's only one girl in this world for me." Annie's lip quivered slightly as she heard him; a week before she had

"Pete, I'm wantin' to speak to you if you're not busy"



laughed at the same song, but as affairs stood now, it was insulting.

The peas finished, Nora gathered the yellow bowl under her arm and returned to the kitchen, where she concentrated her attention upon Annie and the silver.

"I'm thinkin' you must be in love!" she finally declared. "You've cleaned that same spoon three times while I've been watchin' you, an' you did n't count the plates right last night for dinner, an' you forgot to give 'em any butter for breakfast this mornin'."

Annie blushed guiltily at this damning array of evidence and then she laughed. "If it's in love I am whiniver I forget things," she retorted, "then I must a been in love iver since I was out o' the cradle."

"An' there's him as would be in love with you if you'd give him the chance," pursued Nora, meaningly.

Annie choose to overlook this remark, and further conversation was precluded by the entrance of Mrs. Carter.

"We have decided to have a picnic supper at the beach to-night, Nora," she said, "and you will not have to get dinner for any one but Mr. Carter."

"Very well, ma'am."

"I am sorry that it happens on your afternoon out, Annie," she added, turning to the maid, "but I shall need you at the picnic to help about the supper."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Annie, obligingly, "I don't care about goin' out anyway."

"We shall start early in the afternoon, but I want you to wait and help Nora with the sandwiches, and then Peter can drive you out about six o'clock in the dog-cart."

Annie's face clouded precipitously. "Please, ma'am," she stammered, "I think — that is if you please —" she hesitated and looked about desperately. "I'm afraid

if you're after wantin' coffee, I can't make it right. I'm niver sure o' me coffee two times runnin', an' I should hate to be spoilin' it when there's company. If you could take Nora instead o' me, ma'am, I could just be gettin' the lovely dinner for Mr. Carter when he comes."

Mrs. Carter looked surprised. "Why, Annie," she remonstrated, "you've always made very good coffee before, and Nora does n't wait on the table. Is it because you want to go out this afternoon? I am sorry, but you will have to wait until after Miss Ethel's guests have gone."

"No, ma'am," said Annie, hastily. "I'm not wantin' the after-

noon, an' it's willin' I am to help Miss Ethel, only — only — Will you tell Peter, please, ma'am, about the cart," she finished lamely, "'cause if I tell him he's likely to be late."

Mrs. Carter passed out of the kitchen door and crossed the lawn toward the stables, casting meanwhile a sharp eye about the premises to be sure that all was as it should be. Mary was bending over the sand pile, deeply interested in the construction of a



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"she flirted openly and without conscience with the Jasper's gardener"

tunnel. Peter was industriously cleaning the already clean harness, and Joe could be heard inside, officiously telling the horses to stand around there and hold up. Mrs. Carter was a woman who inspired an inordinate amount of work while she was present, and unless she approached very quietly indeed, she always found her servants oblivious to everything but their several duties.

As she drew near the doorway, Peter rose from the grease and respectfully touched his cap with a very dirty hand, and Joe, with a final order over his shoulder to a brow-beaten stable-boy, came hastily forward and stood at attention.

"Joe, we are going to have a picnic at the beach this afternoon, and I want you to have the horses ready at three o'clock. Miss Ethel, Mr. Lane, and Master Bobbie will ride on horseback, and you will drive the rest of us in the wagonette."

"Very well, ma'am," said Joe.

"And Peter," she added, turning to the groom, "I want you to bring out the lunch with Trixy and the dog-cart at five o'clock."

"All right, ma'am," said Peter, saluting.

"Be sure to be on time," she warned.

"Stop at the kitchen for Annie and the lunch promptly at five."

Peter's face suddenly darkened. He drew his mouth into a straight line, and

looked sullenly down at the harness. "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," he mumbled, "I don't think — that is —" He scowled defiance at Joe who grinned back appreciatively. "If it's just the same to you, ma'am, I'd like to drive the wagonette an' let Joe fetch the lunch. I'm goin' to be coachman, you see, ma'am, an' I'd sort o' like to get used to me dooties before he goes."

Mrs. Carter was frankly puzzled; she could not imagine what had suddenly got into her servants this morning. A lady who has a grown daughter, of some attractions and many admirers, to chaperone, cannot be expected to keep *au courant* of her servants' love affairs.

"There will be plenty of time for you to learn anything that is necessary before Joe goes," she returned a trifle sharply, "and besides, I wish you to help Tom put up the screen doors this afternoon."

As soon as she was out of hearing, Joe remarked softly, "Now if she'd

said Mary instead o' Annie, I s'pose —"

"Aw, dry up," Peter growled, and he fell to rubbing in the grease with unnecessary vehemence. His recent misunderstanding with Annie was a subject he would not stand any fooling about.

At five o'clock, Peter in a spotless top hat and shining boots, looking as stiff as if he



Charles Foster

"plunged into a reckless flirtation with Mary, the chambermaid"

were clothed in steel armor, drew up before the kitchen door and piled the baskets and pails he found on the back veranda onto the seat beside him. He then climbed up to the box again with an air of finality, and gathering his reins together made a feint of starting.

"Peter," Nora called from the kitchen, "where is it you're goin'?"
Wait for Annie."

"Annie?"
Peter looked as if he had never heard the name before.

"Yes, Annie. Did you think you was to cook the supper yourself?"

"I didn't think nothin' about it," said Peter, struggling to preserve his dignity at the cost of truth. "Me orders was to stop for the lunch at five o'clock, an' I done it. If she wants to come along, she can sit on the back seat; I ain't a goin' to change these baskets again."

Annie appeared in the doorway in time to hear this ungracious speech; she clambered up to the somewhat uncomfortable

footman's seat in silence, and they drove off back to back, as stiff as two twin ramrods.

The cart bowled along over the smooth roads, past country clubs and summer cottages, and the only sign either of the two gave of being alive was an occasional vicious crack of the whip from Peter when patient little Trixy showed signs of wishing to take a quieter pace. At such times Annie would

instinctively stretch out a deterring hand and form her mouth as if to say, "Please, Pete, don't whip her; she's doin' her best;" and then suddenly remembering that formidable vow, would straighten up again and stare ahead with flushed cheeks.

The beach was five miles away, and there

is an element of ludicrousness in the spectacle of two people, in one small dog-cart, riding five miles without speaking. Annie's Irish sense of humor was stronger than her sense of wrong, and by the end of the second mile she was struggling hard to preserve her dignity. At the third mile two dimples appeared in her cheeks, and she had to shut her mouth tightly to keep a laugh from escaping. At the fourth mile she spoke.

"Say, Peter, why don't you talk to me? Are you mad?"

Peter had been gazing at Trixy's ears with an air of deep preoccupation, and he came back to the pres-

ent with a start of surprise, apparently amazed to find that he had a companion in the cart.

"Ma'am?" he said.

Annie glanced around at his uncompromising back.

"Why don't you say something?" she repeated more faintly.

Peter shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I ain't got nothin' to say."



Charlotte Jackson

"I'm thinkin' you must be in love!"

Annie's dimples gave way to an angry flush. Never, never, never again would she say a thing to him as long as she lived.

The remainder of the drive was passed in a tumultuous silence. Peter with grim mouth kept his unseeing eyes on the road in front, and Annie with burning cheeks stared out behind at the cloud of dust and saw it not.

When the cart arrived among the straggling cedar trees which bordered the beach, they found, drawn up beside the Carter horses, Mr. Harry's mustang and a strange drag which betokened impromptu guests. Annie had barely time to wonder if the plates would go around and if there would be salad enough, when the cart was welcomed with joyful shouts by a crowd of hungry picnickers. She caught a glimpse on the edge of the group of Miss Ethel, debonaire and smiling in another new dress, with Mr. Lane scowling on one side of her and Mr. Harry on the other. Ordinarily she would have taken a lively interest in such a situation, and would have had an appreciative fellow feeling for Miss Ethel; but she saw it now with an unhappy sense that the blessings of this world in the shape of dresses and men are unevenly distributed.

Annie usually accepted the pranks of the young ladies and gentlemen in good part, no matter how much extra trouble they caused; but to-day as she caught a plundering hand on one of the hampers, she called out sharply:

"Mr. Bob, let that cake alone! Those olives are for supper."

A general laugh greeted this outburst, and Annie turned away and began unpacking dishes with a bitter feeling in her heart that the world was not so well arranged as the world ought to be.

Mrs. Carter bustled up, and having driven off the marauders, briskly set about the ordering of supper. "Now, Peter," she said, "as soon as you have hitched Trixy, come back and help about the supper. Annie will tell you what to do."

Annie smiled a wicked little smile of triumph, and for the time she waived the letter of her vow. As Peter reluctantly reappeared she ordered, "Get a pile o' driftwood an' fix a place for the fire. Those are too big," she commented, as he returned with an armful of sticks. "Get some little pieces, an' be quick about it; you're too slow."

Peter looked rebellious, but the eyes of Mrs. Carter were upon him and he obeyed.

"Now, take those two pails and go to the farm house for water," Annie ordered.

When he returned with the two heavy pails, cross and splashed, Annie fished out a bug or two with an air of dissatisfaction, and told him to build the fire. Peter built the fire, and at Annie's suggestion held the coffee-pot to keep it steady. He burnt his hands and swore softly under his breath, and Annie laughed. Having started preparations, Mrs. Carter suddenly recalled her duties as chaperone, and hurrying off again, left Annie to superintend the remainder alone.

"Here, Peter," said Annie, "I want you to open these cans of sardines."

Peter looked after the retreating figure of Mrs. Carter. She was well out of hearing distance, and he took out a cigarette and leisurely regarded it.

"I want these cans opened," Annie repeated more sharply.

Peter lit his cigarette.



E. Spang

He burnt his hands and swore softly under his breath, and Annie laughed

"I'll tell Mrs. Carter if you don't."

Peter threw himself down on the grass and blowing a contented ring of smoke, looked dreamily off at the ocean.

Mrs. Carter showed no signs of coming back, and Annie saw that her brief dominion was over. She picked up the can-opener, and jabbed it viciously into the tin. It slipped and cut an ugly gash in her finger. She uttered a little cry of pain, and turned pale at the sight of the blood, and Peter laughed. She turned her back to keep him from seeing the tears of anger that filled her eyes, and for the third time she solemnly swore never, never, never to speak to him again.

The two served the supper with the same grim silence behind the scenes that they exhibited before the guests. When it was over, instead of eating with Joe and Peter, Annie commenced gathering up the dishes and repacking them in the hamper ready for departure. The two men laughed and joked between themselves without taking any notice of her absence, and Annie angrily told herself that she would n't speak to Joe any more, either. Just as she had everything packed and was comforting herself with the thought that she would soon be home again, and that the miserable day would be over, Mrs. Carter reappeared.

"Your coffee was very good, Annie," she said pleasantly, "and you and Peter served very nicely indeed. And now instead of going straight home I should like to have you wait and make some lemonade to be served later in the evening. It will be a beautiful moonlight night, and you and Peter can stay and enjoy yourselves."

"Very well, ma'am," said Annie dully.

Peter at this news lit another cigarette and strolled off with Joe, while Annie, who was growing apathetic under a culmination of troubles, busied herself in making the lemonade, and then sat down by her baskets to wait. She could see through the gathering dusk the merry crowd upon the beach, as

they scattered about gathering driftwood for a fire. She heard every now and then above the sound of the waves a gay shout of laughter and, nearer at hand, the restless stamping of the horses. She turned her back to the beach half pettishly, and sat watching Mr. Harry's nervous little mustang as it

tossed its head and switched its tail, trying to keep off the sand flies. From that she fell to wondering how Mr. Harry happened to be there, and what Mr. Lane thought about it, and if there would be a fight. There probably would not be, she reflected with some regret, for young gentlemen did not always fight when they should. (She had heard through the butcher's boy the story of Peter's prowess, and the knowledge had given some slight comfort.) Her reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sound of steps crashing toward her through the underbrush, and she looked up with a fast beating heart. Her first thought was that it was Peter coming to make up, and she resolutely stiffened herself to withstand him, but a second

glance showed her that it was Mr. Lane.

"Where's Joe?" he demanded.

"I don't know, Mr. Lane."

"Where's Peter, then?"

"I don't know. The two of them has n't been here since supper."

"Well, — it! I've got to find some one." Mr. Lane was evidently excited. "See here, Annie," he said, "you're a good girl. Just give a message to Mrs. Carter from me, will you please? Tell her a boy rode out on a wheel with a telegram calling me back to New York immediately, and I had to ride back to the house without finding her in order to catch the ten o'clock train. Don't say anything to Miss Ethel, and here's something to buy a new dress. Good-by."

"Thank you, sir. Good-by."

He turned away and hastily unfastening the strap of his horse, led it into the lane out of sight of the beach, and mounted and galloped off.



"for the third time she solemnly swore never, never, never to speak to him again"

Annie watched him with wide eyes. His bearing was not very jaunty, and his face had worn rather a haggard look. She wondered if Mr. Harry had whipped him. It did not seem very likely, for Mr. Lane was the larger of the two; but for the matter of that, she reflected, so was the grocer's man larger than Peter. She did not understand it, but she slipped the bill into her pocket with a shrug of her shoulders. She could afford to be philosophical over other people's troubles.

It was growing dark in among the trees, and she was beginning to feel very lonely. A big red moon was rising over the water, and a bright fire was crackling on the beach. The sound of singing now was mingled with the beating of the surf. Annie wandered out from the shadow of the trees, and strolled up the beach away from the camp-fire and the singers. Presently she dropped down upon a low sand-dune and sat with her chin in her hands, pensively watching the black silhouettes against the fire. By and by she saw two figures strolling along the beach in her direction. She recognized them as Miss Ethel and Mr. Harry, and she crouched down behind the dune until they passed. She felt lonelier than ever as she watched them disappear, and the first thing she knew, she had buried her head in her arms and was crying to herself — but not very hard, for she was mindful of the ride home, and she did not wish to make her eyes red. Not for the world would she have let Peter know that she felt unhappy.

Suddenly into the midst of her misery came the sound of scrunching sand and the smell of cigarette smoke. Then without looking up she felt that some one was standing over her, and that that some one was Peter. She held her breath and waited like a little ostrich, with her head burrowed further into the sand.

Peter it was, and a mighty struggle was going on within his breast. Pride urged

him to laugh and pass on; but his heart, which was Irish and big, urged him to forgive and make up. The second while he hesitated was a crucial moment; then he bent over and laid a light hand on her shoulder.

"Annie," he whispered, "Annie, what's the matter? Is your finger hurtin' you?"

Annie raised a tear-stained face with a quick smile quivering through at this purely masculine suggestion. And the next moment her arms were around him and her tears were trickling down his neck.

"It's not me finger that's hurtin'; it's me feelin's, but they're not hurtin' any more," she breathed in his ear.

As they sat watching the rippling path of moonlight on the water, from far down the beach they could hear the voices singing, "It's the springtime of life and the world is all before us." Annie laughed happily as she listened.

"I was wishin' a while ago that I was Miss Ethel 'cause she has everything she wants, but I don't wish it any more; she has n't got you, Petie."

"An' I'm thinkin' she's not wantin' me,"

said Peter with his eyes on the beach above them, where Miss Ethel and Mr. Harry were coming toward them hand in hand. The two stopped suddenly as they caught sight of Annie and Peter, and hastily dropped each other's hands. Then Miss Ethel ran forward with a conscious little laugh.

"Annie," she said, "you shall be the first to congratulate me — but it's a secret; you must n't tell a soul."

Annie looked back with shining

eyes. "I'm engaged, too," she whispered.

"You dear!" said Miss Ethel, and she put her arm around her and kissed her.

Peter and Mr. Harry stood a moment eying each other awkwardly. Then they reached out across the gulf that separated them and shook hands — not as gentleman and groom, but as man and man.



"It's not me finger that's hurtin'; it's me feelin's, but they're not hurtin' any more"

THE RAILROAD RATE

A STUDY IN COMMERCIAL AUTOCRACY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

"Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without."—EDMUND BURKE.



If we look into the present really amazing agitation of the problem of the railroads in this country, we shall discover, coming slowly to light, two great general causes of complaint.

In the first place, we shall find a numerous class of charges all of which detail some sort of Railroad Favoritism. Here we find rebates, private cars, and other swarming devices of discrimination, true germs of the Trust, out of which have sprung the colossal and dangerous fortunes of the Rockefellers, the Armours and their like. The history of such business organizations as the Standard Oil Company and the beef and coal trusts has driven home one lesson: That Railroad Favoritism is the chief cause of the Trust.

The second group of complaints deals with the rapid growth of Railroad Monopoly: the fact that the railroads of the country are concentrating their stupendous financial, industrial and political power in the hands of a few men.

The first is a complaint against the excesses of Competition, the second is a complaint against the extortions and abuses of Monopoly. These two groups of complaints, though often confused, are diametrically different in their effects, and they must be treated separately. But the basis of each, the foundation stone upon which each rests, is the same: The Railroad Rate.

Any clear treatment, then, of the railroad problem must begin with an understanding of what a railroad rate really is, how it is

made, who or what makes it, and how it lends itself to abuses.

Facing a New Conflict in America

We are at this moment facing a new conflict in this country, the importance of which we are only beginning to perceive. It lies between two great new parties, one a progressive party seeking to give the government more power in business affairs, the other a conservative party striving to retain all the power possible in private hands. One looks toward socialism, the other obstinately defends individualism. It is industrialism forcing itself into politics. And the crux of the new conflict in this case, recognized by both sides, is the Railroad Rate.

The Rate is the price at which the Railroad sells its service. Control the Rate and you control the Railroad. A rate is to the Railroad what the price of wheat is to the farmer. Change the price of wheat and instantly you have changed in some measure the destinies not only of the farmer, but of the miller and the bread-eater. Change the Railroad Rate and a similar revolution takes place not only in the affairs of the Railroad Company, but in the prosperity of every town, every producer, and every consumer on the line. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Rate, and the right of changing it, should be the source of fierce contention between the public on the one hand, and the railroad companies on the other.

It would seem to be a simple matter to fix a price for a given service. Grain is to be carried from Omaha to the Atlantic Coast, so many bushels, so many miles. Why is it not possible to name a definite price for the

work performed, a price which will give a fair profit to the railroad and good service to the wheat farmer? And having fixed the price of hauling grain from Omaha to Baltimore, let us say, why should not the rate for half the distance be half as much, and for a quarter of the distance a quarter as much?

And yet, over that apparently simple question of carrying grain from Omaha to the Atlantic, half of the important railroad systems of the country were embroiled last winter in the fiercest sort of a quarrel. For a time they carried grain over this long distance (to Baltimore) for eleven and one-half cents a hundredweight (the regular rate being twenty-two and one-half), a possible loss of money on every car-load carried. At the same time that the rate was eleven and one-half cents from Omaha, it was from fifteen to eighteen cents from parts of Iowa, a hundred miles or more nearer New York.

Now, I happened to be in Iowa during this rate war. The farmers there were asking, naturally enough, "Why should we pay half as much more for shipping our corn as the Nebraska farmers who live 200 or 300 miles farther west are paying? If they pay less than cost and we pay more, do not we help to pay to get their corn to market? What is the justice in that?"

Shipping Corn West to go East

And I found the farmers in Iowa actually shipping their corn and paying freight *west* to Omaha in order to have it shipped east again at the low rates. A farmer who loaded his corn, and started it westward, saw it come back a few days later through the same town, over the same railroad on its way East. It may be asked, and with great pertinence: Why should the railroad do all this extra work? Why should the Iowa farmer be taxed with higher freights than the Nebraska farmer may prosper with low rates? And why, in the name of common sense, should railroad companies, enormously wealthy, with so much power in politics, directed by the ablest men in the land, do the corn business of Nebraska at a loss? And would it not seem that such barefaced discrimination would be the height of folly, stirring up the restless Western voter to the very sort of radical legislation which the Railroad most dreads!

But this Iowa case, amazing as it may seem at first glance, is an example of conditions which prevail in every part of the

country. The people of Denver object forcefully to the freight rates on cotton goods from Boston.

"I pay," says the merchant, "two dollars and twenty-four cents per hundred pounds on my shipments of goods from Boston. The same train carries a car-load of goods of the same quality going to San Francisco. The railroad will take that car 1,000 miles further West, over two mountain ranges, and charge only \$1.00 per hundred pounds in car-load lots. Now, what is the justice in that? I pay over *twice as much* as the San Francisco merchant for my goods for *two-thirds of the distance*. Is not that a perfect absurdity? Either I am paying too much, or the San Francisco merchant is paying too little. In any event, there is no justice in the present arrangement."

Extraordinary Rates at Spokane

Here comes, also, the merchant of Spokane, Washington. Let us say that he is a dealer in paints and oils, and that he orders a car-load of supplies in Chicago. They are shipped in good order and in due course of time reach Spokane. When the simple-minded paint dealer comes to pay his freight he finds that he is charged, not the rate to Spokane, but to Seattle (on the Pacific Coast, 250 miles west of him) and back again at a high rate to Spokane. He learns he must pay \$1.21 a hundred pounds freight at Spokane, whereas if the same car-load had been hauled 250 miles further west to Seattle the freight would have been only ninety cents a hundred pounds. The Spokane merchant, in other words, pays \$93 more freight on a car-load than the Seattle merchant, and gets 250 miles less service.

"Why!" he says, "my goods have not been to Seattle and why should I pay 500 miles extra freight going and coming on them? I want them at Spokane, not at Seattle. Moreover, I am a competitor of the Seattle merchant; why should the Railroad be allowed to put me at a disadvantage with my rivals?"

New York Butter versus Iowa Butter

At the same moment that the Spokane merchant is asking such hard questions as these, the dairymen of New Hampshire and New York State are looking up the rates on butter. Shipping to the markets of New York City, the very value of their farms depends on the prices they get for their

products, their butter, eggs and cheese, in the cities. To their astonishment they discover that butter from the State of Iowa, manufactured many times as far from New York City, actually pays no more freight than their butter. The result is, that the Iowa farmer, who can produce his butter more cheaply anyway, owing to plentiful low-priced food for cattle, can undersell the New York farmer in the city market. The New York farmer naturally complains:

"I must either be contented with a very small profit," he says, "or go out of the butter business entirely. In either event the small return decreases the value of my land. I not only lose income, but my capital is impaired."

Thus, indeed, and largely through the influence of railroad rates, have the prices of farm land fallen all over the East, whereas the fortunate farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and other Middle Western states have seen their values rise enormously within a few years. It is said that the farm land values east of Central Ohio have been steadily falling for years to the gain of the West, where lower railroad rates can be obtained. We have heard much of the "development of the West" by the railroads but very little of the consequent decline of the East.

In the same way the merchants of small towns all over the country complain of injustice, inequality and discrimination. A merchant of St. Paul, if he wishes to buy dry-goods in Chicago, pays sixty cents a hundred pounds for his freight. The merchant at Lake City, Minnesota, a town on the Mississippi River, if he wishes to ship the same goods over the same road must pay exactly the same rate that St. Paul pays, although he is seventy miles nearer Chicago. Under such conditions, it would be impossible for a wholesale merchant to do any business at all at Lake City, and the retail merchant would also find himself at a disadvantage compared with the department stores at St. Paul.

Story of a Wire Fence Company

Hutchinson, Minnesota, had a keen ambition to manufacture wire fence. Much of it was used in the neighborhood, and trade promised so well that several prominent local merchants built a factory. But it did not thrive. Why? Hutchinson paid thirteen cents a hundred on stock wire from Minneapolis, fifty-eight miles, while Minneapolis

paid only twenty cents from Chicago, 420 miles. In other words, Hutchinson started with an enormous handicap in the cost of its raw material — due to the heavier freight rates. Let us see what happened when the product was finished, ready for shipment. Hutchinson pays seventeen cents a hundred on wire fence to Minneapolis, fifty-eight miles, while Minneapolis pays only twenty-five cents from Chicago, over seven times as far. How could Hutchinson compete with Chicago in the Minneapolis market? I copy a little paragraph from the *Minneapolis Journal*, giving the conclusion of the whole matter:

The Consolidated Wire Fence Company, of Hutchinson, has moved to Minneapolis. Discriminating freight rates is given as the reason for the change. The machinery has been packed up and the factory shipped bodily.

And these examples from Lake City and Hutchinson, Minnesota, are by no means peculiar; they are instances of a universal condition in this country: the small town pays high rates, the big town low rates. And this is the chief cause of the enormous growth of our cities, the amazing expansion of department stores and city factories, and the great rise in valuation of city property compared with country property. There is a constant suction toward the city, because the low railroad rate makes the conduct of business cheaper there. So the strong boys are drawn off the farms and out of the little towns with irresistible force toward the metropolis. So rents go up, so skyscrapers are built, so the East Sides become crowded and filthy and diseased, and so the West Sides are enervated with luxury, so boss politicians gather strength in city slums, so corruption grows in the city hall, the state house, and the national capital.

The Key to Population

For transportation is the key to population. New York was planted where it is in the first place, because of its splendid harbor where ships could reach its docks easily and cheaply. And when the railroads came they continued to give New York an advantage in service and in rates which tended to carry everything there. In the same way the prosperity of every important city in the country is based almost wholly upon the favor of transportation agencies, either the natural advantages of a water or river front, or the

artificial advantage of low railroad rates. Cities like Pittsburg, Indianapolis and Atlanta are almost absolutely the creatures of the railroads. Inquire why one city grows and another, seemingly with equal advantages, does not grow and the cause will almost invariably be found in a railroad rate. Inquire similarly why one oil-refiner, or one beef-butcher, or one sugar-maker prospers and grows rich, while others, apparently of equal talents and means, slowly dwindle into failure, often without even knowing why, and in a large number of cases the cause will be found in a certain railroad rate. And I am by no means inferring that the success of a town or a man is due only to illegal or secret rates or discriminations: the dishonest successes, like that of Rockefeller, are comparatively rare: the great proportion are the natural outcome of what is at present perfectly open favoritism on the part of the railroads.

Since the beginning of the present wave of popular agitation, stories such as these have been trickling through the newspapers of the country in ever increasing numbers. They were related in great variety last winter before the Congressional Committees. The every-day citizen is now called upon to consider the consequences of such remarkable conditions and to discuss them as a serious political problem which must, directly or indirectly, be voted upon, and it is not surprising that his first impression should be one of amazement and anger. The incongruities seem so utterly absurd, the favoritism so unjust, the inequalities so senseless. And to the merchant or shipper who is being slowly crushed out of existence, like the wire-fence makers of Hutchinson, the offending rate is not merely absurd, but as merciless as death itself.

But it would be a mistake, because the instances of rate-incongruities here given are so amazing, to assume that they are wholly without reason. Railroad managers are not fools, nor are railroad rates the results of mere caprice, or spite, or vindictiveness. No one feature of the Congressional investigation was more marked than the testimony to the immense complexity of rate-making as it is now conducted. Nearly every important witness on both sides had something to say of the difficulty of determining what any one rate really should be, let alone all the rates in the country.

As for a science of rate-making, there is no such thing. A rate to-day is merely a compromise resulting from the operation of a thousand different competitive forces. Scores of railroad managers, hundreds of cities, thousands of merchants and manufacturers, all with selfish personal interests, are operating to influence every railroad rate. For the very life of industry depends on the Rate, and every farmer, miner, lumberman, merchant and manufacturer knows it. A great clamor arises, each man demanding advantages for himself for which he offers any inducement he can command — money, power, political influence, social position — anything, so long as he can get his rate down, no matter what any other citizen has to suffer for it. As a compromise between all these bitterly selfish forces arises the Rate as it now exists with all its absurdities, its injustices, its merciless cruelty. A railroad rate to-day may be defined as a compromise of greed.

An Army of Rate-Makers

To decide between all these varied interests, the railroads of the nation have employed, on a conservative estimate, over 5,000 experts dealing with traffic and rate adjustments. Each railroad usually has one vice-president in charge of rate affairs, a traffic manager, several general freight agents and assistants and all the way from ten to one hundred highly expert rate-clerks — whose brains, through years of training, have become perfect compendiums of rate and traffic statistics. Upon this body of men rests the highly difficult task of building the rate structure of the country.

In the early days of the Railroad the Rate was fixed exactly as it was on a turnpike — a regular toll, for so many miles, so much of a charge. If five miles cost ten cents, then ten miles cost twenty cents, twenty miles forty cents and so on — a simple method of distance tariffs. But the growth of competing railroads and the desire to build up distant business led to the adoption of a wholly new principle, that of "charging what the traffic will bear" — in other words, getting all the money possible out of every kind of goods transported. Supposing under the old system the rate was five cents for carrying a ton one mile. A man who was shipping silk, or shoes, or hats, or other high-priced goods could afford to send them a long distance, because a ton of hats would be so valuable

that the freight-rate would count for next to nothing in the selling price. On the other hand, the man who was making brick, which are both heavy and cheap, could not afford to ship his product at all, because five cents a ton a mile would soon eat up the entire profit. Consequently the brick man went to the railroad owner and said :

"See here, you give me one cent a ton a mile and I can give you a great deal of business. You have got your road-bed and your investment, you have got to run your trains anyway, and one cent a ton a mile will pay you a profit on your actual running expenses."

The railroad man saw that while hats, would bear a charge of five cents a ton, brick would bear only one cent. And the fundamental principle of all railroading is that "*whatever happens traffic must move.*" Well, the Railroad soon found that coal, wheat, building-stone, and other heavy, cheap commodities would move and move long distances if the rate was low enough. More and more changes were therefore made in the direction of "charging what the traffic will bear."

How Goods Are Classified

Out of this system of discrimination grew the first and chief task of the rate-experts to whom I have referred, the task of classification, which may be called the foundation of the rate structure. The rate experts of all the railroads centering in New York, for example, come together and decide what sorts of goods shall be carried at a high rate and what at a low rate. The schedule they prepare is a Classification, called for the Eastern Roads, the Official Classification. The Western Roads centering at Chicago, have similarly devised a Western Classification, and the Southern Roads, centering at Atlanta, a Southern Classification, each differing from the other in important particulars. Attempts have been made to secure a uniform classification for the entire country, but the jealousies of the railroads have so far prevented, and shippers everywhere are subjected to the inconveniences of this tri-partite division of the national territory.

With so many interests involved, it was a tremendous task to divide all the various articles of commerce into classes — and to keep them divided! In the Official Classification, there are six classes. Class One, paying a high rate, contains high-priced

goods like hats, dry-goods and shoes and bulky or fragile articles, like furniture and glassware. Class Two, contains many sorts of groceries. Iron and steel articles of great variety go in Classes Four and Five. In Class Six, may be found ice, cinders, various sorts of brick and grain, in car-load lots. As a general principle, the high-priced goods and articles easily damaged are in the high-classes, and lower-priced goods in the lower classes. The wide difference in rate between the classes is indicated by the tariffs between New York and Chicago, first-class taking seventy-five cents a hundred pounds, second class sixty-five cents and sixth class twenty-five cents. Goods are thus grouped by railroad companies on the same general principle employed by the government in classifying postal matter.

Classification has proved of great use to the railroads as well as to the public. It is generally admitted that under the present system high-priced goods *should* pay more than low-priced goods. High-priced goods are often luxuries, the low-priced, like coal, grain, and lumber are usually necessities. Although the classification of goods involves a true discrimination, yet it would seem to be a discrimination of value to the whole public.

It was found, however, that an iron-clad classification did not please every one. Some commodities like coal, lumber, wheat, cotton, are always shipped in great quantities, by the thousands of car-loads. So there grew up certain "commodity rates." In other words, such goods were removed from the classification and given special rates by themselves. And this policy of one railroad and then another of making exceptions to the classification has grown enormously in recent years, especially in the West and South. It is an easy way to cut rates and a fruitful source of evil favoritism. In the Southern Classification there are now far more exceptions and commodity rates than there are items in the classes. The Western Classification has come to be a formidable volume containing over 8,000 items.

How Rates On Coffee Built Up a Trust

The power of classifying goods is one of great importance, so great indeed that several of the states, notably Iowa, Illinois and Missouri and Texas, have established classifications by law. It often makes all the difference between the success and the failure of a merchant or manufacturer whether an

article of commerce is in the second or third classes, or whether it has a "commodity rate" by itself. For example, where should coffee be classified? And should green and roasted coffee have the same classification, and, therefore, the same rates? This would seem a not difficult question and yet the fate of the coffee industry has been found to hang upon it. In the Southern Classification, formerly, both sorts of coffee were in the same class, but changes were made giving roasted coffee quite another class from green coffee. Why? It was brought out in testimony before the Industrial Commission that roasted coffee was controlled by a trust; and it was to the interest of the trust to have the classification different. For this very difference in rates helped to centralize the coffee-roasting industry, and tended to crush small competitors in parts of the country where the trust had no roasters.

The headquarters of the Official Classification Committee is in Liberty Street, New York, where it has offices with the Trunk Line Association. Once a year, or whenever called together by the permanent chairman, Mr. Gill, the Committee, composed of fifteen men, holds a meeting and passes upon applications for changes in classifications or for grouping wholly new articles of commerce. A manufacturer produces a new article, let us say a nail covered with cement, for use in cement construction. The extent of his sales of such an article depends on the rate at which he can ship. He applies to the Classification Committee, and tries to show that the article should be shipped as cement which takes a low rate, but the Committee, upon consideration classes it with nails, which pay a comparatively high rate. A few men thus gathered secretly in a committee-room have it in their power to make or mar — within limits, of course — the destiny of an industry.

One Way of Raising Railroad Rates

On occasions the Classification Committee forms an excellent instrument for the wholesale boosting of freight rates. Supposing the railroads wish to raise rates as they did five years ago without actually changing the rate of any class — in other words, raising the rates, without seeming to raise them. On January 1, 1900, the Official Classification Committee issued an order raising no fewer than five hundred and seventy-two articles from a lower to a higher class, thus

imposing on all these articles a higher freight rate. Two hundred and eighty-nine articles were raised from Class Four to Class Three, one hundred and fifty-five from Three to Two, seventy-one from Six to Five, and so on. At the same time six reductions were made. Similar wholesale advances were made on the Western and Southern Classifications, involving an enormous increase in the total amount paid by the shippers of the country to the railroads. It is as if, without warning, the United States government should change merchandise from fourth-class postal matter to first, thereby doubling the rate. Think what a commotion such a change would cause! And yet the far greater power of changing the classifications of the vast freight business of the country is left wholly in the hands of a few committees of private citizens, sitting in secret and working for their own private interests!

But the classification is only the foundation of rate-making. Members of the Classification Committee have nothing to do with the rate itself. They say that tin teapots shall be in one class, and silk neck-ties in another, but they do not say what rate either class shall pay. The Classification Committee, as I have said, is made up of fifteen men. Another committee of eleven men, general freight agents of the trunk lines centering in New York, most of whom, it is highly significant, are also members of the Classification Committee, now takes charge. It is called the Trunk Line Freight Committee, and meets in the same general offices in Liberty Street. But while the Classification Committee has a session only once a year, this far more important committee gathers every week. The Classification Committee has fixed the rules: the Freight Committee has the far more important task of making the exceptions. The whole rate and freight situation in the East is in the hands of these eleven men, guided, of course, more or less directly by the two great financial interests which dominate the East: the Pennsylvania and the New York Central: Mr. Cassatt and Standard-Oil-Vanderbilt.

Eleven Men Make the Rates and Break the Law

It is, of course, against the law for these eleven men to meet and agree on rates.

Traffic officials and rate-men are particular to impress the inquirer with the fact that they do not *agree* upon rates, but that they

discuss the rates, and when they have discussed them for some time, it is found, curiously enough, that every road has come to exactly the same conclusion; and the rate on all the classes and all the commodities over all the supposedly competing lines between New York and Chicago (for instance) are found to be exactly the same. It is a fact to be here noted, a fact of momentous importance not often recognized, that every important railroad rate made in this country to-day is *made in deliberate disregard, if not in open violation, of law by illegal associations and combinations.* The question is not here to be discussed whether the laws are right or wrong, or whether they are so inconsistent that they cannot be obeyed. Suffice it to say that they are disobeyed knowingly by the railroads.

"We are forced," said President Ramsay, of the Wabash, "to violate the law by the very requirements of the law."

Indeed, the existing laws of the country increase instead of solving the sorry complexities of the rate-question. Think of forty-five state systems of taxation, forty-five methods of rate regulation, forty-five methods of chartering, overlaid with the contradictory national laws governing interstate traffic—a chaos beyond the grasp of human intelligence.

And yet, curiously enough, the chief plea of the Railroad witnesses who appeared before congress last winter was: Do not change the present laws: the present laws are all right!

Chief Complaint Against Rates

The chief source of difficulty and of discrimination lies not in the class rates, which are changed very rarely, but in the great mass of exceptions known as commodity rates. Grain, coal, lumber, cotton are all "commodities" to be struggled for. Oil, made a commodity, causes a trust to thrive. A shipper wishes to build a new factory and he comes to the railroad to demand that his product be excepted from the numbered classes, where it pays a high rate, and given a special commodity rate. "See here," he says, "I'll start my factory if I get an exception in my case. If I don't, I won't start it and you will lose just so much business."

So the road or roads directly interested give a commodity rate, and a new industry comes into being. If this rate concerns any other railroad, of course it must be "dis-

cussed" by the Trunk Line Freight Committee. Think what power for good or ill lies in the hands of these few men. A little personal influence from above—say a director of the road, who has a personal interest in a certain factory—might change the whole future of a hundred manufacturers, crushing those who had no influence with the great ones of the earth, and filling the pockets of the director who had. And every exception to the classification, by its very nature, constitutes a discrimination. Some of these discriminations may possibly be desirable: but the point is, that they are made at the will of eleven men, sitting in secret session, who may and usually will, be swayed by personal interest, by influence—not by a sense of even justice as between all citizens.

Few people have any conception of the amazing proportions of this ebb and flow of rates: the instability, uncertainty, complexity of the whole system. Inspired by desire for more traffic, one road will reduce a commodity rate and all the others will follow like sheep. These struggling traffic men are, indeed, bound together whether they will or no, like the famous Kilkenny cats. None of them can stir without injuring the others, and yet each must stir, if he would get more business for his road. For the traffic man is the crank of the wheel which grinds out fortunes for the owners of the road.

"A House of Cards"

Nothing could be more sensitive than this rate structure, well called by Professor Ripley, of Harvard, a "house of cards." One important rate disturbed in one part of the country sets the whole house a trembling. The rate from New York to Atlanta governs the rate from Chicago to Memphis, and the rate from St. Paul to Seattle has a most important influence on the rate from New Orleans to Los Angeles. Every important change must instantly be met by many other changes, else the whole house comes tumbling down into the utter confusion and destruction of a rate war. One of the complaints on the part of shippers is "that the rates are unstable, that they fluctuate constantly, imparting a similar uncertainty to every sort of business."

After having slashed and under-cut one another, the contrite and remorseful traffic men, forced by violent competition into combination—come together and boost the rate

up again. Each traffic man in the conference will promise to be good and not to cut rates any more, and having turned his back on his friends, the competitors of other railroads, he will straightway get all the business he can by hook or crook, cut-rate or promised rate. President Stickney, of the Great Western Railroad, says cynically of the large forces of rate experts, that they are not employed entirely to make rates, "but secretly to avoid such rates." This system, however, of wholesale undercutting is disappearing with the growth of railroad monopoly. In a broad sense, and in so far as the financial control of the railroads is concerned, competition in this country has practically ceased; but it is still noisily evident among the ambitious heads of departments of the various roads, though the amount of business actually subject to real competition is rapidly decreasing in volume.

It will thus be seen that rate-making is in the hands of two sets of men: the classification committees, which lay the foundations and the various rate committees which erect the structure — and patch and rebuild and modify it. These are not the great railroad men of whom the country hears, but men in more or less subordinate positions, who refer only the most important questions to the traffic manager who is their superior.

Where the Government Steps In

Up to this point rate-making is uninfluenced by any force outside of the will of the railroad officials themselves. A mild restriction of the federal law now appears, which requires that if a rate is raised, ten days notice must be given, and if the rate is lowered, three days notice, and that all tariffs must be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington.

In order to get a visual idea of what the rate-making industry of the country really means, I visited the filing department of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It occupies the entire floor of a large building and overflows into the corridors. Its walls are like library shelves from floor to ceiling: forty clerks are constantly employed receiving new freight tariffs, indexing them, and filing them away. Every day of the year the mail pours over 500 new tariffs upon the desks of the clerks, some printed, some written, some telegraphed from every railroad headquarters

of the land. Already there are deposited upon the shelves of the commission over 2,000,000 such separate tariffs, and some single tariffs, published in huge volumes, contain as much printed matter as several unabridged dictionaries put together. One tariff like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad may contain hundreds of thousands of rates — from every point of its system to every other point and covering every sort of commodity. And last year (1904) alone the Pennsylvania Railroad filed no fewer than 4,123 new tariffs — changes, reductions, or advances — the Illinois Central filed 6,344, the Rock Island 3,375, and other railroads in similar numbers. Think of the work of the army of rate-men in the home offices of all these various roads of the country rolling up this vast number of complex tariffs, and think of them being gathered together here in Washington on innumerable dusty shelves! No human mind can begin to grasp the infinite detail of the system, nor hope to keep track of the changes.

What a Small Change in a Rate Really Means

Let us see what all these changes mean, not only to the railroad, but to the producer and consumer. This is a day of very small profits. Flour is ground on a margin of five cents a barrel, a good profit on a ton of coal is fifteen cents, to the wheat dealer half a cent a bushel is an excellent margin.

Think what a very small change in freight rates may mean! A few cents on flour or coal one way or the other determines exactly who shall do the business and where it shall be done. And correspondingly, a very small increase may mean an enormous return to the railroads. Commissioner Prouty tells of a case in which the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the Railroads to stop charging \$2 a car for switching live-stock cars coming into Chicago. The court suggested a doubt as to whether the amount was large enough to be of any consequence — \$2 on a whole carload of stock! Yet that charge meant in the aggregate \$500,000 a year to the railroads. On a single pair of shoes between Atlanta and Louisville the freight is only 3.27 cents — hardly noticeable. A box of soap containing sixty bars over the same distance pays only twenty-two cents, sugar pays half a cent a pound. To the consumer this is so small as to be of hardly

any consequence at all. Suppose the railroad changes the classification of shoes, soap, and sugar, or raises the rate by ten per cent. The amount is so small—three-tenths of a cent on a pair of shoes—that the consumer never feels it—and yet, in the aggregate, calculated on the enormous numbers of shoes used by 80,000,000 people in the United States, it makes a great difference in the revenue of the railroads. Thus the railroads may overcharge the whole country, add enormously to their income, and the country hardly be aware of it—except, somehow, in the vague impression that “things have gone up.” So we have comparatively little complaint from the average consumer or producer in the country, though he really pays the bills; it has come rather from the shippers who send out vast quantities of commodities like lumber, grain, cattle, hay, fruit, and so on, where the freight-rate constitutes a much larger proportion of the value of the article shipped.

How an Agent Digs Out a Rate

The railroads themselves find the present rate system so complex that it is often a difficult task to get at an unfamiliar rate—and that in spite of the employment of highly expert clerks. I went into a district freight agent's office in a Western city to see for myself what the local rate-problem really was—in its bare, clerical aspects. I asked for the rates on a certain shipment from a small town in Texas to a certain town in Iowa. I was referred to the highly expert rate-clerk. He showed me a cabinet of sixty drawers, full of tariffs—and these tariffs applied to only one division of one railroad. My rate-clerk went at the task full of ardor. He surrounded himself first with a small-sized library of books and pamphlets, he turned to indexes, he pounced upon a bulky yellow volume of rates.

“Here it is,” he said; “now hold on until I look for the supplements.”

It seems that there were forty or fifty supplements. When he found what he wanted in the supplements he had to look among the exceptions, then he cast his eye upon the “general instructions,” then upon the special rates and conditions, and having calculated the group rates and referred to certain arbitraries, he at last, at the end of an hour's hard work, gave me the rate, although he assured me at the same time that before I shipped he would like to verify his findings.

Expert rate-men themselves often flounder in their own fog of perplexity, a fog which, as I shall show in another article, is often purposely created, that it may cause a profitable perplexity.

Many higher officials of the road themselves, according to their own often repeated testimony, know next to nothing about the intricacies of rate-making. So long as the rates earn dividends, no questions are asked of the rate-man, no matter how cumbersome and complicated the whole system may have become, no matter how trying to the patrons of the road.

The Instinct of Rate-Making

Having fixed a new rate, the tariff officials often cannot give a definite reason why the change has been made—except that he thinks he can get more business and thereby more profits for his road. He wants all the traffic will bear. There is absolutely no rule applied either in raising or lowering rates, there is no attempt at justice to individuals or to communities. The only law is the law of force: the strongest man to win out. In the Texas cattle cases heard last fall (1904), in Denver, an amusing colloquy took place between Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty and J. A. Munroe, freight traffic manager of the Union Pacific Railroad in which Mr. Munroe said that rate-making was “a sort of instinct.”

Commissioner Prouty asked:

Do you sit down and say we ought to earn so much money net this year: we ought to have so much traffic and will distribute the freight rate over this traffic and bring in so much gross and so much net?

Mr. Munroe:—We figure to get all the money we can legitimately out of the business.

Commissioner Prouty:—Just what is the rate on live-stock which you may legitimately impose. Has it any relation to the cost of service?

Mr. Munroe:—Yes, sir; it has a relation. There is a sort of instinct that comes to a man who has been in this business for a number of years. The traffic man is asked for a rate. He first sees the picture of the car in his mind and the run that it makes, the return of empties; and hears what the superintendents and operators have to say about it. It is something you cannot describe, but we find a rate that represents the lowest figure at which we can carry the business. At a certain figure we say “stop there;” we know we have got to the danger line. We scent trouble from afar.

Commissioner Prouty:—Well, I am asked to pass on the reasonableness of your rate, and if I have not that instinct I cannot do it.

Mr. Munroe:—I doubt very much if you can.

In the present system, "instinct" must indeed form no small part in rate-making, and this "instinct" is the familiar instinct of the American to make all the money he can in the shortest space of time. A merchant fixes the price of a pound of sugar by what the sugar costs. But, although the cost of service is considered by the traffic man, it does not fix the Railroad Rate. It costs as much or more to haul a carload of coal from Pittsburg to Chicago as it does a car-load of silk goods, and yet the freight rate on the silk is many times the rate on coal. Neither is the rate fixed according to the distance of haul: We have seen that the freight on goods shipped from New York to Denver is over twice as much as it is on goods sent across the continent to San Francisco. Neither is the rate fixed according to the value of the goods; nor according to their bulk; nor according to the condition of the railroad itself, whether it has many expensive bridges or tunnels, or whether it is the longest way or the shortest way between two points. And yet all these elements are taken into account: they influence the Rate.

Ships Against Railroads

The greatest single element in fixing rates, of course, is competition. At the beginning of this article I mentioned a number of amazing apparent absurdities in rates. The explanation of every one of these absurdities lies in the single word: Competition. Let us see, why it costs more to ship from the East to Denver than to San Francisco. A railroad man will explain it in an instant. Vessels, he will say, carry goods from New York to San Francisco around Cape Horn, or by way of the Isthmus of Panama, at a very low rate. "If we do any business at San Francisco overland," he says, "we must cut the rate to meet water competition. Denver has no such advantage of water competition, so it must pay a much higher rate." The rate at Spokane, of which the merchants of that city have complained so bitterly, is made on the basis of water shipments to Seattle and back to Spokane: that is the reason, right or wrong, that the railroads give for charging Spokane 500 miles of extra railroad freight. I cited, also, the instance of grain shipped from Omaha to New York at an actual loss to the railroads. Why? Because the railroads running south from Omaha were trying to get the grain for

shipment by way of New Orleans and Galveston. So the roads that wanted to ship the corn by way of New York had to make a very low rate to get the shipments at all. Similarly a great city like New York, Chicago, St. Paul, with many rival railroads, all working to get the same business, will secure a low rate, whereas, the poor little town with only one railroad or two combined railroads, will have to pay high freights. So Lake City, Minnesota, to which I have referred, though seventy miles nearer Chicago than St. Paul, pays the same rates as St. Paul. So the wire factory in Hutchinson is snuffed out of existence. In short, there is always some reason for the absurdities of discrimination, and the railroad manager is often as much bound to the evil wheel of competition as the shipper or the consumer.

The substance of the whole matter is that the little towns are taxed for the success of the big towns; and the little men are taxed for the success of the big ones. Of course, with the increasing monopolization of the railroads, direct competition between railroads becomes less intense and we have a new source of complaint. Competition produces all of these absurdities of discrimination; but monopoly, doing away with discriminations, introduces a new element of danger — that of extortion. As a matter of fact, the railroads desire discrimination no more than the shippers; to escape it they devise combinations and monopolies. And the result of monopoly is extortion. Competition between Southwestern railroads, as a single instance, has disappeared, and we have complaints from Texas cattle-raisers and Southern lumbermen that rates have been unjustly raised, and that the railroads are taking the greedy profits of monopoly.

How the Trusts Force Rates Down

The next most important element in rate-making, itself a manifestation of competition, is the influence of the Trust. A trust is only an overgrown individual, which, instead of shipping one or ten or twenty cars a year, ships by the thousand. Now, a hundred cars, let alone thousands, if they can be counted on every year, is a veritable prize to a railroad. Every one of them means more profits — for here is the road-bed which cannot be moved, here are bridges and tunnels and terminals to be maintained — an enormous fixed charge which rolls up steadily whether the road does any business or not.

A railroad is not like other property. It cannot be moved. It is there to stay, to the point of bankruptcy and beyond. Unlike other industries it produces nothing; it rather performs a service, and this service must be sold regularly. Therefore it can even afford to carry a part of its goods at an actual loss if in that way it can keep its rolling stock in operation, its trains loaded both ways and enough high-priced business to make the average freight yield a profit. When J. J. Hill first built his Great Northern Railroad he found plenty of freight going West, but his cars came back empty. In order to fill them and thus secure a little more income, he brought back lumber from the forests of Washington at absurdly low rates, so low that, calculated on any pro rata basis, every car-load was a loss. In order, therefore, to assure themselves regularly of any large volume of business, the railroads are willing to make very low rates. And this fact the trust organizers, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, Havemeyer and others, to their profit, soon discovered. They used their immense shipments as a bludgeon to drive the railroad men to terms.

Methods of Armour and Rockefeller

"Here are 1,000 cars of beef," says Armour in Chicago, to the representatives, let us say, of the lines running to the Eastern ports — "I will give it to the road that makes me the best rates."

What a scramble there is! They have secret conferences, promises made and broken, conspiracies legal and illegal — all the features of intense competition. No one gives a thought to justice or to equal rights as between Armour and other beef butchers. The only purpose of each railroad is to get the 1,000 car-load shipment. So eager was this competition in an earlier day that Rockefeller not only used his thousands of car-loads of oil to force rebates from the published freight-rates, *but he made the railroads return to him part of the rate that all his competitors paid.* Thus he built up his trust, and upon similar rebates and favoritisms have the other trusts of the country found nourishing food for growth.

The fundamental purpose of all law is to do justice between strong and weak, between large and small. But the effect of these devices of the Trust and the Railroad is to build up and enforce the old favoritism to the strong. And we have to-day, superseding the crude

cash rebate which has been forbidden by law, the Private Car Monopoly, the Terminal Road, the Elevator Charge, the Midnight Tariff — all trust-building devices of rebate of which I shall hope to say much more in future articles. We have seen the same process in political corruption — from the crude cash bribe, to the thousand and one cunning methods of political favoritism which are as truly bribery as though they were cash payments.

Who Pays to Build Up the Trust?

When the big shipper gets a low rate on oil or steel or beef, the small shippers and consumers who pay the small freights have to make it up. If oil is carried at cost, or below, by the railroads, as it often has been, then other patrons of the road must pay enough more to yield the great profits which the railroads earn. Therefore, you and I who buy food, shoes, hats, houses — against every item of which there stands a freight charge — have paid part toward the enormous fortunes of the trust promoters.

I have gone thus into the subject of the trusts to show that the blame for present conditions of utter injustice and immorality, is not due wholly to the railroad men. The big shipper, the Trust, has forced, and is to-day forcing all sorts of changes in rates. He also is to blame. It was significant — and amusing — to see the Railroad bring in one shipper after another to the recent Congressional investigation, to prove by them that the Railroad was without fault, that everything was all right, that there was no complaint as to rebates. Of course, the larger shippers stand with the railroads and will stand with them as long as they can by cajolery or force get favors from the traffic officials, or as long as they fear the enmity of the traffic officials.

Still other factors enter into the problems of rate-making. Under present conditions the railroad president is a sort of over-lord of his territory. If his road is to succeed, he knows that the country through which it operates must be prosperous. Consequently we find James J. Hill doing wonders to develop the far Northwest, not because he loves the Northwest, — which he does with undoubted sincerity — but because a developed Northwest will make his road pay better dividends. For a time, he carried lumber at a loss (on operation) to help build up his business — but,

be it remembered, that loss came not out of Mr. Hill and his associates, but *out of the other patrons of the road*, who paid higher rates that lumber might be shipped at lower rates.

New England's Prosperity Sustained by Railroad Rates

In a similar way the railroad over-lord may save a country from deteriorating by his methods of rate-making. The prosperity of New England to-day is propped up by a scaffolding of favoring rates. For years there has been a tremendous tide of manufacturing and business away from New England toward the West and South. The Southern States are seizing its cotton industry, Chicago and the West have made great inroads on its shoe business, Pittsburg long ago took most of its iron manufactures. Now, all the business that leaves New England directly affects the prosperity of such railroads as the Boston & Maine, and it is to its interest to resist with all its strength the natural Westward tide, exactly as it is to Mr. Hill's interest to encourage that Westward flow. I can do no better in illustration of this principle than to quote from President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad in his testimony before the Senate Committee :

"Worcester, Massachusetts," he said "has always been a center for making wire. The Washburn & Moen Company have had a monopoly of making barb wire and other kinds for many years. The business was introduced at Pittsburg, and Pittsburg being a center of trade and cheap manufacture in all metal trades, the rates from Pittsburg to Chicago and the West made it impossible for the Worcester manufacturers to do business unless the railroads could help them out. Immediately the railroads did help out by reducing the rates. The roads leading from Pittsburg to the West brought up the matter before the Trunk Line Association and complained that the rate from Worcester ought to be higher than the rate from Pittsburg because the distance was greater. What was the answer? The Boston & Albany leading west from Worcester, and the Fitchburg road said :

"Gentlemen, we shall be very glad to adjust these rates if you can show us how our wire manufacturers can continue to do business. If you cannot authorize a greater change from Worcester than from Pittsburg, 5,000 men will go out of employment in Worcester. We cannot stand all the collateral damage that will ensue."

So Mr. Tuttle, by rate-making, restricted by so much the growth of Pittsburg, propped up New England, and saved business for

himself. Thus each railroad looks after and guards the industries of its own territory, making new rates every day to keep or develop business.

Sources of Rate Complexity

There are almost innumerable other elements besides competition that share in the complexity of rate-making. A whole book could be written giving a bare list of the thousands of things that enter into the problem. Take, for example the fact that cattle shrink during shipment. Load a car of cattle in Iowa and upon its arrival in the stock-yards in Chicago every steer will be found to have lost twenty to forty pounds in weight — often amounting to nearly half a ton of beef to a single car-load — a very important matter to the cattle-man who sells to the beef packers. The cattle men have calculated that shrinkage amounts to \$3 for every car every hour that it is on the road, so that if a train is delayed or a schedule is slow it means so much money out of the pockets of the farmers, and so much into the pockets of the so-called "beef trust." That, then, is an exceedingly important factor in rate-making.

Flour shipped by way of New Orleans is likely to spoil, all fruit in summer must be refrigerated, whereas in winter it must be kept warm and ventilated, coal requires a special sort of car, beef must be shipped in fast trains, milk requires a peculiar service. All these things are elements in rate-making. Upon a single one of them — the refrigeration of fruit — has rested all the recent agitation in regard to "private cars."

In this brief way I have tried to show the complexities and chaos of rate-making, the various elements which enter into it, and the utter confusion of laws now applying to it. It is a maze of fierce competition, not only for business among the railroads themselves, but affecting every other sort of business rivalry.

Communities like Worcester and Pittsburg struggle for existence through the instrumentality of the Railroad. Rockefeller competes with and crushes the independent refiners through the Railroad. Armour uses private cars to shut up scores of little packing-houses all over the West. Chicago fights New York in the jobbing trade, and Minneapolis fights Chicago through the Railroad. Flour struggles with wheat, beef

fight live cattle for the markets of Europe — all through the Railroad.

The Railroad the Tool of Industry

The Railroad is, indeed, the essential tool of industry throughout the world. It is the regulator of business. It holds the scales of destiny. It decides where cities shall be located, and how fast they shall grow, it marks out in no small degree the wheat and corn areas, it sets boundaries for the business of the coal miners of Illinois as against those of Pennsylvania, it marks definitely how far the lumber of Washington shall go, it decides whether flour shall be manufactured in Minneapolis or Buffalo, and whether the chief export business in grain shall be done at the port of New York or at the port of New Orleans.

Final Great Facts

And the great fact arising out of these conditions, the overwhelming fact, is that these enormous powers, the control of the very instrument of business destiny, is in the hands of a comparatively few private citizens who are handling the tool *not to build up the nation properly*, not to do real justice as between Chicago and New York, or between Rockefeller and the independent refiner, or between wheat and flour, not to make the rate-system simple and time-saving, *but to fill their own pockets* in as short a time as possible. Hill says that the State of Washington shall grow, Tuttle says that Pittsburg shall not grow, the Western railroads say that Chicago and Kansas City shall butcher the beef, the Eastern roads allow Rockefeller to dominate the oil industry and become dangerously rich. It is terrible power to place in the hands of a few men — fewer every year — about ten men, now, sitting in Wall Street. "Railroad property is the one kind of property which determines what tribute every other kind of property shall pay to it."

When a shipper or a citizen who thinks he is wronged attempts to get relief, he must submit his case, not to an impartial tribunal, *but to his adversary in the case.* What justice

can be hoped for? He is poor, he does not understand railroad conditions, he does not dare, single-handed, to make a fight for the whole community and take the chance of earning the further enmity of the Railroad: his adversary is rich, employs the best legal talent, is entrenched in power. Out of hopelessness of justice has arisen the present widespread demand, voiced by President Roosevelt, for some tribunal which is at once impartial and powerful enough to do justice as between the Railroad and the Citizen. The people have asked that the government through the Interstate Commerce Commission, be made such a tribunal, in other words, that in case of dispute over a rate, the government of the United States shall say, once for all, what is right and reasonable. They believe that such great power is better in the hands of the government than in the hands of individuals. This demand the railroad owners are opposing with all the ability, legal acumen, money power, and political influence that they can command.

Plea of the Railroad Men

The plea of the men who control the railroads is that everything now is as good as it can possibly be, that there are no rules governing rate-making, and that there cannot be; that the present laws are amply sufficient. But I take it as fundamental in rate-making as in every other human activity, that there are orderly principles to be discovered and justice-making laws to be laid down. No sensible person, surely, who beholds the utter chaos, the injustice and immorality of the present system, will assert that this is the best we can do for ourselves! And the magnitude of the task — for it comprehends the whole industrial problem — should pique our enthusiasm and inspire our energy, rather than crush us to weak submission. No greater, no more fundamental work than this now lies ready to our hands. It is not only weak but absurd to assert that the American can not rise to it. And in solving his own problems, he will establish new principles for the World.

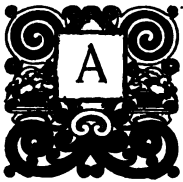
[In his next article Mr. Baker will treat, in a notable series of true stories, of the system of rebates and personal discriminations by which the railroads deal unjustly between citizens — resulting in the upbuilding of trusts and monopolies.]

THE SUBSTITUTE

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LOEB



At the station the woman peered about her, wistfully, timidly. She was all alone, and the heavy veil she wore against the driving mist hardly seemed to shut her off from a world hostile by its very strangeness. It was all so different from her own conception of a military encampment. Within her mind she had pictured the ordered regularity of shining tents. Instead, her blue, brooding eyes peered across a scene of tumult and stark confusion. Men in the rag-tag and bobtail of fusty uniforms bawled out orders which no one seemed to heed. Distracted railroad officials toiled fruitlessly at a mass of unidentifiable freight, growing momentarily by the outpourings of fresh cars. A pair of glaring pine shacks rose from a wallow of mud in the foreground. Back of them a dingy huddle of tents barely held its own against the gale that swept across the Sound, while on the other side of the crowded tracks, the verdured, treeless Montauk hillocks undulated nakedly to the Atlantic.

A voice behind the woman yelled, impertuning some distant source of information:

"Hey! Where 'll we put this thing?"

The woman turned, and shuddered back from a coarse, deal coffin, heavy with its dead. Her swift revulsion brought her roughly in contact with a man who had jumped aside to escape a truck, cursing the clumsiness of its handlers while still, as it were, in mid air. Fiercely he turned upon her, eyes that were red from sleeplessness and strain.

"What are you doing here?" he growled. "This is no place for women."

"I want to find the hospital," she answered in a sweet, deep-toned voice, with just a slight accent of German. "Could you tell me where —"

"Everywhere!" he interrupted, broadly sweeping a gesture with his thin, browned hand. "All hospital!"

"Ah-h-h," she breathed quiveringly. "All hospital."

"For miles and miles around," he said, with stern gravity.

Pushing aside her veil she looked abroad over that dismal scene. The man glanced into her face, and took from his unkempt head the wreckage of a hat. It was not a beautiful face; but never, the man thought, had he seen one more sweet and loving and sorrowful. She might have sat for a model of the Madonna at forty. Eternal motherhood yearned in her brooding gaze. For an instant she turned it upon him — and he understood.

"You are looking for your son?" he said.

"Yes," said the woman. "For my boy; my Karl." Her eyes widened. "*Wunderbar!* How have you known?"

He shook his head, musingly. "Never mind," said he. "But I am sorry I was rough with you at first."

She made a little gesture signifying that it mattered nothing, and passed to that which lay deepest in her heart.

"My Karl," she besought. "You will help me to find him?"

A hurrying express official — an executive of some importance who had contributed his own "personal supervision" to the increase of confusion — bumped into them, head over shoulder. The man caught at his sleeve.

"Get me a sheet of paper and a pencil, will you?"

"Who d' you think you're talking to?" was the angry response. "Get out of my way."

The other whirled him around with a swing. "Do as you're ordered," he snapped. "You're not in your office now."

The express official muttered some apology about not having understood. "Paper's a scarce article just now," he said. "Here's a bit of pencil. I'll try to find some."

He stepped back and a bright, new shingle crackled under his heel.

"Never mind. Get off that shingle," said the other and picked it up.

Resting it on his knee he hastily scrawled upon its smooth side:

Dear Major Brown:

Please do what you can for the bearer. She needs it. And oblige,

Yours,

CHASE, Prov. Mar.

"Take that to Major Brown at the General Hospital," he said, handing it to the woman.

She caught it to her bosom. Her face was radiant.

"You are so kind," she said simply. "Where shall I find him?"

"Wait a minute. Hey! You!"

In response to the peremptory hail a ramshackle turn-out came clattering up, the driver touching his cap as he drew rein.

"Take her to the General Hospital. See that she reaches Major Brown's orderly. Understand? Don't charge her three prices, either. D'you hear?"

"All right, sir. She's as good as there."

"If he tries to stick you more than half a dollar, you let me know," added the man turning to her. "That's all right about the thanks. Hope you find your boy. Maybe I'll run across you at the hospital to-morrow if you're — Blast your eyes, you idiot! Did n't I tell you not to come back without having seen General Young?" And the man whirled, with furious words upon a stupid-looking underling who was stammering excuses.

Half-stunned with the savage swiftness of it all, the woman was driven away from her new-found friend. The shaky vehicle toiled up long hills, drawing aside now and again for the downward passage of rushing, thundering, six-mule teams making speed to the music of the drivers' shrill whistles of guidance; down into sloughs of mud where loud-cursing and loud-cursed privates of the engineer corps toiled to unbog stalled provision wagons; along the shores of a gloomy lake lined with the shivering sick who had crawled thither to sun themselves and been caught in the swift onslaught of the gale; and so, at last, up the long ascent to the great hos-

pital. Here, for the first time, the driver was able to withdraw attention from his motive power.

"Friend o' Capt'in Chase's, be ye?" he asked.

"I do not know him," said the woman.

"Gentleman that put ye in my rig."

"Ah! He is a soldier, then?"

"No, ma'am. He's an officer. Provost Marshal o' this camp. He's a terror, *be is!* Don't think of nothin' but work an' makin' other folks work."

"He thought of a stranger's need," she said softly.

The driver looked at her with shrewd, Long Island surmise. "Searchin' fer a boy o' yours, I bet."

"Yes. You know it, too. As he did. How?"

With a somewhat sheepish grin, the driver replied: "Oh, I dunno. Just kinder guessed it from your looks. Wounded?"

"No. He is ill of typhoid fever. As soon as I got the news I started. That was four days ago. Four days ago," she repeated to herself, and shivered.

"I swanny! Must 'a' come quite some distance."

"From Montana," said the woman. "The distance is nothing, if only I come in time."

"Likely to have quite some difficulty, I should suppose. Reg'lar flummuxed up, them hospitals. General Hospital up here; First Division over yonder; Detention Hospital back a ways. Chuck the sick soldiers in wherever it comes handiest. No labels to 'em or nothin'."

"Labels?" queried the woman.

"Sure," said the driver cheerfully. "To tell who they are. Lots of 'em don't know, no more 'n a lump o' mud. Plumb looney. Or senseless."

The woman's calm features contracted with pain.

"Was he a private?" continued the loquacious Jehu.

"A private of the Sixth Cavalry. Perhaps some of his officers —"

"Oh, shucks! *They* would n't know. Don't nobody know about privates. They don't count. Pile 'em up any place. May not even have got up here from Cuby at all. Why, they's officers been missin' here for more 'n a week and no trace of 'em. If they can't look out for officers, what chance d' you s'pose a private's got?"

"*Gott mich erbarmen!*" murmured the woman.

"Oh, say, ma'am," cried the Long Islander in quick contrition. "I did n't go for to pester your feelin's. Like as not you 'll find him, slick an' easy. Anyhow, Major Brown 'll git him if he's here. This is the Major's quarters. No, ma'am; I don't want no pay. I-I-I did n't go for to discourage you. I hope — I-I guess you 'll find your boy all right."

Ushered by an orderly in flannel pajamas — there was a shortage of clothing as of most else in the hospital — the woman was brought before a powerfully built, heavy-bearded man who was giving out rapid directions to half a dozen subordinates. He read the shingle, and his eyes, sore with want of rest and worry, twinkled.

"Swell stationery, Chase uses," he began. "Well, anything that can be done for a friend of his —"

"No; Major Brown," said the woman. "I must n't let you think that. He has been very kind; but I never saw him before."

"Oh, well; he's a friend of yours anyway, or he would n't have done this bit of wood-engraving. What is the trouble?"

Standing before him she told her story. Few words there were to it, for she was mistress of contained emotions. Her only boy — the sudden contagion of patriotic fervor in their little village — his enlistment while still in college — the one or two glowing letters from the front — Cuba — the brief word that told her of the fever and — could the Major give her back her son? That was all. But each syllable throbbed with the mother's passion that compels every son of woman upon whom the spell is laid.

"Well, well, well!" said the Major when the brief, pregnant recital was over. "We must see what we can do. We must certainly see — Well, well! I don't wonder that Chase — It's a haystack search, ma'am, but we 'll find him if he's here. Where's that shingle?"

Picking it up from the packing-box which served as his desk, he scribbled on it:

Pass bearer, all lines. BROWN.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to start right in and look through the tents. If you — I mean, when you find him, send me word. I 'll get quarters for you with the nurses, somehow — though the Lord knows where, for they're sleeping in trunks now,"

he added to himself. "Wish I had some one to send with you but — wait a moment."

A young man, shabby and worn as were all in that weary camp, entered the tent and gave the Major good day. In return the Major furnished him with a name and some details. "Know anything about such a man?" he asked, in conclusion.

The young man shook his head. "Not by that description," he said.

"This is one of our newspaper correspondents," the Major explained to the woman. "He knows more about the sick men than any of us, because he's making a daily list. You tell him about your boy."

The woman told. Hardened as was the newspaper man by his service in that tragic camp, he yet saw the face of the speaker, worn and loving and sorrowful, grow dim before his eyes as the narrative drew its swift close.

"No;" he said gently. "I'm afraid I have n't seen him. But let me go with you. I can guide you to the tents he's most likely to be in."

"That 'll be first rate," said the Major heartily. "I was afraid you could n't spare the time —"

"I can't," said the other in a half whisper as the woman eagerly turned to go. "But I 'll do it. Did you ever see such — such a mesmeric face! When she said, 'He is all the child I shall ever have,' I felt as if — well, as if I were a little boy once more. And," he added, with apparent irrelevance, "she does n't look any more like *my* mother than you do."

"Nor mine," said the Surgeon-Major, "but she hit me the same way. Hypnotized old Hard-shell Chase, too," he chuckled.

Together, the woman and the correspondent began the long routine of the hospital tents. Upon face after face fell her questing gaze, only to turn away in infinite pity and infinite disappointment. Once after she had risen from moistening the forehead of a wan convalescent who had begged her for a word, she turned to her companion.

"How do they bear it! How do they bear it!" she half groaned.

"Who, these?" said he.

"The doctors. And you have to be among all this suffering day after day! My heart is like to burst out of me!" She pressed her hands to her breast and looked at him with something like terror.

All that day and far into the evening lasted the futile search. Continually her quest was interrupted by the appeals of those to whom the very sight of the woman was a blessing and an assuagement of suffering. And though her own errand tugged at her heart-strings, she turned a deaf ear to no appeal. Once the reporter thought she had found her lost one. That was when a tall, black-bearded man shot out a swift hand from his huddle of blankets and caught her wrist. The man's eyelids were pressed tight together and he was muttering rapidly.

"Is it your son?" cried the reporter.

"No," was the sorrowful reply. "My Karl is broad and fair, and only a boy. What does this man say?"

A convalescent who was acting as attendant hobbled up. "Don't be scared, mum," he said. "He's looney but he ain't 'armful. Too weak."

"I am not afraid," she said quietly. "Who is he?"

"Wisht we knew. Off'cer, I think. He can't tell nothin'. Only sputters out foolish figgers. Been that way for a week. Listen, now."

"Six-hundred-and-fifty," issued in a thin edge of speech from the fevered mouth. "Six-hundred-and-fifty. Six-hundred-fifty. Tell them. Tell them. Tell them. Six-hundred-and-fifty."

Bending above him the woman quieted the tossing head with a cool hand, and spoke softly in his ear. The wrinkled forehead relaxed a trifle. "Six-hundred-and-fifty," he repeated, and now there was a note of appeal in his voice.

"That is where she lives?" asked the woman in a matter-of-fact tone. "You want us to tell her to come?"

"Of course," he said petulantly. "Tell Agnes to come."

"We will send word to 650 — what street?"

"Fourth Avenue, of course," came the ready answer.

"And the name?" she asked softly.

But the wearied brain would work no further. The man moaned, thrust his withered arms outward and was convulsed by a chill.

"Well, what do you think of that!" cried the attendant in dire amazement. "We've been tryin' to get somethin' out of him for a week. Nobody thought nothin' of them figgers."

"We must do the best we can," said the woman. "How can I get a telegram sent to Agnes, 650 Fourth Avenue, New York? It would be New York, I think."

"I'll attend to that," said the correspondent. "But how in Heaven's name did you know? It's like magic."

She flushed a little. "Something — I cannot explain — I knew. I knew there was some one who longed for him as my Karl is longing for me. Only, it was a wife, I think."

And she was right. Two days later a bride of a year was searching the camp over to thank on her knees the woman who had summoned her — just in time.

On the day after the woman's arrival, the correspondent, dismounting in front of medical headquarters, saw her coming from far down the line. Bravely she tried to smile a greeting to him. There was no need of question; the search had not ended. Together they finished the round of the remaining tents.

"He is not here — anywhere," said the woman, in still despair.

The correspondent cleared his throat and started to tell her something. It concerned the burial ground where lay the unknown dead. Among them, he knew, were two privates of cavalry; so much the surgeon had determined, but no more was known of them. With the best of intentions, the correspondent did n't get beyond the start. There he switched off to the last faint hope that her missing boy might be in a detachment to be brought over from the Detention Hospital that afternoon. It was a very faint hope, for all the convalescents of that lot were supposably listed. It was quite insufficient to justify his silence about the nameless graves. But he was a bit of a coward, that correspondent. I ought to know, for I was the man.

Something about medical supplies gone wrong called Captain Chase from his thousand and one other duties, to the General Hospital that afternoon. Outside of the latest erected tent he met Major Brown.

"Ought to be court-martialed for unloading that woman on you," said the Provost Marshal. "Could n't help it. She wanted her son and she had to have him, and I had to help. That's all there was to it."

"No diagram needed," returned the surgeon. "She had me going, from the first. And that newspaper chap has been playing

messenger boy for her. Queer, ain't it? But she has n't found her young hopeful."

"Umph!" grunted the soldier. Then he swore mildly. "Reckon your mammy might have been lookin' for you that 'a-way, Major?" he quizzed casually. "With just about such a look around the eyes? Oh, well! Where is she?"

"Just went inside to look over this new batch."

Half way down the tent they came upon her. She was bending over an improvised box-cot that suggested grimly an original intent to be a coffin. Its occupant was delirious and muttering, his face half buried in the bunch of cloth that served for a pillow. Suddenly he whirled over and opened his dark eyes full upon the face bending above him. A wondering smile curved and hovered in the corners of his mouth. A sigh of intense longing, satisfied at last, burst from the fallen chest. The eyes, half-glazed, seemed to look through and beyond her; there was a great joy in their gaze.

"Mother!" he whispered.

The woman caught in her throat a little cry of dismay.

"Mother!" whispered the boy again — he was no more than a boy. "It's you! I knew you'd come."

The woman's breath struggled forth in gasps. Like the hands of one groping in darkness, her hands spread and fluttered. As the figure on the cot thrust out wasted arms toward her, the Major's grasp fell firmly on her wrist.

"Don't be alarmed," said his low-dropped voice behind her. "He is semi-delirious. You are the first woman he has seen. A common hallucination; that's all."

With a sob she straightened up.

"Mother! Mother!" The thin voice rose to a wail, poignant with terror and grief. "You're not going to leave me!"

At the cry, all the imperative maternity of the woman rose within her. She dropped on her knees, took the burning head to her bosom and cradled it there, the bright tears falling on the boy's face.

"Don't cry," he said. "It's all right now. You won't go away again, will you?"

"No."

The tone was serene. But Major Brown, leaning to his fellow-officer whispered in his ear; "I've seen 'em take the knife without a whimper. But this — with her own boy may-be dying in reach of her — well, it beats me!"

The sick man cradled his cheek on the woman's hand, and dozed. She moved painfully nearer, to ease herself a little, if it might be, from the strain. Captain Chase caught up one of the few and priceless chairs of the camp, tore the legs out, and thrust it under her for a support. Presently the patient's lips moved; he was muttering incoherently. The woman bent her head and spoke gently.

"Yes," he said. "I know. I'll go to sleep in a minute. I was thinking of the scrap. Oh, I must show you where they got me."

Feebly and proudly he clawed the shirt from his shoulder to show the bullet mark. "The Sixth was doing business that day."

"What Sixth? Not — not the Sixth Cavalry!" It had broken from her lips before she thought.

"Of course! You knew that," he said aggrievedly.

"Yes, yes, dear," she said patiently, and loosed her hand to smooth the hair back from his forehead.

"I'll tell you how I got it. There was a fellow we called Dutchy in our troop. Big, white-headed chap from out West somewhere. What *was* his real name? My head's all wrong. Anyway, when we got in under the earthwork he was next to me. He was a queer mutt. Fussy as a girl about bugs and worms, and always scared blue that one of those big tarantula spiders would get in his shoe."

He stopped short, for the hand on his forehead was quivering like a creature stricken. Dutchy! And that dread of crawling things that had been born in her boy, the heritage of her own shuddering horror!

"Go on," she said hoarsely, and wavered.

"Look out! She's going to faint," said Captain Chase, sharply.

She motioned him back.

"Why, mother!" said the sick soldier. "What is it? You're shaking."

"It is nothing," she said sweetly. "Go on — my boy."

"Keep your hand on my forehead. It feels so cold; it helps me to think. When we got to the trenches one of the biggest, hairiest tarantulas in all Cuba popped out of a hole right in front of Dutchy. He began to shiver all over. Just like you did, then. Don't you like spiders, mother?"

"He's piling it on," whispered Major Brown. "She can't stand much more."



"DON'T CRY," HE SAID. 'IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW. YOU WON'T GO AWAY
AGAIN, WILL YOU?'"

Well, it can't last much longer. He's almost gone. This is the last flicker."

"Yes, sir; I thought Dutchy was going to make a sneak from that bug," continued the boy. "Instead he pulled his gun and spattered the spider all over the place. Laugh! I laughed so I had to stand up to get the kinks out of me, and when I stood up some Spanish son-of-a-gun got me. After it was over Dutchy came back and gave me all his water and carried me half a mile on his back. Water was worth money, then, I tell you, too."

"And what became of — of — Dutchy after?"

"I don't know," said the boy gropingly. "I think he's here—somewhere. Mother!"

The leap of the woman's heart had all but lifted her to her feet. At the cry she relaxed.

"There, there," she murmured. "Be at peace."

"You — you — I thought you started to go, then."

"Don't be afraid, dear. Tell me why you think Dutchy is here."

"Well, while we were being taken off the ship I thought I heard him yelling to some one to take that bug away. Maybe it was my head, though. Most everybody was crazy and yelling, anyway."

Again the eyes closed.

"I'll raise his head while you get away," whispered Major Brown. "Chase, be ready to lift her out."

As if warned, the boy's hand wavered up and closed on the fingers caressing his forehead. A sublime despair settled on the

woman's face. Something like a spasm shook her and passed. She looked up at the men behind her, eagerly ready for her rescue, and with such an aspect as angels must bend from the heavens, she shook her head.

"Well, I am — never mind what!" said Major Brown. "Talk about sheer nerve!"

An hour later the boy died; died happily with eyes fixed in blessed ignorance on the mothering face to the last. She kissed the dead lips and murmured: "Pray God for me that I may see my son — if only as I saw you."

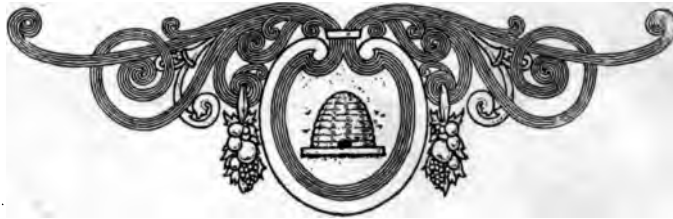
Then, utterly foredone she tried to get to her feet, lurched forward, and would have fallen but for the two officers. Between them they supported her toward the opening, as, racked and gasping, she staggered down the long, grassy aisle. Half way, a gaunt apparition rose in their path. It was the skeleton of a blonde, blue-eyed young giant, the emaciated face bristling palely with a scrub of beard.

"No, my friend," muttered the Captain, blocking off the obstructor. "Not any more imaginary sons for her to-day. Flesh and blood could n't stand it."

The woman took no heed. Her tear-blinded eyes saw nothing. The gaunt apparition leaped forward and clawed at her breast. From its bearded lips quavered a hoarse, harsh voice.

"Don't you know me? Oh, *Mutterchen!* Don't you know me? It's Karl."

There was a ringing cry, a great sob of joy, and the substitute mother had come to her own.



THE LAST LOVE-FEAST

BY

BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE



WE had spoken of it for a few days previously as "the last love-feast", for it was to be the end of our long series of daily reunions around the table of Désiré Beaurain, in the rue Notre Dame des Victoires. Our work was done. Louis Philippe had fallen. He and his crew had stolen away, like Sennacherib in the night, leaving France as spoil in our hands. We, who only ten days before had been but a band of conspirators were now not merely ruling France, but treating on equal terms with the Queen of England and the Czar. Though our heads were not turned, we were new to the art of ruling; and it is not strange that Louis Bonaparte should have come and snatched the badge of liberty from our grasp. But up to the present, all was well. Marc Cassaudière, the ribbon designer, was Prefect of Police; Albert, the mechanic, was installed in splendor in the Luxembourg; Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc were in the ministry; the rest of us had posts according to our merits, or were to have them within the next few days.

For Léonce Raymond and myself, nothing, as yet, had been found. It was agreed among the younger men that Raymond should have one of the most splendid positions the government had to give. With his distinguished presence, his tact, his charm, he would grace one of the great embassies — say, London, or St. Petersburg. That I, his friend, should go with him, as attaché or secretary, was the limit of my hopes. I had known him ever since his first arrival in Paris from somewhere in the south. He was a writer of the clever political songs and satires, for which, in the forties, there was a marked popular taste. In the first years of our acquaintance he had been poor. Then he

inherited money and lived with some little display. It was understood that he had married a widow with children, but, as our political friendships rarely passed into the domain of domestic affairs, I had never met his wife.

For the last ten years Raymond had been not only the poet of our party, but its soul. Without the ability of a Lamartine or a Louis Blanc, he had that sympathy which is as the very oil of human intercourse. It was he who had held together those who, through divergent interests would have fallen apart. It was he who gained us new recruits and converted them to our aims. It was he who brought in handsome Victor Pilhes, who died as Governor of the Elysée. It was he who won over big-hearted Ferdinand Flocon, afterwards Minister of Commerce. It was he who introduced to our midst Charles Lagrange, the Don Quixote of our group. Duthiel the Egyptologist, Augier the bibliophile, Auguste Luchet, Pierre Joigneaux, Charles Mala, twenty or thirty others whose names meant something in their day but are now forgotten — they were all Léonce Raymond's converts. Republicans by their own convictions, Raymond made them work and march together. His songs inspired them, his wit amused them, while the something winning in his nature and noble in his bearing put mere pettiness to shame. We were often lacking in sympathy with each other, but in Raymond all our hearts seemed to find a common, neutral ground.

So, when three or four years before, he had organized the daily dining-club at Désiré Beaurain's, he drew us more closely about him. A more genial element entered into our political ardor under the influence of the pipe and the mug of beer together. Most of us were young, and few of us had homes. We were journalists, painters, actors, authors or business men in subordinate situations. We

were all poor, and Beaurain's offered us a refuge from the somewhat sordid shifts to which we were put to live. With Raymond at the head of our table we maintained a kind of dignity, which in no wise dampened the flow of anecdote, the sparkle of repartee, the outburst of political tirade, or the general atmosphere of jollity. The fact that at any minute we might be betrayed by some of Louis Philippe's herd of spies into the hands of the police only added zest to our enjoyment. Most of us had been in prison for our views already, and were not afraid to go there again. In those last years before the monarchy fell, we developed, thus, a spirit of friendship which had not hitherto been an element in our campaign; and, though no man entered into his neighbor's private life, we were conscious of tightened ties between us.

But now that France had fallen into our hands, and we were all in high positions, or on the way to them, the daily love-feast had no further reason for existing. With a certain sadness we resolved to eat our last, just ten days after Louis Philippe had fled. We were all there — over thirty of us. In addition, Louis Blanc, Proudhon and Lamartine, who rarely joined us, had been induced to come. We were not gay. It was as if we were weighted by a sense of responsibility and success. Moreover, Marc Cassaudière, the new Prefect of Police, had made an announcement, at the very beginning of dinner, which had awed us into silent expectation.

"My friends," he said, rising in his place — a big, jovial figure, imposing in size and manliness — "my friends, I have just a word to say. For the first time since we have held our gatherings around this table, we have no fear of leaving it for prison. For the first time in the life of any of us, France is free. For the first time, there are no paid spies in the land and no political victims in the galleys. It has been my privilege to sign the decree that has opened the iron doors and given back to life those whose only crime was love of country. And to-night," he went on, with some emotion, "to-night there will join us one who has suffered for the cause more than any man in France. Five years ago he was a worker among us. Since then he has been nothing but a great memory. We have only known that he was bearing all the hardship tyranny could mete out to him. When there was mercy for others there was

none for him. When others were chastised with whips, he was scourged with scorpions. And the tyrants were right. He was their ablest enemy. If he had not been delivered up to them by some unknown treachery he would long ago have dragged them down. I have no need to name him. You have already recognized our old friend, our brave and brilliant comrade — Jules Cartier."

He ceased and sat down. There was an attempt at applause, but it died away feebly in a kind of sigh. Many of us had been concerned in the plot of which Jules Cartier was the leader and the one victim. We had gone free while he had been the scapegoat. We did not reproach ourselves for that. Vicarious suffering is a principle accepted by all conspirators, and each of us was ready to take his turn. But on this night of the last love-feast the reappearance of Jules Cartier seemed to bring home to us the strain under which we had lived and the risks we had run. We could not have been more deeply moved if he had been coming back from the dead, instead of from his dungeon in La Roquette.

Glancing up at Raymond I was not surprised to notice that he was pale and that he moved uneasily. No man among us seemed just what he had been ten minutes before. Presently, we were all listening to Cassaudière's account of Cartier's release from prison. It had taken place a week before, but he had not presented himself at once among us. He had waited to make a few elementary preparations before reappearing in the ordinary life of men. Now he had taken a position Cassaudière had given him in the Prefecture of Police. He was working there to-night, but would join us before we parted.

We were sipping the coffee and puffing at our cigars when the door was pushed open and a man, apparently old and feeble, shuffled in. We had seen too often the effects of prison on the young and strong to be quite surprised to know that this was the Cartier of old, and yet none of us could be free from a sense of horror at the change. The distorted frame, the brutalized features, the knotted hands with the finger-nails worn down to the quick, the shambling gait made more marked by the brand-new, ill-fitting clothes, were signs that something was stamped out of the man that would never come back. He carried under his arm a black portfolio bulging with papers, and stood for a second gazing at us as if stupefied. It was only a second, for as soon as we had recovered from our surprise we were



"YOU HAD BOUGHT YOUR IMMUNITY—FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER"

on our feet with cries of welcome. Chairs were pushed back, hands were outstretched, glasses were raised, every one spoke at once. But Cartier shrank back towards the door, looking from one to another with a blank stare that reduced us to a wondering silence. It was Raymond who mastered the situation first. Stepping forward he took Cartier's hand to lead him to the place that had been made for him between Cassaudière and Louis Blanc.

"Come, Cartier, come," he said gently. "Come and drink with us to France and Liberty."

Raymond spoke with his usual grace, but the released prisoner sprang back from his touch, wrenching his hand away. For the first time an expression of life came into his features and his dull eyes blazed.

"Not with traitors!" he cried. "Not with spies!"

There was a startled movement among the men standing around the table.

"He's mad!" shouted Victor Pilhes.

"There are no spies here," came angrily from Charles Lagrange.

"La Roquette has turned his wits," Auguste Luchet exclaimed, with a pitying shrug of the shoulders.

"Come, come, Cartier," Cassaudière said coaxingly. "You're among friends here — your old friends and comrades. Come and drink with us. Here, take this seat beside me."

In response to this gesture Cartier came slowly forward, his portfolio under his arm. Raymond, at the same time slipped back to his place at the head of the table. No one but myself observed that he was anxious and trembling, for all eyes were fixed on the newcomer. Lamartine drew the portfolio from beneath Cartier's arm, placing it on a chair behind him.

"Fill all glasses, friends," Cassaudière cried jovially, "and drink to the Republic and Jules Cartier!"

"The Republic and Jules Cartier!" The Republic and Jules Cartier!"

The toast went round enthusiastically, to the sound of glasses clinked together.

Raymond himself filled a glass for Cartier, holding it out towards him.

"Drink, old comrade, drink," he exclaimed. "Drink to the new reign of liberty which your own sufferings have helped to usher in."

Cartier took the glass into his stubbed, work-worn fingers, and with a quick movement dashed the contents into Raymond's

face. The next second the glass itself fell with a silvery crash to the floor. Raymond staggered back into his seat, with a smothered "My God!" and, seizing his napkin wiped the drops of champagne from his eyes and beard. Around the aggressor there was a general rush of alarm. "He's mad! He's mad!" was the cry on all sides. Mala and Joigneaux pinioned him by the arms, while Duthiel felt his pockets in search of hidden weapons. Cartier wrenched himself from their grasp, and backed against the wall.

"I'm not mad!" he shouted, above the din. "Stand away from me. Sit down. Let me explain."

"Stand back, friends," Cassaudière ordered. "Let us hear him. There is something behind all this. Every man to his place and sit down."

There was a new movement, with a pushing of chairs and a rattling of plates and glasses. Those whose backs were turned to Cartier, wheeled their seats round so as to face him. He had seized his portfolio again and stood erect. As if by some magic change his lost youth flashed back into his features, and the man we used to know reappeared beneath the havoc of the prison years.

"I'm not mad," he repeated. "I'm not mad. But what I have to tell you might well make senses reel, if we had not all fathomed the depths of human turpitude."

We listened breathlessly. His voice, low at first, regained its old volume as he went on.

"Come back with me," he continued, "to six years ago — when we met in the little Café de Sainte Agnes. We were fewer and younger and poorer than you whom I see before me now. I miss some of the old faces. I miss Rigaud and Autard and Magnier and Latouche. Some are dead, some are in exile, some are renegades, and some, like myself, have been broken in the galleys. Most of you to whom I speak are strangers to me; but you were there, Duthiel, and you, Mala, and you, Luchet, and you, Lagrange. And you, too, were there, Raymond," he added, with a sudden turn towards the head of the table.

Raymond was bent forward, his lips parted, his eyes staring, but when attention was directed towards him he made a supreme effort after self-control.

"We were young and enthusiastic," Cartier went on, "but we were not without the prophetic instinct. We saw the momen'



"FOR A LONG MINUTE SHE EXAMINED HIS FEATURES SILENTLY"



"SHE THREW HER ARM ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS, LIKE A PROTECTING GODDESS"

coming when France could be free. We saw the stupid Orleans trembling, and we knew that with an effort on our part he would fall. It was necessary that some one should brave everything—prison, death, or whatever else might be the issue—in order to make the attempt. I was the one chosen to do it. I was free. I had made myself free on purpose. I had had ties, sacred ties—but I broke them. I had cut myself off from everything, in order to consecrate myself to France and the Cause. You remember the nights of counsel spent in the Café de Sainte Agnes. You remember the care with which we laid our plans and the secrecy with which we met. For once we believed ourselves safe from betrayal; and yet night by night the reports of all we did or said or intended went in to the Prefect of Police."

There was a quick start among the hearers, with a succession of half-muttered oaths.

"When I was arrested," Cartier continued, "that much was plain to me. I knew we had been sold by some one among ourselves. But by whom? There is the question that has tortured me for the past five years. Who among those who seemed so trusty could have been an Iscariot? It was as easy to suspect one as another. I thought of you, Cassaudière, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Duthiel, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Mala, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Raymond," he added, with another abrupt turn towards the head of the table, "and I acquitted you. I thought of you the last and I acquitted you the first. 'Whoever it was,' I said, 'it is not he.' But I took an oath with myself that if ever I came up alive from the hell into which they had sent me down I should know who the traitor was. And I do know. The secret has been well kept, but the God of Justice has torn its flimsy veil apart and flung it at my feet. Cassaudière sent me yesterday to work in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, and I have found this."

He held up the black portfolio, bulging with papers.

"All our names are in it," he hurried on. "Yours is there, Proudhon, and yours Louis Blanc, and yours, Cassaudière, and yours Lamartine, and yours, Ledru-Rollin, and yours, Pilhes. The powers against which you fought could have sent you all to the galleys when they pleased. Your name, too, is there, Raymond; only you were safe. You

were safe because you had bought your immunity—for thirty pieces of silver."

"It's a lie!" Raymond shouted, with a spring from his seat like that of an animal writhing from a shot. Then he fell back, panting, the blood rushing into his face, which, up to this instant, had been pale.

"A lie, is it?" Cartier echoed, with a laugh. "Then look at these."

With one gesture of his hand, like that of a sower casting grain, he scattered the contents of the portfolio up and down the long table among the plates and candlesticks. The papers fluttered out with a swish and a crackle and fell before us in hundreds. We had only to put out our hands and take them by the score. As we glanced at them it was clear that most of them were brief and of slight importance, except for the fact that, day by day and step by step they gave the story of our little band for the past six or seven years. They were too numerous to collate or compare, but it was easy to see that under the seal of intimacy our blood had been systematically sold. Not one of us was spared. Even I, who would have given Raymond all that friendship has to give—I was delivered up with the rest.

For a few minutes we were too heavily stunned for speech, or exclamation, or active thought. The very sense of the outrage upon us was slow to come. We could only bend over the hastily scribbled papers, and pass them along from one to the other. It was impossible to identify the Raymond who had written them with the Raymond we had known and loved. It was not until, by a common impulse, we pushed them from us into a heap in the center of the table and raised our heads, that the sense of the situation came over us. Cartier was standing motionless and upright, his eyes looking from one to another in his eagerness to read the verdict. Raymond was sitting with his hands limply clasped and his head sunk forward on his breast, like one who has died in his place.

There was a long minute of silence in which all human emotions struggled confusedly in our hearts together. It was Cassaudière who broke the silence first. He spoke with the gentleness and self-control of strong and sympathetic manliness.

"Raymond," he said quietly, "is this your handwriting?"

There was a tremor in the limp frame, and the head was lifted just enough to show the terrified eyes.

"Yes," came the barely audible answer.

"You betrayed us?"

"Yes."

"For six years and more. Ever since the days of the Café de Sainte Agnes."

"Yes."

"And afterwards you brought us together in the daily love-feast, to watch over us more closely."

"Yes."

"Why?"

The question fell on the stillness with a certain solemnity. Raymond lifted his head still more, and looked at Cassaudière with the awful frankness of a soul that has no more secrets to hide.

"Because I was poor," he stammered.

"But we were all poor."

"I was starving."

"But we would have fed you."

"And I loved a woman who was starving, too — a woman who had been betrayed and abandoned by some enthusiast in this same cause. He was the father of her children. I've never known his name. She would never tell me. For aught I know, he may have been one of you."

The haggard eyes shot out one last, desperate glance of mingled defiance and appeal. Cries and oaths broke out around the table and three or four men sprang up together. Cassaudière stilled the tumult with a calm word or two and turned again towards Raymond.

"We're not here to judge you," he said, in the same quiet voice. "I suppose we have no right to judge you — certainly none such as the law allows. But there's a justice above that of law. There's a sentence more binding than any that was ever delivered by a tribunal of men. And," he continued significantly, "I think it has been passed already. Has n't it?"

The last two words came out with a nervous jerk. Raymond looked up again, more firmly than before.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"Then, here!" said Cassaudière, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Here! Go into the next room. You know what you have to do."

Raymond took the pistol mechanically, pushed back his chair and rose. For an instant his eyes wandered slowly round the table.

"I want to say," he began in a dead voice, "that I'm sorry. It is n't much to say, but

it's all that's left to me — before I go. I did believe in the Cause. I did give myself to it in sincerity. I sacrificed everything to it, at first, and I was in prison for a year. After that my friends forsook me and I could find no work to do. You thought me successful because the journals published my political jibes and my songs were sung all over France. But my wife and I were starving. I bore it, hoping for the great dream to come true, but it was so slow of realization that my courage failed. Then I sold myself — myself first and you afterwards."

"That was the inheritance you came into," some one cried.

"Yes; but it's spent now. I'm only another disappointed Judas, who has n't had the patience to wait till the Kingdom of Heaven came in its own way. Now that it's here, I've forfeited my place in it and so I have to go. But if it be possible I should be glad to have my wife and children kept from knowing just how and why — I went."

Before any one could speak there was a sound of voices and hurrying footsteps in the hall outside.

"Quick!" Cassaudière cried. "Quick! Do it. Some one's coming."

But on the instant the door was flung open and, in spite of the waiter's efforts to keep them out, a woman and two children threw themselves into the room. The children were crying. The boy was about seven and the girl slightly older. The woman was tall and dark, with traces of great beauty. Her wild eyes, her disheveled hair, and her torn clothing gave her an air of tragic desperation.

"Where is he?" she demanded haughtily. "Where is my husband? What have you done to him?"

"Is that he?" Cassaudière asked, pointing to Raymond.

"Papa! Papa!" burst from the children, who ran to him, clinging to his waist and arms.

"Take care," he muttered, impatiently. "The pistol is loaded. Madelon, take them away."

"Oh, Léonce," she cried, springing to his side, "what are you doing? What does it mean? Are you going to kill yourself? Have you condemned him to that?" she added, turning fiercely towards Cassaudière, but including us all in her glance.

"We have not condemned him, madame," Cassaudière began to explain. "He has condemned himself."

"But he has no right to condemn me," she exclaimed, wrenching the pistol from Raymond's grasp and handing it back to Cassaudière. "He has no right to condemn his children. The shot that strikes his heart strikes mine and theirs."

"But, madame," Cassaudière tried to say calmly, "there are circumstances of which you know nothing —"

"I do know them," she broke in. "All Paris is ringing with the story. That is what has brought me here. I knew he had come among you and that you would n't spare him. There's no sympathy now but for Jules Cartier's wrongs and the treachery that betrayed him. There's no one to say a word of my wrongs and Jules Cartier's treachery that betrayed *me*."

Cassaudière started, looking about among us, as if silently taking counsel.

"Jules Cartier is there," he said to the woman, after a second's pause. "He can speak for himself."

"There? Where?" she questioned, with a sudden change of tone.

"There," Cassaudière said, again. "Over there against the wall."

She peered across the table at the man who glared silently back at her.

"That?" she asked, at last, pointing at him. "That broken, brutalized old man! Is that Jules Cartier who, seven years ago, deceived me, and then turned me out with my two children — his two children — *these* two children — to starve in the street? Is that Jules Cartier? If so, the galleys and La Roquette have done their work well, and there's more justice in heaven than I've believed in since the day he deserted me."

Seizing a candle from the table she strode forward and held it up to his face. For a long minute she examined his features silently. When she had finished, she turned away with a sigh, putting the candle back in its place again.

"It's he," she said, more quietly than she had spoken yet, as she returned to Raymond's side. "It's he. It's he. Oh, gentlemen," she burst out, with a noble gesture of the hands, "I have nothing to say against him. I have nothing to charge him with. I've tried to forgive him long ago. Life is so hard and complicated, and there's so much good ever mingled with the evil, that I've tried to keep myself from judging even him. I've been silent about him — silent to the very man who has loved and protected both

me and Jules Cartier's children. I've borne my burden with mute lips, and if I open them now it's only in the hope of convincing you that no man is wholly bad — that even in the blackest case there is often room for a little mercy. Jules Cartier betrayed me and cast me out. Well; I say no more about him. But Léonce Raymond found me and took me in. He took me in honor and made me his wife. He took my disowned and nameless children and made them his. He had nothing but a crust, but he denied himself of it that I and my babies might eat it. He had nothing but a pallet of straw, but he lay on the floor that we might be warm. When he could not support himself, he took another man's load upon his shoulders and tried to carry it. It was foolish and Quixotic, if you like, but he did it and he did it bravely. It was not until he staggered and fell and lay nearly dying — it was not until he saw us nearly dying beside him, that his courage failed. He had looked forward, we had both looked forward, to the day when human society could be so organized that it would suffer us to live. We were working for that and dreaming of it and toiling towards it as a goal — and the further we dragged ourselves along, the more the vision receded. It was like a light that leads you on, and then dwindles and goes out and leaves you in the dark. The day came when, instead of high dreams for the future of the human race, we had no dreams of any kind. There was nothing left to us, but the bitter reality of starvation. Half the theaters in Paris were singing my husband's songs while we were going cold and hungry. You yourselves were making use of all he had to give, and offering him nothing but Utopian promises in return. Is it any wonder that we sold you? What were you to us? Nothing — nothing; and we were heaven and earth to each other."

"You say we," Cassaudière broke in coldly. "Had you, too, a part in this betrayal?"

"Not at first," she answered simply. "I believed the story of the inheritance. When the money came I was too grateful for it to ask many questions. It was only little by little, as the years passed, that the truth came to me."

"You knew, Madelon?" Raymond cried in a tone of blank astonishment.

"Certainly, I knew, Léonce," she returned proudly. "Do you think any woman could live with a man as I've lived with you

and not fathom his secrets? But I was your wife. I was part and parcel of your lot. When you became a spy I, too, became a spy. You had done so much for my children and me that I was glad to share even your dishonor. And I'm still glad. Whatever they do to you, whatever they make you do, no one shall ever take away from me the joy and the pride I have in declaring myself Léonce Raymond's wife. I've known what it is already. Look at my clothing. It was torn by the mob in the streets as I hurried here. They struck me and they struck the children — Jules Cartier's children; but the more furious they grew the more loudly we proclaimed that we belonged to you. None of your wives," she continued, turning, with another of her passionate gestures, towards the men seated about the table, "none of your wives stands more proudly by her husband's side, in this your hour of success, than I stand here beside mine, in this the moment of his downfall."

She threw her arm across his shoulders, like a protecting goddess. Her torn draperies covered him, and he seemed to cower under them.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she went on vehemently? "Does it surprise you? It would n't if you knew what your own wives would do for you. I know you're good men as men go. But you're all probably hiding something for which you could be pilloried, as my husband is being pilloried now. It may not be so base, but it's base enough to make you eager to conceal it. Whoever you are — Cassaudière, Lamartine, Proudhon, Louis Blanc — whoever you are, excellent men and rulers of France as you've become, you're keeping your secrets and keeping them close, but you're not keeping them from the women who love you and who lie by your sides. They see through you — through and through. And if your turn should come, as his has come, they'd be with you as I'm with him. I knew you would n't spare him; I don't ask that he should be spared. For what we've done — he and I — we merit the reprobation of mankind. We're spies, and we must end like spies. I only beg you to remember, as he goes in there, to carry out your sentence, that, just as heroes like Jules Cartier, over there, are not noble to the core, even so traitors like Léonce Raymond, here, may have had in them something with which justice must deal tenderly. Now, if you will, give him

back the pistol, and my children and I will bid him good-by."

When she ceased there was a confusion of voices, the older men advocating mercy, the younger demanding the traitor's death. Again Cassaudière hushed the din by rising, keeping the pistol in his own hand.

"Comrades," he said, "I hoped to have saved you from the necessity of passing anything like a sentence. The man who has betrayed us stands before us self-condemned. A few minutes ago he would have executed judgment on himself. That might have been better, but now this thing" — he held the pistol up — "is in my hands again. Shall I give it back to him? or shall I not? The woman has thrust on us the responsibility I hoped to evade. That he deserves death is without question. The fact that he has some good in him is no argument at all. There is some good in all of us. He's no exception in that, whatever. It does n't absolve him from the penalty. Under the old Hebrew law there was for ignominious crimes an ignominious punishment — it was death by stoning; and I can think of nothing more just than that for the man who sold the love and confidence we gave him. If he dies to-night it will be under the pelting of our contempt and fury."

From the younger men there was an outburst of approval with renewed calls that the pistol should be given back.

"I'm ready now," Raymond cried, springing from beneath his wife's protecting draperies. "Give it to me. I'd rather do it."

"Wait," Cassaudière commanded sternly. "After all it may be too easy a death for one like you. Each man among us shall have his chance for a fling at you. Each man among us," he continued, addressing those about the table, "shall speak in turn and say his say. It will be a reversion to the ancient, popular Biblical method of avenging treason; and he that is without sin among us shall cast the first stone."

There was a curious movement about the table. Lamartine's handsome eyes glistened. Louis Blanc's babe-like face twitched with a curious, cynical smile.

"What do you mean?" two or three voices asked at once.

"I mean only," Cassaudière explained, "that it will be easier for those of us who, as the woman says, are hiding something for which we could be pilloried as Raymond is

being pilloried now — it will be easier for us to condemn, when he speaks who is concealing nothing — no meanness, no cowardice, no treachery, nothing of which he would be ashamed were the rest of us to know it. Let him be the first to disown all fellowship with Raymond and say: Give the pistol back."

When he sat down we looked at each other wonderingly. There were whispered counsels: "You speak, Mala;" "You speak Joigneaux;" "You speak, Duthiel." Presently all eyes turned towards Lamartine as the natural exponent of purity of life; but the poet shook his head. Louis Blanc's cynical smile never left his face, and Proudhon turned himself heavily towards the wall, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the affair. The woman gazed eagerly up and down the table; the two children stopped crying and clung to their mother's skirts; Raymond stood, with bowed head, as Achan might have waited for the Israelitish missiles, when condemned by Joshua.

The whispering ceased at last and there was a long, painful silence. Two or three men smoked, affecting indifference, but most of us sat with eyes fixed on Cassaudière. When he rose again there was a perceptible stir of expectation.

"Does no man condemn him?" he asked.

There was no answer, and he repeated the question. Still there was no answer.

"Then, I suppose," he went on, "I may put this back?"

He slipped the pistol into the pocket from which he had taken it, and with the action, a sigh of relief went up from us all — even from those who had been, a few minutes ago, most bitter against the traitor.

"Raymond," Cassaudière continued quietly, "your life is given back to you. It is given back not because you deserve it, nor because a woman has worked upon our sympathies; it is given back because the Republic has set in, and the Republic means more than a form of government. It means a state of brotherhood, a state of sympathy, a state of mind in which men try to under-

stand each other, in both the good and the evil that is in them, not for mutual indulgence, but for mutual help. The Republic means in this life that universal compassion and comprehension which, we are told, the Kingdom of Heaven means in the life to come; and just as we are given to understand there is a place in the Kingdom of Heaven for the repentant sinner, so, in the Republic, there must be a place even for the repentant spy. We realize that more fully than we did before this lady came and told us what is in you. A half-hour ago you would have blown your brains out and we should have let you do it. She has saved not only you, but all of us from that. She has helped us to see the mutual patience and forbearance which, under the Republic, men ought to show towards each other, even at the worst of times. We thank you, madame," he added, with a slight bow towards Raymond's wife. "Now," he continued, looking round about among us, "I suppose they may go?"

There was a general nodding of assent, but no word was spoken. Again the woman threw her torn draperies over her husband's shoulder and, as he tottered under them, they began to shuffle towards the door.

* * * * *

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Cassaudière rose again.

"My friends," he said, "it has been a principle among us from the first to enter into no man's private life. For that, he stands or falls to his own conscience. We know nothing here of wives or children, of faithfulness or desertion. We know only what a man has done or suffered for the Cause. We have been saved from judging Raymond; let us show the same reserve towards — others. Therefore, I give you again the toast: The Republic and Jules Cartier."

We drank it standing, but in silence, while Cartier himself shrank further away from the light and became again the broken old man he had been on entering.

PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND OF MINE.

BY

EMPEIGH MERWYN



HE was slender and of a perfect grace; his nose was slim and finely pointed, and his coat was a soft and beautiful gray. He was the soul of candor, absolutely reliable, and his dignity was perfect. He was a greyhound and his name was Pilot.

He had grown up from puppyhood with the two children of the family, and many of his most charming traits were displayed in his relations with them. When the boy was but a dot of humanity in kilt skirts, his shrieks of enraptured laughter one day summoned the household into the yard. There Pilot, his teeth set firmly into the band of the kilts, care evidently having been taken not to touch the baby's flesh, was running swiftly backward, dragging the delighted child about the yard by a new and exhilarating method of "rapid transit." When the boy wished to stop, Pilot would pause and stand gravely beside him, until the signal was given to start again—his head in an attitude plainly revealing that amusement was mingling in his canine thought with sense of responsibility for this tiny human specimen committed to his charge.

As the children grew up and began to go to school, a new sense of his responsibilities toward these humans with whom fate had placed him, developed in Pilot's mind. Regularly, morning and afternoon, he roused himself from the nap that became so important a feature of his life as he advanced in years, and, by some instinct that made the clock a superfluity, he always hit upon the right moment to enable him to reach the village school-house just as the children were being dismissed, and there he would constitute himself the escort of the daughter of the house. He appeared to know, by some means that I cannot fathom, that his

chivalrous attentions were due to her rather than to his more boisterous playfellow, the boy. Perhaps, also, his preference had some relation to his appreciation of the characteristics of the two children—the girl never teased him; she was more liable to remember when Pilot was hungry, and she never forced upon him obnoxious rôles unsuited to his education and dignity.

He distinctly resented being taught new tricks, when an old dog; and I remember well the harrowing scene that I witnessed one winter's day from the window, when the boy harnessed the bewildered and offended Pilot to his sled, and insisted, in ruthless boy fashion, upon his performing the duties of a horse. The dog was intensely loyal to the boy, his companion and charge from their respective puppyhood and babyhood, but he had not been trained in youth to perform such service—he would drag the sled a little way, then stop and turn piteous and imploring eyes backward, as though he could bear the terrible humiliation no longer. It was as though some dignified bishop or distinguished judge had suddenly found himself compelled to shovel coal.

His recollection of friends was faultless. Whenever I visited the household after an absence of months, or even of a year, Pilot would hasten to greet me affectionately on my arrival. Once when I was a guest there, he gave remarkable evidence of his thoughtful sympathy and of that strange faculty that enables some dogs to know directly many things that the humans require to have expressed in words or other tangible signs. I had received some bad news, of which I not only said nothing, but which I made every effort to keep from the knowledge of the family by carefully maintaining my ordinary demeanor. In this I succeeded, and no one suspected the state of my mind—except one! I chanced to be sitting

alone for a few moments one morning, and I must have lost myself temporarily in the contemplation of my unhappiness — when I was suddenly aroused by feeling Pilot's cold nose rubbed affectionately against my hand.

He had risen from his place beside the fire and had come across the room to give me this token of his intelligent sympathy—a thing the more remarkable because he was not demonstrative and seldom gave caresses to his friends after the first cordial greeting on their arrival. Sympathy and friends have not been lacking in my life—but never was token of appreciative insight more grateful to me than this one, from the one friend who divined my sorrow!

Pilot had his aversions, too, although not for persons, as he was too much a gentleman to meddle with the affairs of humans who did not molest him—and not one ever molested him. The tones of a violin seemed utterly to unnerve him; they played upon his sensitive nature so potently as to undermine his self-control. All the melancholy hinted in his pensive eyes seemed to overwhelm his very soul, even at the first sounds, when the children tuned their instruments; and we were obliged to take him by the collar and drag him moaning out-of-doors. Strange to say, he had no objection to the piano—unless upon it was played the prelude to some composition that he knew included a violin.

But it was his relations to other animals that brought out his character most fully and involved him in the crowning action of his life.

He was decidedly a personage among the dogs of the town, although he never seemed to need to demonstrate his prowess, but held his position by pure force of character. As the daughter of the house once said, Pilot was not "dogmatic" in his bearing to his fellows, but he knew his own position and other dogs felt it. He was universally respected, and no small cur snapped a second time at his heels.

He had a keen sense of his standing as oldest and most privileged dog of the family, and he allowed no liberties on the part of the three younger dogs. These learned to stand at respectful distance until Pilot had satisfied the cravings of the inner dog. There was no greediness involved in this; it was simply his sense of propriety—his purpose to teach the young ones good manners.

But his chivalry, his tender consideration for what was weak and delicate, also came

out at meal-time. The white kittens, gentle-faced and mild of disposition, ate freely and happily from Pilot's plate. This is a true story, and I must not permit imagination to bear me away, even though I am the biographer of this knight, this flower of chivalry among dogs—but I used to fancy, to feel sure, in fact, that he saved up the dainty titbits on his plate for the white kitty!

The most gracious of all his deeds, however, was the one that we, his friends, must ever recall with sorrow as well as pride. Whenever Pilot came upon a group of dogs snapping and quarreling together—a common phenomenon in a village street—he appeared to feel keenly the folly of such conduct, and he would make this the one occasion on which he interfered in others' affairs. Many a time we saw him dash into the midst of such a group, pushing his long, slender nose this way and that among the combatants, and by some mysterious, canine diplomacy settle the quarrel and cause the disputants to disperse. Little did we know that this fine respect for law and order, this noble scorn for petty squabbling, this unselfish leaving for the moment of his dignified pursuit of the even tenor of his way, to straighten out the muddles of his neighbors, would cost us so dearly!

One summer morning I was awakened from a doze by the sound of barking and snapping on the lawn outside my window. As I awoke to full consciousness, I heard Pilot's peculiar cry, and I knew, without seeing, that he, too, had heard the noise and was hurrying out from the barn, where he slept, to settle the dispute. As I glanced out to confirm my impression, I was idly wondering whether I should have such disinterested public spirit, if some men had been bickering on the lawn.

I was correct—several small dogs were snapping and snarling together in a heap, and the peacemaker was putting an end to the affair. As the heap disintegrated and resolved itself into various dogs, I noticed one small brown fellow going away in a straight line across the lawn to the street. As I dressed, the matter dropped from my mind.

We were just sitting down to breakfast, when the shouting in the street called us to the door. Two men with guns were hurrying on and a growing crowd followed at a distance. The direful cry of "Mad dog" was abroad and consternation reigned.

"Why pause over the end now? I would not if otherwise, if I might!" The small brown dog was mad; he had bitten a man, a boy, and several dogs. The small brown unfortunate was soon despatched, the man and boy were hurried to a neighboring city for treatment, and then came the edict—*all dogs that had been bitten must die!*

Several small and useless specimens were sacrificed, and, alas, across Pilot's nose was a long telltale scratch, and there were other witnesses than myself to the scene upon the lawn.

We would not believe that the scratch came from the mad dog, and we said that we might as well shoot any other member of the family as Pilot. At first the matter was compromised by putting Pilot in confinement: after keeping him a suitable time, if he should show no signs of madness, all would be well. But why linger in the telling? Pilot began after a time to act strangely, the lives of human beings are considered precious things, and Pilot was shot.

I have always held that he did not go mad, that his nature was too refined for such frenzy, that his strange behavior was but the expression of his grief and amazement at being isolated from family and friends and treated with distrust—but they would not listen to me!

As I close this feeble sketch of the noble dog-friend that I loved, and ponder on the disinterested act that caused his death, I am reminded of the words of a statesman eloquent, speaking on Memorial Day over the graves of those slain in war. He said that progress was not always builded upon "the survival of the fittest," but that often, alas, it presented the look of the sacrifice of the best!

And—inevitably it comes to mind—*Blessed are the peacemakers*. Nor is it written that they must be of the human species. And you may take this statement for whatever theological weight it may seem to you to have—the daughter of the house has said plainly that she will not stir one step into heaven unless Pilot is there.

THE FUGITIVES

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WE are they that go, that go
Plunging before the hidden blow.
We run the byways of the earth
For we are fugitive from birth,
Blindfolded, with wide hands abroad
That sow, that sow the sullen sod.

We cannot wait, we cannot stop
For flushing field or quickened crop:
The orange bow of dusky dawn
Glimmers out smoking swathe upon:
Blindfolded still, we hurry on.

How do we know the ways we run
That are blindfolded from the sun?
We stagger swiftly to the Call,
Our wide hands feeling for the wall.

Oh ye who climb to some clear heaven
By grace of sky and leisure given,
Pray us, fugitive and driven,
The lute whip curbing on our track,
The headlong haste that looks not back!

PIONEER TRANSPORTATION IN AMERICA*

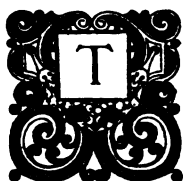
ITS CURIOSITIES AND ITS ROMANCE

BY

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FERNAND LUNGREN

PART TWO



THE man who introduced wheels to the New World deserved to be canonized — and so indeed he was, though not exactly for this reason. The Conquerors were too much cavaliers to require cushions; while for transportation, in a roadless, mountainous country, the pack-train was a good enough Morgan. It is not remarkably stupid that for a long time no serious attention was paid to vehicles. The first teamster who ever turned a wheel in America — and in fact introduced not only wheels but the driving of oxen — was that remarkable character Sebastian de Aparicio, a *Gallego* of Spain, who came to the New World soon after the Conquest, and busied himself in driving ox-carts from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; later from the capital to Zacatecas. He became a lay brother of the Franciscan minorites, settled in Puebla, was for a generation collector of alms for the Convent there, and there died in the year 1600, aged ninety-eight. He was greatly beloved by even the wildest Indians, wrought many miracles, was canonized by the Pope, May 2, 1768, and later was adopted as patron saint of Puebla, where his bones rest.

It is not yet determined who first brought a carriage into the New World. In the first half of the sixteenth century there appear to have been none — the early settlers were men enough to "hold down a horse." The lazier fashion came in about 1560. Already

by 1577, Philip II felt obliged to issue a royal *cedula* forbidding his American subjects to ride in coaches, or even to own them, under penalty of confiscation of coach and animals, and a fine of \$500 gold.

In his "*Grandeza Mexicana*" (1604), Balbuena tells tunefully of the luxuries of the capital; and among other things, that there were "*coches, carrozas, sillas y literas*." But in a country where money was "easier" than it has ever been in any other land, and where luxuries multiplied as fast as millionaires have done in our own country since the Civil War, it did not take long for the fashion to spread. In 1621, the municipal authorities already found it necessary to rebuke extravagance by forbidding any one to drive more than two mules to a carriage — saving only the archbishop, bishop, and noblemen — with the exception of those who were going out on a long journey. In 1625, the English traveler, Thomas Gage, declares that there were over 15,000 carriages in the City of Mexico; and while this was doubtless a tenderfoot exaggeration, there were evidently many. A century ago, Humboldt found 5,000 mules employed in drawing coaches in that capital — where the first vehicles for hire were introduced in 1793. At the same time there were in the city of Havana no less than 2,500 *volantes*.

The first wheeled vehicles that ever trundled within the limits of what is now the United States were the wagons which Juan de Oñate brought up from Zacatecas in 1596 with his half-million-dollar expedition to

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colonize New Mexico. We have no description of them; but they were Zacatecas-made carts, drawn by oxen. At any rate, they were the forerunners of a slow, semi-occasional "schedule" line which was in operation for more than two centuries, over more than twice the length of our Santa Fé Trail, and through a far more difficult and dangerous country. The *Carros del Rey* (King's wagons) ran from Mexico to Santa Fé, New Mexico, via Chihuahua and the upper Rio Grande, carrying mail and supplies; only about once every three years, in the early days, as Benavides pathetically notes. In 1629 we have an interesting record of them as far (200 miles) off the main highway as Zuñi — in a beautiful entry on "The Stone Autograph Album," or "Inscription Rock," in western New Mexico. The then Governor and Captain-general, Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, recorded on the fair page of that noble cliff that he had "effected the impossible, with the Wagons of our Lord the King, passing to Zuñi and carrying the Faith" — "the Faith" being the heroic Franciscan missionaries who made spiritual conquest of all the Southwest long before any English-speaking person had driven a wagon or built a church fifty miles inland on the face of the New World.

By the year Harvard College was founded, there were *carrozas* even in New Mexico, 2,000 miles from tidewater.

The first overland commerce in our United States was that of the Santa Fé Trail, 1822 to 1843. Though a small thing compared to many of the Spanish-American freighting routes, it was at least five times as long a commercial journey as our people had anywhere undertaken; and in danger and hardship was without earlier comparison in our history. This traffic across 800 miles of wilderness, to the capital of what was, until 1846, a province of Mexico, was at first exclusively by pack-train. The first wagons — twenty-five of them, drawn by horses, and accompanied by a long array of pack-mules — made the journey in 1824. Oxen were first used in 1829, and so well acquitted themselves that thereafter they hauled about one-half the total traffic. The Trail was a mere form of words at first; upon the springy sod of the prairie the infrequent caravan left no trace persistent; and successive trains merely pulled trigger for the loose horizon. But in 1834 the permanent ruts were cut, the caravan crossing in a particularly

wet season. Thenceforward the Trail was really marked. Gregg, whose "Commerce of the Prairies" (1834) is the classic of the Trail, made the trip in 1830 and seven times more, living nine years in New Mexico and Chihuahua. Few books have been written upon the Southwest, so interesting and so reliable. The hostility of the Mexican government and its New Mexican administration — which was a jewel of high protection (and, under Armijo, charged a duty of \$500 per wagon, large or small, no matter what the load) — the constant attacks of the Indians, who had been deviled into retaliation; brutal piracies by Texas adventurers, and other handicaps, economic and political, brought to an end in 1843 the remarkable episode of the Santa Fé Trail. A very few years later, California and Oregon became the goal; and though the Trail was still much used in the traffic, it was a mere reach on the great overland routes. At its own height it was an important commercial adventure, without precedent in our annals. From about \$15,000 on pack animals in 1822, and \$35,000 in twenty-six wagons in 1824, the trade grew to nearly half a million in its last year, and employed 230 wagons. A large proportion of the merchandise, after the first few years, went on from Santa Fé to Chihuahua, often under the same "conduct;" and the trade was shared by many adventurous Mexican and New Mexican *hacendados*, who ran their caravans to St. Louis. Commissioner Bartlett, of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey of 1850-53, gives in his ponderous "Personal Narrative" a very accurate note on the freighting industry between Chihuahua and St. Louis, as he found it. The Chihuahua merchant went in the fall to New York, via New Orleans. This journey took forty to fifty days. He sent his goods either to Indianola, Texas (to come by pack-train from the Gulf to San Antonio), or by water from St. Louis to Independence, Missouri. Then he had to "outfit" wagons with animals and men for the long, dangerous journey. The large Missouri wagons cost then \$200 each; mules, \$100 each; harness, \$100 per wagon; water-kegs and extras, \$25 per wagon. These wagons required ten mules each. So the initial cost was something like \$1,300 per wagon; or, for a train of twenty wagons — which was about as small as the insecurity of the country permitted — \$26,000. Add twenty extra mules "for in case of accident", a wagon-master

at \$100 per month, and a driver for each wagon at \$25, besides herders, etc. So a Chihuahua "train" stood for some \$29,000 at the end of the first month. What with the vast distances, the unbridged and treacherous rivers, and the quenchless Apache, the merchant was deemed lucky if he got home to Chihuahua undesploiled within ten months. This seems a bit expensive; but it is child's play to what came true on the Trail within a decade. Still, Bartlett is justified in remarking: "It cannot be expected that a merchant will be content with small profits after such an expedition." Nor was he. Even since railroads had mostly spanned the Desert, I remember the purchase of a paper of needles by a Spanish lady from one of the old post-traders.

"A dollar for so few needles? Señor, it seems to me much."

"But, Madam, *the freight!*"

The ox caravans of the Trail made twelve to fifteen miles a day, outbound and laden; and an average of twenty miles returning "light." The men were paid \$1 per day and feed. With fit care, the oxen made 2,000 miles between April and November. There was red toll on the Santa Fé Trail after it became "commercial"; for it was peaceful until it began to be traversed by the sort of Americans that shot at an Indian as at a jackrabbit, for fun; the genial Galahads who had vowed if they ever saw a "red-skin" to skin him alive — and kept their word. This is no metaphor. It is history. It is also history that until this sort of Tenderfeet began Indian-baiting, a sole, unarmed man was as safe to walk from Boston to the Pacific as Lewis and Clark were in 1804-6.

The scattering overland migration — to Oregon and California — beginning so early as 1846, became a never-paralleled tide by the spring of 1849 when the Gold Rush was really on. In all the chronicles of mankind there is nothing else like this translation of humanity across an unconquered wilderness.

In its pathless distances, its inevitable hardships, and its frequent savage perils, reckoned with the character of the men, women, and children concerned, it stands alone. The era was one of national hard times; and not only the professional failure, but ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers, with their families, caught the new yellow fever, and betook

themselves to a journey fifty times as long and hard as the average of them had ever taken before. Powder, lead, food-stuffs, household goods, wives, sisters, mothers, and babies rode in the Osnaburg-sheeted prairie schooners, or whatsoever wheeled conveyance the emigrant could secure, up from ancient top-buggies to new Conestogas; while the men rode their horses or mules, or trudged beside the caravans. A historic party of five Frenchmen pushed a hand-wagon from the Missouri to the Coast; and one man trundled his possessions in a wheelbarrow. At its best, it was an itinerary untranslatable to the present generation; at its worst, with Indian massacres, thirst, snows, "tenderfootedness" and disease, it was one of the ghastliest highways in history. The worst chapter of cannibalism in our national record was that of the Donner Party, snowed in from November to March, 1849-50 in the Sierra Nevada. In the 'Fifties the Asiatic cholera crawled in upon the Plains, and like a gray wolf followed the wagon-trains from the "River" to the Rockies. In the height of the migration, from 4,000 to 5,000 immigrants died of this pestilence; and if there was a half-mile which the Indians had failed to punctuate with a grave, the cholera took care to remedy the omission. The 2,000-mile trip was a matter of four months when least, and of six with bad luck. Children were born, and people died; worried greenhorns quarreled and killed one another — and the train straggled on. Up on the head waters of the Platte one probably could find, even now, the crumbling remnants of a little cottonwood scaffold, and of "her rocking chair," which was left upon it to mark the grave of a mother who gave up life there to the birth of a child later not unknown in the history of California. On the Southern route — through New Mexico and Arizona — Commissioner Bartlett took cognizance of 100 deserted wagons. Already in the summer of 1849, 1,500 wagons, bound for "Californy," crossed the Missouri at St. Joe alone in six weeks. In 1850, Kirkpatrick counted 459 west-bound teams in nine miles.

As type of a large caravan of immigrants, we may take that whose chairman was Edwin Bryant, later Alcalde of San Francisco, and author of the standard book "What I Saw in California" (New York, 1848). They left Independence, Missouri, April 18, 1846, and reached Sutter's Fort, California,

September 1st, having made 2,091 miles overland. The outfit at the start included :

Wagons	63
Oxen, about	700
Horses, about	150
Men	119
Women	59
Children	110
Guns	144
Pistols	94
Powder, lbs.	1,065
Lead, lbs.	2,557
Breadstuffs, lbs.	58,484
Bacon, lbs.	38,080

Our "through" traffic across the Plains was first organized by reason of the mails. There was already a population of thousands of Americans in California — and not the ordinary flotsam of a frontier, but people of education and of family, who "had to" hear from home. The first mail route west of the Missouri was a monthly stage line from Independence to Salt Lake, 1,200 miles. Its first trip began July 1, 1850, and its continuance was four years. In 1854 the Government paid \$80,000 per annum for a monthly mail-stage from Missouri, via Albuquerque, to Stockton, California. It was one of the misuses of the Border — during the nine months it ran, its receipts were \$1,255. Thus early, as well as later, there were many serious interruptions in the service. The eastern mails for November, 1850, reached California in March, 1851 ; and the news of the creation of Utah territory by Congress in September, 1850, arrived at Salt Lake the following January — having gone via Panama by steamer to San Francisco, and thence east by private messenger.

In 1756 it took our great-great-grandfathers three days to "stage it" from New York to Philadelphia ; and under Washington's administration, two six-horse coaches carried all the passenger traffic between New York and Boston — six days each way. It was a long step from this to the Overland travel of half a century later. The first great trans-continental stage-line — and probably the longest "continuous run" ever operated — was the Butterfield "Southern Overland Mail." Its route was 2,759 miles, from St. Louis to San Francisco — bending far south, via El Paso, Yuma, and Los Angeles, to avoid the snows of the Rockies. For this tremendous distance, its schedule time was at first twenty-five, and then twenty-three days ; its record run twenty-one days. Its first coaches started simul-

taneously from St. Louis and San Francisco, September 15, 1858 — and each was greeted by a mighty ovation at the end. Through fare, \$100 gold ; letters, ten cents per half ounce. The equipment consisted of more than 100 Concord coaches, 1,000 horses, 500 mules, and 750 men, including 150 drivers. It began as a semi-weekly stage, but was soon promoted to six times a week. The deadly deserts through which nearly half its route lay, the sand-storm, the mirage, the hell of thirst, the dangerous Indian tribes, and its vast length — forty per cent greater than that of any other stage-line in our national story — made it a monumental undertaking ; and the name of John Butterfield deserves to be remembered among those Americans who helped to win the West. This "Southern Overland Mail," was operated till the Civil War "impossibilitated" mail-carrying so far south, and the Overland had to be transferred to a shorter northern route, where it took its chances with the snows. The first daily Overland stage on the "Central" line left St. Joe and Placerville simultaneously July 1, 1861 ; and each finished its 2,000-mile trip on the 18th.

There have never been compiled even approximate statistics of the overland travel and freighting from 1846 to 1869 ; nor would it be possible to list the vast throng of emigrants that crossed the Plains. Roughly speaking, 42,000 people did it in 1849 alone. There is no tally of the freighting enterprises which sprang up on the heels of this vast migration, and grew to proportions nowadays incredible. By the 'Sixties, 500 heavily-laden wagons sometimes passed Fort Kearny in a day. In six weeks, in 1865, 6,000 wagons, each with from one to four tons of freight, passed that point. At about this time, also, express messenger Frank A. Root — whose book "The Overland Stage to California" deserves to be better known — counted, in one day's ride, 888 west-bound wagons, drawn by 10,650 oxen, horses and mules, between Fort Kearny and old Julesburg. A curious connotation as to the relative speed of the Overland stage and the Overland freighting is the fact that Root, starting from Atchison one day, spoke to a bull-whacker just "pulling his freight" in the same direction ; got to Denver ; doubled back — meeting his friend somewhat advanced — and so on ; finally bespeaking him as he trundled into Denver. Root had made the single trip five times (3,265 miles) with eighteen days' lay-over,

while the freighter was covering the 653-mile road once.

The height of this freighting was the decade, 1859 to 1869; its climax from 1863 to 1866. The floating population then on the Western Plains was nearly 250,000. In 1865, over 21,000,000 pounds of freight were shipped from Atchison alone, requiring 4,917 wagons and 6,164 mules, 27,685 oxen, and 1,256 men. That is more oxen than there are to-day in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont; and more mules than the census of 1900 gives all New England, New York State, Utah, and the District of Columbia. And this was but a drop in the bucket. The firms engaged were many; their men an army; their "cattle" a host. One firm alone—the greatest, but only one of a multitude—Russell, Majors & Waddell, at top-notch employed 6,250 big wagons and 75,000 oxen. The twelfth census fails to give statistics of working oxen—perhaps this mode of transport has so fallen off in the decade since 1890 (when it was itemized) as no longer to be reckoned important—but probably there are not to-day so many oxen working in the United States as this one firm used half a century ago. This may give some faint idea of the mighty traffic whose wheels wrinkled the face of the Far West, and the smoke of whose dusty torments "ascended up forever," and reddened the prairie sunsets for a generation.

The standard organization of such a train was twenty-five of the huge, long-geared "prairie schooners" flaring from the bottom upward, and sometimes seventeen feet long, with six feet depth of hold and a capacity of from 5,000 to 16,000 pounds each; and each with six to twelve yoke of oxen. The men of the outfit were thirty-one—a captain or wagon-master, his assistant, a night-herder, and the "cavvyard driver" (who had charge of the spare riding horses; a Plains corruption of the Spanish *caballada*), and a driver to each wagon. The ox-drivers were universally known as "bull-whackers," and their beasts as "bull teams." The Jehus who had long-eared "critters" instead of horned ones were "mule-skinners." "Trailers" did not come in until after 1859.

At high-tide, the investment reached a figure beside which the earlier Chihuahua trains seem tuppenny. The huge "Conestoga", or "Pittsburgh", or "Pennsylvania" wagons cost \$800 to \$1,500 each; first-class mules (and no other sort would do), \$500 to

\$1,000 a pair; harness \$300 to \$600 to the ten-mule team—a total of \$2,600 to \$7,100 per wagon, besides salaries, provisions, and incidentals. In other words, a first-class freighting outfit on the Plains, half a century ago, cost as much as an up-to-date vestibuled passenger train of to-day.

The largest train ever organized on the Plains was that of General Custer, in his 1868 campaign. He had over 800 six-mule wagons—a single file four miles long.

The establishment of regular freight caravans from the Missouri River westward greatly reduced the cost of transportation; and vastly developed business and immigration. In the days of pack-trains it was—and still is, where that institution survives in the remotenesses of the West—no uncommon thing to pay one dollar per pound per 100 miles, or \$20 per ton per mile. There have been irregular tariffs much in excess of this; but this was common. Nowadays it costs a railroad, even on the mountainous grades of the Far West, only about seven-eighths of a cent per ton per mile to haul its freights. The tariff of the Overland freighters, between Atchison and Denver (620 miles), averaged about as follows:

Flour	9	cents per lb.
Sugar	13½	" " "
Bacon and Dry Goods	15	" " "
Whisky	18	" " "
Glass	19½	" " "
Trunks	25	" " "
Furniture	31	" " "

and so on. Everything went by the pound. The above trip took twenty-one days for wagons drawn by horses or mules; five weeks for ox-teams.

The world's record for organized and "schedule" riding was made by the Pony Express. Never before nor since has mail been carried so fast, so far and so long, merely by horse-power; and if I am not in error, never elsewhere have horses been so steadfastly spurred in any regular service. The Pony Express carried mail between the East and California (at \$5 per half ounce) for about two years. It ran from Independence to San Francisco, 1,950 miles. Its time was ten days, and it never needed eleven. It employed 500 of the fastest horses that could be found, of course all western horses, 200 station-keepers and eighty riders. It had 190 "stations"—crowded down the throat of the wilderness, sixty-five to 100 miles (or even more) apart, according as water chanced.

The rider was allowed two minutes to change horses and mails at a station. The first starter from the California end was Harry Roff, who left Sacramento April 23, 1860. He made the first twenty miles, with one change, in fifty-nine minutes. "Boston" relieved him at the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and was in turn spelled at Friday Station by Sam Hamilton. The first "section," 185 miles (including the crossing of the Sierra, with thirty-five feet of snow) was done in fifteen hours and twenty minutes — the summit drifts being trampled by a big train of mules. Thence the relays were "Pony Bob," Jay Kelley, H. Richardson, and George Thacher. On the same day and hour that Roff left Sacramento, Johnnie Frey started from St. Joe with the west-bound mail; and it went through in the same time.

William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," was the most famous of the Pony Express riders — and as a fourteen-year-old "kid" got his first "job" from the man that invented the Pony Express. Cody made the record here — a round-trip ride (necessitated by the killing of his relief) of 384 miles without stops, except to change horses and to swallow one hasty meal.

Quite as heroic a rider, if less famous, was "Pony Bob" (Robert H. Haslam), now, I believe, in Manila. His score was a 380-mile ride on-end — through a region of Indians on the warpath, who had killed the next man. Haslam, after the telegraph gave quietus to the Pony Express, was for over a year Wells-Fargo messenger, making a 100-mile round-trip every twenty-four hours (time on the road, ten hours). Then for six months he ran from Reno to Virginia City every day, doing the twenty-three miles in one hour, using fifteen horses. Later, he drove a stage from Denver to Salt Lake (720 miles). After the era passed when there was room for heroes, he became a business man — and a successful one, I understand.

Another of the Pony Express riders, Jack Keetley, made a run of 340 miles in thirty-one hours; and another, Jim Moore, rode 280 miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes!

Such men got \$100 to \$125 per month and "found." Their mail was limited to fifteen pounds. Postage was \$5 per half ounce for some time; then the government ordered it cut down to \$1 per half ounce, at which fig-

ure it staid till the completion of the overland telegraph to San Francisco (October 22, 1861) ended the life of this gallant enterprise. All papers for the Coast were printed on tissue paper, and sent in letter envelopes at letter postage. The Government postage was additional. Messenger Root mentions one letter he handled which had on it twenty-five Pony Express stamps (of \$1 each) and twenty-five United States ten-cent stamps. It was the proud record of the Pony Express that in all its dangerous achievement it lost but one mail. Another came near to doubling the list; the rider was waylaid by Indians and scalped — but the frontier-bred pony broke away and came clattering in to the next "home" station wounded, but with the mail-pouch safe at the saddle-horn; and the letters to California went forward on time, while back on the desert a brave carrier stiffened in his blood.

The quickest time ever made across the continent, before the Pony Express, was twenty-one days by the Butterfield stage-line, its schedule for mail from New York to San Francisco being twenty-three days.* The Pony Express more than cut this in half. Not only did it never once fail to span the transcontinental desert in ten days; it more than once surpassed any other courier record in history. Buchanan's last message was carried by it from St. Joe to Sacramento, 2,000 miles, in eight days and some hours;† and the news of Lincoln's election to Denver (665 miles) in two days, twenty-one hours. It whisked Lincoln's inaugural across the 2,000-mile gap in the Nation's continuity in seven days and seventeen hours. I believe this latter is still the world's record for dispatch by means of men. As for steam, I myself have known when a railroad train could not reliably cross the continent as swiftly as did the best of the Centaur-Mercuries organized by that typical frontiersman Aleck Majors, who died but a year or so ago — the Kentucky Christian who never drank, never swore, and made his mule-skinners sign a contract not to drink, nor gamble, nor swear, under penalty of being "fired" without the pay that was coming.‡ Is it strange if one who knew Majors and many of the men he found, and of the boys he made men, upon recurring to a

* Mails came as far West as the Missouri by rail.

† "Pony Bob" made the last 120 miles in eight hours and ten minutes.

‡ See his book, "Seventy Years on the Frontier," Chicago, 1893.

present-day American city with its content-in-littleness, finds that the only thing he can say is — Nothing?

Majors also organized and ran the Merchants' Express; and enormous as was all the transcontinental traffic by "bull-team" in the decades from 1846 to 1869, this was the largest commercial transportation ever organized under one administration, for a comparable period, for such distances, and over such country.

In his young manhood Majors made the Broad-horn record on the Santa Fé Trail — a round-trip with oxen in ninety-two days. Later, he took up Government contracts, and in 1858, aside from other activities, was using over 3,500 large wagons merely to transport Government supplies into Utah; employing there 4,000 men, 1,000 mules, and more than 40,000 oxen.

Majors was also one of the two stage-line kings. For debt, folly of his partners, or other reasons alien to his choice, in his own despite he became responsible head of more miles, and harder miles; more animals, and less "gentled" ones; more Concord coaches and more "king whips," than any man before or since, save only Ben Holladay. Between Leavenworth and Denver, Majors had 1,000 mules and fifty coaches. The first of these "Hoss-power Pullmans" reached Denver May 17, 1859 — six days for the 665-mile journey. Horace Greeley, Henry Villard, and Albert D. Richardson were passengers. The Hockaday and Liggett stage-line from St. Joe to Salt Lake had (in 1858) frittered twenty-two days in its semi-monthly trips. Majors cut the 1,200-mile run to ten days, with a coach each way daily. The stage from Denver to Salt Lake had a run of over 600 miles without a single town, hamlet, or house on the way.

By 1859 there were no less than six mail-routes to California (counting the Panama steamer) — but Ben Holladay was king. No other one man, anywhere, has owned and managed a transportation system at once so vast and so difficult. He had sixteen first-class passenger steamers, plying the Pacific from San Francisco to Oregon, Panama, Japan, and China. At the height of his Overland business he operated nearly 5,000 miles of daily mail-stages, with about 500 coaches and express wagons, 500 freight wagons, 5,000 horses and mules, and a host of oxen.

On the main line he used 2,750 horses and mules, and 100 Concord coaches. It cost

\$55,000 for the harness; the feed bill was a million a year. To equip and run this line for the first twelve months cost \$2,425,000. The Government paid Holladay a million a year in mail contracts. In 1864 grain was worth twenty-five cents a pound, along the line, and hay up to \$125 a ton. In one day Dave Street contracted, at St. Louis, for seven Missouri river steamers to load with corn for the Overland's army of mules and horses.

Holladay — whose whole career reads like fiction — was the Overland Napoleon for about five years, beginning in December, 1861. The Indian depredations of 1864-66 greatly crippled his stage-line, nearly all the stations for 400 miles being burned, his stock stolen and his men killed. The loss was upward of half a million. In November, 1866, he sold out the Overland stages to Wells, Fargo & Company, in whose hands the romantic enterprise continued till the railroads drove romance off the Plains forever.

Few armies have ever had so high a percentage of personal encounter as the men of "Wells, Fargo" (as it is universally known in the West). It not only covers more ground than any other carrier; it is the inventor of the shot-gun messenger, and the only express company by which wives and babies were ever waybilled 2,000 miles through a country of hostile Indians. No other company has transported so much treasure; and its reports are indispensable to the student of mining statistics as those of the Director of the Mint.

The record trips of the Overland stage were made with Holladay as passenger. They probably surpassed any other recorded staging. In his famous ride from Salt Lake to Atchison (the schedule being eleven days), he covered the 1,200 miles in eight days and six hours. From Placerville, California, to Atchison, 1,913 miles (schedule, seventeen days), Holladay once made it in twelve days and two hours. It cost him over \$20,000 in wear-and-tear to animals and rolling-stock; but it electrified the country, and promptly extracted from Congress the desired increase in appropriations for the Overland Mail.

Considering the great cost of supplies, and the far greater cost of hauling them to the lonely stations in a thirsty wilderness, the lack of roads, the dangers and hardships, the rates of overland travel were not high. Certainly the Butterfield fare of \$100 for 2,759

miles would be cheap for a railroad to-day. Nor was Holladay's tariff of \$225 from Atchison to Placerville excessive in 1863. Before the close of the war, prices went jumping; and fare from Atchison to Denver (620 miles) rose to \$175. It once reached \$350, or fifty-four cents a mile — meals extra. The regular tariff for express for the same run was \$1 per pound.

At one time during the war, the fare from Atchison to Placerville was \$600, with a baggage allowance of twenty-five pounds; all excess baggage, \$1 per pound. Even this seems mild compared to some of the fares paid in the first rush to California via the Isthmus. In January, 1849, when the steamer "California" made her first trip, \$1,000 was paid for one steerage passage from Panama to San Francisco; and, for a time, \$600 was a common price for the same trip.

The era of the Overland stage from the "River" to the "Coast" was about eight years, beginning with the fall of 1858. It was an Iliad worthy of its Homer. In difficulties, hardships, dangers, and relative despatch, no other large scheme of passenger transportation in human history has matched it. In 1855, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles (of the *Springfield Republican*) and Albert D. Richardson made the trip from Atchison to Denver, 653 miles, in four-and-a-half days; from Salt Lake City to Virginia City, 575 miles, in seventy-two hours; and the seventy-two-mile stretch into Placerville, California, in seven hours, including stops. The people who grumble at three days in a Pullman — I wish them well!

It took Men to "run," and Men to journey in, the stages of that generation. The messengers in charge of express and mail on the main line of the Overland had a steady run of six days and nights without taking off their clothes. As for the drivers, there is no question that they were, as a class, the best whips in history. Hank Monk (whom Horace Greeley made famous), "Keno" Armstrong, Jack Gilmer, Billy Opdike, Enoch Cummings, and others — those were the mightiest Jehus that ever "pushed on the reins," or "sent 'em" down the Rockies or the Sierra Nevada. They were generic heroes of the song not yet quite forgotten when I was young, "The High Salary Driver of the Denver City Line." So far as I am aware, the record single run was that made by "Keno" Armstrong — who drove 610 miles in 119 hours without sleep, straight-away.

Structurally, there were no roads for this wonderful staging. The old Concord's pounded across the prairie-sward, forded rivers, climbed mountains, and pitched down them again, more by the grace of God than by any favor of a turnpike. It was only in the later staging days that serious attention was paid to the road-bed. But it is a trifle startling to recall that in the flush days of Virginia City the "Pioneer" stage road across the Sierra Nevada — a California institution and one of the best highways ever built anywhere — was rolled and sprinkled every day!

The almost universal rolling-stock of the Plains staging was that workmanlike affair — probably the most famous of vehicles — the "Concord." It is a little curious to remember that the conveyance of the far prairies was built in Concord, New Hampshire — where the industry was established in 1813. If ever there were competent American mechanics, they were the men of the Abbott-Downing Co.; and they were fortunate enough to live before there was any walking delegate to fine them \$50 for daring to work better than the lubberliest loafer in the union. The characteristic invention of the Concord coach and stage was that instead of steel springs they were swung on thorough-braces; a simple device which made the easiest-riding overland carriages ever invented.* The ordinary Concord carried nine passengers inside, and one or two with the driver.† The first that were built for the overland traffic were shipped around the Horn to California, 19,000 miles. As long as staging continued of any importance in the West, so long the original Concord maintained its supremacy. In all that tremendous competition nothing was invented — nor has anything yet been invented — to surpass it. Not only on our own prairies, but in Canada, Mexico, Africa, and every other quarter of the globe, it has ranked first. It was the first passenger vehicle that ever crossed from the Missouri to the Rockies; and the last stage of all the Overland line — which ran into Denver, as did the first one — was a Concord.

Everything considered, one of the most remarkable horseback achievements of record was John C. Frémont's 840-mile ride from

* The "thorough-brace" was a stout leather, strap attached to C-springs front and rear, on which the body of the vehicle is suspended.

† Well ahead of that classic British convention, "The Derby Dilly, carrying three insides."



THE "SOUTHERN OVERLAND MAIL"
2,759 MILES IN TWENTY-ONE DAYS. "IT TOOK MEN TO RUN AND MEN TO JOURNEY IN THE STAGES OF
THAT GENERATION",

Los Angeles to Monterey and back, March 22-29, 1847. The Pathfinder was no tenderfoot; indeed, his three Overland expeditions (1842, 1843-44, and 1845), in which he fully shared the hardships of his scouts, make a record no "American" explorer before or since has rivaled; and the slender young colonel (who had now saved California to the Union, in despite of the Websters) was wiry and tireless as his "pardners" Kit Carson and Godey.

Summoned by courier the night of the 21st, Colonel Frémont left Los Angeles at day-break the morning of the 22d, accompanied by Don Jesús Pico (a Californian friend), and Jake Dodson his servant. They had three extra horses each, driving the nine "spares" ahead, and lassoing them when needed. That day they made 125 miles; next day, 135, to San Luis Obispo. Detained here by business next morning, they did not get away till eleven o'clock, taking fresh horses; but it was seventy miles, and dark, before they camped. That night their horses were stampeded by grizzlies — in the same locality where, in 1846, Frémont's party (then thirty-five men) killed twelve grizzly bears in one roundup — again, perhaps the "record." Next day having gathered their horses, they wound up the ninety miles to Monterey, arriving "three hours to set of sun." Twenty-three hours later, Frémont concluded his mission; and he made forty miles homeward before camping. Next day, he rode 120 miles — ninety of them on the same horse that had carried him forty miles the night before; that gallant steed making the last thirty miles of the day riderless but at the front of the procession, and coming into San Luis "head and tail up." Held here half a day by a violent storm, they left San Luis at noon, on their original horses, and covered the 135 and 125 mile stages to Los Angeles in the same time as on the up-trip. Eight hundred and forty miles through a wild and half-pacified country, over mountain ranges where, the Christmas before, over 100 horses of Frémont's Battalion perished in one storm — with only one relay of fresh horses, no feed except a little barley at Monterey and the wild grasses, and only seventy-six hours actually on the road — no one who has not, himself, scored his one hundred horseback miles across the wilderness at a lick can even guess what that means.

In the pastoral days of California there were here the best Caucasian horsemen the world has ever seen. The Spanish-Californians lived in the saddle — and the lasso was their right hand. There are authentic cases in which a solitary horseman has roped a grizzly, "wound it up" around a tree, and killed it with his knife. The recognized etiquette for traveling 100 miles was to take ten horses and a vaquero; twenty miles to the relay, and all at a lope, or what our earlier experts called a hand-gallop.

The most wonderful straight-away ride ever made by man was the gallop of Francis Xavier Aubrey — *ci-devant* Canadian *voyageur*, and a famous Pony Express rider — from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to Independence, Missouri, in 1853 — 800 miles in five days and thirteen hours. In 1852 he had covered the same distance in a little over eight days; and his record was on the wager of \$1,000 that he "could do it in an even eight." In the whole distance he did not stop to rest; and he changed horses only with every 100 or 200 miles. He was a stocky French Canadian, light-hearted, genial, adventurous, and absolutely fearless. For some time he was an overland freighter; and he also made the enormously difficult and dangerous drive of a flock of sheep from New Mexico to California, across the deserts of the Colorado. He was killed in Santa Fé.

It will be news to most people that the Ship of the Desert was ever used by the Government of the United States in the conduct of its business. To Lieutenant (later General) Edward F. Beale seem to belong the earlier honors of the "invention." Beale persuaded Jefferson Davis (then Secretary of War) of the utility of camels for the Southwest. In 1852, Davis asked Congress, in his annual report, for an appropriation to purchase camels for use of the War Department on the desert; in March, 1853, a bill appropriating \$30,000 was signed by the President. Major Henry C. Wayne was sent to Arabia and Egypt and bought seventy-three camels at prices ranging from \$15 to \$1,000. The animals reached Indianola, Texas, by the storeships "Supply" and "Suwanee," in May, 1856, and January, 1857; and were moved inland slowly, carrying loads up to 1,200 pounds each. Some remained in Texas, and about thirty got as far as Fort Bowie, Arizona, and thence to Los Angeles and Fort Tejon. Several Oriental drivers were imported with them; and "Greek George" and "Hijolly" became



A PROSPECTOR'S OUTFIT

characters of the Southwestern frontier. The latter was murdered in New Mexico; but Greek George is living near Los Angeles.

The camels were used in various capacities during the time of the overland stages, but never earned their salt. They were too much tenderfeet for the rocky Southwestern trails, and some of them — God save the

proverb — died of *thirst*! They were more trouble in the isolated frontier garrison than a woman. Horses and mules had an uncontrollable terror of them; packers and soldiers detested them; and their cumbrous apparatus made them economically impossible. About 1865 they were turned loose — in Arizona some forty-four of them — and

left to "hump the desert" on their own devices.* Some may still lurk in the fastnesses of the lower Colorado. Within a few years I have known one to be killed in Arizona by an enraged prospector whose burros it had stampeded; and among Indians, Mexicans, prospectors and other myth-makers of the Border, there are many tales of Wandering Jew camels. So late as 1877, a party of Frenchmen gathered up twenty of the vagrants, "broke" them anew, and took them to Nevada; but here again they were a failure, as also in an experiment in Sonora.

The same plan had been tested as vainly in Spanish America three centuries before Jefferson Davis's time. The first importer of camels to the New World was Juan de Reinaga, of Bilbao. He brought six females and a male; for which Pedro Portocarrero, of Truxillo, paid him 8,400 ducats. They were as little a success on the deserts of Peru as later on the deserts of the Gila. Acosta, in 1590, mentions seeing them; and Humboldt, referring their failure in Peru to political "pull," strongly recommended the use of them for freighting on the Mexican and Peruvian Saharas. So, also, did Clavijero, a quarter of a century earlier.

Benavides, in 1630, tells how the *Maesse de Campo* of the little Spanish force in New Mexico "for pomp had his coach drawn by two white-tailed deer, tamed since they were little; and they pulled with such dash that it was necessary to put at their sides two very tame mules to hold them back." One who has seen the Mexican *carroza* of two and a half centuries ago can imagine the worthy soldier dashing down the streets of youthful Santa Fé, in that "tarantula on wheels," his span of bucks, out-rigged each with a stiff-legged and backward mule. Major Wayne, chief hero of the camel experiment, is probably the only man that ever drove a pair of dromedaries to harness in the United States, outside of a circus. He did this in 1856, while bringing his charges up to Texas from the sea-board, and found the team satisfactory. Along in the 'Sixties, an ingenious wight of Kansas broke to harness two buffalo, and was often seen driving them through the streets of Atchison. There were also Western farmers of that day, who used the bison for ploughing and wagoning. But I do not recall in the documents any

stranger team than I once saw in Northwestern Chihuahua — a broad-horned cow and a diminutive burro yoked together to a *carrela*.*

A steam-wagon — twenty feet long and eight feet wide — was brought to Atchison in 1860 to ply the prairies and haul a wagon train. It naturally never left Atchison. But this was wise compared with the scheme of another untranslated Easterner for a converted steam canal-boat from Cleveland to Denver, in 1859, to carry the west-bound multitude as far as Denver, and bring back the bullion. Passengers were to pay \$100 per head. The humor of this is that the Platte is the stream of which Bill Nye remarked that it had "a wide circulation but little influence;" and Artemus Ward that it "would make a river if set up on edge."

This is not the place to deal with the fascinating, and as yet unwritten, chapter of early transcontinental railroads — when there was romance even in the rail. Some day, no doubt, it will be done justice — and what a story it will be! Here, also, was an epoch which has no parallel. No Eastern man begins to know what railroading is, until — with the precaution to bring his brains and eyesight — he has crossed the continent on the "Limited;" bucking grades on which the iron greyhounds of the New York Central would stall; eating on deserts, where only a horned toad could find provender, finer meals than he could buy in New York City for double the money; reckoning the problems of travel where every tie and bridge-timber has come from 1,000 to 3,000 miles, and every morsel of his food as far — where he rides to-day, at least as luxuriously as he can sit at home, in three and a half days across the distances it used to take five months to cover. Nor do we much better realize, in our vestibuled habit, what railroading *was* — in the days when thirty ship-loads of rails and engines were sailing 19,000 miles around the Horn for the New Overland Route; or when the Union Pacific built 65 miles of track in a month, and the Central Pacific 9 miles in one day; or when 25,000 men and 5,000 teams made the dirt fly on the Utah grade; or when ties cost \$2.50 each, laid down; or when it took ten big ox-wagons to haul the weekly pay of the track-laborers below "Franquilin" (El Paso); or when the Sioux took up many a dripping ticket on the work-trains, and there were more soldiers

* A 238-page book, "Camels for Military Purposes." Senate Ex. Doc. No. 62, 34th Congress, 3rd Session, records the experiment.

* Barely escaping the scriptural curse (Deut. xxii, 12).



“MULE-SKINNERS” OF THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL
“THE SMOKE OF WHOSE DUSTY TORMENTS . . . REDDENED THE PRAIRIE SUNSETS FOR A GENERATION”

than passengers; or when cities of 5,000 sprang up almost over-night at the End of Track, and in a few weeks disappeared between two days to mushroom again fifty miles further to the West; or when freight crews "doubled back" three or four times on a 300-mile division without sleep, practically without food, "hitting the high places," over wobbly road-beds down the flanks of New Mexico. Romance and curiosity alike are fled forever from our transit. In its pioneer days, the railroad was still human; but it was the death-knell of Travel (which was *travail* enough to be manful) and of the Journey (which had its day-by-day); and of the Voyage (which had, by etymology and fact, its wayside). There needs now a new word for our going, which is not because we would but because we think we must. It is now mere propulsion. We do not Go—we are Whisked, whither we do not particularly

care to go, in a rush God-knows-for-why. From being joy on legs, it has become a stuffy bore. Our passenger transposition is so upholstered with modern inconveniences that it is the least profitable ever known to man—as well as the dirtiest and most fatal. It is only within a generation that human beings would have consented to "travel" under penalty of a palatial sweat-box where the passenger must drink the effluvia of his present fellow-passengers and the cushions of all their predecessors. We kill more railroad passengers than the Indians and the cholera slew on the Oregon and Santa Fé and Overland Trails. When one who still knows the Lost Art of Travel betakes himself bodily away from the bedlam of rails he finds a certain freshening of heart in loitering back by fancy to the older days of transit and transport in the open, when man had Time to Live.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH

TWO DEATH PRIZES DRAWN BY MAJOR HENRY W.
SAWYER, OF NEW JERSEY AND CAPTAIN
JOHN M. FLINN, OF INDIANA

BY

LIEUTENANT JAMES M. STRADLING .

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



MAJOR Henry W. Sawyer was, in 1863, Captain of Company K, First Regiment, New Jersey Cavalry, but previous to his promotion he had been a lieutenant in Company D, of which company the writer was a private. In the first great cavalry action of the war, which occurred on June 9, 1863, at Brandy Station, Virginia, Captain Sawyer, while gallantly leading his company in a charge on Fleetwood Hill, where a Confederate battery was stationed, was badly wounded and thrown from his horse, and in the heat of the conflict was overlooked and left on the field when his regiment retired.

Captain Sawyer fell into the hands of the Confederates, and in due time reached Libby Prison, Virginia, after having been in the hospital at Culpepper Court House for a short time. In this famous "cavalry action," General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, a son of General Robert E. Lee, Commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia," and a cousin of General Fitzhugh Lee, the dashing cavalry leader, was quite seriously wounded and unlike Sawyer, was taken off the field by his friends, and General Fitzhugh Lee states "that he was taken in an ambulance to General Wickham's house, in Hanover County, some eighteen miles from Richmond, where he was captured by a Federal raiding party under Colonel Spear, and

carried to Fortress Monroe, then commanded by General Butler."

Among the many officers confined in Libby Prison, Captain Sawyer made the acquaintance of Captain John M. Flinn, of Indiana, and became very much attached to him. Captain Flinn had been captured in an engagement in which his regiment fared badly, and taken to Libby Prison. Captain Sawyer was a large and well-built man and possessed a good appetite, and the poor fare in Libby Prison soon told fearfully on his fine physical constitution, and in a few months his weight was considerably reduced.

Captain Flinn also suffered in like proportion, and they called themselves the "two living skeletons," and frequently joked each other about going into the "show business" when they were exchanged. They were getting thinner and thinner, and their clothes were in rags, but they had great hopes of soon being exchanged; and but for this hope, many of the thin and cadaverous officers would have heard the bugle call for the last time, many weeks before the stirring incident which I am about to relate had occurred.

On the morning of July 6, 1863, the prisoners were thrown into great commotion by the appearance of Captain Turner, a Confederate officer, who summoned all the captains from their quarters to a lower room of the prison. The captains supposed they were to be exchanged, or paroled and sent home; but no such good fortune awaited them. Instead of receiving an order for their release, they were informed by Captain Turner, that a special order had been issued from the Confederate War Department, directing that two captains should be selected by lot to be executed in retaliation for

the execution of two Confederate officers by General Burnside.

Head Quarters, Department Henrico,
Richmond, July 4th, 1863.

Special Orders,

No. 160.

VII. Captain T. P. Turner, commanding Confederate States Prison, is hereby directed to select by lot from among the Federal captains now in his custody two of that number for execution.

JOHN H. WINDER,
Brigadier General.



MAJOR HENRY W. SAWYER

One of two Union captains in Libby Prison selected by lot to be hanged in retaliation for the execution of two Confederate officers

The captains were amazed and greatly excited, and anxiously inquired why two of them had to be executed? The Confederate officer refused to enlighten them, but desired to know how he should make the selection. Captain Sawyer suggested that a number of white and black beans should be placed in a hat, and that one of the Chaplain prisoners should hold the hat up in the air, and

then the captains should step up and draw out a bean, and the first black bean drawn should be the "First Death Prize." The second black bean drawn should be the "Second Death Prize." Escape was impossible, and the drawing must go on; so Captain Sawyer, who had suggested the plan, and who was the only one who had retained his self-possession stepped up and drew the first bean, which was a black one.

Captain Sawyer, therefore, drew the "First Death Prize." Captain Flinn then stepped up and put his hand in the hat, and drew out a bean, which was also black, and which entitled him to the "Second Death Prize."

After the drawing had been completed, Captain Turner reported to his superior officer as follows:

Confederate States Prison,
Richmond, July 6th, 1863.
Brigadier General J. H. Winder,

Commanding Department of Henrico :

General: In accordance with instructions contained in Special Order No. 160, I have selected by lot from the entire number of Federal Captains confined in this prison (not including two in hospital under medical treatment) two for execution, viz, Captain Henry W. Sawyer, of Company K, First Regiment New Jersey Cavalry, and Captain John M. Flinn, of the 51st, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,
TH. P. TURNER,
Captain Commanding.
(Indorsed)

July 7th, 1863.

Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War, and ask instructions as to date of execution.

There is no record that the Secretary of War, of the Southern Confederacy, ever took any action upon this report, but the stirring events which followed closely upon the drawing, Major Sawyer related to the writer some twelve years ago, as follows: "Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so weak in all my life as I did when I found I had drawn a 'death prize.' My kind friend Captain Flinn was very pale and much weaker than I; but we did not have much time to think about it, for a Confederate officer told us that his verbal instructions were to have us executed before noon, and that he would return in an hour, so we asked permission to have a few moments to write letters to our homes, and to our friends before being executed. We were removed to a room by ourselves and furnished with writing material; but we could not compose our nerves or our thoughts sufficiently to write. The Confederate officer was as humane as he could be under the circumstances, and instead of returning in an hour, did not return for two hours. In the meantime we bade our companions farewell, and distributed a few trinkets we had on our persons, and then after confiding to our warmest friends a few messages for our families, we waited as quietly as we could, the coming of the death summons. We did not have very long to wait, for soon a Confederate officer appeared with a guard,

and Flinn and I were marched to the street where we found a cart waiting for us. We took our seats in the cart, and the Confederate officer and the guard of cavalry escorted us through the streets of Richmond. The cart, if I remember rightly, was drawn by oxen, and it did not move very fast, but a thousand times too fast for us. We had almost reached the city limits when we met a prominent Roman Catholic bishop, who stopped to enquire the cause of the intended execution. While the bishop was inquiring of the Confederate officer about us, Captain Flinn, who was a Catholic, said he was being executed without the "rites of clergy." The bishop, who was a great friend and admirer of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, exclaimed, "that would never do," and he requested the Confederate officer to move slowly and he would hasten to see President Davis, and if possible get a delay for a short time. The cart moved on and the bishop hurried at a rapid pace to interview President Davis. The bishop was mounted on a full-blooded and a very spirited horse, and he seemed to us to go like the wind when he started for the residence of his friend. We moved on to a small hill on which was a single tree, and to this tree the cart took its way. When the tree was reached, ropes were placed around our necks, and we were doomed to be hanged. This would have been an ignominious death if we had been guilty of any crime punishable by death, but we had committed no crime, and yet we did not want to die in that way. We had a slight ray of hope in the bishop's intercession for us, but it was too slight to allay our fears for the worst. I was very weak. Mine Gott! Jim, I had never felt so badly in all my life before. I was so weak that the tree and the guards seemed to be moving in a circle around me. We stood up in the cart, so when it moved away we would dangle between the earth and sky, and in this way our existence was to end. No courier from the bishop was in sight and mine Gott! Jim, the suspense was terrible for us to bear. The Confederate officer took out his watch, and informed us that while his instructions were to have us executed before noon, he would wait until one minute of twelve, and then if there was no sign of a courier, the cart would be driven away and the arbitrary orders of the War Department of the Southern Confederacy, would be obeyed.

"Half-past eleven arrived and yet no signs of any courier from the bishop. Mine Gott! Jim, our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we might be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and the ropes could be adjusted to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our necks, and the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away, when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, and the Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman covered with dust, and his horse covered with foam, dashed up to the officer, and handed him a dispatch. He opened it quickly and read, Captains Sawyer and Flinn are relieved for ten days. Mine Gott! Jim, I never felt so happy in my life; and Flinn and I embraced each other and cried like babies. The ropes were untied and the cart started slowly back for Libby Prison. We never learned the name of the officer who was detailed to execute us. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive, and made many inquiries concerning the postponement of the execution. "On our return we were taken to the headquarters of General Winder, where we were warned not to delude ourselves with any hope of escape, as retaliation must and

would be inflicted, and it was added that the execution would positively take place on the 16th, ten days hence. We were then conducted back to Libby Prison, and taken to the second story to our old place on the floor. We were not permitted to remain there very long, when we were taken to the cellar and placed in a dungeon, and isolated from the world and our companions; and the

only company we now had were the rats and the vermin, which swarmed over us in great numbers.

"After resting for a short time to compose my thoughts, I asked for writing material, which was furnished me with a candle, and then on an old board for a writing desk I wrote the following letter to my wife, which I started on July 6th, but did not finish until the next day.

'Libby Prison,
Richmond, Virginia,
'July 6th, 1863.

'My dear wife:

'I am under the necessity of informing you that my prospects look dark. This morning, all the Captains now in prison at the Libby military prison, drew lots for two to be executed. It fell to my lot. Myself and



From a contemporary photograph

CAPTAIN JOHN M. FLINN

The drawer of the second "black bean" in the lottery of death

Captain Flinn, of the Fifty-First Indiana Infantry, will be executed for two Captains executed by Burnside. The Provost General, J. H. Winder, assures me that the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy will permit yourself and my dear children to visit me before I am executed. You will be permitted to bring an attendant. Captain Whilldin, or uncle W. W. Ware, or Dan, had better come with you. My situation is hard to be borne, and I can not think of dying without seeing you and the children. You will be allowed to return without molestation



From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

GENERAL W. H. F. LEE

Son of General Robert E. Lee. Lincoln ordered that he be hanged, along with another Confederate officer, immediately upon news of the execution of the two Union captives

to your home. I am resigned to whatever is in store for me, with the consolation that I die without having committed any crime. I have no trial, no jury, nor am I charged with any crime, but it fell to my lot.

'You will proceed to Washington. My Government will give you transportation to Fortress Monroe, and you will get here by flag of truce and return in the same way.

'Bring with you a shirt for me. It will be necessary for you to preserve this letter, to bring evidence at Washington of my condition. My pay is due from the 1st of March, which you are entitled to. Captain B — owes me fifty dollars, money lent him when he went home on a furlough. You will write him at once, and he will send it to you.

'My dear Wife — the fortunes of war has put me in this position. If I must die, a sacrifice to my country, with God's will I must submit; only let me see you once more, and

I will die becoming a man and an officer, but for God's sake do not disappoint me. Write to me as soon as you get this, and go to Captain Whilldin, he will advise you what to do. I have done nothing to deserve this penalty. But you must submit to your fate. It will be no disgrace to myself, you or the children; but you may point with pride and say, "I gave my husband," my children will have the consolation to say, "I was made an orphan for my country." God will provide for you never fear. Oh! it is hard to leave you thus. I wish the ball that passed through my head in the last battle would have done its work; but it was not to be so. My mind is somewhat influenced, for it has come so suddenly on me. Write to me as soon as you get this; leave your letter open and I will get it. Direct my name and rank, by way of Fortress Monroe. Farewell! farewell! and hope it is all for the best. I remain yours until death.

'H. W. SAWYER,
'Captain First New Jersey Cavalry.'

"The Confederate officer read it and then sent it through the lines under a flag of truce, with a lot of other mail from my fellow-officers.

"I calculated that it would require some four or five days for the letter to reach its destination, and then I knew that my wife would make superhuman efforts to save me, and this was the only bright ray of hope that lighted up that dark dungeon cell in which I was placed. The letter reached my wife on the 13th, and she was greatly shocked and almost overcome, and when she read it again and comprehended the full meaning of it she collapsed, but realizing that any delay might prove fatal to me she rallied, and as soon as she could make the necessary preparations she, in company with Captain Whilldin, started for Washington, where they arrived on the night of the 14th of July. After eating a lunch they proceeded to the White House, and secured an interview with President Lincoln, before ten o'clock. The President was greatly startled, as well as shocked and agitated by the recital of the way I, her husband, was treated in the Confederate prison at Richmond, and after encouraging her to be brave he said, 'Mrs. Sawyer, I do not know whether I can save your husband and Captain Flinn, from the gallows, but I will do all in my power to do so. They are two brave men and I will make extraordinary efforts to save them. If you and your friend will call before noon to-morrow, I will be pleased to inform you what action I have taken.'"

President Lincoln was a very tender-hearted man, and the case before him distressed him greatly, but when he arrived at a conclusion he was inflexible and determined, and his orders were promptly obeyed. He sat up late that night conferring with his advisers and his chief of staff, General Halleck. He could hardly credit the report, that the Confederate Government had determined to execute two Union officers without a trial by court martial, or a judge, or a jury, and yet there was the positive evidence clearly stated in Captain Sawyer's letter. It was a new phase of war which startled him, for it was fraught with dire consequences, and was a dangerous precedent to establish.

He revolved over in his mind what course to pursue in order to save the two gallant officers from the gallows, and yet not establish a precedent which could not be

justly and honorably defended before the whole civilized world. He felt that the Confederate Government had erred, and that it could not maintain such a position, for the two spies who had been executed by General Burnside, were guilty beyond a question of a doubt, and as all nations in time of war give spies but short shrift, he felt confident that the Confederate Government would recede from such an unfortunate position after having given the matter due reflection; but while it was reflecting, some powerful measure must be conceived and resorted to that the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn might be saved.

The next morning when Captain Whilldin and Mrs. Sawyer called, the President informed them, "that he did not make up his mind, and did not arrive at a final decision in the case until three o'clock in the morning, and after that time he had slept peacefully and felt greatly refreshed, for he believed his plan would save the two gallant men who were at that moment fighting the rats and vermin in Libby Prison."

In the same cavalry action, as stated in the early part of this article, General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee was wounded, and shortly after was captured. He was still a prisoner, and subject to the commands of President Lincoln. The decision which President Lincoln arrived at, and which he hesitated for hours to put into execution, is fully explained in the following order, which certainly saved the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn:

Washington, July 15th, 1863.

Col. Ludlow, Agent for the Exchange of Prisoners of War:

The President directs that you immediately place General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer selected by you not below the rank of Captain, prisoner of war, in close confinement and under guard, and that you notify Mr. Robert Ould, Confederate Agent for the Exchange of prisoners of war, that if Captain H. W. Sawyer, and Captain John M. Flinn, or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, shall be executed by the enemy, the aforementioned persons will be immediately hung in retaliation. It is also ordered that immediately on receiving official or other authoritative information of the execution

of Captain Henry W. Sawyer, and Captain John M. Flinn, you will proceed to hang General W. H. F. Lee, and the other officer designated as hereinabove directed, and that you notify Robert Ould, Esq., of said proceeding, and assure him that the Government of the United States, will proceed to retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-In-Chief.

This order was promptly communicated to the Confederate Government by Colonel Ludlow, as follows:

Head Quarters,
Dept. Virginia,
Fortress Monroe,
July 15th, 1863.
Hon. Robert Ould,
Agent for Exchange
of Prisoners.

Sir: I am directed to inform you that Brigadier General W. H. F. Lee, and another officer, not below the rank of Captain, and whose name I will send to you by next flag of truce, have been selected as hostages for Captain Henry W. Sawyer, 1st New Jersey Cavalry, and Captain John M. Flinn, 51st Indiana Volunteers, whom you inform me have been chosen by lot for execution. Upon information being received of the execution, by order of your authorities, of these officers or any other officers or men in the service of the United States, not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, the Confederate officers above named will be immediately hung in retaliation, without giving you other or further notice, etc., etc. W. H. LUDLOW,
Lieut. Col. and Agent for Ex. of Prisoners.

The consternation which this communication caused in Richmond, can well be

imagined. It would never do to have General Lee, a son of the great commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia" sacrificed in that way. General Lee was at Fortress Monroe, and was immediately placed in close confinement, and was afterwards removed to Fort Lafayette, where he remained until

he was sent to Fortress Monroe to be exchanged. Captain Robert H. Tyler, of the 8th Virginia Infantry, was confined as a hostage in "Old Capitol" prison, Washington, though the United States Government believed for some time that Captain Winder, a son of General Winder, was held for Sawyer and Flinn. Mrs. Sawyer and Captain Whilldin, after procuring transportation, proceeded on their way to Richmond, but were stopped at City Point, and not permitted to land as the following communication will show:

Confederate States of
America,
War Department,
Richmond, Va.,
July 22nd, 1863.
Captain J. E. Mulford,
Sir: Mrs. Sawyer
and Mr. Whilldin

cannot be permitted to land at City Point. I am sorry they have been put to the trouble of coming, etc., etc.

RO. OULD,
Agent of Exchange.

Mrs. Sawyer returned to Washington in a very sad state of mind, for she had been unable to see her husband; but she felt sure his life had been saved, so she returned to her New Jersey home a much happier woman than she was when she started on her trip to Richmond. President Lincoln's prompt action had saved the lives of Captains Sawyer and Flinn.



From a photograph in the collection of F. H. Meserve

GENERAL NEAL DOW

Captains Sawyer and Flinn with General Dow were finally exchanged for General Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler

MoJo

The following communications are appended to show that Captains Sawyer and Flinn, were held as hostages for the Confederate Captains Corbin and McGraw, executed by General Burnside.

Head Quarters, Department Va.,
Fortress Monroe,
July 12th, 1863.

Col. J. C. Kelton,
Assist. Adjutant General. (Confederate.)

Col. : I am informed that Captains Sawyer and Flinn have been selected by lot and reserved for execution in retaliation for the execution of Captain William F. Corbin and Captain T. G. McGraw, as spies, by order of Major General A. E. Burnside. It now appears that two other officers have been selected. I am very respectfully your obedt. servt.,

WILLIAM H. LUDLOW,
Lieut. Col. and Agt. for Ex. Prisoners.

Confederate States of America,
Richmond, Va., July 12th, 1863.
Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Ludlow,
Agent of Exchange,

Sir: In answer to your communication of the 12th inst., I inform you that Captain H. W. Sawyer and Captain John M. Flinn are the officers who have been selected by lot, in pursuance of notice given you in my letters of the 22nd and 28th of May, 1863. As yet no day has been designated for their execution.

Ro. OULD,
Agt. of Exchange.

Sawyer and Flinn were fed on corn-bread and water in the dungeon, which was so damp that their clothes mildewed. The 16th came at last, and with great anxiety they awaited all day for the coming of their executioners, but the long day passed and they were not molested. After remaining twenty days in the dungeon, they were relieved and placed on the same footing as the other officers. They remained in Libby Prison, until March, 1864, when at last the prison doors opened and they were conducted to a wagon and thence to a boat on the

James River, and then, and not until then, did it dawn upon them that they were to be exchanged. The boat steamed down the river to City Point, the place for the exchange of prisoners, and as Captain Sawyer and Captain Flinn were being assisted from the boat (for they were greatly emaciated and too weak to walk), they met General W. H. F. Lee and Captain Robert H. Tyler, coming on the boat. General Lee and Captain Sawyer exchanged greetings, and congratulated each other on their escape from being hanged. General Neal Dow and Captains Sawyer and Flinn were exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler.

General Fitzhugh Lee, in a recent communication, states that when "Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, an elder brother of General W. H. F. Lee, heard what was contemplated by the Federal Government, and being a bachelor and his brother a married man with children, he sent a communication to the Federal authorities, stating that if they would release his brother he would come down and be shot in his place. General George Washington Custis Lee, was then an Aid-de-camp on the staff of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

The sad affair had ended. The prophesy of President Lincoln, that he believed his plan would save the lives of the doomed men had proved true. Captain Sawyer returned to his New Jersey home, but he never fully recovered from the privations he suffered in Libby Prison.

Record of Henry W. Sawyer: April 18th, 1861, private in 25th Pennsylvania Infantry; July 21st, a Sergeant in same regiment; August 20th, 1861, a second Lieutenant in Company D, 1st New Jersey Cavalry; April 7th, 1862, first Lieutenant same company; April 7th, 1863, Captain Company K, same regiment; January 29th, 1864, a Major in same regiment; died October 16th, 1893.

Record of Captain John M. Flinn: First Lieutenant, Company C, 7th Indiana Infantry; First Lieutenant, Company F, 51st Indiana Infantry, October 11th, 1861; Captain same company, November 1st, 1862; date of death not known.

THE SPORTIN' BLOOD OF ZENITH

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE BOTANIST AND THE MACHINE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



THE first Sunday that the Rev. Hugh Carrothers preached in Zenith, every bench in the weather-beaten, unpainted, little frame church was occupied. Not so much for the sake of profiting by his discourse as from a desire to size up, as it were, the man; to photograph upon the mental lenses the least variation of facial expression, and the slightest peculiarity of speech or manner, that one might be able creditably to hold one's own in the inevitable and exhaustive discussion of personal traits and mental equipment.

To the casual observer the congregation might have appeared but a meager gathering; but to the practised village eye, capable of comparing it with the ordinary Sunday assemblage, it was of astonishing proportions, for the inhabitants of Zenith were not wont to take the keen edge off the pleasure of church attendance by a too frequent indulgence in its privileges.

At the conclusion of the service, a little group of women detached themselves from the congregation slowly filing out, and stood at one side of the dusty, mountain road waiting for Carrothers to appear, in order that one of the group, who desired to ask him home to dinner, might have the support of friendship while performing this social obligation.

"My!" lisped Mrs. Thomas, throwing back from her face her most cherished possession — a rusty crêpe veil — "Was n't he great? I do like it when they begin to talk about the serene Emberson, and the weighty Carlyle. Now Missioner, she's always handin' out our plain duty to us, an' I mus' say I get tired of it. As I says to a gentleman

from over to Mt. Tabor that was callin' on me las' night, I says: 'There's other things in life beside plain duty.'"

"I ain't so crazy about him as some," announced Mrs. Evans, the tiny, bright-eyed, determined creature who had elected to act as hostess, speaking as one from whom a somewhat critical opinion would be expected. "When he kep' shouting, 'Boys, stay on the farm,' I could hardly sit still in my seat. Lord knows we can't even raise potatoes on these rocks! But Jack Turner tells me that he's deposited at the Mt. Tabor bank, had money left him by his folks, an' he's a widower, girls. His wife's only been dead a year, an' that's the best time to ketch 'em. Now, I was thinkin', all through the sermon: there's my niece, Susie Hazen. She's a good, steady girl, has kep' house for her paw ever since her maw died. She's plain and dresses quiet, and would n't stir up no envy in the congregation. Anyway, I don't want that Tom Eagan hangin' round her."

Mrs. Nitschkan, bluff and breezy, her Sunday attire unchanged from its week-day, masculine simplicity, snapped her fingers in sturdy contempt. "My patience! You won't find one of them serious moon-gazers of men that ever run after the plain, steady kind. They're took in every time by some flighty, sassy bit of uselessness."

"Yes, Mis' Evans," corroborated Mrs. Thomas, with the serpent-like wisdom born of an extensive knowledge of the masculine heart: "You jus' watch. You can dangle Susie before his eyes all you're a mind to but all that he'll see 'll be Myrtie Swannstrom. Times when he was prayin' mos' fervent, this mornin', I noticed he kep' peekin' through his eyelashes at Myrtie. Maybe you saw her sittin' there in her new white dress that she's been breakin' her fingers to get



-J. Walter Jones

"IT WAS MYRTLE WHO WOULD INADVERTENTLY AND INNOCENTLY
MEET HIM AS HE CAME WHISTLING DOWN THE HILL AT SUNSET"



"FRANCES BENSON TURNED AWAY DISHEARTENED, YET NOT WHOLLY DISCOURAGED"

done ; an' her hat all over pink roses. There she sat, her that had n't darkened the church door for months, lookin' like butter would n't melt in her mouth."

"Myrtle's entirely too enterprisin'," commented Mrs. Evans shortly. "She's got a plenty beaux now. Susie's goin' to have this chance."

Meanwhile, the unconscious object of this discussion, the Rev. Hugh Carrothers, had lingered to assist Miss Benson, the missionary, in gathering up the hymn-books and closing and locking the windows and door of the church. These tasks accomplished, he hastened to join the little group by the roadside and turn with them into the trail through the pines, which, Mrs. Evans explained, was a short cut to her door.

As they walked he looked about him with eyes which had not lost their first delight in the majestic panorama of the mountains. Almost in a night a veil of delicate pink and blue blossoms had covered the bare, rocky hillsides, and at every step one trod upon flowers. With a new and ever increasing enjoyment, the preacher gazed about him, and inhaled the pure, balsamic air with its rich fragrances of the earth and the pines.

He was a tall, thin fellow of about thirty, with a gentle, rather timid face, and mild, wondering eyes. In coming to Zenith, he had had no intention of wresting from the missionary her charge ; but had merely taken his physician's advice and had sought the higher altitudes and the occupation of manual labor in an endeavor to recuperate from a severe illness.

Now, as he followed the trail with his hostess, the other women close behind, he voiced his admiration of the beauty of the village site. "Ah, ladies, your lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places. Strength must surely come from these hills."

"Well," replied Mrs. Thomas, not vain-gloriously, but as if stating a fact, "we cert'ny done our best by this place. Nobody can say we ain't tried to give it an air of refinement. We four, Mis' Evans, Mis' Nitschkan, Mis' Landvetter, an' myself has always hung together since we come here, an' if folks ain't done what was right we've usually had the strength to make 'em, one way or another, an' took no back talk either."

Carrothers looked slightly puzzled. "There are some rare spiritual natures here," he continued. "Now, that little Miss

Swanstrom shows a touching desire to help in the Sunday-school work."

He was interrupted by a loud burst of coughing from Mrs. Nitschkan, and an audible if rather smothered remonstrance from Mrs. Thomas : "For goodness sake, Mis' Landvetter, will you stop nudgin' me in the ribs, you mos' knocked me off the cliff."

"Have you broke ground for your cabin yet, Mr. Carrothers?" asked Mrs. Evans hastily, mindful of the social amenities.

"I began last week," he answered with pleased interest. "I wish you ladies would help me some with the plan."

"Almighty glad to," responded Mrs. Evans in her most gracious society tones. "Now, preacher," solicitously, "this is something of a climb for a tenderfoot, and we'd best rest a bit."

As they paused for a moment in the blue shadow of the pines, idly scanning the mountain road beneath the ledge of rock on which they stood, each gaze was caught and held by two figures strolling up the sunshiny expanse of the highway—a straight, sturdy young miner with a dark, handsome face, and a girl whose white dress was carefully lifted from the dust, and whose rose-wreathed hat was hanging half-way down her back from the pink ribbons knotted under her chin. Her attitude expressed unmistakably a coquettish and petulant aloofness and an exaggerated indifference to the evidently impassioned and expostulatory nature of the man's remarks.

"Ah, that is Miss Swanstrom now!" exclaimed Carrothers in tones of interest, "and who is the young man with her?"

"Frank McGuire," said Mrs. Evans briefly, "It's Jack to-day, Don to-morrow, and Tom the day after."

Even as she spoke, Myrtle glanced upward and smiled and nodded. The smile deepened as she saw Carrothers's body-guard, and acting on a sudden, mischievous impulse, she snatched a flower from her belt and hurled it toward them. It fell a few feet short, half-way up the cliff and Carrothers, his face alight, scrambled down over the rocks, rescued the blossom, and fastened it in his coat, waving his hat as Myrtle stood flushed and laughing beneath. Perhaps for both, an added spice to the situation was the unceasing and angry remonstrance of McGuire.

"Gosh a'mighty!" murmured Mrs. Nitschkan at this unseemly and audacious sight. "Ain't she a bold one?"

"You bet if she vas mine she'd git a touch of de stick," chuckled Mrs. Landvetter deeply. But Mrs. Evans maintained a silence more ominous than speech.

And if the preacher was noticeably absent-minded during the rest of the stroll, surely it were not improbable to conjecture that his thoughts were more fully occupied with the evanescent bloom on Myrtle's cheek, and the fleeting radiance of her youthful eyes, than by the conversation of the ladies in whose company he walked.

But Myrtle had, so to speak, fired the first gun with such heedless daring, such flaunting and reckless disregard of consequences that Mrs. Evans's companions felt themselves justified in expecting an immediate return fire, and were rather aggrieved when none was forthcoming.

Mrs. Thomas, in dilating upon the matter afterward, said: "I mos' expected to see a bolt fall from the blue and hit that girl dead, tryin' to carry on with preacher when Mis' Evans was takin' him home to dinner, and on a Sunday, too. You bet Mis' Evans'll pay her back."

But if Mrs. Evans had any such intentions she kept them, for the moment at least, to herself. And the Zenith mind continued to focus itself upon Carrothers, and to dwell with keen and undiminished interest upon the romantic possibilities which might eventuate from the presence of a preacher and a widower in the camp.

Public opinion varied: "There bein' only two unmarried girls in Zenith, Susie and Myrtie, an' Marthy Thomas, our only widow, engaged, it makes it some exciting," remarked the village Solon from his chair in the assayer's office. "Of course, it narrers it down to a race between Susie and Myrtie, or, to put things as they is — its Myrtie an' Myrtie's maw against Mis' Evans's will an' grit.

"I would n't say," he continued reminiscently, "I would n't say that as far back as I can recollect Mis' Evans has lost out mor'en two or three times; but there's plenty of fightin' blood in the Swanstroms, an' I would put it this way, that the odds is even."

Mrs. Evans it was who kindly offered to assist the preacher in planning the arrangement of his cabin, and, as they sat about the kitchen table in the evening studying the drawings, would appeal to the shy and silent Susie for advice. "Mr. Carrothers," explanatorily, "she's such a housekeeper as

never was. When the cabin's finished we'll come over, an' Susie shall get up one of her suppers for you. My Lord, they're simply great! Susie, lift the coffee-pot off the stove, and hand down preacher a piece of pie."

But it was Myrtle who would inadvertently and innocently meet him as he came whistling down the hill at sunset; Myrtle who would at first refuse to turn back, protesting that she had "an errand further along," and would then be reluctantly persuaded to postpone the errand and go for a stroll.

And if the minister was frequently invited to supper at the homes of those Myrtle called "the Evans click," with Susie invariably and ostentatiously seated beside him, a proceeding which caused the retiring girl a more obvious embarrassment on each occasion, why Carrothers, on the other hand, was more and more frequently to be seen sitting on the step of the Swanstrom cabin through the long summer evenings; and Frank McGuire's frown daily grew deeper, his expression more sullen.

"I do' know, Mis' Evans," remarked Mrs. Thomas frankly at the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, "I do' know if you're just on the right track. 'Course," sighing, "we got to recognize that bacon and greens is more to a brute of a man than the gentle influence of woman; but you got to remember that he's young, and ain't made such a god of victuals as they do when they're older. Now Susie is always showed off to him as bakin' or sewin' or scrubbin'; while Myrtie comes saunterin' along his path in a white dress, an' the sun shinin' on her yellow hair, an' a sprinklin' of musk on her hankercher. If you notice, for the las' three Sundays he's been rantin' about the lilies of the field. Always watch the straws, I says, an' then, bimeby, you'll get to know some-thin'."

"Zenith ain't neffer had a preacher before dat vas a widower, und had money in de bank," said Mrs. Landvetter ruminatively.

"Lord pity him!" Mrs. Nitschkan's commiseration was like herself, robust. "As Dan Mayhew says to me yesterday: 'My patience!' he says, 'I do feel sorry for that fellow. Every time he climbs outen that cellar he's blastin', there's five or six women sittin' around on the ground ready to feed him pie and cake an' tell him about their souls. If he expects to get any peace in these hills he'd better move up above timber-line.'"

worried line or so about her mouth. "I can't help it," she cried. "I can't stand to have Mis' Evans crowin' over me to the end of my days, an' sayin' I took Frank 'cause I could n't get preacher. Look at her grinnin' now 'cause preacher an' Susie 's come in together! She 's a drivin' me to it, Missioner, she 's a drivin' me sure to take him."

"But you told me he did not care for you!"

"They ain't none of 'em so hard to get," said the girl with moody scorn. "I ain't fished for trout all my life in these mountains an' not know how to ketch a man."

A partner claimed her, and she danced away, her white dress fluttering through the moving figures about the hall. When she came to a stop at last, it was in the center of a laughing, gasping group.

But suddenly their laughter, which was ringing to the rafters, faltered and died, silenced by a whisper which had run like lightning through the room. There was a moment's commotion. Men consulted briefly, and started toward the door, while women hastily gathered up babies.

"What is it?" asked Frances Benson of a man who passed her.

"Something wrong at the Gold Dirt. Three of the boys ain't come down."

Myrtle clutched her arm. "Frank!" she gasped. "He 's workin' in the Gold Dirt, an' if it was n't him he'd a been here before now. Come on," and pulling the missionary strongly by the hand she ran with her down the steps leading to the road.

Undisturbed by the confusion about her, Mrs. Evans stood by the deserted tables, calmly issuing orders. "You fetch all the ground coffee, Nitschkan, we 'll need it up there. I 'll take a basket of cups, an' you carry the pots, Mis' Thomas. Mis' Landvetter, gather up all the shawls that 's left, and don't forget to bring the matches. Let the kids stay here an' eat up the cream an' berries; no use wastin' 'em. Now, you all ready? Then we 'll start."

The wagon road up the mountain was black with people; men with picks and lanterns in their hands, and women whose faces shone white under the shawls they had hastily thrown over their heads.

"What is it?" again asked Frances Benson of a man they met hurrying down the hill.

"Explosion in the Gold Dirt," he answered. "Three of the boys was down on the

fifth level to do some blastin'. They signalled for the cage an' the engineer sent it down, but they never signaled for it to be lifted. I guess they waited too long after they touched off their fuses."

"Who were they?" cried Myrtle.

"I ain't got no time to talk," he called back over his shoulder. "I 'm goin' for the doctor."

"Oh!" wailed the girl, her fingers sinking painfully deep into the missionary's arm; but after that one outcry she made no further demonstration. She was a daughter of the mountains, and knew that no breath must be wasted in lamentation. There was a long climb still before them.

Once the clatter of hoofs behind them caused her to shiver convulsively. "I wonder who it is?" said the missionary, as a man on horseback pushed through the crowd on foot, and on up the slope.

"The surgeon," replied Myrtle in a dull, muffled voice.

When at last they reached the mine, it was a wierd and striking scene which met their eyes, solemn, vivid, almost awe-inspiring. The first arrivals, with a practicality acquired in a life spent in battling with necessity, had built great, flaring bonfires of pitch-pine logs. The red flames, with their dense clouds of pitchy smoke, leaped up against the background of the violet-black mountains with the snow-covered peaks, and illuminated the bare, wooden engine house, the huge, slate-colored ore dumps.

Myrtle stood on the crest of the hill, tense, waiting. All her soft, peachy prettiness had vanished, showing a facial outline hard and stern. As Mrs. Evans panted up beside her, the girl caught that tiny woman by the arms, pinioning them to her sides, and lifted her off her feet.

In an instant Mrs. Nitschkan's man's coat sleeve was rolled up, and her bare, great-muscled arm shot out its clenched fist in Myrtle's face.

"Don't you hurt her, Myrtle," she warned. "If you do, I 'll break your jaw as sure as I 'm standin' here."

"What do I care!" said Myrtle. "But I 'll tell you this: this is a judgment on me, an' I ain't goin' to be punished alone when there 's others deserves it. Her man 's one of the best miners in the camp, an' he 's got to go down and bring out mine."

Mrs. Evans, completely in the power of the younger and larger woman, had merely cocked her bird-like head and gazed at her with cool defiance; but now her expression changed. In the world, so in Zenith. The eternal feminine knows modifications, but no change. There had been warfare between Myrtle and herself; but at the first hint of trouble, the hatchet was buried, the ministrations began.

"You bet he'll go down, Myrtie, and in the first cage. Put me down on the ground, an' I'll see to it."

In the interval of waiting the women busied themselves in making coffee for the miners; and the always increasing crowd lingered breathlessly and, for the most part, silently. Myrtle had thrown herself on the ground, and lay with her head in the missionary's lap. Once Carrothers approached her and, with a few words, attempted to console and hearten her; but she threw out her hand with the impatient gesture of one waving away a fly.

"Aw, shut up," she muttered. "I'd rather hear Mis' Nitschkan swear."

"Gosh a'mighty, child!" said that bluff King Hal in petticoats. "You must n't take on this way. You got to get used to this. We've all seen our men brung out smashed an' bloody times without number, ain't we, Mis' Evans?"

"Every bone in Sile's body's been broke in these blasted mines," returned that lady laconically. "Lift up your head, Myrtie, an' drink this nice, hot coffee."

"Yes, take the blessed comfort of it," coaxed Mrs. Thomas. "My patience! Ain't it something beautiful the way we take on when accidents happen to them; an' what do they do for us in pain or grief? I've seen a man set with his feet up on the kitchen stove, readin' a newspaper, an' never turnin' a hair while his wife was screamin' herself black in the face with the strikes, in the next room. Cheer up, Myrtie, they ain't no man worth it."

"Frank is," sobbed Myrtle. "I don't care if the rest is blown to pieces; one of 'em's a drunken Polack, an' the other's a dead-broke son of an English lord, an' it don't make no difference about them."

This exposition of an essentially feminine point of view occasioned no surprise among her sympathizers.

"That's the way we all feel when it comes to our man, no matter how cranky he may

be, or our kids, no matter how devilish they are," murmured Mrs. Thomas, who took an artistic delight in her ability to mourn, thoroughly and completely, with those who mourn.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting, it was announced that the miners had dug through the débris. Finally, one man, "the drunken Polack," was borne out, unconscious, injured; the surgeon worked over him. Then another, the "dead-broke son of a lord"; and last, exhausted, almost asphyxiated, his arm hanging helpless, Frank McGuire. Like a flash Myrtle burst through the crowd, and threw her arms about him. The smile she lifted to his dazed and doubting glance was full of rapture and relief, of a thousand capitulations and promises, and it fell like sunshine upon him, melting the winter of his discontent.

Dawn was just breaking over the mountains when a little cavalcade wound down the hill. McGuire, on a dusty, gray burro, was supported by Carrothers on one side and by Myrtle on the other. They were environed by Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Nitschkan, Mrs. Landvetter, and the missionary, bearing shawls, coffee utensils, and baskets. In the reaction from the suspense and anxiety of the night, these ladies had become jocular almost to hilarity, and the conversation frequently verged on that form of banter known as rude.

"Preacher an' Missioner had better be gettin' ready to officiate at a weddin' soon, had n't they Frank?" called Mrs. Nitschkan jovially.

"Maybe preacher'll be thinkin' of a weddin' on his own hook?" Myrtle's glance was still inherently coquettish. "Maybe that girl back in Illinois —"

The preacher flushed to the roots of his hair. "She writes she thinks she'll like it here." Then he took his courage in both hands. "It's — it's — to be next month."

Of the disconcerted little group behind the burro, now huddling together and gazing at each other with round eyes, Mrs. Thomas alone retained her poise.

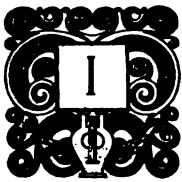
"Ain't they the critters for you!" she exclaimed, gazing admiringly at Carrothers's back. "There's two games they can sure beat us at — poker an' love. Here was Myrtie an' Mis' Evans raisin' each other to the limit, an' preacher had cold-decked 'em from the start."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

BY

"A GREAT CREATIVE ARTIST WHOSE REASONS FOR ANONYMITY SEEM SUFFICIENT TO US AS TO HIMSELF"

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IS there such a thing as Christian citizenship? No, but it could be created. The process would be quite simple, and not productive of hardship to any one. It will be conceded that every man's first duty is to God; it will also be conceded, and with strong emphasis, that a Christian's first duty is to God. It then follows, as a matter of course, that it is his duty to carry his Christian code of morals to the polls and vote them. Whenever he shall do that, he will not find himself voting for an unclean man, a dishonest man. Whenever a Christian votes, he votes against God or for Him, and he knows this quite well. God is an issue in every election; He is a candidate in the person of every clean nominee on every ticket; His purity and His approval are there, to be voted for or voted against, and no fealty to party can absolve His servant from his higher and more exacting fealty to Him; He takes precedence of party, duty to Him is above every claim of party.

Christians and the Ballot

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, they would carry every election, and do it with ease. They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every soiled one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to

God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions — in a word, without concert of any kind. They could accomplish it by each individual resolving to vote for God at the polls — that is to say, vote for the candidate whom God would approve. Can a man imagine such a thing as God being a Republican or a Democrat, and voting for a criminal or a black-guard merely because party loyalty required it? Then can we imagine that a man can improve upon God's attitude in this matter, and by help of professional politicians invent a better policy? God has no politics but cleanliness and honesty, and it is good enough for men.

A man's second duty is to his family. There was a time when a clergyman's duty to his family required him to be his congregation's political slave, and vote his congregation's ticket in order to safeguard the food and shelter of his wife and children. But that time has gone by. We have the secret ballot now, and a clergyman can vote for God. He can also plead with his congregation to do the like.

Perhaps. We can not be sure. The congregation would probably inquire whom *he* was going to vote for; and if he stood upon his manhood and answered that they had no

Christian right (which is the same as saying no moral right, and, of course, no legal right) to ask the question, it is conceivable — not to say certain — that they would dismiss him, and be much offended at his proposing to be a man as well as a clergyman.

Still, there are clergymen who are so situated as to be able to make the experiment. It would be worth while to try it. If the Christians of America could be persuaded to vote God and a clean ticket, it would bring about a moral revolution that would be incalculably beneficent. It would save the country — a country whose Christians have betrayed it and are destroying it.

The Christians of Connecticut sent Bulkley to the Senate. They sent to the Legislature the men who elected him. These two crimes they could have prevented; they did not do it, and upon them rest the shame and the responsibility. Only one clergyman remembered his Christian morals and his duty to God, and stood bravely by both. Mr. Smythe is probably an outcast now, but such a man as that can endure ostracism; and such a man as that is likely to possess the treasure of a family that can endure it with him, and be proud to do it. I kiss the hem of his garment.

Four years ago Greater New York had two tickets in the field: one clean, the other dirty with a single exception; an unspeakable ticket with that lonely exception. One-half

of the Christians voted for that foul ticket and against God and the Christian code of morals, putting loyalty to party above loyalty to God and honorable citizenship, and they came within a fraction of electing it; whereas if they had stood by their professed morals they would have buried it out of sight. Christianity was on trial then, it is on trial now. And nothing important is on trial except Christianity.

Another Test to Come

It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Pennsylvania, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Connecticut, and failed; in New York, and failed; in Delaware and failed; in every town and county and State, and was recreant to its trust; it has effusively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands. In Greater New York it will presently have an opportunity to elect or defeat some straight, clean, honest men, of the sterling Jerome stamp, and some of the Tammany kind. The Christian vote — and the Christian vote alone — will decide the contest. It, and it alone, is master of the situation, and lord of the result.

Mr. Steffens has told the story of the degradation of Christian Citizenship in his studies in American government. His work during the coming year will be of signal importance. We print herewith comments received recently:

From Ex-Judge ALTON B. PARKER's public comment on campaign funds:

"How great that demoralization (of voters and the public conscience) has already become is fairly presented by Mr. Steffens in his articles in *McCLURE'S* contributed during the last few months. These articles ought to be read and pondered by every good citizen."

From James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth":

"If you have been publishing anything further in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* on the momentous subject of money in politics so powerfully treated by Mr. Steffens, I should be much obliged if you would let me know of it. Indeed, if Mr. Steffens has written anything further on that or a kindred topic, I must try to see it, for his book, though painful, was impressive."

From Rudolph Blankenburg, who has fought for years for reform in Philadelphia:

"Mr. Lincoln Steffens's 'Shame of the Cities,' is one of the most important, if not the most

important contribution to the political history of our time. His vivid recital and true picture of the enormity of municipal corruption in our country, should awaken the dormant conscience of our citizens and arouse them to aggressive action against the 'Enemies of the Republic.' I would gladly be one of a thousand to contribute \$1,000 each for the purpose of disseminating these two publications. They should be read in every household over this broad land as a warning against cowardly submission to degenerate political masters and as a guide to that citizenship which alone can perpetuate the republic."

From a reader in Buffalo:

"If I were King 'not another man should cast a vote anywhere in the United States until he had read Steffens's 'Enemies of the Republic.' To me it is the greatest of all the splendid papers of a more or less similar character so far published in *McCLURE'S*. I would rather have written that article than be president."

DECEMBER, 1905

UNIV. OF MICH.

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M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE



THE FIRST STEP
toward self-respect
is a visit
to the
Bathtub.

FOR THE
TOILET
AND
BATH

YOU CAN'T BE
healthy, or
pretty or even
good, unless
you are
clean.



SAPOLIO

Its
COST IS
a trifle, but
its use is a
FINE HABIT.

A
PURE
ARTICLE
free from all
Animal Fats.



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JOSEPH W. FOLK—GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI AT THIRTY-FIVE

"Whose only difference from many another young gentleman in Vanity Fair is that he has sense enough to be honest and to make it pay"

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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FOLK

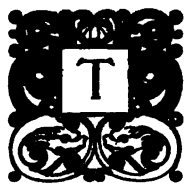
THE STORY OF A LITTLE LEAVEN IN A GREAT
COMMONWEALTH

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AUTHOR OF "BRYAN," "CLEVELAND," "HANNA," "PLATT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS



THE fables and the fairy tales and the parables that have become classic in the lore of civilized peoples, doubtless owe their perennial existence to something in each of them that tallies with the actual common experience of men, rather than to a unique, bizarre and fantastic woof and design. The parable of the mustard seed, the simile of the "leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," and the story of the prince who broke through the thorn hedge and woke the sleeping castle, are not mere literary figures; they represent parallel experiences in the lives of men almost as common as those of birth and death and giving in marriage. Every man, since men came out of the forests, has seen the compelling power of kindness work its miracles in the world. Christ and Grimm were not the first to discover how the leaven of righteousness leaveneth, and how a brave deed frees men from stupefying wrong. And yet — so curiously are we constructed — whenever the mustard seed of some man's faith in decency does grow in a community and blossom there, or whenever the brave prince breaks through the hedge of miserable

convention and barbarous custom and awakes a stupid world to the light, we stand agape at the ancient time-worn spectacle and call our neighbors to witness the marvels of these modern times.

This preface seems necessary to the story of the achievements of Joseph W. Folk as governor of Missouri, lest the reader consider them some sort of signs and wonders, and make for the young man who is doing them a sort of mythical character. For the truth is, the achievements are simple enough if one cares to undertake them with an honest and hardy purpose; and as for the man Folk, he is a most ordinary young man equipped with the usual physical and mental accouterment, whose only difference from many another young gentleman in Vanity Fair is that Folk has sense enough to be honest and to make it pay.

It is important that we should look for a moment at Missouri as it was, that we may better appreciate Missouri as it is. For a generation, Missouri had been under the domination of the Democratic party. In that generation a Democratic machine had been constructed, which, like machines of all parties in all states, had no moral sense. Party government superseded constitutional

government, as it will supersede constitutional government in any state where party government is long dominant. Missouri conditions were not peculiar to Missouri. Men were rewarded for party service rather than for public service, and if that party service consisted of stealing an election by forgery and ballot-box stuffing, or by maltreating honest citizens at the polls, that service was rewarded by the party that was served just as carefully as though it had been performed to promote the general welfare. Missourians literally paid taxes to maintain a system that curtailed their rights and liberties as citizens. When a non-partizan court happened to send an election thug to jail, or a ward heeler to the penitentiary, the party "took care" of him with a pardon, as a matter of course. For thirty years the people were chloroformed by the election of two entirely respectable men to the United States Senate, who never interfered with the local crookedness of the party, and who accepted, almost unquestioned, the dictum of the local machine in small matters of patronage that came up during a long Republican federal régime.

Bass drum statesmen were developed by the machine, who put words together with a rhetorical glucose sticky with figures of bending blue skies, and singing birds, and laughing streams and prattling children, and golden grain and that sort of folderol; and when a community showed signs of throwing off the yoke of the machine a big bass drum would be sent to boom in its midst — a sort of savage war slogan — about "Ger-rand old Missour-rah!" and the people continued to bow down to wood and stone. The legislature met biennially, and enacted such laws as the corporations paid for, and such others as were necessary to fool the people, and only such laws were enforced as party expediency demanded. The statute prohibiting murder was operative except against persons who had served the party by stealing elections; and the statute against larceny was operative only when it could be shown that the offender was outside of the party machine, and stealing from private citizens. Boodling, bribe-giving, public blackmail, legislative hold-ups, corrupt political deals and combinations carrying thousands of dollars with them flourished, and politicians who benefited thereby were accounted shrewd. A baking-powder law was bought through the legislature so flagrantly that when the chief

lobbyist of the baking-powder trust was elected to a high office, his triumph was celebrated in the Missouri House of Representatives by a shower of baking powder over the heads of the legislators who exalted him. The machine was literally a school of political seduction, as a permanent machine is in any state, and it ruined young men of both parties by the score.

The nominal head of the machine, and of the government in Missouri under boss rule, was the governor. The governors were honest men in that they would not steal or take a direct bribe. But they were — with one or two exceptions — pasteboard men, whose ways were so devious that each incoming governor, seeing the coarse work of his predecessor, remarked upon it; and as a result, of all the living ex-governors of Missouri, it is said that only two are on speaking terms with one another! The hollowness of that kind of government — which is by no means peculiar to Missouri — may not find a more delicious illustration. These governors, however, were not real governors of the people of Missouri. Naturally, when there is a machine, the force that operates it must come from without. It cannot in the nature of things, be directed from within. And the force that operated the Missouri machine is the force that operates most of the state machines throughout the nation. Fifty men in New York City, form the boards of directors of the majority of the great railroads, the great banks, the great life insurance companies, the great public service corporations. A score of these men are high-salaried lawyers. A dozen big law offices in New York hire subordinate lawyers in every American state and territory, and it is not so much the duty of these subordinate lawyers to practice in the courts as it is to control the courts and the forces that make the courts and the laws that the courts pass upon. Half a dozen of these great New York lawyers, through their common subordinates in the state capitals and trade centers, can practically dictate the election of United States senators, governors and Supreme Court judges in two-thirds of the American states. For, by the use of railway passes, the subordinate attorneys may say what delegates shall attend every important local convention, and thereby what candidates shall win, and what state policy shall be followed. Given a permanent machine in a state, amassed wealth controls it as surely as the



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THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOLK

sparks fly upward. The wires that supplied much power to the Missouri machine were Alexander Cochran, state counselor for the Missouri Pacific, and John Carroll for the Burlington. These two men were not the real governors of Missouri. But to them governors and legislators and political upstarts of all kinds went for their orders. Cochran and Carroll were the gods behind the machine, and they got their orders from New York. They and men like them kept the conscience of Missouri asleep behind the thorn hedge of party bigotry for thirty years.

And now for the story of the coming of the king's son: Folk broke through the thorn hedge at the point of greatest resistance, and that point was at St. Louis. To understand the difficulty of his task, we must look for a

moment at St. Louis, and its relation to Missouri; for St. Louis's corruption was the mainspring of the Missouri machine. The relations between St. Louis and the state government of Missouri are necessarily intimate. For Missouri is the type of American state, which has kept close rein over its cities. Many states have let their cities go their way, or have placed only state legislatures over them. But the governor of Missouri has more power in cities of the first class than have the mayor or the other elective officers of the city. For the governor appoints the majority of the police commissioners, and the policemen may be his strikers—if he chooses to make them so. He names the excise commissioners, and the saloon-keepers may be enlisted as the governor's henchmen



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR FOLK—BROWNSVILLE, TENNESSEE

—if he needs them. The governor is the overlord of the Missouri city. And so the Missouri Democratic machine found its chief source of corruption and strength in the largest city of the state. Rural Missouri has been honest and fairly well governed from the beginning. But the venal politicians, who always dominate any party machine, found the opportunities for graft and boodle in St. Louis too tempting. Briefly, the St. Louis organization was this: James Campbell, the traction magnate eager for privileges and concessions, an eminently respectable citizen who never got his fingers dirty, the representative of high finance in town, clubman, leading citizen, promoter of a tin-cornice of civic respectability and—Ed Butler. Ed Butler—a sort of wild boar of the jungle, who preserved the jungle law among the animal kind with whom he lived, and obeyed that law himself, except when he was hungry—was Campbell's retriever. Butler organized the election thugs. Butler's "Indians" beat up men at the polls; Butler owned councilmen of both parties in fee simple, having secured their election by open and unblushing fraud. Butler rounded up

the purchasable cattle for the powers that drugged respectability in St. Louis, and who thereby made it possible for Butler and his "Indians" to control the town. Butler's duty was to "go fetch", and he did his duty efficiently and honestly.

The St. Louis machine was bi-partizan. Its creed was the most graft for the least money. The result of this system was that the governor appointed police commissioners that protected bruisers in assaulting honest citizens who went to the polls to vote for honest city officers; and the dishonest men elected held up every measure before the city council in which there was a dollar at stake. Franchises were boodled through the council without regard to the right or wrong of the matter; contracts were fraudulently let; the bribe-takers organized as a matter of course, after a parliamentary fashion, and appointed committees to solicit bribes and blackmail men having honest public business to transact. If citizens complained, Butler's "Indians" assaulted them in their party conventions, and the Democratic police protected the toughs. When an honest Democrat was nominated in their sphere



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION IN JEFFERSON CITY

of influence, Butler and his heelers elected a Republican. Graft was non-partizan, but the machine at the State Capital that protected the grafters was Democratic. That was the hedge, and this is how Folk broke through it. Said Ed Butler, sitting on the porch of the Hotel Navajo, in Manitou, making a fine picture of a defunct leader — a statesman out of a job: "It was like this: I was going to nominate a man named Clark — good fellow, and all right, 's far 's I know, when in comes Harry Hawes to my office one day an' says, 'Colonel, how bad do you want that man Clark?' An' I says, 'well — I dunno; I 've promised it to him.' 'Well,' Harry says, 'I got a young feller name Folk I want to have it.' That was Harry's way. He wanted to be a leader. An' he knew he could n't beat me fair; so he done it the other way. I says, 'well, I 'll see Clark and see what he says.' And I seen him and he says he did n't need the office particularly, and I says, 'well, if you don't, Harry Hawes 's got a young feller name Folk that 's been attorney for the Union Labor fellers and settled up their strike for 'em, and Harry kind o' wants to name him,' and so

the next time I seen Harry I says, 'bring your little man around,' and he done it and I looked him over, and there did n't seem to be anything the matter of him, so I says all right and he was nominated. An' look what he done — spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary — that 's the kind of a man Harry Hawes is. He 's a leader now, and I 'm out. An' that 's how he done it." The old man's huge, thick-skinned face — whereon is scratched a composite map of hell and Ireland — did not crease or twitch as he paused, but his little porcine eyes looked up furtively from his great paws, and glared malignantly about at the thought of his former feast of carrion, and he growled something that in a more human creature would have been an oath.

And that is how Folk was made circuit attorney. He did not get in under false pretense. The man who was assigned to the task of nominating him in the Democratic convention laid great stress on the fact that Folk would enforce the law — which was considered a great joke in St. Louis when Folk afterwards put the orator in jail for boodling. Folk said in all his speeches and

told all his friends that he would enforce all the laws, but as every other candidate for circuit attorney from time immemorial had said the same thing and then had winked at boodling and shielded election crooks, the campaign speeches Folk made and the promises he made did not alarm the evil-doers. It was supposed to be part of the patter of candidates, and was received strictly in a Pickwickian sense.

But as soon as Folk got through the hole in the hedge, he began waking up the sleeping castle. His first alarming action was to indict a number of election thieves. He prosecuted them and convicted them—in spite of the elaborate explanation made to him by the machine leaders, that these thieves had worked for his own election. His predecessor in office warned him that there was no sense in making trouble for himself by pushing these cases; that the people would forget all about it when he needed votes. But Folk went ahead; reading in the St. Louis papers a rumor of boodling in the city council, he followed that trail, and a number of indictments were issued. Boodlers began to betray one another. New indictments followed and Ed Butler waked up. He and the local party leaders threatened Folk with political extermination. But the indictments kept popping; leading citizens began to leave for Mexico and Europe.

Within three years Folk uncovered in St. Louis more corruption than had ever before been uncovered at one time and place in the civilized world. The legal records of the country show that before Folk became circuit attorney of St. Louis, thirty-four cases against bribe-takers had been brought in the United States in over one hundred years. In Missouri, in all the history of "that imperial state," as the bass drum orators of the machine used to call it, not one indictment had ever been brought against a public officer for boodling. Folk, in four years, brought forty cases; convicted twenty men—a dozen of whom were released by the State Supreme Court upon technicalities—and of the twenty convictions eight convicted men are serving time in the penitentiary. During those four years every man in St. Louis of any prominence was called before the grand jury as a witness. The only place of safety the corruptionists had was the State Supreme Court. When Ed Butler was caught and convicted of bribing a health board to give him a garbage contract, the Supreme

Court decided that the ordinance permitting the board to let the garbage contract was unconstitutional, and therefore Butler was innocent, though the evidence showed that he offered the bribe-money and got the contract and fulfilled it. In another instance the Supreme Court let out a covey of boodlers in this way: the court had held in a score of cases that an information need not be sworn to by the circuit attorney: it reversed itself on a minor case and when the attorneys for the convicted boodlers appeared, the court cited this minor case as precedent, and released the offenders. The Missouri Supreme Court is one of those high and lofty bodies that regards the dignity of the court as far superior to the dignity of the governor and of the legislature—which are, of course, co-ordinate branches of the government each equally sacred. Recently, in response to a crying demand from the people that popular rights shall not be curtailed by peremptory imprisonments for contempt, a law was passed forbidding the Supreme Court to imprison citizens for contempt not committed in the presence of the court; but the Supreme Court promptly overruled the power that made the law, and declared the law unconstitutional. The court held that the law threatened the dignity of the court. Though why a governor and a legislature do not have just as much dignity as a court, and as much right to imprison those who speak disparagingly of them is not plain to the layman.

This may seem irrelevant, but in his fight for good government as circuit attorney, Folk was so continually finding his work undone by the State Supreme Court that it seems fair that some note of the court's part in the fight should be set down here. For the influence of a court is far reaching. The fraternity of lawyers is a freemasonry whose grand officers—the superior courts—are sacred. Young lawyers and old ones, too, for that matter, who had cases in the Missouri Supreme Court did not always express their sentiments at the trifling of that body. And in Missouri one often found lawyers defending the boodlers, and sneering at Folk. The machine was strengthened thereby. But Folk was arousing the torpid conscience of the common people. In St. Louis, for a time, he was a popular hero. But during that time in Jefferson City, the State Capital, where the big and little wheels

of the machine revolved, Folk's name was a byword. At St. Louis the business men took up a subscription to buy him a home — which, naturally, he refused, saying that popular approval was the only reward he cared for. At Jefferson City they said: "He has only done his duty — why this fuss over that?" But in private the influences he was combating poured their corroding wrath upon him; they tried to entrap him; set courtesans upon him; threatened him with assassination, and sent men to him to say that when he was out of office corruptionists would make it impossible for him to live in Missouri. This they did many times, until

corrupts the state; but given decency in the state government, the state assumes the leadership and reforms the city. This is one of the anomalies of American politics. So in corrupt Missouri, St. Louis — its largest city — furnished the sinews of corruption to the state; in honest Missouri to-day, under Governor Folk, the state furnishes the sinews of decency to the city.

Rightly to understand the things Folk has done since he became a candidate for governor of Missouri, it is necessary to know the man. As circuit attorney of St. Louis he was a local figure, and in a measure he was what his enemies called him — a specialist;



Photograph by Strauss

CAPITOL OF MISSOURI AT JEFFERSON CITY

Folk believed that they would keep their word — if they could. Whereupon he saw but one thing for him to do, if he lived in Missouri after his term of office expired, and that was to destroy the corrupt forces which controlled the machine. There was but one sure way to destroy it — and that was to become governor and be governor in deed and in truth, instead of in name only as former governors had been. It would seem to be a foolhardy undertaking. But where the state laws and state constitution are such that the city is chained close to the state government, the only sure way that a city may be reformed is to go back of the city government to the state government. Under a crooked machine, in such cases, the city

but since his rise from that office, as a candidate and as a gubernatorial officer, he has become a national figure, and the things he has done justify a close scrutiny of the man. The foundation of the character of Joseph W. Folk, governor of Missouri at the age thirty-six and one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America, is religious morality. This is unusual to-day. Many contemporary statesmen and moralists are pagans. They have a philosophy of life deep and broad and cosmopolitan — which Folk has not — and they are Christians only because they have a sort of protective mimicry of creed, that merges them into their environments. But Folk, without much depth to his natural philosophy of life, is



Photograph by Strauss

ALEXANDER COCHRAN

Before Folk loomed up, Cochran, as state counselor for the Missouri Pacific Railway, was one of the real "powers" in Missouri

deeply pious, without being in the least sanctimonious, and without any cant. He is a smallish man in stature, being a trifle less than five feet seven in height, and some day he will be stout. He is of the sack-coat size and build and temperament — as Roosevelt is — but finding himself a public man, he dresses the part in what we of the West call a Prince Albert coat, a garment which seems to give citizens confidence in their public officials. And this leads one in to the core of the man's character — caution. If the word "foxy" could be knighted into polite diction, it might be applied to Joseph W. Folk. For, though intrigue is foreign to his nature, and though he never walks on his toes, and has no stomach for shams and pretenses, every step he takes is taken with direction; every word he says is weighed carefully — though hardly painfully as a stupid man's words are doled out to cover his ignorance; and every act, public or private, which may have the least significance

upon those who witness it, is measured by some wise rule. Hence the Prince Albert coat; hence his abstinence; hence his unruffled front; hence the conventionality of his daily walk. Nor is this veneer. It comes from his heart. Fearing the effect on young men who might see him smoking, Folk has given up his cigar and pipe. He is as modest as a girl, and yet he is worldly-wise enough to know the force of the example of a public man, and he willingly sacrifices his comfort that he may not violate this trivial obligation to the people. His language is as clean as a woman's, and it comes from a carefully-weeded heart. Add to the picture of a frock-coated, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, shy-mannered, self-deprecating young man, a black soft hat and a boyish smile playing elusively over a countenance regular and oval, and it needs but few touches to make it live. Therefore one must know that Folk is of southern birth — though of a distinctly northern quickness of articulation. He



Photograph by Strauss

"ED" BUTLER—DEFUNCT BOSS OF ST. LOUIS, CONVICTED OF BRIBERY

Who, in an unguarded moment, let Folk become circuit attorney. "An' look what be done," says Butler, "—spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary!"

slurs few "R's" but occasionally burrs an "R" to indicate, perhaps, that the war is over, and that he is not a "professional" southern gentleman. His father was a lawyer in Brownsville, Tennessee, and was of North Carolina extraction, while his mother was an Estes, from Virginia, and both families were in the Revolutionary War, though before the Revolution the Folks came from Germany. Folk's father was his father's seventh son, and Governor Folk, the youngest of ten children, is his father's seventh son. The boy Joseph got the education of a boy in a wholesome American country town, and went to Vanderbilt University—the Yale of the South—and took the law course and a little work in the college department. He was graduated with the law class of 1890, and after practising for a time in Brownsville, came to St. Louis, opened an office and built up a profitable business. He became the attorney and representative of

some striking street-car employees, and through the prominence the case gave him he was made the Democratic nominee for circuit attorney for St. Louis. He is a good lawyer.

Ed Butler, the deposed Irish boss whom Folk convicted of bribery, says that Folk is insincere. And in St. Louis, among men who hold that sincerity means standing by one's friends right or wrong, one hears this said of Folk often. If Folk is fooled in a man he quits him. If a friend turns crooked he need not look to Folk for protection, no matter what the personal debt of favor or friendship may have been between them. For instance: when he was nominated for circuit attorney he was what vote-getting politicians desiring to strengthen local tickets call a "logical" candidate for circuit attorney. He was nominated through Hawes's influence though not, as Butler says he was, in order to overthrow Butler. For

Hawes probably was as anxious as Butler and the other men who thought they had "made" Folk to have the boodle investigations stop, long before Butler's indictment was reached; but the soft, purring, plush-covered, cork-cased little dynamo was charged with a high voltage, and not even Hawes, who pressed the button which threw on the current, could shut it off, if he had tried. A more abdominal and less ascetic politician would have paid heed to the words of his personal and political friends, would have been moved by gratitude if not by cowardice; but Folk had a curious notion that his obligation was to the people and his God, and not to the politicians, so the prosecutions went on. If the quality of heart which places public duty before personal regard is insincerity, Folk is the soul of duplicity. For the man's dominant passion is the public service. He is ambitious—though not very frankly so—but his ambition does not sap his moral sense, as it weakens the moral sense of vain men. There must be a chamber in his heart, wherein hangs a picture of the White House at which he must look frequently; but his passion is for public

service, so much more than for public honor, that he would compromise no more with ambition than he would with friendship.

Intellectually, Folk is not yet the big man that he is morally. He is not a person of broad and catholic culture. One would say that his learning is not that of the college, but of the newspaper and the magazine. He has, however, the sixth sense to know men and to hide himself that guided McKinley. Always he puts on a good front, and intellectually he is growing.

But his honesty is exceptional; it is a great gift that should be carefully nurtured. Here is an interesting thing about Folk's morality as it appears to the writer:

His honesty seems to be the result of a deliberate conviction, of faith or creed, that honesty is the best policy. It does not seem to be as unconscious as his breathing. Reporters are good judges of men. The reporter in Missouri who admires Folk most, said of him: "He always seems to me to be acting on the theory that honesty pays; one feels that he has decided that at some time—made it a rule of his life, and he

NATIVE MISSOURIANS ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH—IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED, NAMING FOLK FOR GOVERNOR



follows his rule implicitly. I never saw a man before who made palpable honesty pay more obviously than Folk." The reporter skirted close to another strong trait of Folk's character: He works by rules of life. He has

with all the piety, conventionality, caution, and calculation which they have in common to a marked degree, McKinley studied the people, and went to them for his moral guidance — Folk has faith in the people



FOLK AND FOLK WORKERS AT CLOSE RANGE—PLANNING A MOVE IN THE BATTLE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

decided, for instance, that people have small faith in a public man who changes his mind — so he considers long before making a public decision, and then never changes it. When Governor Folk says the murderer shall hang — he hangs. Without being in the least punctilious about formalities, Folk is rigid in his observance of conventionalities. He is pleasant and good-natured to a point of geniality, but he is never humorous — never sarcastic, never flippant. He never (as Roosevelt often does) lets himself loose. His countenance has a glow to it, but it is not of gaiety, but rather of kindness. He plays the game of life with a smiling face, but with his cards close to his vest buttons. He is as unimpulsive as McKinley whom, in many ways, he strongly resembles. There is nothing of the dare-devil in Folk, though inasmuch as the bluff is a recognized weapon of polished diplomacy he uses it deftly. The great difference between McKinley and Folk is that

but goes into his own heart for guidance and lets the people follow him. Folk — barring some great catastrophe in his life — will make a leader. McKinley was a great follower.

Folk seems to have no confidants; no advisers; no board of strategy; he walks on his heels — cautiously, slowly, silently often, but always in a straight line, and always on his heels. He is a queer human mixture — but a strong one. He is so entirely the antithesis of Roosevelt in everything but moral courage and moral sense, that it is odd that people frequently name the two men in the same breath.

And this cautious, conservative, scrupulously conventional person, is the young man who made the whirlwind campaign for governor of Missouri. Beginning with the entire State Central Committee of his party arrayed against him, with the outgoing state administration of his party bitterly opposed to

him, with an unlimited campaign fund subscribed to defeat him, and with all the politicians of any note in his state sneering at him, he closed his campaign with a unanimous nomination (carrying every county in his state but two) defeated favorite sons in their own homes, and organized the new Democratic state central committee of his party, with twenty-eight out of thirty-four committee men enthusiastically behind him, and the others afraid to cheep. How did he do it? He had developed no Napoleonic capacity for political organization. He had no considerable campaign fund. He was a new man in an old state, with scarcely any acquaintance outside of St. Louis and he had neither "family" nor social prestige of any kind. He is no orator—as Brutus was. He talks simply but not eloquently, and has little rhetorical skill. Neither is he a big Durham-bull sort of personage, who imposes confidence by sheer avoirdupois. He is not magnetic, and he cannot palaver. And yet—there is the result. The manipulators of the Missouri Democratic machine kept in their headquarters a map, representing Missouri by counties, and whenever Folk carried a county they covered it with charcoal. He went from county to county speaking to the people. He ignored the politicians; he made no deals or combinations; he replied to none of the abuse the machine leaders were heaping upon him. But he went straight to the Missouri farmers; told them what he had done in St. Louis, and how the Democratic machine was treating him, asked for their support in a straightforward fashion, unashamed and without promises of what he would do. Because he was clearly an honest man and unquestionably a brave one, they took him on faith, and the charcoal began to spread over the map in the machine headquarters. It was plain to every one but the machine leaders that there was something in the air of Missouri other than politics. A great moral issue was moving among the people. That issue concerned the enforcement or the annulment of law, and Folk dramatized it. His career, and the fight made upon him for that issue, cast him as the hero, and Americans never fail to applaud the hero and hiss the villain. After his nomination, all the forces of graft in both parties united to defeat him at the polls. The railroads, the brewers, the crooked corporations, the machine

Democrats, and the office-hungry Republicans formed the combination to defeat him. He was the target of their fight during the four-months-long campaign. Folk announced in his speeches that he did not want the votes of boodlers, that they were neither Democratic nor Republican, but traitors to the state. But he asked for honest votes in all parties with such obvious sincerity that the dishonest in all parties feared him. Missouri has been accounted a state of prejudices; it has been called hide-bound. And yet when the votes came in, the State of Missouri showed more intelligent independence at the polls than any other American state; Roosevelt carried it by 25,000; Folk carried it by 30,000; the entire Republican state ticket excepting Folk, was elected by about 15,000 and the Democratic state machine, with all of the Bourbon leaders, was wrecked and in the scrap heap. Curiously enough during the campaign in St. Louis, where the visible political sentiment of the community was anti-Folk, where most of the newspapers were either harsh or cold toward him, and where every political force opposed him viciously, the people gave him 10,000 plurality, and it is believed by those who know St. Louis conditions that the election thieves stole 20,000 more from him. This shows two things clearly: that the return from boss government to constitutional government, may be accomplished by the people whenever they desire to do so, without any new laws, and without any unusual conditions; that whenever a politician appeals to the people directly and sincerely upon a moral issue, he need fear no deal nor combination nor strategy on the part of the crooks or their friends. The people have sense; they know the right and the wrong of a cause, and only when the right and the wrong are muddled by compromising manipulators on both sides of a fight, is the issue in doubt. Folk's victory should teach young men in politics first to champion the sheer right of a question, and then to trust to the basic common sense of the people to see the right and choose it.

Up to this point the career of Folk has had many parallels in public life. Many young men have made excellent prosecuting attorneys and have been promoted for their good work. But in nine cases out of ten promotion finishes a young man's usefulness. He sees another promotion, and begins to compromise to get it, and that is the end of



Photograph by Murillo

WILLIAM J. STONE

United States Senator from Missouri 1903-1909—formerly governor of his state

It was Phelps who said of Stone: "Stone sucks eggs as I do, but he hides the shells"



Photograph by Murillo

"BILL" PHELPS

A notorious lobbyist who keeps away from Jefferson City nowadays—out of respect for Folk

him. But this young man Folk is not letting down. He is keeping up his standards, living up to the ideals which gave him his promotion. Political prosperity agrees with him. As soon as he was inaugurated he summoned the political attorneys of the railroads, whose business it was to bribe legislators, and told them that he proposed to enforce the anti-pass law, which had been a dead-letter on the Missouri statutes for nearly forty years. This law prohibits railroads from giving passes to legislators or state officers or state employees. By violating this law the political attorneys of the railroads have been able to prevent any railroad legislation fair to the shippers; and, more than that, have been able to direct other legislation so closely that in times past other governors of Missouri have sent for these same attorneys and have begged them to allow a decent law to pass, so that its failure might not embarrass the party! This situation is common in American states! But Folk, having a reputation as a producer of indictments, spoke with some point and emphasis when he said that if passes were sent to the legislators he would not bother with the legislators, but would see that indictments were brought against the offending attorneys of the railroads! Also he told them to keep away from the capital during legislative session. He announced that if Bill Phelps—one of the most notorious of the railroad lobbyists—hung around Jefferson

City during the session of the legislature, something important would happen. And when Mr. Phelps had a few hours of private business in Jefferson City he reported to the governor upon arrival and told him when he would leave and explained what he would be doing while he stayed. It was Bill Phelps who said of Senator Stone of Missouri: "Stone sucks eggs as I do, but he hides the shells." Phelps is not ashamed of his calling and only buys when he deems it necessary. He intimates that Stone adds hypocrisy to his other shortcomings.

While Folk was conferring with the railroad representatives, he told them that if they would stay away from the capital and call off Phelps they might have his help to defeat any unfair measure proposed in the legislature, and he was as good as his word. Half a dozen unfair railroad bills were passed, and were promptly vetoed by the governor. But while the unfair bills were killed by the governor, he gave his support to the needed railroad legislation, and for the first time since 1873 a law was passed by the Missouri legislature regulating freight rates in the state. A law was passed prohibiting railroad employers from working their employees more than sixteen hours at a time on freight runs; another law was enacted requiring corporations to give employees quitting their service a letter stating the reason the employees were discharged, thus eliminating the black-list; a fair demurrage-charge law

was put on the books, and railroads were compelled to stop at stations when ordered to do so by the railroad commissioners. A damage-act became a law, authorizing suit for damages resulting from the death of an unmarried adult, and increasing the amount which may be recovered from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Heretofore there had been no right of action for the negligent death of an

to eight hours. A compulsory educational law was passed. At different times, for many years, state platforms of both parties had promised these laws and the people desired them, but the reign of the railroad attorneys in Jefferson City had prevented such legislation. Government by corporation was overthrown by Governor Folk and government by the people reestablished,



H. S. HADLEY, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF MISSOURI

As pronounced a Republican as Folk is a Democrat, but standing shoulder to shoulder with Folk in his work—governing the state in the interest of all the people and not in the interest of part of the people

adult unmarried person. The railroads have always succeeded in killing off legislation of this kind; the long-hoped-for law permitting plaintiffs to sue the original and connecting carriers who injure shippers by delays or otherwise, was passed; as also was the law authorizing the railroad commissioners to compel the establishment of freight depots at junction points, when the commissioners decide that it is just. "Railroads" were legally defined to include street railways, and private car companies were made subject to taxation. The work of men in smelters and reduction works was limited

simply through the enforcement of existing laws. The anti-pass law had been in the hands of every governor of Missouri for a generation, but as nearly all of those governors had been elected by railroad influence, they were afraid to use the club in their hand and be loyal to the people who paid the taxes.

Among other laws passed by the Missouri legislature which had the active opposition of the corporations at long range, was the law prohibiting race-track gambling and making it a felony. The St. Louis race-track, known as the Delmar track, was one of the most active gambling

places in the country, and the telegraph companies sent the reports of the Delmar races all over the land, turning a pretty penny thereby. The track was outside the corporation of St. Louis, in St. Louis county, where the governor seemed to have no power to enforce the law. The Delmar people kept on racing and gambling. Local sentiment in St. Louis county was with them, and naturally the local officers were in sympathy with the gamblers, and they prepared to invite all Missouri to laugh at its overzealous governor. Folk allowed their violations of the law to become so flagrant that the whole state understood the situation. He made it clear to the people that it was their law and not his which was broken, and thus, having aroused the state, he had public sentiment behind him and he went after the gamblers. He planned his fight as a chess-player lays out his game. He was told he could do nothing. Lawyers very generally agreed that the governor had no power; but Folk determined for himself that it was not only his right but his duty to stop organized crime anywhere in the state. If there should be a question as to his right to use the police outside of the city which hired them, he held that those engaged in the commission of felonies could not legally complain. No rights of theirs would be violated by police interference. The gamblers expected him to call out the state militia, and were preparing to impeach the governor for sending the militia where the local officers had not asked for it. But one day a squad of St. Louis policemen appeared at the gates of the Delmar track and asked for admission, and being refused, departed. That was all. The next day they appeared, asked for admission, and being refused, walked in. They made no arrests, but stood around, and left when the races were over. The next day the same squad of policemen appeared at the gates, marched in, and at the proper time arrested the bookmakers. Then Folk's intimate knowledge of human nature came into play. Bookmakers are proud men, and are prone to glory in their impudence, and their superiority to the law. So the Delmar gentry were loaded into an open patrol wagon, and instead of being driven quickly and in a surreptitious manner to their destination, were driven at a dead walk, six miles through the heart of the city to the police station surrounded by a hooting, jibing crowd of scornful citizens. When the crowd grew

tired and threatened to dissolve, the drivers of the patrol wagon, following instructions, slowed up or stopped to let the crowd regather and jeer the law-breakers. The next day when it was rumored that there would be a big raid, and that the track-frequenters would be hauled into court, the gates of the Delmar track were closed, and have been closed ever since. A notice was posted on the Delmar gate that owing to the arbitrary action of the police the races would discontinue. The owners of the Delmar track represented great wealth and much political power in Missouri. They complained bitterly that the law did not permit the governor to use the police in stopping felonious violations of the law, but nevertheless they quit. The horses are gone, the bookmakers have fled, and gambling upon the results of the St. Louis races has ceased all over the United States. More than that, as one of the indirect results of this lesson the Western Union directors have decided to take their wires out of all race-track stations, and receive only such gambling news as is brought to them. The company will not be the partners of touts. The gamblers went before the State Supreme Court asking that body to dissolve the temporary injunction secured by the chief of police of St. Louis to prevent the sheriff of St. Louis County from arresting the St. Louis policemen who appeared at the race-track to enforce the law.

As soon as the legislature adjourned, and left his hands free, Governor Folk set about to enforce the Sunday-closing law, which has been on the Missouri statutes forty years unamended. He has control of the police boards in three first-class cities in Missouri — Kansas City, St. Joseph and St. Louis — and also the control of the excise commissioners there who have absolute power to revoke a saloon-man's license at will. The Supreme Court had decided that the Sunday-closing law is inoperative against every business except the saloon, and the saloon men could not compel other stores and shops to close because the saloons were shut up. That weapon was denied them. And when the order came to close at midnight Saturday, they closed. The first Sunday a throng of drunken men and women crowded the St. Louis bridge coming and going to Illinois where liquor could be bought. The second Sunday the saloons closed. Then, after the custom in such cases, a few of them opened their back

doors. Their licenses were promptly revoked by the excise commissioner. The throng on the St. Louis bridge was not so large that Sunday. The third Sunday — which is the Sunday when Sunday closing spasms generally cease, a few more back doors opened, and Monday morning the keepers of those places lost their licenses. There were a few convictions also in court of violations of the law. The crowd on the bridge was gone. The people were getting used to the law. And from that time on, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph saloons have been closed on Sunday, and the excise law has been observed as well as the law against larceny or against murder. And the German-American population of St. Louis — which is supposed to be particularly obstinate in its demand for beer, law or no law, is larger in St. Louis than in any American city of its size. The German-Americans are there obeying and upholding the law. The story that they are law-breakers is a saloon-keeper's scarecrow to frighten weak-kneed politicians. Outside of St. Louis, in St. Louis county, where the amusement parks are located, the governor's display of policemen at the Delmar race-track put the fear of the law into the saloon-keepers and restaurant men so completely that the law is observed there strictly. The hotel bars and all drinking places are closed on Sunday in the first-class cities of Missouri for the first time in the history of the state. And to-day Missouri is probably the only state in the Union without a dead-letter law on its statute books.

And this is how it has paid: Since the election of Folk as circuit attorney of St. Louis, the value of land in the state has increased twenty per cent. The annual immigration to the state has increased twenty-five per cent. The railroads announce that after a summer of Sunday closing the Sunday excursions into the three first-class cities of the state have increased nearly ten per cent, showing that it pays to cater to the sober and industrious rather than to the lawless. The Sunday business of the local street-cars has increased twenty-five per cent, and the Monday deposits in the banks of the cities have increased remarkably, while the number of arrests in the three cities, where statistics are available, has decreased twenty per cent and the Sunday arrests have diminished forty per cent. More than this the trade of the grocers and small merchants has increased so materially that they are

making a sentiment for Sunday closing, strong enough to maintain it when Folk leaves the governor's office at the end of his term in 1909. Similarly the commercial clubs and business men's clubs in the Missouri cities have generally endorsed the enforcement of the anti-gambling law, on the ground that clerks and employees are no longer tempted to tap tills and gamble. A wholesome sentiment for the enforcement of law, as the sensible business thing, is growing up all over Missouri. It has its mainspring in the religious morality of the governor in his attitude toward his official duty, and it is appearing among citizens not as a moral principle but as a business conviction. It is making itself felt practically in politics, and the Republican state officials, who in any other state and under any other conditions might feel that party policy required them to hinder rather than help a Democratic governor, are doing all they can to help him. Attorney General Hadley, a young Republican of the new school of politics, has been standing shoulder to shoulder with Folk in every important fight, and he deserves the highest praise for the way he has risen above partizan bias, and has become a faithful servant of all the people. But for Hadley's sense and loyalty, Folk might have been badly crippled.

Now Hadley is a Republican to the core of his heart, and Folk is a Democrat of the strictest caste. Yet both are party servants in the high sense that they ignore party in the public service. Peanut politics has disappeared in Missouri—for the time at least. In the smaller cities and in the rural counties the people are demanding that local officers enforce all the laws. The hard native sense of the Missourian has been aroused. The state has had a tonic. It has found that a law enforced is the best investment a taxpayer can make. The decent majority has routed the lawless minority, and can do it again. There was no boodling at the last legislature; boodlers who have escaped jail, have fallen into the fire of public scorn. The words of the Missouri apologist for the boodlers who said that "bribery has never cost the taxpayers of Missouri a dollar" have turned to ashes in his mouth. The reign of law is unquestioned. The inmates of the sleeping castle are awake, "doing business at the old stand"; and the little leaven has leavened the whole lump.

At the conclusion of a topic like this, concerning the success of an honest man and his

honest work, it is fitting to ask : What does it all mean ? What is the lesson of it ? Wherein has it a broad human interest. And the answer to these queries seems to be this : The needful thing in our country is not more law but more respect for existing law. For example, the country is now aroused by the impudence of the public service corporations, which have set themselves above the law ; yet the man who encourages the saloon-keeper to break a law, because local sentiment regards it as a foolish law, must remember that local sentiment in Wall Street regards the law which high finance is breaking as a "crank" law, and if the saloon-keeper breaks the law that checks him, the broker and the corporation director will disregard the law that would check them. Folk having made the saloon-keeper obey the law, and the race-track gambler obey the law, and the railroad obey the law in the minor matter of issuing passes, is now free handed to make the larger offenders against society in the public service corporations obey the law. But unless he had enforced all the laws, the director of the public service corporation might well accuse the governor of playing to the galleries. And on the citizen's part, if he breaks one law he has no right to whine when his neighbor breaks another. If a man tries to get an illegal Sunday drink, he should not whimper if the directors of the insurance company wherein he invests evade the laws that regulate them, and cheat him of his rightful dividends. If this country is to be reformed, reform must begin at the bottom — with the citizen ; if he makes himself the judge of the laws that hamper him, he will find himself cheated by other law-breakers who set themselves up as judges of laws that hamper them. Governor Folk's success means that men are growing in their respect for law, and that translated into simple terms means that the partnership in civilization which exists between every human being and his fellow creatures, is coming more definitely into the consciousness of men. No man's goods are his own goods ; he owes society for the opportunity by which they were acquired. No man's business is his own business ; the laws of the land which protect him make his fellow citizens his partners, and he has no right to cheat them, and no right to hoard his wares under his own roof.

The citizen is a custodian — not an owner. The law recognizes the public's partnership in insurance, in railroads and in banks, and men

say that law must be obeyed. Other laws also recognize a partnership of society in every man's business, and abrogate his right to cheat or wrong his fellows, but these laws are often flouted. Until they are obeyed, government must be in just that much a farce ; and these laws will not be obeyed so long as men believe that the individual is the judge of any law, and may give or withhold his obedience to law, according to his whim, or the whim he calls "local sentiment."

The will of the majority in government must rule ; the voice of the partnership in society must prevail or the partnership — which is our civilization — eventually will dissolve into savagery. This traced to its last conclusion is what Folk stands for, and what every teacher and expositor of civic righteousness stands for.

One cannot close an attempt at an honest account of Joseph W. Folk and his work without deprecating the effort to make him a presidential candidate while he is still up to his elbows in a work that he has sworn to do without variableness or shadow of turning. To many of those who know him best and admire him most he does not yet seem to be of size or of strength for presidential timber ; or better, perhaps, it may be said that he does not seem to be of such size and strength as he will be after ten years more in the school of life, and that the kind of a president he might likely make three years from now is so much inferior to the president that they hope and believe he would make ten or a dozen years from now, that they dislike to see him wasted on an earlier opportunity. Indeed those are not his best friends who insist on booming him for president. On the contrary, in Missouri his dearest and most unswerving enemies are those who talk loudest about Folk as a presidential candidate in 1908. And the blind enthusiasts outside of Missouri, who are joining the claque, are merely helping the devil in Missouri take a wholesome, simple-hearted, brave young man up into a mountain to show him the kingdoms of the earth. What this country needs of Governor Folk, and what it has a right to demand of him, is that he keep right on making Missouri a model American commonwealth, that other states may profit thereby. It is not exaggeration — though it may seem so — to say that Governor Folk can make Missouri the best governed state in the world, by continuing in his present course. And yet it must be highly distracting to have the maggot of a presidential nomination wiggling

in his consciousness while he is doing a real public service, not merely to his state, but to his country. The friends of good government in this land therefore should control their emotions while thinking of Folk as a presidential candidate, and give him such absent treatment as they can to make him a good governor of Missouri; and, after that, an active citizen of his community until he shall grow in mental stature, to keep up with

his moral stature, and shall be ripened for whatever great and good work his country may have for him. Just because a sapling is straight, is no reason why it should be supposed to be strong enough for the beam of a ship. With ten years of seasoning in public life—perhaps six of it in Washington—Folk would be sound and strong and worthy of any burden; but now his duty lies in Missouri, at his appointed task.

THE CLOUD AND THE MOUNTAIN

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE Cloud spake to the Mountain and it said:
 "Lo! I am still as thou and lift a hoary head,
 Men marvel at my height and are adread.

My promontory rides the blue, a gallant prow;
 My valleys they are deep, the sunset smites my brow.
 I draw men's eyes with distance, even as thou."

The ancient Mountain spake: "Ephemeral and vain,
 This evening thou shalt vanish never to come again,
 A shape, a fleet similitude, built out of rain.

No flocks of sheep or goats follow thy phantom trails;
 There are no folk inhabiting thy misty vales;
 Thy insubstantial headland, lo, it faints and fails.

Thou art a dream, a shadow and a lure,
 A ghostly mountain and a haunted moor
 Where thin thoughts move, but nothing can endure."

The Cloud spake to the Mountain: "Even so:
 It is with thee and thy perpetual snow;
 Thou art a dream that insect generations know.

Ages before thou wast conceived, I AM:
 Before the earth took shape or harbored man,
 When the chained stars like molten rivers ran.

The men that build their cities upon thee
 Are dimmer than the shapes that people me,
 Figments of flesh and soon no more to be.

For as I am a fable in thy sight,
 Art thou and all things, save the still small light
 Of candled souls that journey home by night."

THE COURTSHIP OF THE BOSS

BY

ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



IT was not surprising that Daniel Hennessey and his fellow townsmen sometimes forgot that the mayoralty was not a hereditary office in Crowley. For so many undisputed terms had he been chief magistrate that at last the very town seemed to him his heritage.

The people of the larger city that lay across the state line from Crowley — in this case the state line was a river — were given to much abuse of that begrimed center of mills, railroads, gas-works, and oil-tanks. When they spoke of Crowley's mayor and his administrations, it was with the triumphant vindictiveness of those who maintain their own virtuous standing chiefly by the shortcomings of others.

But all the periodic outcries of its great neighbor left Crowley placidly unmoved. Mr. Hennessey and the town agreed admirably with each other. Its population was a poor one; it was the shabby sleeping-place of a horde of petty clerks and workmen, who were ferried over to the big city in the morning twilight and back at evening dusk; it was the abode of its own soiled mill-hands and railroad laborers, of the employees on the trolley lines, of its rotund saloon-keepers, and of their graduates in the staring, new, rectangular City Hall that was its boast.

Habited to makeshifts and blunders, they accepted without resentment the caving-in of badly-laid pavements, the bursting of shell-like sewer-pipes, and the spluttering and flickering of illuminating gas that did not illuminate.

Daniel Hennessey suited them. If he did not give them good streets, he made ample amends in the way of picnics, free to all comers; if he amassed property at a rate

unpleasantly suggestive, wealth did not render him proud. Moreover he spent his income in a way that made Crowley as indifferent to taxation as a loyal Briton on Coronation Day. No mayor within a hundred miles had more diamonds, raced better horses, or kept a more expensive or more easy "open house" at New Year's and other times when he bade his constituents hearty welcome.

Even his political associates were not jealous of Hennessey. He was a "fair man," they said wagging their chins judicially; by which they meant that if Daniel held stock in each new trolley that won a franchise from the town, they too held stock in their degree; and that if the company which mysteriously, in spite of a high bid, received the contract for opening up a new street, balanced things by restoring a small proportion of its fee to the city officials, they, as well as Daniel, profited.

And they continued to let Daniel rule them and rule Crowley, while the opposition languished into a negligible quantity, prating of assessments, civic honor and the hygienic disposal of refuse, but never organizing a barge party in the summer or distributing coals in the winter.

If Crowley's center was the disgrace to civilization which its neighbors named it, the outskirts were indescribable. The streets went unpaved, the roads ungraded, the infrequent street lamps were erected apparently as targets for stray missiles. Along the riverside toward the north was the road which the big city was constantly urging the little one to turn into a boulevard or a speedway, so great were its natural beauties. On one side lay the winding, isleted stream and on the other sloping, wooded stretches. But Crowley had small use for speedways; so the river-bank north of the town's center went quickly

to ruin. Here a flood had encroached upon the road and left a great gap of jagged rock and water; and there a quarrying company, empowered by the city to blast rock, had left holes and pitfalls. The rains came and washed down the earth, uncovering the old corduroy foundations, until even the sure-footed horses from outlying truck farms were forced to seek a new road to town.

In the tangled growth of grass and weeds and trees that sloped up from the river's bank, were five or six old houses. They had been country seats when Crowley was merely a ferry-slip. They had been built with that ancient solidity which defies time and even vandalism. The owners had long since ceased to occupy them, and for the most part they were untenanted. The shingles had fallen from their roofs, the glass was gone from their windows, the doors were fallen from their hinges, the columns of their high piazzas were scarred and chipped by the hands of many picnickers. In the coarse grass that covered their old carriage-ways the wheel tracks of the past were dim, and ragged weeds choked out the fine grass where lawns had stretched.

It was one morning in September that Mayor Hennessey was tempted to try this ramshackle road. He had intended to take a spin out of the town and try his new horse on the good roads south of his jurisdiction, but when he came down the steps of the City Hall, he found he was too late for the run. Yet there was an unwonted freshness in the air — the wind blowing the many smokes of Crowley away from him — and he wished to try the horse. He bent to lift Lady Hamilton's hoofs with practised hand, then rising, flushed with the exertion, he climbed into the light rig and took the reins from the slouching hostler.

In the Crowley language he was "a fine figure of a man," broad and well padded by nature across the shoulders and ample of chest. Crowley liked the ruddy, jovial face, the fine, fierce iron-gray mustache at which his honor was wont to pull while his little blue eyes twinkled down upon a voter's baby.

They started delicately, Lady Hamilton and her owner. His big hands in their orange driving gloves grasped the reins lightly. On the River Way Daniel had purposed to give the horse her head, but the twisting road did not look promising for speeding. Although along the winding way he kept a

tight rein, at a sharp turn he came upon calamity.

An adventurous furniture van — what idiot could be carting furniture along the River Way? — blocked travel. Its rear wheel hung over a minor precipice washed out of the road. Some of its contents had escaped their rope moorings and lay below, a damaged pile with the ripples washing it. The driver stood scratching his head futilely, and a woman was surveying the scene.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said his honor, elaborately. "Excuse me for not dismountin' to help you, ma'am, but this mare, ma'am, is a bit skittish this morn'. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you please," said the lady with unfeminine promptness. "I think this driver's drunk. I thought so when he came this morning, and that's why I came along with the load. I don't care to have him finish dumping my furniture into the river. If there is such a thing in that town back there" — she nodded contemptuously in the direction of Crowley's center, and the Mayor felt a thrill of wounded pride such as he had not known in thirty years — "as a decent furniture wagon and a man sober enough to unload this on it, please send them to me."

"I will, ma'am, with pleasure, ma'am," answered the Mayor, resentful of Lady Hamilton's determined pulls to be gone.

"I will be much obliged," announced the lady in a tone that implied no consciousness of overwhelming obligation.

"Not at all, ma'am, not at all," the Mayor managed to jerk out, as the horse, safely turned, began to make good her late owner's claims in regard to her speed.

To insure it that the calm woman of the gray eyes was properly served, Daniel sent to her aid a city dray driven by a man so sober as to be absolutely taciturn. This being never mentioned to her that the infamously famous Mayor of Crowley had befriended her.

The Mayor was no "lady's man." Fifteen years before he had, as he put it, "buried his wife." Since then he had been too busy to think much about women. Indeed he had been so before poor Mrs. Hennessey had made her final pathetic appeal for thought. But since then he had been the despair of the ladies of Crowley's political circle who were well aware of his eligibility.

To-day, however, there was a gentle tumult beneath his striped shirt and his checkered waistcoat. The direct gaze from a pair of fine, unexcited gray eyes kept intruding between him and his official business. And at night he went laggingly to the brick structure of which he had always thought proudly as the finest house in Crowley, being seized with an inexplicable distaste for its solitary splendors.

He stood at the door of the parlor, hoping by a contemplation of it to restore the brilliancy of his conception of his home. The ormolu clock ticked loudly on the black marble mantel. Daniel scowled at it and at the tall Chinese vases at either end, and even at the silver loving-cup inscribed with divers names and with high-sounding sentiments.

The lace curtains hung in spotless evenness clear to the floor, and swept the rose-strewn carpet a few inches. The chairs, upholstered in plush of the softest texture and the most glowing hue, stood evenly against the flowered wall. The marble table supported a gorgeously-bound Bible, an empty card receiver of jade and silver, and a plush photograph album. A long gilt-framed mirror doubled the room, chair for chair and ornament for ornament—even the great, dead, upright piano over against the folding doors, where the red portières were pulled back by heavy gold cord like the fringe on a general's epaulets.

"An' no one to play it," grumbled the Mayor.

By morning, however, his honor was better. At fifty, the successful politician seldom perishes of love at first sight. He made up his mind to visit the farm-house where some of his horses were pasturing, to buy a library—the Mayor did things on a grand scale—and to start the campaign. Not that there was much arduous campaigning in Crowley. "It's a walk-over for us, all right," said the Mayor, half annoyed at the fact.

He had smoked a cigar and had a chat with the District Attorney as part of the day's business, when a clerk from the outer office stood at his desk.

"A lady to see you," said the clerk. The District Attorney looked his surprise. So did the Mayor.

"You mean me?" he asked.

"Yep," nodded the clerk.

"Did ye tell her I was busy?"

"Says she 'll wait."

"What t' 'ell can she want?" pondered the Mayor aloud, for the female lobbyist was the one political evil unknown in Crowley.

"Have her in and see, Dan," counseled the District Attorney. "I 'll stay and help you out."

"All right. Send her in, Bill," concluded his honor. And in two more minutes a plump, neat, forceful looking woman was ushered into the mayoral presence.

Daniel whirled in his chair to see his visitor; then he bounded to his feet.

"How d' ye do, ma'am, how d' ye do?" he cried joyously. And as he advanced he muttered to the District Attorney: "It's all right, Carr. Get out." Which Carr did with a smile made up of equal parts of amazement and comprehension.

The lady of the gray eyes looked her astonishment.

"Oh!" she said, "it's you?"

"It is, ma'am," said Daniel, beaming as he pushed forward a chair with one hand, and with the other sent his cigar stub flying through the open window. "An' delighted if I can be of any service to you. The man I sent—the dray—they were all right?"

"Oh, yes," she replied absently, as she sat down. "They were all right. You were very kind. I did n't understand. The man would take no pay. I thought he was crazy."

"Oh, no, he's sensible enough. I told him to take none. He's on the rolls, you see."

"Ah, yes," said the lady absently again. She looked vaguely through the window and out onto the sunburnt turf of the square.

"Badly sodded," she indicated the square with an inclination of her neatly coiffured head. The Mayor flushed.

"It's its first season," he said apologetically. And again there fell a little silence while the visitor stared through the window. But she soon recovered herself. She turned her cool, pleasant eyes upon the great man and smiled.

"I'm a little upset," she said. "I came here to find fault—and it don't seem very grateful to find fault with any one who was as kind as you were yesterday. But I came to complain, and I'm going to."

She had a firm little chin, and now that the smile had died away there was a look about her wholesome mouth that bespoke her no trifler. The Mayor, estimating the gray strands in her brown hair and the lines about her eyes, was calculating, "Thirty-eight or

maybe forty." But he closed his arithmetical exercises to say, with pained attention:

"To find fault? With me, ma'am?"

"With you — since you're the government of Crowley," she answered, again with the smile that took all harshness from her face, "anyway, with the government of Crowley."

She paused. Mayor Hennessey, suffused with red, had no apt reply. So he fixed his blue eyes, from which the twinkle had departed, dejectedly upon her and waited.

"I have been left an old house," she announced, "out on the road you call the River Way. It used to be known as the Blair Place."

"Yes'm," said the Mayor.

"I am a poor woman," she went on, "a self-supporting one —"

"A widow — or did her husband desert her?" inwardly questioned the Mayor in a perspiration of fear.

"My husband died thirteen years ago, and I have got along pretty hard until now, when I come into possession of this property."

"It could n't come to better hands," declared the Mayor, bowing his best. But his visitor seemed not to hear, and he felt himself all at once absurd and small.

"It is n't much of a place now," she said. "Of course I did n't know or I would n't have moved here clear from Illinois. However, I'm here. And I mean to stay. And I mean to open a boarding-house there, for the house is as big as a barn, and I'm used to the business. But the road to it has to be repaired, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Hennessey," supplied the Mayor.

"Mr. Hennessey. No one would travel over such a road to get anywhere. There ought to be a breakwater all along the river-edge there," she finished severely.

The Mayor began to recover himself.

"Oh, my dear madam," he said in the florid political manner, "we're not a rich community like the city over there. Ours is a workin' population. A breakwater is an expensive luxury for which our taxpayers would be unable to pay."

The widow gazed at him steadily.

"I've read all about Crowley," she announced.

"I suppose you mean in them blackguardin' papers across the river," he returned, stirred to an unwonted heat.

Again the widow's soothing, radiant smile appeared.

"I suppose they were opposition papers," she conceded. "But that River Way is a disgrace and a danger. And it is in the city, you know."

Charmed by her amiability, the Mayor hastened to concede also.

"It has been somewhat — er — neglected in the press of other matters, but now that we seem likely to have a — er — population out that way — something will have to be done."

"The street lamps do not seem to be lighted out there at night. It's rather gloomy if one's a stranger," she said.

"Never a whimper about bein' a woman!" thought Mayor Hennessey proudly, while he proclaimed aloud: "If the lighters ain't doin' their duty, ma'am, we'll soon know the reason."

The lady rose to go. Her face was divided between its grim resolution and its sunny confidence.

"You will do something, then?" she said. "You see I'm ignorant. Maybe I ought to have gone to some one else, but I said to myself — 'I'll go to the head.' I've always found it best to go straight to headquarters. Why, I broke half my furniture yesterday. And I was a little — desperate."

"Whenever anything goes wrong with you in this town, ma'am," answered the beaming Mayor, "you come straight to me. An' if our broken road was the cause of your broken furniture, you send in a bill, ma'am."

She looked dubious.

"Send in a claim, ma'am, an' don't bring a suit for damages," begged the Mayor in sounding terms. And to facilitate her progress he placed official foolscap by the pens and ink ready on his desk.

When in neat, unaccustomed chirography she had made out the bill against Crowley for a broken piano, a broken what-not, and a broken case of crockery, Mayor Hennessey had the satisfaction of learning that her name was Maria Downs. And he felt that the twenty-eight dollars at which she estimated her loss was a small price to pay for the information — since it should be the city that would pay it. Mrs. Downs departed, bowed out of the outermost door of the City Hall by the Mayor, to the marveling delight of the clerks and hangers-on. Then he departed to see the Chief of Police.



MAYOR HENNESSEY

They talked of many things — of the Mayor's horses and of the Chief's son who had inopportune yearnings to go to Annapolis in spite of the fact that his father had quarreled with the recommending Congressman. But Mayor Hennessey had not quarreled. He would speak the word in due season; and — by the way, would the Chief see to it that the River Way was diligently patrolled for a while until the young toughs of Crowley had it firmly fixed in their minds that the River Way was not for them? The Chief would!

"A man that never forgets his friends," commented the Chief warmly, picturing his son a naval ensign as he looked at the Mayor's broad back in its plaid retreat from the office.

Daniel Hennessey, as he strode along, banished merely sentimental reflections. He had work to do, reforms to undertake, a bill to have paid, auditors and treasurers to manage. And he managed them so easily that it was but a short time before he found a neatly written, but it seemed to him unnecessarily brief, note from Maria Downs acknowledging the receipt of twenty-eight dollars, and thanking him for the trouble he had taken in her behalf.

The campaign went on; and the result was the usual one. The Mayor was triumphantly reelected. The returns reached him at the party headquarters, conveniently adjacent to Casey's saloon. He and his aides sat about a long table in an upper room, dimly perceiving one another's good-natured faces and tilted hats through a haze of smoke. There was plenty of laughter during the evening, and when the last district had been heard from, the Mayor, according to his time-honored custom, invited his friends to remain until Casey sent up a little something to drink success to the government. They all waited except young Donahue, the new alderman.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Hennessey," he apologized, slipping into his overcoat, "but there's a little woman at home that'll be sittin' up to hear the good news."

He gripped the Mayor's hand. He was the Mayor's man, and there was gratitude in his dog-like young eyes. And the Mayor shook his hand so hard that his fingers were scarred from the pressure of a big diamond.

"Poor Hennessey," he said in detailing the evening's occurrences to his proud wife, "I misdoubt me but he'd like some one to be waitin' up to hear the news himself."

A few days later the restless undefined craving of the Mayor for the River Way could no longer be kept down. With a soberer steed than Lady Hamilton attached to an open buggy, he started. It was cold, and he wore the seal-lined ulster that Crowley esteemed the brightest jewel in its municipal crown. He had looked with some satisfaction at the reflection given back by his hall mirror before he left the house. In some vague undefined way he thought of himself as a triumphant warrior setting out to receive the victor's final meed.

As he approached the turn in the road that gave upon the old Blair place, he was conscious of a sort of dizziness. Beneath his ribs his heart thumped loudly. He threw back his overcoat and told himself that driving heated a man. Then he wondered if Mrs. Downs would regard him as insane if he should call upon her.

He rounded the curve — and there she was, a determined figure in a short skirt and a woollen reefer-jacket. A red muffler enveloped her head and throat, and crisp little ringlets blew from beneath its close folds about her animated face. Two men worked busily under her directions, piling rocks along the bank. The Mayor pulled up sharply. Mrs. Downs looked askance until she recognized him. Then she advanced with outstretched mittened hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hennessey!" she cried. Then she laughed. "You see, I'm building my own breakwater."

"But — but," sputtered the Mayor, "we can't allow that, Mrs. Downs. When a lady does us the honor to settle with us, she should n't have to — have to —"

"So I think myself, Mr. Hennessey, but I can't have the storms and the river eat away any more of my land. There's a foot gone in places since I came. So I contracted for these rocks — and I'm making a temporary wall. Next summer —"

"Next summer, ma'am," declared the Mayor, with sudden decision, "there'll be two miles of as fine breakwater as you'd want to see along this road. And the city'll build it."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Downs with skeptical dryness of intonation.

"You have me word for it, ma'am," said the Mayor at a summer temperature of embarrassment. Then awkwardly enough he persuaded the lady to permit him to drive her along the road for a way, and he felt a thrill



"BOWED OUT . . . BY THE MAYOR, TO THE MARVELING DELIGHT OF THE
CLERKS AND HANGERS-ON"



"THE RESULT WAS THE USUAL ONE. THE MAYOR WAS TRIUMPHANTLY REELECTED."

of pride when, looking doubtfully from her shabbiness to his seal-lined elegance, she averred that "she was n't fit."

Back in the City Hall by-and-by, he sent for young Donahue and for young Wilson. Young Donahue learned that he was to introduce a bill providing for a breakwater along the River Way, for a two-mile stretch of macadam road, for the planting of new shrubbery and for the cutting through of a street behind the few dwellings that fronted on the river. Nothing but the boundlessness of his belief in his boss saved him from panic.

"Do — do you — think it 'll go through?" he asked.

"It 'll go through," answered the Mayor, shortly.

Young Wilson, tall, slim, blond and indolent, had, for his uncle's sake, to draw a salary. But he was a foolish youth, scarcely fit even for the ornamental secretaryship created for him in the office of the Commissioner of Docks. To-day Mayor Hennessey decided that he should "earn his keep."

"Where are you livin', Wilson?" he demanded abruptly.

"Up at Mrs. Snyder's," replied the astonished Wilson.

The Mayor considered how to make it up to Snyder.

"Like it there?"

"First-rate place," replied Wilson, examining his nails carefully. He was reported in City Hall circles to be addicted to the manicure habit.

"Could you move — to oblige me?" said the Mayor. Mr. Wilson bestowed a sharper glance than usual on his chief.

"Should n't care to," he drawled. Then he explained. "You see, I've been there two years and it's homelike and — er —" he finished with a simper.

"Making up to Snyder's girl, eh? Well, what I've in mind would do you no harm there. You 'll get her all the quicker for not bein' under her feet the whole time, and I 'll square it with the missus. Now I want" — and he scheduled what he wanted.

Of course he had his own way. Wilson might sigh and grumble and declare that it was too far out for a person who liked to see a little life of an evening, but Wilson knew that he must be persuaded or lose the easy secretaryship, and he was persuaded.

All that week the Mayor's obscure agents were busy searching the titles of the River

Way estates and bargaining with the long-disgusted holders of them. Had Daniel Hennessey appeared as a purchaser the owners would have suspected expensive schemes and would have held their land dear. But only a few poor fellows, not even real estate speculators, wanted to buy. They had to buy on small mortgages. The estates went very cheaply, and the mortgages were cleared with astonishing speed after the transfers had been made to Mr. Daniel Hennessey.

Then Mr. Hennessey worked with his aldermen, his Common Council and his Board of Public Works. They did not see, at first, just what was in it, but under the guidance of their astute chieftain their vision gradually cleared.

Nearly two miles of river-front land in his possession; a breakwater and a macadam roadway in front; a street opened through in the rear; a branch of the main trolley-line running along that new street; what more natural than the formation of the River Way Real Estate Company, the erection of villas — all chocolate-colored gables and crushed strawberry porticos and shallow cream-colored bay-windows? A great light began to break in upon the municipal brains. Then there was the Point, three miles farther on, where the river made its deep dip and the land was a wooded promontory. There was a beach there — a fine sand beach. icture the macadam road and the buttress against the water continued to this point on one side and the trolley buzzing through to it on the other! Was there anything the matter, the Mayor would like to know, with organizing the Laurel Point Pleasure Resort Association? The Mayor's friends enthusiastically agreed that there was not, only one irrelevant man venturing to point out that there were no laurels within two hundred miles of the little cape.

So the Mayor worked and manipulated and waited. To his allies he seemed, as usual, a great and genial organizer who never "forgot his friends." But he knew himself for the humbler wooer of energetic Maria Downs.

Maria Downs did not know him so. Had he informed her that a sea-wall was building because she had stood one windy morning directing two rude masons before her house, or that "restricted villas" were rearing themselves in pink- and yellow-gabled angularity that she might have neighbors of the safe sort, or that a trolley-line ran to her back

door that her boarders might travel to and fro with ease and her venture prove successful, she would only have thought him a more elaborate liar than she had been already taught to believe him. And perhaps her skepticism would have proved more nearly true than his fancy, for certain it is that his active mind had more pleasure in this indirect pursuit of her than the chase of an innamorata often affords a man.

The Mayor was a frequent visitor at the big boarding-house, where he marveled to find her open fire more attractive than his gilded radiators. He wondered, too, why her homely work-basket seemed so much more of an ornament on her red-covered table than the jade card-receiver on his marble-top at home. But, slow to unfamiliar sentiment and awkward in her actual presence, he never put the questions to her. The years when women had not mattered to him had done their work.

As the third Christmas of Maria's residence in Crowley approached, the Mayor took a great and courageous resolve. Something softer than usual in her self-reliant face, a little touch of pensiveness about her firm lips, a cloudy glamor sometimes before her gray eyes, inspired him with a more tumultuous sensation than ever, when he was with her, and with a greater restlessness, when he was in his own barren house. He looked upon what he had done for her and he was glad and proud. He would claim his reward! A humbler mood prevailing, he would decide to beg her to take pity on his loneliness. He would ask her to play hostess at his New Year's reception.

"An' if she mentions clothes an' things," he said to himself, as he drove along the rehabilitated River Way by the white brilliancy of the December stars and the great arc-lights, "I'll tell her we'll go over to Patee the week after, an' she can get what she wants."

The old Blair place beamed rosy and yellow out into the white radiance of the night. The Mayor's heart thumped painfully and his fingers bungled as he fastened the weight to the bit. His voice was a little thick as he asked for Mrs. Downs, and the smiling maid admitted him.

Mrs. Downs came in after a brief delay. There was a flush on her cheek like a young girl's, and her eyes were starry. Her plain frock was exchanged for something that fluted and fluttered about the throat.

The Mayor surveyed her with an agitated pride.

They wished each other a Merry Christmas and drew their chairs before the fire. The Mayor tugged at his big moustache, and cleared his throat many times. Then he played with the cat. Mrs. Downs gazed silently at the blaze. Suddenly she turned toward him.

"I want to tell you something," she said with her old directness. "You're my oldest friend here; you gave me my start with the dray and the driver and — and — my first boarder. You remember. Well — I'm going to be married."

Daniel stared at her, his big red face expressionless, his eyes like two bits of dull blue china. She hurried on nervously.

"It's Ed — Mr. Wilson. You're responsible, you see, for it all."

A slow amazement crept over Daniel's face. He was galvanized into speech, and with one sentence showed how vast a gulf lies between tact with men and tact with women.

"Why, he's nothing but a boy!" he blurted out.

Brickish red traveled slowly up Maria's sensible face.

"He is older than you think," she said stiffly, "and maybe I'm not so old."

Daniel looked at her with drooping jaw for a minute.

"Maybe," he acquiesced finally, but it was the acquiescence of an unbeliever.

"And you don't know," she hurried on, ashamed of her brief animosity, "how a woman who's had a hard time and — none too much pleasure — or — liking — in her life, wants it when it comes. You see," she wound up with a final attempt at gayety, "you're a hard-headed business man and a politician, and I don't believe you know about romance."

The Mayor stared at her from glazed eyes for a minute. "I guess you're right," he agreed at last. He rose and, going to the red-curtained window, looked out across the sloping lawn, flecked with lights from the house. The smooth road above the river shone white in the night. He could hear the water softly beating the stone defense he had made against it. There was a dull weight in his chest.

"I guess you're right," he said as he turned back to the room and stretched out his big hand in congratulation. "I guess you're right. Romance ain't in my line."



"A SLOW AMAZEMENT CREPT OVER DANIEL'S FACE"



LOVE OF LIFE

BY

JACK LONDON.

AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," "THE CALL OF THE WILD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

*"This out of all will remain —
They have lived and have tossed :
So much of the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost."*

THEY limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's layin' in that cache of ourn," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm ; but the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their foot-gear, though the water was icy cold — so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy, and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.



"HE CRIED LOUDLY TO THE PITILESS DESOLATION THAT
RINGED HIM AROUND."

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out :

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill !" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smoldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August — he did not know the precise date within a week or two — he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake ; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses — naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

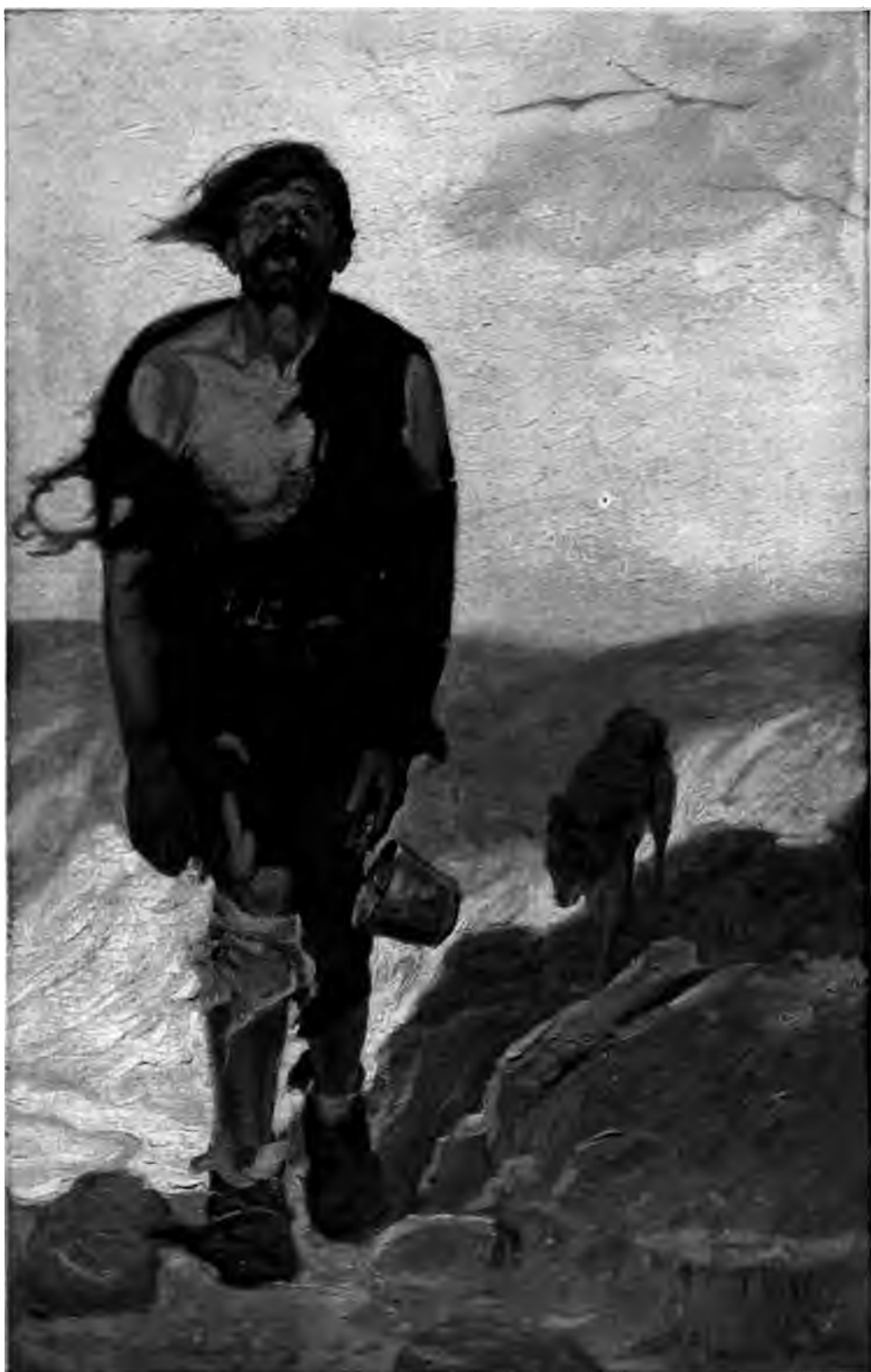
"Bill !" he whispered, once and twice ; "Bill !"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared — more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lunched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, sponge-like, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *titchin-nichlie* — in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream — this he remembered well — but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the River Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net — all the utilities for



"YET THE LIFE THAT WAS IN HIM DROVE HIM ON"

the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour — not much — a piece of bacon and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch, and many times, of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed inclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire — a smoldering, smudgy fire — and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into

several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet foot-gear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast — at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray-colored lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun or hint

of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far — possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for traveling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds — as much as all the rest of the pack — and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. Ker — ker — ker was the cry they made. He threw stones at them but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their ker — ker — ker became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise

of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox leaping away in fright did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. But he threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest — to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on — not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving



"HIS MIRTH WAS HOARSE AND GHASTLY, LIKE A RAVEN'S CROAK, AND THE SICK WOLF JOINED HIM, HOWLING IUGUBRIOUSLY"

to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was the signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the River Dease. He was mastered by the verb, "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth,

easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, so far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the River Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had traveled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was



"SLOWLY, WHILE THE WOLF STRUGGLED FEEBLY AND THE HAND CLUTCHED FEEBLY, THE OTHER HAND CREPT ACROSS TO A GRIP"

an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day, and the next day, traveling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.

Another night, and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moose-hide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold-dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the River Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks a day old—little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like egg-shells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great outcry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell, or rubbing his eyes

with his hand when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own—he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head-foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into foot-wrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly—only—only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half-blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

An hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs of the hunger-bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly

once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear his vision, and beheld not a horse but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun half way to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting-knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warning thump, thump, thump. Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him! He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled, savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves in packs of two and three crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The débris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He traveled in the night as much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He as a man no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become blunted, numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream or this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or

crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky-line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision or a mirage — more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of the shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the empty rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him — a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he made out the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and blood-shot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffled and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But

the sea still shone in the distance and the ship's spars were plainly discernible. Was it reality after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket-wrappings, and his feet were like shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil-paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants' legs to the knees and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what he foresaw was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss he found he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary healthful red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that

trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woe-begone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind, and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice which achieved no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian Summer of the high latitudes. It might last a week. Tomorrow or next day it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along, and soon came to the end of it — a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot-pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha! ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased suddenly. How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill!

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid, because of his great weakness, that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift-logs which lined its sand-spits.

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two — for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once glancing back he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be — unless — unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played — a sick man that crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again, and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But

his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship was no more than four miles away. He could see it quite distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of Death he defied Death and refused to die.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor, that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again, by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear slowly drawing near and nearer the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out—or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swift and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the

food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the animal, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, but it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whaleship *Bedford*. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive but that could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whaleship *Bedford*, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at meal-time because they ate so much food. He was haunted by a fear that it would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and his body swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and like a mendicant, with outstretched palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and

thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They left him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the *Bedford's* anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.

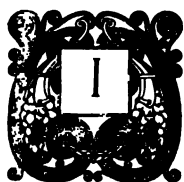
REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

PART TWO: SCHOOL-DAYS



I WAS ten years old when my father took me to the gymnasium at Cologne, which was usually called the "Jesuit Gymnasium," although it had no connection with that religious order. In those days the City of Cologne had about ninety thousand inhabitants, and was, as I supposed, one of the largest cities in the world. My grandfather had taken me there several years before on a visit, and well do I remember the two things that then interested me most: the cathedral tower with the huge crane on top, and then the convict chain-gangs sweeping the streets—sinister-visaged fellows in clothes striped dark gray and yellow, with heavy iron chains on their feet that rattled and clanked dismally on the pavement stones—one or more soldiers standing guard close by, gun in hand. I remember also how my grandfather reproved me for taking off my cap to everybody whom we met in the streets, as was the custom in our little village at

home; for, he said, there were so many people in Cologne that were one to attempt to bow to them all, there would be no time left for anything else; that one could never become acquainted with all those people, and many of them were not worth knowing; and finally that such deference on my part would mark me at once as a country boy and make me appear ridiculous.

This "making myself ridiculous" was something I greatly dreaded, and I would have taken any pains to avoid it; yet it happened that my first appearance at the gymnasium was an occasion of amusement to others and of mortification to myself. In the schools at Liblar and Brühl we had been using slates for our arithmetic and dictation exercises. Not dreaming that a slate was incompatible with the dignity of a ten-year-old pupil at the gymnasium, I carried mine under my arm into the class-room, and thus unwittingly exposed myself to the scoffs and giggles of the boys, not one of whom I knew. There was a loud burst of laughter when one boy shouted out: "Look at that fellow; he

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has got a slate!" I would have liked to reply to this remark with my fists, but just at that moment the instructor entered, and all was respectful silence.

My scale of living at Cologne was, of necessity, extremely modest. Board and lodging had been provided for me by my parents, at the home of a locksmith. I slept in the same bed with the locksmith's son, who was also a mechanic, and took my meals at the family table with the journeymen and apprentices. Severe decorum was exacted of all; the master led the conversation, and only the foreman occasionally took part in it. I had no social intercourse whatever with persons of good education outside of school; within school many helpful influences surrounded me.

At the present day the question, "What should be the course of study in an educational institution of the rank of a gymnasium," is being much discussed. This I shall return to later. But the question what the course of study should be seems to me by no means the only important, nor even the most important one. What we learn in school is naturally but little, only a small portion of that which we have to learn for fruitful activity in after life. It is therefore of especial consequence that the things learned in school, whatever they may be, should be taught in such a manner as will awaken and encourage in the pupil the desire and enjoyment of learning more, and as will enable him to seek and find for himself the means of further instruction as far as they are attainable, and to use them to the greatest possible advantage — in one word, that the pupil in school should learn how to learn. This requires not only appropriate methods of teaching, but also individual ability of the teacher to judge of the capacities of his pupil, to put those capacities into activity and to guide and inspire them. And just in this respect I was uncommonly fortunate in my years at the gymnasium.

The head master of the lowest class was, in my time, a young Westphalian, Heinrich Bone, whom I remember with especial gratitude. At a later period he became widely known as a teacher of exceptional ability. He instructed us not only in Latin, but also in German, and he stoutly held to the principle, that clearness and directness of expression are the fundamental requisites of a good style. Instead of wearying his pupils with dry grammatical rules, he gave them

at once short compositions to write, not upon such subjects as "The Beauty of Friendship," or "The Use of Adversity," but simple descriptions of things actually seen — a house, a group of people, a picture, and the like. He required these compositions to be rendered in the simplest possible sentences, without any complication or ornament. The most important rule, however, which he enforced with especial emphasis was this: every noun, every adjective, every verb must express some object, or some quality, or some act perceptible to the senses. All that was vague or abstract or not perceptible to the senses was severely forbidden at first. In this manner he accustomed his pupils to see clearly whatever was before their eyes, and then to set forth the impression received in words so concise and clear cut that their meaning was unmistakable.

When we had attained a certain degree of efficiency in this very simple exercise, we were allowed to enlarge the form of our sentences, but only for the purpose of presenting more clearly and fully some vivid picture. Thus we were led up step by step to the construction of more complicated periods. Narrative compositions followed the descriptive ones, the teacher's requirement still being the utmost clearness of expression; and not until the pupil had proved himself competent to grasp and to present the actual, the sensually perceptible, was he permitted to indulge in abstractions and reflections. This method taught us not only to form correct sentences, but to exercise the faculty of correct observation, which, strange to say, is developed in a comparatively small number of people.

The fundamental idea underlying this method, applicable to all instruction, is that the principal aim of teaching should be to fit and equip and stimulate the mind of the scholar with a view to independent action. Herein lies the secret of all successful mental education. This is the way to learn how to learn. To be sure, the pursuit of this method demands teachers of ability and thorough training, to whom their calling is something more than a mere routine business.*

* * * * *

Professor Bone ceased only too soon to be my teacher, for his extraordinary capacities attracted wide attention outside of the

* The exigencies of magazine publication compel the omission here of an interesting account of the youthful Schurz's early literary instruction. The elided paragraphs will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

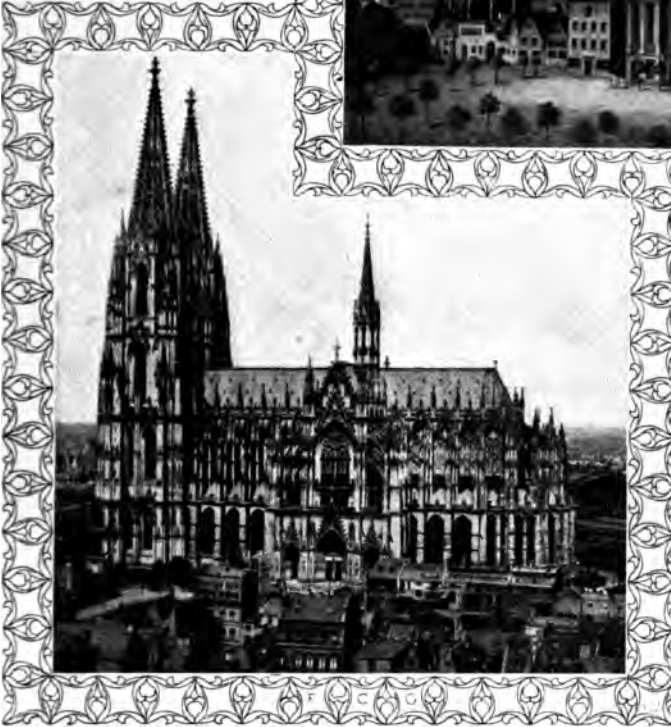
gymnasium, and he received a call to undertake the directorship of an educational institution founded by some Rhenish noblemen for the education of their sons. He left the gymnasium in compliance with this call. I did not see him again for many years. When traveling in 1888 through Germany, I heard from an old school fellow that Bone, in failing health, had retired to Wiesbaden, I resolved at once to seek him out. I found him living in a very modest house, the interior of which looked almost like a convent — for Bone had always been a devout and strict Roman Catholic. An elderly, nun-like person ushered me into a small parlor hung with pictures of saints, and adorned with crucifixes. She carried my card into an adjoining room, from which instantly issued a cry of delight; and the next moment, dragging himself hurriedly along, my good old teacher appeared. Time had changed him from a vigorous young man into a shriveled, fragile little body; clad in a long dressing-gown, his feet in large gray felt slippers, and a black skull-cap covering his thin white hair. We embraced; and the dear old man seemed beside himself with joy. "There, I knew I was right," he exclaimed; "I heard that you had come to Germany, and I was sure that if you went to see the great people in Berlin you would certainly also come to see me. I recognized your voice at the front door; yes, yes, I knew it at once; although I have not heard it for more than forty years." We sat down close together, and there was much asking and answering of questions. His eyes shone with pleasure when I told him that I had sent to Germany for the latest edition of his reader; that I had often explained to my children and friends the method by which he taught me how to write German, etc., etc. Then he reminded me of our evenings in Cologne together, and how he had liked me as a boy, and so forth. Thus a few delightful hours slipped by. When finally I rose to go, he exclaimed, "What, not going already! We must have a glass of wine together. Good heavens! there is n't a drop of wine in the house. What shall I do!" Then he added, thoughtfully, "I have some excellent stomach bitters; shall we drink one another's health in bitters?" I was quite content. The bottle was taken from the cupboard, the black liquor poured out, we drank one another's health in stomach bitters, and the glasses rang. Another embrace, and we parted never to meet again.

But to return to my school-days. The quiet life of the first years in Cologne was not without its excitements. Two occurrences of this time made a deep impression upon me. My daily walk to school led me past the great cathedral, which, now in its finished state the admiration of the world, looked in those days much like a magnificent ruin. Only the choir had been nearly finished. The great central part between the choir and the towers stood under a temporary roof and was built partly of brick. One of the two towers was hardly more than some sixty feet above the ground, while the other, surmounted by the centuries-old crane, had reached, perhaps, three or four times that height. The tooth of time had gnawed the medieval sculptures on the walls and arches and turrets, and the whole hoary pile still unfinished, yet decaying, looked down, sad and worn, upon the living generation at its feet.

One morning when I was wending my accustomed way to school, I saw an object fall from the top of the crane tower, which looked like a cloak, and from which, in its descent, something detached itself and floated away in the breeze. The cloak shot straight down and struck with a heavy thud upon the stone pavement below. The passers-by ran to the spot; the cloak proved to contain a man, who, without doubt, had sought his death by jumping down. He had fallen upon his feet, and lay there in a little heap; the bones of the legs had been pressed into the body; the head, encircled by a fringe of gray hair, was much disfigured; the face, pale and distorted, was that of an elderly man. The object which had floated away in falling, proved to be a wig. When the winds had played with it for a while, it settled down quietly beside its dead owner.

This shocking spectacle filled my mind with uncanny imaginings. I made every effort to discover who the unfortunate was, and what the cause could have been to drive him to such desperation; but all rumors were uncertain and contradictory. Then fancy conjured up to my mind all possible turns of fortune and conditions of life which could drive a human being into self-destruction — hopeless poverty; lost honor; disappointed affections; torments of conscience — and soon my head was filled with plots of stories or tragedies, all of which ended with the self-destructive plunge from the cathedral tower.

Another tragic scene which agitated my mind in a similar way, is photographed upon my memory. A young man in Cologne had murdered his sweetheart and been condemned to death. The execution, by the guillotine — for

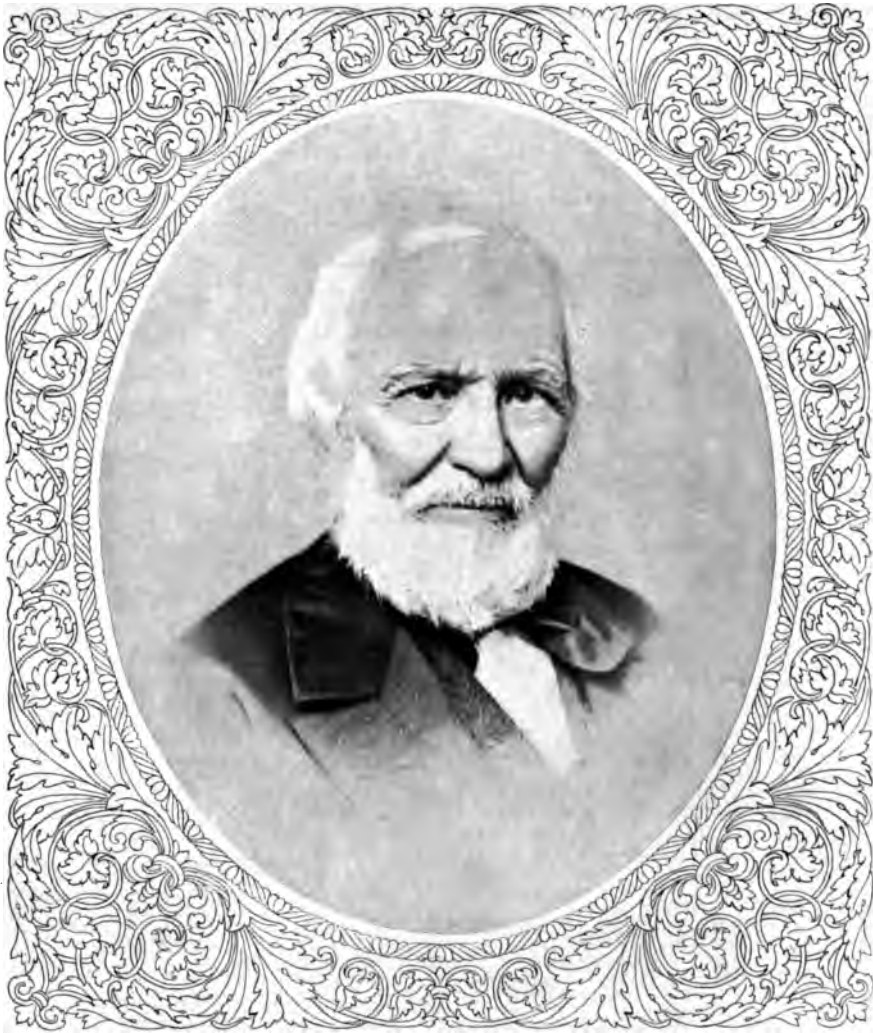


THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

When Carl Schurz was a ten-year-old boy in Cologne in 1840, this Cathedral, now the admiration of the world, had stood unfinished and decaying for centuries. Mr. Schurz tells how one day he saw a man jump from the top of the old crane tower, seen dimly in the upper picture.

the left bank of the Rhine was still under the "Code Napoleon" — was to take place at dawn of day on a public square between the Cathedral and the Rhine, and before the eyes of all who might choose to witness it. The trial had excited the whole population to a high degree; now the people looked forward to the final catastrophe with almost morbid interest. My locksmith guardian was of the opinion that neither he nor I should miss the opportunity of beholding so rare a spectacle. Long before sunrise he

awoke me, and together we went to the place of execution in the gray morning light. We found there a dense crowd, numbering thousands of men, women and children. Above them loomed the black scaffold of the death machine. Deep silence reigned; only a low buzz floated over the multitude when the condemned man appeared on the scaffold, and then all was silence again. The sturdy locksmith held me up in his arms, so that I might look over the heads of the crowds in front. The condemned culprit stepped forward; the assistant of the executioner strapped him to a board which extended from his feet to his shoulders, leaving his neck free; the victim glanced up at the axe, suspended from a cross-beam; the next instant he was pushed down so that his neck lay under the gleaming blade; the ax fell like a flash of lightning, severing the head from the shoulders at a whisk. A stream of blood spurted into the air, but the hideous sight was quickly concealed from the gaze of the public by a dark cloth. The whole deed was done with the rapidity of thought. One



CHRISTIAN SCHURZ

Born 1796, died 1876. Father of Carl Schurz

scarcely became conscious of the terrible shock before it was over. A dull murmur arose from the onlooking throngs, after which they silently dispersed; the scaffold was taken down and the blood on the ground covered with sand before the first rays of the morning sun shone brightly upon the Cathedral towers. I remember walking home shuddering and trembling, and finding it impossible to eat my breakfast. Nothing could have induced me to witness another execution.

The good locksmith was an enthusiastic playgoer, and allowed me sometimes to accompany him to the theater — to be sure

only on the topmost gallery, where a seat cost five "groschen" (twelve and a half cents). The theater of Cologne occupied, as I learned later, in the world of art a very respectable place. To me it was a dream of the marvelous and magnificent. I was beside myself with astonished delight when, for the first time, I saw, before the lifting of the curtain, the painted ceiling over the auditorium part in the middle and through this mysterious opening a brilliantly lighted chandelier slowly descend, the ceiling thereupon closing again. The performances I witnessed also moved me powerfully.



MARIANNE SCHURZ

Born 1798, died 1877. Mother of Carl Schurz

Indeed I did not follow them with the same naïve illusions with which I had lived through the adventures of the fair Genovefa ; but what I saw in the theater in Cologne was on so much higher a level that I could surrender myself again to full enjoyment. Thus I saw one or two knight dramas, so popular at the time ; also Wallenstein* —

* * * * *
These pleasures did not come in rapid succession, for frequent visits to the theater would hardly have accorded with the

* The asterisks indicate an omission from Mr. Schurz's narrative made to meet the limitations of magazine publication. The paragraphs omitted will be restored, of course, when the "Reminiscences" appear in book form.

principles of economy that governed my locksmith as well as myself. But the drama took profound hold upon me, and what I saw of it created an almost irresistible desire to write a play myself. I searched through "Becker's Universal History" for a good subject, and finally fell upon the Anglo-Saxon King Edwy, who ruled in England in the middle of the tenth century and who brought upon himself, through his love for the beautiful Elgiva, a struggle with Saint Dunstan, and an unhappy fate. It seemed to me that if I took some liberties with history, as dramatic poets not seldom do, this subject — a royal lover battling with

the power of the church — might be capable of being worked up into a fine tragedy. Of course the play as I wrote it, amounted to nothing; but in weaving the plot through successive scenes, and in writing out some of the dialogues, I enjoyed the full bliss of literary creation. Never to have tasted this delight is never to have known one of the greatest joys of life.

Lyric poems and ballads also figured among my "early works." One of my ballads originated in this wise: under a clump of tall trees, not far from the castle at Liblar were some crumbled ruins of masonry that had an uncanny look. Nobody seemed to know their history. Imagination pictured to me a variety of possibilities, out of which I wove a romantic tale. The Knights of the Gracht had on this spot kept wild animals in a big pit. A beautiful maiden had somehow got into this pit and had been rescued by a noble youth, after a heroic fight with the monstrous beasts. This adventure, not very original to be sure, I worked up in pompous eight line stanzas, the sound of which delighted me so much that I could not refrain from sending a copy of my poem to my father. He, even prouder of it than I, hastened to show the verses to Count Metternich. The Count, who probably took little interest in any kind of poetry, pronounced them fine, but said that he had never heard of this occurrence, as a part of his family history — which did not surprise me in the least.

At prose, too, I tried my hand. Once, after having written a composition on Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," which struck me as especially good, I found it difficult to resist the ambitious desire of seeing myself in print. I made a clean copy of the composition and carried it to the office of the *Cologne Gazette*, with a letter addressed to Levin Schücking, a well known novelist of the time, and the literary editor of that great journal. In my letter I begged the privilege of a personal interview. A courteous answer fixed the day and hour of my visit, and soon I stood, with loud heart beats, at the great man's door, who, so I believed, held my literary future in the hollow of his hand. I found in him an amiable gentleman, with pleasant features, and large blue benevolent eyes. He received me very kindly, talked upon a variety of subjects, and finally returned my manuscript to me with the remark that it contained much that was

excellent, but that I would do well to regard it only as a "study." I departed completely crushed with disappointment and mortification; but, after all, I lived to become sincerely grateful to good Mr. Schücking for his timely counsel. Much that I have since written has, in pursuance of his sound advice, been quietly treated as a "study" by myself.

When I had reached the "Tertia" of the gymnasium, fortune favored me again by bringing me into close relations with another admirable instructor, Professor Puetz, who had become distinguished as the compiler of excellent historical text-books. He could not boast of great historical researches made by himself, but he possessed a rare skill in exciting the interest of the pupils in the subjects of instruction, and in pointing out the way to further studies. His method of teaching history was to devote the greater part of the hour to a presentation, in free speech, of the particular period with which he wished to make us familiar. He enlivened his subject by exhibiting it in a variety of lights and by adding sufficient detail to make his lecture not only instructive, but also dramatic and picturesque, and thus easily remembered.

In the next lesson the pupils were expected whenever called upon, to reproduce, out of themselves, in their own language, what they had learned in the previous lessons, the short recitals of the handbook serving as a framework to the historical structure. From time to time, the Professor would deliver a comprehensive discourse, grouping together the events of certain historic periods, and thus giving us bird's-eye views over wide fields. In this way history was impressed upon our memory as well as our understanding, not in the form of tabulated statements or columns of figures, nor merely by means of anecdotes, but in panoramic views and prospects full of life and philosophical light. To me, the class lesson and the study connected with it, for which I had always an especial liking, became instead of hard dry labor a genuine joy which could not repeat itself too often. It was largely owing to these methods of instruction that, when a few years later at my final examination, Professor Puetz asked me whether I thought I could, from my memory, describe the conquests of Alexander the Great and draw a map thereof on the blackboard, I felt myself able to undertake the task and to accomplish it satisfactorily.

Soon after I had become his pupil, Professor Puetz drew me nearer to him, and something like relations of confidential friendship grew up between us. He had traveled much during his long vacations, had seen many foreign countries, and made acquaintance with many remarkable personalities. Thus he had acquired a breadth of view beyond the limits of that of the ordinary teacher in the gymnasium. There was something cosmopolitan in his conceptions, and in regard to theological as well as political things he passed for a man of advanced ideas.

In addition to history, he also taught us German composition, and as in my writings he discovered something akin to his own views, he treated me almost like a young comrade whom he permitted in his presence to forget the school-boy for the moment. He liked to tell me about his travels and about the social and political institutions and affairs of the world; and when our conversation turned upon church and state, he talked not seldom with a certain touch of irony, which was to make me understand that in his opinion many things ought to be different from what they were. He also encouraged expressions of opinions on my part, and it gave him pleasure to see that I had thought of this and that which was not just within the circle of a school-boy's ideas; and when, so encouraged, I gave expression to my boyish criticisms of existing conditions, he would sometimes listen with an approving smile, at the time same remarking that we might talk unreservedly among ourselves, but that it would be advisable for us to be more circumspect in conversation with others.

In other ways also he enlarged my horizon. From his private library he lent me several volumes of Goethe and of works of writers of more recent times. Even foreign literature he opened to me; he gave me, for instance, the translations of Shakspeare, by Schlegel and Tieck, which I devoured with avidity; and he made me acquainted with Cervantes and Calderon. He also taught me some Italian, and read with me "My Prisons" of Silvio Pellico in the original, and parts of Tasso and Ariosto in translation. Thus he opened to me a new world; and I think of him with gratitude, as one of the benefactors of my youth. It was a great pleasure to me to meet Professor Puetz again in later life. It must have been in 1873, when I was a member of the Senate of

the United States, that I received one day, by European mail, a package containing a letter from Professor Puetz, with some printed pages. "I have frequently corrected your task," he wrote, "and now you have to correct mine." Then he informed me that he was just preparing a new edition of his historical handbooks, and wished to have my judgment about that part which treated of the latest events in America. And this he laid before me on the proof-sheets which accompanied the letter. With pleasure I complied with his request, and found his work so correct in every detail that it did not call for the slightest amendment. On my next journey to Germany, I sought him out in Cologne. He had retired from his office, and lived in comfortable surroundings. I found him, to be sure, very much aged, but still young in spirit. Our meeting was a hearty joy to us both, and we celebrated it with a delightful supper.

When I entered the higher classes of the gymnasium, the influence of youthful friendship came powerfully into my life. I gave up my quarters at the locksmith's because there was no piano there for daily practice, and moved into more suitable quarters. It now became possible for me to receive visitors and to lead a somewhat freer life. Among my schoolmates I always had friends of my own age, but none whose endeavors and ambitions accorded much with my own tastes. Now I became acquainted with a circle of youths, who, like myself, wrote verses and read them to one another, and encouraged each other in literary studies. The two with whom I came into closest intimacy were Theodore Petrasch, the son of a secretary of the provincial government, and Ludwig von Weise, a descendant of a patrician family of Cologne. Petrasch was an uncommonly bright youth and of a most amiable, cheerful and exuberant nature. Von Weise, while possessing excellent abilities and a strong character, had developed rather the critical than the productive faculties of his mind. Both discussed political as well as religious subjects with far more freedom and assurance than I had been used to hear, and their liberal utterances had already attracted the notice of the gymnasium authorities. Petrasch had been called to account by the instructor of religion, and had made certain heretical confessions with such frankness that the shocked schoolmaster suspended him from all religious observances until a new

light should break in upon him, and he invited him to further talks upon sacred subjects.

To me questions of religious faith had for some time caused many hours of most serious reflection. I have already narrated how, in earliest childhood, my belief in the everlasting punishment of the heterodox, and in the infallibility and moral perfection of the clergy, had been severely shaken.* Since then I had pondered much upon religious matters and kindred subjects, and the time had now come for me to be "confirmed." In preparation for this rite, our instructor especially indoctrinated us in the tenets of the church. I threw myself into this study with an earnest desire to overcome all doubts. It even seemed to me at times that this had been accomplished, and I went through the act of "the first Communion" in a state of religious exaltation. But very soon the old scruples and doubts returned stronger than before. What was most repugnant to me was the claim of the church to be not merely the only true church, but also the only saving one, and that there was absolutely no hope of salvation outside of its pale, but only damnation and eternal hell fire. That Socrates and Plato, that all the virtuous men among the heathen; that even my old friend, the Jew Aaron; † nay, that even the new-born babe, if it happened to die unbaptized, must forever burn in unquenchable fire — yes, that I, too, were I so much as to harbor the slightest doubt concerning their terrible fate, must also be counted among the eternally lost — against such ideas rebelled not only my reason, but my innermost instinct of justice. These teachings seemed to me so directly to contradict the most essential attributes of the all-just Deity, that they only served to make me suspicious of all other tenets of the creed.

Such reflections distressed me beyond measure. Often I prayed fervently for light, but in answer to my prayers only the old doubts came back. I went to my teacher of religion and confided to him the condition of my mind with perfect frankness. We had a series of conversations in which, however, he had little to say to me that I had not heard before. I confessed to him with the

utmost candor, that while I should be glad to be convinced by what he said, he had not so convinced me; whereupon I also was relieved of the obligation of attending religious observances until I myself should feel an urgent desire to resume them. I zealously studied ecclesiastical history and dogmatic writings, and availed myself of every opportunity to listen to preachers of renown; but the longer and more earnestly I continued these studies the less could I find my way back to the articles of faith which were so repugnant to my sense of justice. There remained, however, within me a strong religious want, a profound respect for religious thought. I have never been able to listen to a light-minded scoffer about religious subjects without great repugnance.

I was still entangled in this conflict with myself and with the church authority when I became acquainted with my new friends, and found them substantially of the same mind. Of course we frequently communicated to one another our struggles and experiences. While my friends could not tell me much that was new on religious topics, the two with whom I came into closest intimacy, Theodore Petrasch and Ludwig von Weise, opened to me new vistas in another field — German literature, especially the political part of it, of which my knowledge was very slight. Of Heine, my teacher, Professor Puetz, had told me, but I knew of him little more than his name; of Freiligrath, only a few of his pictures of the tropics; of Gutzkow, Laube, Herwegh, and so on, nothing at all. Petrasch lent me Heine's "Book of Songs." This was to me like a revelation. I felt almost as if I had never before read a lyric poem; and yet many of Heine's songs sounded to me as if I had always known them, as if the fairies had sung them to me at my cradle. All the verses that I myself had written until then, and which were mostly of the declamatory kind, went at once into the fire and I saw them burn with genuine satisfaction. The reading and re-reading of the "Book of Songs" was to me an indescribable revelry. Then I read the "Pictures of Travel," the various political poems, and "Atta Troll" with its acrid political satire, the wit of which did not warm the heart, but sharply turned one's thoughts upon the condition of the fatherland. I read also with my friends the poems of such revolutionary stormers as Herwegh, Hoffman von Fallersleben, and others, most of which we possessed

* Paragraphs here referred to were omitted for the sake of space but will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

† This reference relates to another omission which will be included in the book.

and circulated among ourselves, only in manuscript copies.

The revolutionary passions expressed in many of those poems were in fact foreign to us, but their attacks upon the existing governments, especially upon the Prussian, struck a responsive chord which easily reverberated in the breast of every Rhinelander. Our Rhine country, with its gay, light-hearted people, had, within a comparatively short period, passed through a series of multi-colored experiences. Before the time of the French Revolution it had been under the easy-going, loose rule of the Archbishop Electors, then conquered and seized by the French, it belonged for a time to the French Republic and the Napoleonic Empire. At last, after the French wars, it was annexed to Prussia. Of these three rulerships, following one another in too rapid succession for any sentiments of allegiance to take firm root, the Rhine folk liked the Prussian rule the least, although it was undoubtedly the best. The abrupt, stiff, exacting character of the Prussian official, with his rigid conceptions of duty and order, were not congenial to the careless and somewhat too pleasure-loving Rhenish people. Besides, the population was throughout Roman Catholic, and the word Prussian was synonymous with Protestantism. Prussian officers in considerable numbers came to help govern the Rhine people, which of course created bad blood. All these things made Prussian rule on the Rhine appear like a sort of foreign rule, repugnant to the feelings of the natives. In the course of time they recognized that the honest, orderly methods of administration by the Prussian officers possessed great merit; but the spirit of opposition, characteristic of the Rhenish population, once aroused could not be easily overcome. The word Prussian served for an opprobrious invective, and when one school-boy flung it at another, it was difficult to find a more stinging epithet to fling back. All this was to become entirely changed in consequence of the revolutionary movement toward national unity in 1848, but at the time when I was a student at the gymnasium the hatred of Prussia was still in full flower on the banks of the Rhine.

We young people were indeed free from provincial, and especially religious narrowness of sentiment, but we shared the prevailing impression that great changes were necessary; that it was scandalous to withhold from the people the freedom of speech

and press; that the old Prussian absolutism must yield to a new constitutional form of government; that the pledges made to the German nation by the German princes in 1813 had been shamefully violated; and that the disintegrated fatherland must be molded into a united empire with free political institutions. The fermenting, restless spirit permeating the minds of the educated classes, and finding expression in the literature of the day, aroused in us boys the warmest enthusiasm. By what means the dreams of liberty and unity were to be accomplished — whether, as Herwegh advised in one of his poems, which we all knew by heart, we were to tear the iron crucifixes out of the ground and forge them into swords, or whether there was a peaceable way of reaching the goal — we were not at all clear in our thoughts. But we eagerly read newspapers and pamphlets to keep ourselves informed of the occurrences and tendencies of the day. Neither could we altogether refrain from giving occasional voice to our sentiments. I was in the upper "Secunda" when our professor of German — it was no longer my friend Puetz — gave us, as the subject of a composition, a memorial oration on the battle of Leipzig. Believing it to be my duty to write exactly what I thought concerning that event, I expressed with entire frankness my feelings about the ill-treatment which the German people had suffered after their heroic efforts on that battle-field, and my hope of a complete regeneration of the German fatherland. I was profoundly in earnest. I wrote that memorial oration, so to speak, with my heart's blood. When the Professor, at the next lesson, returned the papers to us in the classroom, with critical remarks, he handed mine to me in silence. It bore this foot-note: "Style good; but views expressed nebulous and dangerous." After the adjournment of the class he called me to his side, put his hand upon my shoulder and said: "What you wrote has a fine sound, but how can such things be allowed at a royal Prussian gymnasium? Let this not happen again." From that time on, he refrained from giving subjects to the class which might tempt us to political discussion.

Meantime I continued zealously my literary studies, and my creative impulses were constantly stimulated by the applause of intimate friends. I wrote a large number of short poems, and also some tragedies on

historic subjects. No record of these sins of my youth have remained in existence to embitter my subsequent life — or, perhaps, also to contribute to its merriment. We are easily ashamed of our premature productions and of the sublime conceit that must have inspired them. But I cannot look back without a certain feeling of tender emotion upon the time when I gave myself up to those poetic impulses with the hope, certainly with the desire, to give in the course of time to my fatherland something valuable and lasting.

It is needless to say that these literary efforts absorbed much of the time that should have been devoted to other studies. In the first years at the gymnasium I had always received, in the semi-annual examinations, the highest marks. I sacrificed these to my literary work inasmuch as in some branches of instruction, especially in mathematics and natural science, I did only what was rigorously exacted of me. Still I maintained a good standing.

My life outside of school was simple in the extreme, and afforded me every opportunity to practise the virtue of frugality. My pocket-money allowance was very small; sometimes I had none at all; neither can I remember ever to have asked my parents for any money. They thought of it themselves, and put a pittance into my pocket when, after my vacation, I returned to Cologne, or when they visited me there. Frequently I managed to get along for weeks with the sum of five Groschen (twelve cents). The occasional possession of a Thaler (seventy-two cents) gave me the sensation of wealth. Even when I had nothing, which sometimes happened, I never felt poor. This mental habit acquired early in life without much reflection has subsequently proved of great value to me. It has spared me much heart-burning. I have always had to associate with persons possessing more than myself of the so-called good things of life — persons that could allow themselves many enjoyments that I had to do without. To this I accustomed myself, and I did it without the slightest self-depreciation and especially without envy. Among all human passions, envy is the one that makes a man the most miserable. Of course, I do not mean by envy the mere wish to possess desirable things which we see others possessing, for such wishes are legitimate and not foreign to the noblest ambition. The envy I speak of is that

jealous ill-will which begrudges others what they possess, and which would destroy their enjoyment of it. A long life has convinced me that the truest and most beautiful happiness of the human soul consists in the joyous contemplation of the happiness of others. The envious, consciously or unconsciously, wish to deprive others of that which makes them happy; and this is, of all imaginable dispositions of the mind and heart, the most wretched.

Education can render young people hardly better service than to teach them how to make their pleasures independent of money. This is far easier than we commonly suppose. It requires only that we learn to appreciate the various good things offered by almost every environment, which cost nothing. In this way we discover how many enjoyments there are in life which usually remain hidden to the rich who are in the habit of purchasing their pleasures with silver and gold.

Although during my boyhood my means were extremely limited, my opportunities for enjoyment even in æsthetic directions, were by no means few. I have already told how I went to the theater, not very often but finding all the more pleasure in it the few times I could go. There were other opportunities no less valuable. On Sunday mornings sometimes I spent hours in the Walraff Museum, some rooms of which were filled with pictures of the old Cologne school. Although I was then unable to appreciate their historic and artistic value, they attracted me greatly by their splendor of color and naïveté of composition. Particularly I recall a "Last Judgment" in which the humorous grimaces and sardonic smiles of a number of fantastic red, blue and green devils amused me immensely. For many an hour I stood in dreamy contemplation before the "Sorrowing Jews on the Waters of Babylon," by Bendemann, a celebrated painter of the Düsseldorf School. As is usual, the boy in me was first fascinated by the subject of the picture, until repeated scrutiny gradually stirred the critical faculty and developed the taste as to composition and execution.

Nor were opportunities for musical delights wanting. On Sunday morning the so-called "Musical Mass" was celebrated in the Cathedral at which frequently the Archbishop officiated and the church displayed its splendor. The principal charm of the

service was the music, which attracted not alone the devout, but also the art-loving public. Usually a full orchestra and a choir of selected voices rendered a Mass by some great composer. These performances were sometimes of singularly marvelous effect. I have already mentioned that the Cathedral at that period resembled a ruin as to its exterior. This was also true in large part of the interior. Upon passing through the time-worn portals into the middle nave one was confronted at a distance, just beyond the transept, by a bare gray wall shutting off the choir from the rest of the Cathedral. This was the back of the great organ, placed temporarily in this position because the choir was the only really completed portion of the edifice. The organ, therefore, stood, so to speak, with its back to the larger part of the church. On the platform in front of the organ, facing the choir, were placed the orchestra and the singers. Thus the people standing in that part of the church between the back of the organ and the portals heard the music not directly, but as an echo wonderfully broken. The forest of pillars and the arches high as heaven carried it back as from a far distance, ay, as from another world. It was a mysterious waving and weaving and surging and rolling of sounds; the violins and cellos and flutes and oboes like the whispering and sighing of the spring winds in the treetops; the trumpets and trombones, and the bass viols, and the mighty chorus now and then, like the roaring of the storm and the raging of the sea. Sometimes the echoes seemed to be silent for a moment and a melody or a succession of harmonies would ring clear through the immense space; or a soprano solo would detach itself from the magic confusion and float upon the air like an angel's voice. The effect was indescribably touching, and I remember how, not seldom, I stood leaning against one of gigantic columns, and something like devout tremors passed over me, and my eyes filled with tears. This, I thought, must be what I had heard called the "Music of the Spheres," or the "Concert of the Children of Heaven," as I had seen the angel orchestra depicted on the old canvasses of the Walraff Museum.

Sunday noon afforded still another treat. A part of the garrison paraded on the Neumarkt, and its excellent band played martial strains for the changing guard, afterwards entertaining the public with a

well-selected program. Their repertoire being large, these military concerts helped not a little to increase my musical knowledge.

The talks with my much-traveled friend Professor Puetz, together with books on architecture lent by him, excited in me an interest in ancient and mediæval architecture, and many happy hours were spent in studying the Middle Age structures of religious and secular character, of which Cologne is justly proud. My artistic joys were, therefore, by no means inconsiderable, although I had to confine myself to such as were accessible without cost.

Free afternoons were often passed with my friends. Besides reading to one another our own productions or new discoveries in current literature, we philosophized together on everything above and below with that gravity characteristic of young, ardent and somewhat precocious persons. Sometimes I went to my uncle's farm at Lind, a half-hour's walk from Cologne, to visit two cousins of about my own age. They were dear comrades. As they were not to prepare themselves for any learned profession, but were to be farmers like their father, I had not so many interests in common with them as with my other friends; but they were boys of mental activity, excellent disposition and chivalrous spirits, and we amused ourselves together to our hearts' content. When the weather was bad, we now and then resorted to a game of cards. And here, in order to be entirely faithful to truth, I must mention an occurrence which will prove that my youth was by no means free from serious blemish.

At first we played cards merely for the sake of passing time. Then as the taste for it grew, we staked small sums of money to increase the interest and excitement, which it did most effectually. The stakes were very small, indeed, but the changing fortune in winning and losing stimulated the gambling passion until finally a catastrophe occurred. One particular afternoon I happened to have the money in my pocket with which to pay my tuition fees, due in a few days. I lost steadily in the game, and was so carried away that at last I took out of my pocket the money entrusted to me by my parents. Of course, with it I expected to win back all that I had lost. We played on feverishly, but luck would not turn, and at last the entire sum of the tuition fee was swept away. It amounted only to a very

few Thalers, and my cousins helped me out of my immediate embarrassment; but my horror at what had happened was so great, my consciousness of guilt so painful, and the sense of my mortification so acute — for I considered myself, and with reason, to be a criminal — that the inward suffering of those days, especially when I made a confession to my parents, has ever remained in my memory as a terrible lesson. I had gone through a very serious experience with myself. In playing for stakes the desire to win money had really not been my impelling motive, but the evil fascination which the demon of fortune always possesses had led me to commit an act which, committed under less favorable circumstances, and upon a larger scale, might have ruined my character irretrievably. Card-playing for money is frequently classed among the so-called "noble passions"; but I believe there is no form of amusement which, when it becomes a real passion, is so dangerous even to nobly-cast natures. It was, perhaps, very fortunate in my own case that this lesson came so early in life and appeared in so drastic a shape.

Gay days we had during our summer vacations at home in Liblar. A crowd of cousins from various places found themselves together, reinforced by school-friends from Cologne. That was the time for merry pranks which, as it seemed, gave as much pleasure to the old members of the family as to the young. One occurrence of my vacation life has remained especially vivid in memory. In a German village the "studying" boy, as he is called, is always regarded with interest and wonder, and upon the occasion of his visits family and friends are apt to take a pardonable pride in displaying his attainments. So it was with me. My father, who could not produce much effect upon his villagers with my Latin and Greek, took great delight in showing off my musical proficiency, especially my ability to improvise. He succeeded in persuading the old organist, a feeble musician but one free from all artistic jealousy, to allow me to play a voluntary at the Sunday morning service. Once on a festive day when Count Metternich and his family occupied their private chapel attached to the church, and the congregation happened to be exceptionally large, I felt it incumbent upon me to do something extraordinary; so at the close of the Mass I pulled out all the stops and played a military march which I had heard

at one of the parades at Cologne, with such effect that the departing congregation stood still in astonishment. Even the Count stepped out from his chapel to see what was the matter. This was the climax of my musical career as an organist, which soon came to an abrupt end. One Sunday at Vesper service I accompanied the choir, consisting of the Sacristan and four other singers. It was the organist's custom to play a short interlude between the alternate verses of the hymn. This gave me an opportunity to give my faculty of improvising full swing. Beginning in the key in which the hymn was being sung, I moved up a tierce, intending to return to the original key by means of a bold transition; but the Sacristan and the choir were not accustomed to such antics. They did not follow my bold transition, but resumed their chant in the higher key, shrieking themselves red in the face until the veins of their foreheads and temples threatened to burst. At the close of the service the Sacristan declared with unmistakable emphasis that he would have no more improvising and thorough bass; that this nonsense must stop, and that for his part he liked the old organist far the better of the two. Thus was my glory as a performer on the organ in Liblar forever gone.

In another field an ambitious wish of mine found its fulfilment. I became a member of the Sanct Sebastianus Society as the village sharpshooters' corps was called, and resolved to take part in the annual Schützenfest which was held at Whitsuntide, a trial of skill attended by much excitement and carried out with picturesque ceremonial. Having learned very early how to handle a rifle, I had myself inscribed in the list of contestants, and offered to several members, male and female, who could not themselves take part, to shoot for them as the custom was; and the offers were accepted. The casting of bullets on the Saturday before Whitsuntide was one of the most solemn acts of my life; and when I woke with sunrise on Whitsun-Monday I felt as if for me a day of great decision had dawned. I have already described the different features of that popular festival.*

The contest took place on a little tree-dotted meadow outside of the village, where a target, in the form of a wooden bird fastened to the end of a long pole, had previously been set up lashed to the branches

* See footnote marked * on page 166.

of a tree. Most of the village population flocked out to the range on the heels of the Sanct Sebastianus Society which paraded with great pomp. First marched the old drummer, with a bouquet of flowers and many colored ribbons on his breast and hat ; next the standard-bearer, carrying aloft the banner of Sanct Sebastianus whereon the bright-hued patron saint appeared, his breast pierced with innumerable arrows ; then came the captains carrying ancient spears decorated with flowers and ribbons, and with them the solemn-visaged directors of the society and the "Schützenkönig," victor of the previous year. The king wore upon his hat a crown of gold tinsel and artificial flowers and around his neck a silver chain from which were suspended silver shields each the size of a hand, covering his shoulders, breast and back. Engraved upon them were the names of the victors for at least a hundred years back. Last of all marched the sharpshooters, rifles at "carry", and trooping after came the villagers, old and young.

With profound seriousness, on this occasion, I marched behind the old bow-legged drummer and the master tailor, our banner-bearer, to what my heroic enthusiasm called "the field of honor" ; and when, after marching three times around the tree bearing the pole with the wooden bird, we knelt down for prayer, I was one of the most devout. Not one of my first shots missed. The bow-legged drummer rewarded me at each hit with the customary roll, and I suspect I sometimes looked around with eyes that sought admiration. Only one shot more was mine ; but the wooden bird was already very much splintered, and with every moment it became more uncertain whether my last chance would yet be reached. My heart beat high ; my last turn was really reached, and on the top of the pole there was only a little strip of wood left which a well-aimed bullet would surely bring down. I raised the rifle to my shoulder with a feeling as if this shot would determine the current of my future. With a mighty effort I kept cool so that my eye should be clear and my hand firm ; but when I had pressed the trigger I felt myself as if in a dense fog ; I only heard how the drummer furiously belabored his instrument and how the surrounding multitude shouted. The great deed, therefore, was done. I had "shot down the bird." I was

king. Not far from me stood my father ; he laughed aloud and evidently was extremely proud. Now the great chain with the silver shields was put upon my shoulder ; a tall hat with the old tinsel crown and flowers on top, was fixed upon my head. It was a great moment ; but I had won the prize merely as a substitute for another person, not for myself. Who was that person ? A Sanct Sebastianus sister, an old washerwoman. She was brought forward and also adorned with ribbons and flowers. I was obliged to offer her my arm as my queen, and so we marched solemnly behind drum and flag back into the village. The riflemen made every possible noise with their guns ; the children shouted, and the old people stood in their doorways, greeted me with their hands, and called out : "See the Schurz Karl !" But I felt as if we two, the old washerwoman and myself, presented a decidedly grotesque spectacle in that triumphal procession, which in my imagination had always been such a solemn affair. I thought I even saw some people indulge in a mocking smile about our unquestionably ridiculous appearance ; but worse than this — I noticed on the faces of some of the old marksmen something like an expression of disapproval ; my ear caught a remark that it was, after all, not quite proper to make the Schützenfest of the venerable old Sanct Sebastianus Society a boy's play. I could not deny within myself that this view of the case was not unjustified ; and thus in the hour of that triumph which I had so often pictured in my dreams, a heavy drop of bitterness fell into the cup. It was the old, old experience, at that time still new to me, that we seldom are blessed with a success or joy without some bitter admixture, and that the fulfilment of a wish usually looks very different from our anticipation ; and this experience has been repeated in my life again and again.

Such occurrences are apt to become sources of melancholy reflections to those who cannot perceive and enjoy the humor of them. Fortunately, I could, so that my queen, the good old washerwoman, became soon a delectable memory. I have since often had occasion to appreciate that sense of humor as one of the most precious of gifts which cannot be too much cultivated.

(To be continued)

THE DEEPWATER DEBATE

BY

MAY McHENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



In golden, bygone days when our fathers were young, people had time for the wholesome mental exercises of spelling-bees and debates. In that golden age Deepwater boasted not only the best speller in the valley, but the champion debating club as well.

The champion speakers of this champion club were the "Big Four," the three Barton boys, Daniel, Cyrus, and Silas, and Cadwallader Evans, the school-teacher. The fame of these rustic orators filled the land and reached

the county-seat down along the river; so that one eventful midwinter day there came an invitation for the Deepwater Debating Club to meet members of the Flowerville Lyceum in a discussion of some question of general interest; topic, time, and place to be determined by committees from each club.

The Deepwater Club jumped at the challenge like a hungry dog at a bone. It was the opportunity they had been waiting for. The Flowerville Lyceum was a social and literary association that counted among its members some of the most cultured young people of both sexes in the county-seat. The Big Four shrewdly suspected that the challenge had been sent in a spirit of levity, that they were expected to furnish as much entertainment for the lyceum members as amateur theatricals or home talent minstrel performances. They did not allow the suspicion to keep them from a prompt acceptance. It was a chance to prove their mettle. They had met and vanquished all the rural debaters in a large circuit, and they were eager to try conclusions with better equipped foes.

An expectant circle awaited the arrival of the stage at Gilly's store on the night when Daniel Barton returned from a meeting with the Lyceum committee in Flowerville.

"It's all settled," Daniel announced, as he unwound his long, worsted muffler, and pushed a way to a seat on the cracker-barrel, behind a red-hot stove. "The debate will be two weeks from next Friday night; to be held at the Deepwater school-house, and to be followed by a supper at Boyd's hotel. If the sleighing holds out, the youth and beauty of Flowerville will come up in two large sleds, each drawn by four prancing horses."

"Who will speak, Dan'l? Who are they going to put up against us?" his brothers and the school-teacher demanded in chorus.



"'It's all settled'"

"Speakers who may make us wish we had never heard of Patrick Henry," Daniel told them. "To begin with, there is the young Baptist preacher, the Reverend S. M. Smith."

"I know him," Cyrus exclaimed; "a pretty speaker, but too flowery for a debater. He will be quoting poetry when he ought to be making points."

"Lawyer Bleasley — "

"He's what you might call ponderous. Knows more than he can tell," was the comment.

"Frank G. Potter — "

"Um-n. *Windy* Potter! He has not Bleasley's trouble, at any rate. Who is the other one?"

"Sternger. Al Sternger."

Daniel mentioned the last name constrainedly, and his brothers glanced at him inquiringly. The school-teacher rubbed his hands with enthusiasm.

"There is, indeed, an eloquent speaker, an opponent worthy of our highest efforts. I once had the pleasure of hearing him plead an important case, and his oratory far surpassed that of any of the older lawyers concerned, in my humble opinion."

"Don't you want to know the question we are to discuss?" Daniel inquired. "'T is a great question," and he chuckled appreciatively. "Not exactly new. I believe you all have heard it. What do you say to 'War and Intemperance'? *Resolved*, that war has brought more suffering upon the human race than the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks? "

The Deepwater Debaters had, as they expressed it, been brought up on "War and Intemperance"; it had been the pap of their oratorical infancy, and meat and drink as they developed.

"Mr. William Herrington chose the subject. He is president of their lyceum, and I made all arrangements with him," Daniel explained. "I hinted to him that it was a question not unfamiliar to us, as we had debated it on one side or the other, in sixteen public debates. He bowed suavely — he is smoother and softer than butter, boys, more like lard — and he said it was their desire to select a subject that was likely to have been

under previous consideration by us. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness. As the challenged party we had the choice of sides, and I took the affirmative, so Cyrus might have a chance to spill his billion buckets of blood again."

"Thank *you* for *your* thoughtfulness!" ejaculated Cyrus.

"Well, for my part, I'm glad it is goin' to be about something we're all used to and can understand," the storekeeper broke in. "I'm like most folks, and like to hear something I know. It's like listening to a band play. You keep still and try to think it's

pretty while they're tootin' out their marches and their trilly-oo-la-las, but you don't have any quivers inside until they strike up something like old 'Rosin the Bow,' or 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River.'"

For two weeks Deepwater tingled and shivered in expectancy. When the eventful night of the debate arrived, the school-house was crowded to the utmost, with the visitors from Flowerville occupying the front seats. Men and boys who could not crowd into the house hung about



THE SCHOOL-TEACHER

the windows, or adjourned to Gilly's store across the creek, where the probable outcome of the contest was discussed with intense interest and some anxiety. The Deepwaterites had a proper pride in their champions, but the speakers from town had college educations, and made their livings by talking: there was some shaking of heads in Gilly's store.

Feeling responsible for the success of the meeting, the Barton boys and the school-teacher fairly radiated hospitality and geniality as they moved about, shaking hands right and left.

Daniel happened to be at the door when the young lawyer, Al Sternger, entered in company with a very pretty young woman. Daniel's greeting to the chief of the opponents was markedly stiff and brief, and he turned a grim face upon his second cousin, Delilah.

"Why, Daniel! You do not look as though you expected to win," Delilah exclaimed. "I do hope you are going to do



"there was some shaking of heads in Gilly's store"

your best. I am so anxious that Deepwater shall win."

"What is the use of pretending, Delilah?" Daniel growled. "We all know where your sympathies are."

Delilah's cheeks were pinker than usual as she followed her escort to a seat. She made no reply when Mr. Sternger complacently remarked that her relative seemed to be a victim of the green-eyed monster, and that such a state of mind was not favorable to the quick and accurate reasoning required in a debate.

Daniel still stood in the doorway, feeling somewhat ashamed of his display of feeling, when he was plucked by the sleeve and drawn out into the entry by Hank Edgar, who was Deepwater's appointee as judge, having served them in that capacity upon many previous occasions.

"Me and the Flowerville man has been caucusin' behind the door, and we've settled on Mr. Ed Bogart for chairman," Hank said, in a wheezy whisper.

The Deepwater Club was to select one judge, the debaters from Flowerville were to bring with them a second, and the two thus provided were to agree upon a third who was to be chairman.

Daniel exclaimed in surprise when Hank told him of their choice. Mr. Ed Bogart was a well-known character in Sweet Valley township, an ex-schoolmaster who was equally noted for his learning, his ready command of grandiloquent words, for the shiftlessness of his habits, and his brilliant lack of veracity.

"He's all right: he'll preside with *eggclau*. Besides, I have him fixed," Hank asserted. "He's owed me a big store-bill for years, and I shut down on letting them have goods on credit until there should be a payment on the old score. Yesterday the old man came in and boned me about opening an account again. I switched him off onto the debate, and told him 't was my opinion he'd make an imposing and ornate judge, and show the county-seat folks that we know a thing or two about parliamentary laws and things. That took him. Then I told him 't was a matter of local pride and patriotism to want our own side to win, and that I myself was anxious you boys should get the verdict to the extent of being willing to give a due-bill for ten dollars in the cause of justice. That took him again, and so —"

"And so he took the due-bill in the cause of justice. Oh, Hank! 'Oh, righteous

judge!" Daniel stopped laughing suddenly. "Look here, Hank, if we are licked, if we fail to *win* the decision, we don't want it, you know. That would not do."

Hank laid a soothing hand on the young man's shoulder. "That's all right, Dannie. You go ahead and do your best to win; that's your business. Whatever you win I'll see that you get it; that's my business."

The speakers from Flowerville were really anxious to let their Deepwater friends down easily. They greatly regretted the necessity of bringing the chagrin of defeat upon such progressive and amiable young men, and their first speaker spent nearly all of his allotted time in saying so in smooth and courteous phrase.

Some of the more confident Deepwaterites winked at each other. "Better be preparing for their own obsequies instead of gathering flowers for our fellows' graves. They don't seem to know what they are up against," an outside critic observed audibly, through a broken window-glass, and was called to order polysyllabically by the imposing and ornate chairman.

It was true that they did not know what they were to encounter, those over-confident debaters from the county-seat. By the time the first speaker for the affirmative had ripped his courteous friend of the negative up the back, metaphorically and oratorically speaking, and had shown the premises and assumptions of the able gentleman to be unsupported by fact, his pathos to be bosh, his logic to be false; by the time he had sketched in war in such lurid colors as made Sherman's piquant definition seem tame and inadequate, by that time they began to have a faint conception.

The Deepwater debaters had worked hard. Every night for two weeks they had met to discuss and rehearse, every day they had thumbed the pages of histories and reference books until they were ready to flaunt all the blood-dyed pages from the siege of Troy to Bull Run. They flaunted them; they re-erected Tamerlane's pyramid of human skulls and traced the gory trails of the conquerors from Sesostris to Napoleon. They touched upon the ethical, the national, the commercial perniciousness of armed strife, and expressed lofty sentiments worthy of a peace congress.

It is not to be denied that their opponents spoke well and forcibly on the side of intemperance. Yet, somehow, the polished

rhetoric, the wit, and the reasoning failed to catch the fancy and impress the audience as, for instance, did the familiar and famous passage in which Cyrus Barton asserted and proved by historical facts, and demonstrated mathematically on the blackboard that the human blood shed in battle, if collected, would submerge the long, narrow valley of the Deepwater from hilltop to hilltop: a flood of gore whereon all the battleships of the world might float, a flood that would obliterate the entire landscape, from the North Mountains at the head of the valley to the hills beyond the placid Susquehanna, twenty-one miles to the south.

"Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen," he said sonorously. "Think of the vast, vernal cup of these hills filled with such a draught for the devil as that. Grasp the enormity, the vastness of it. Then, remember that this sea of blood represents at least fourteen millions of slain men, and that for every slain man there came a moan from the lips of some woman. Ah, those moans of women! My friends, they unite in a mighty wail of human agony that shakes



MR. ED BOGART

the stars and thunders at the throne of God, crying out against war!"

However it might be with the judges, it was evident that the audience was for War. Al Sternger, who had the closing speech for the negative, felt that something must be done. It was preposterous to allow these farmers to have things their own way. The

brilliant young member of the bar stepped outside and regarded the winking, blinking stars of the winter sky, while he tipped a silver-mounted flask.

Then he went in and made a remarkable speech, a fluent, fiery speech, such as he



"' Besides, I have him fixed '"

hoped to sway juries with. By turns he was dictatorial, ironical, confidential, pathetic. He laughed at his opponents' attempt to swim to victory in a sea of blood; he swept away the significance of statistics by a splendid figure of speech, and then he told a story — as only Al Sternger could tell a story. He described a drunkard's home — the bleak, fireless room, the starving children, the heart-broken mother, the terror and shame of the shuffling footsteps on the stair. He made them feel it and see it — feel the hunger and the shame, and the heart-break, until half the people in the room were openly wiping away tears.

Deepwater partisans looked blank. Make men weep, and you strike a more potent

chord than logic or reason can strike. Even Cyrus and Silas Barton pursed up their mouths, and looked interrogatively at Daniel, who was to follow Mr. Sternger, closing the debate.

Daniel did not seem to notice this anxiety. Behind a desk he was reading something that had been passed to him from the other side of the room. When the time came, he arose to make the closing speech, quite unmoved by the general blowing of noses and heaving of sighs about him. Calmly, almost monotonously, he began his summing up. His friends fidgeted. Could it be possible that he did not see the importance of overcoming the impression made by Sternger's speech? Was he not going to *do* something?

Just as Deepwater was ready to give up in despair, Daniel threw back his shoulders with the air of one who sees pleasant things in prospect. "And now, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I approach the extraordinary speech of the gentleman who preceded me."

He eulogized that speech, and told how proud he was to live in a county that could produce so eloquent a speaker. He expressed his admiration, but called attention to the fact that oratory and ridicule do not constitute argument. It would have been more to the point, he declared, if the able speaker had disproved the statements of the affirmative before he laughed at them. As it was, those statements remained unassailed and unassailable. All that remained for him was to ascertain if any new arguments had been advanced by the last speaker, and to refute them if possible.

"If we push aside the flowery language to get at the gist of the matter," he went on, "we find no real argument, except such as might be found in a well-told story. Now, that story cannot be accepted in this debate. Yes, I assert that story cannot be accepted, because of the unreliability of its source. It is a pitiful story. It might have been a story twice as pitiful and harrowing, and still have had the elements of truth and reliability. But we have to concern ourselves not with what our opponent might have said, but with what he did say; not with the pathetic stories he might have told, but with the one he did tell. One of the chief questions with regard to all evidence is the source. The speaker did not give his story as from his own experience or knowledge, nor did he tell where he got it. He was too astute to tell where he got it. Had I been in his place

I, too, should have been ashamed to tell where.

"Mr. President, we, of the affirmative, quoted from such lofty and incontrovertible authorities as Hume, Gibbon, Rollin, Ridpath, Josephus, yea, even Holy Writ. Behold the ponderous and scholarly volume from which the other side quoted." He drew a small, crumpled paper book from his pocket and, with subtle burlesque of Sternger's manner, read from it the opening sentences of Sternger's story. "It is almost word for word, you see," he exclaimed with glee. "Some of you have read it dozens of times without a tear or a tremor. This weighty authority is known to all who have been threatened by gout, spleen, measles, mumps, spinal meningitis, or hollow horn, as well as to those who would consult the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Yes, it is an almanac — a *Vinegar Bitters advertisement almanac*. It seems to me that our worthy opponent has offered insult to his own dignity and intelligence, as well to the dignity and intelligence of the community, by introducing for serious consideration in this debate, a *Vinegar Bitters almanac* — and it is last year's almanac at that!"

The debate ended in a roar of laughter. After all, it is much more pleasant to laugh than to cry, and it is said that a laugh has overturned a throne. Certainly, in this case, it decided the issue of a debate.

After a rather lengthy session in the entry, the judges returned to their places, and the chairman announced, with great flourish, that the decision was in favor of the affirmative, and that the judges had stood two to one.

The debaters from Flowerville and the debaters from Deepwater shook hands and congratulated each other, and everybody cheered and made a noise. Deepwater was only restrained from more enthusiastic demonstrations by consideration for the sensibilities of the guests.

Hank Edgar alone looked glum.

"If it had n't been for that old Ananias and Sapphira of an Ed Bogart we'd a given you the decision unanimous," he told them. "The Flowerville judge was with me from the start, but labor as we could with the old sinner, he was just as contrary and set as Gibraltar."

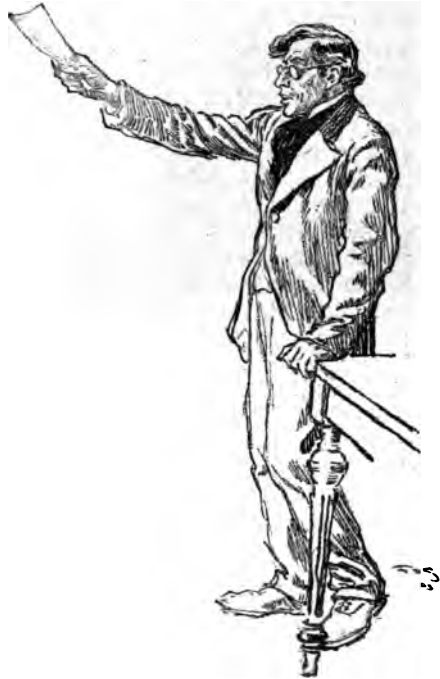
"I thought you had him fixed," interjected Daniel.

"So I had *and* so had Sternger — at a leetle higher figger."

Daniel Barton's sister had accompanied him to the school-house, but when they came to start for the supper at the tavern she murmured an excuse and a "you will not care, will you, Dan?" and was whirled away in the sleigh of a young farmer from up the creek.

The crowd on the school-house porch was disposed to chaff the deserted brother. "Don't take it to heart, Dannie," he was advised. "Put on a bold front and steal some other fellow's girl."

A sudden, reckless impulse, rather than the laughing words, prompted Daniel to turn to the girl who stood waiting for the sleigh that would come up in front of the porch when he moved on. "Are you ready, Delilah?" he



"'Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen!'"

asked, with matter-of-fact assurance, just as though she had not stopped riding in his sleigh two years before.

Greatly to his surprise, and greatly to the surprise of the onlookers, and of the young lawyer in the next sleigh, Delilah stepped forward and permitted Daniel to swing her in under his big buffalo robe.

"Well, what are you up to now? Have you and Sternger quarreled?" Daniel

demanded when they had turned into the main road.

"No, we have not quarreled," Delilah replied placidly. "However, I think it quite likely that we will, don't you?"

Daniel made no reply, being engaged in revolving many things in his mind.

"How did you come to know about that story? You do not make a practice of reading almanacs, do you?" he asked at length.

Delilah laughed. "When you saw that almanac, Daniel, were you not just a little bit ashamed of the remark you made to me as I went in?"

"Yes, I was ashamed. I am always ashamed when I say such things to you," Daniel admitted, with unusual meekness. "I wish you would explain."

Delilah laughed again nervously. "I do not know whether I can explain, but I will tell you how it happened. Mr. Sternger came to our house rather early this evening, and while we were waiting until it should be time to start to the school-house, he picked up the almanac from Aunt Jen's work-basket, and read that story aloud, with all the oratorical flourishes. Aunt Jen had to take off her glasses to cry comfortably, but I saw that he was making fun. When I came down, ready to go, I found him still poring over the almanac, with a queer grin. In a flash it struck me that he intended to use that story in the debate. It made me furious, and so did the grin; for whatever you may think, Daniel, I am just as much a Deepwaterite, have just as much local pride as you yourself. As we went out I slipped the almanac into my muff. You know the rest."

"Deli, you saved the day — the night — the reputation of your native place. You are a brick and a patriot!" Daniel cried boyishly. "I am sorry for Sternger," he added a moment later, as a sleigh with but

one occupant dashed past them at a furious speed.

There was an interval of silence, then Daniel went on with more constraint in his tone: "But you have not explained why you left Sternger in the lurch; why you are here with me."

Delilah drooped her head so her big hat hid her face from the moonlight.

"I cannot explain that to myself. I do not know why I did it," she said slowly in a small voice. "I did not intend to treat him so rudely. He will say I am rightly named Delilah, the betrayer. It was your fault, Daniel. You challenged me. Besides it was the first thing you had asked me since—in a long time, and I had made up my mind long ago to—to do the first thing you asked."

Then there was a longer silence.

"Why are you driving so very slowly?" Delilah cried with sudden irritability. "Nearly every one has passed us. What will they think?"

"That I am proposing to you for the fourth time, no doubt," said Daniel calmly.

"But you are not!"

"No; I believe not. I swore I would not, did n't I?" — Look here, Deli —!"

They had reached the cross-roads. Just ahead, blazing with lights and ringing with laughter, was the tavern where the guests from town were to be entertained at supper. To the right, between scrub-pines like Christmas trees, a level, white road stretched out into the silent, lonely night. Daniel brought his horse to a full stop and with one furl-gloved hand tilted the face under the big hat up to the witching, revealing moonlight. Then the sleigh turned swiftly into the silent, white road.

"Daniel, where —?" questioned Delilah faintly.

"To Paradise!" Daniel answered with joyous recklessness.



RAILROAD REBATES

WHAT REBATES ARE, HOW THEY ARE PAID, WHO PAYS THEM, AND HOW THEY AFFECT INDUSTRY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

*"The people, sir, are not always right."
"The people, Mr. Grey, are not often wrong."*

LORD BEACONSFIELD: "VIVIAN GREY."



IT is no exaggeration to say that the railroads of this country have infinitely more to do with the happiness and success of the people than the United States Government itself. They touch more people more intimately. "In America," says Acworth, the eminent British authority on transportation, "the railroad rate is a matter of life and death."

In its essence a freight-rate is a tax levied upon the people: a tax upon every mouthful of food we eat, every garment we wear, every timber in the house we live in, every shovelful of coal we burn. "A railroad," says President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, "lives by a tax upon the community."

No other sort of taxation is so universal or so heavy as the freight-rate. In America each person pays about \$7 annually for the expenses of the Federal Government, and this supports the army, the navy, pays the post-office deficiency, builds the Panama Canal, and provides for the entire machinery of government: president, congress, and supreme court; but the railroad tax in freights averages each year over \$26 for every man, woman and child, nearly four times the government tax.

Now, taxation is an elemental function of government; it is, indeed, the foundation of government.

No money, no state.

One of the chief purposes of taxation is to build and maintain roads. The old Romans levied enormous taxes for roadbuilding —

and conquered the world. All governments levy taxes in some form (road taxes, poll-taxes, toll-gate taxes, etc.) for maintaining highways. It is recognized as an essential function of government to keep open the public roads. President Roosevelt strikes this fundamental note in his message:

"Above all else, we must strive to keep the highways of commerce open to all on equal terms."

Railroads Are Highways

The railroad, by all the laws of the nations, is quite as much a highway as is a wagon road. But instead of levying direct taxes for keeping up the rail-highways (as do the people of Prussia, Austria, Switzerland and other countries) we Americans "farm out" the power of taxation to private individuals organized as a railroad corporation. The old kings farmed out the power of ordinary taxation to their favorite barons in the same way. The instrument that conveys this power upon a railroad company is a "charter." It gives the railroad company the right to operate the rail-highways and to charge a freight-rate (a tax) for doing it. Railroad presidents and directors are thus by appointment made the tax-collecting representatives of the people. For railroads are not now; and never were, private property, like a farm or a grocery store. They are *highways*.

The first essential of a tax is that it shall be just. To establish that point the Anglo-Saxon people have shed rivers of blood: our English ancestors revolted against the old barons who taxed both unequally and

extortionately. Our American progenitors tossed the British tea into Boston Harbor and fought from Lexington to Yorktown to establish the principle of fair taxation.

Charges Against Railroads

In the present railroad agitation, the old, old question of equal taxation and the right of representation in levying taxes, is squarely before us again. The cry arises from every part of the country that the railroad "baron" does not tax fairly and equally. He is charged with making the taxes low and easy for his rich favorites — the Rockefellers, the Armours, and their like, and he is charged with making the taxes high and hard for the farmer, the small struggling manufacturers and shippers, and all the vast unorganized mass of producers and consumers. He is charged with using his great power to practise extortion. He is charged with secretly paying back part of the taxes to his rich favorites by a device called the "rebate." Let the city of New York secretly rebate part of the taxes of its wealthy citizens and see what a commotion would arise! And yet the railroad corporation, which by virtue of its charter stands in the place of the government, is charged with committing exactly that offense. In other words, these railroad representatives of ours, appointed by us as tax-collectors, do not represent us — but work for their own personal interests. Strangely like some of our political representatives! The present demand for rate-legislation by the government is nothing more nor less than the old demand for "taxation with representation."

The Cullom investigating committee, as long ago as 1886, in its arraignment of the railroads made this charge:

"They (the railroads) do not deal with all citizens alike. They discriminate between persons and places."

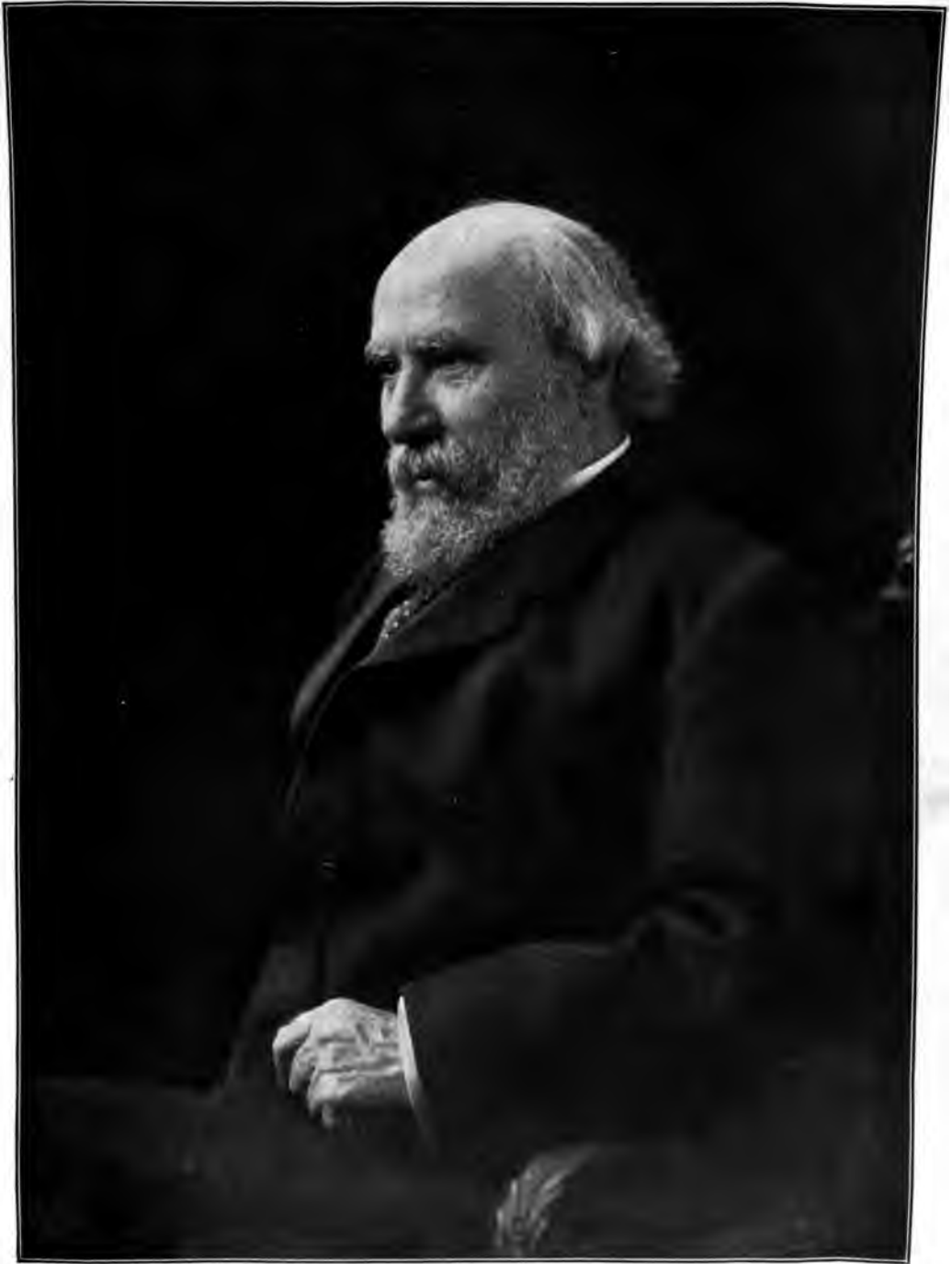
Could there, by any possibility, be a graver charge in a democracy than this? Equality of treatment, equality of opportunity, constitute the life-blood of a democratic state. And yet these chartered representatives of the people "do not deal with all citizens alike. They discriminate between persons!"

Good and Evil of Chicago Packers

By this system of discrimination the men who dominate the Chicago beef trust, for example, have by rebates and special favors

closed up small, prosperous meat-packing establishments all over this country, concentrated the business in a few unsanitary slaughter-houses in the great cities, and by underpaying the cattle-raisers on the one hand and overcharging the meat consumers on the other, are laying up for themselves large fortunes. Armour is given credit — and justly — for devising cunning methods of economy in utilizing every ounce of the carcasses of cattle and hogs; he is excused because he saves in valuable by-products what the smaller butcher throws away. Blood, hair, hoofs, tail, horns, by his wonderful system, are converted to the public use. But let us be clear in our distinctions. Every dollar he saves by these excellent economies we pay him gladly; for such work he is to be admired and rewarded as a public servant, but the success of the beef trust is not founded on public service of this sort, but upon what may truly be called *public betrayal*. Armour and his associates, not contented with the fair returns of their genius and industry, employed secret, underhand methods; they entered into illegal conspiracies to obtain advantages in railroad taxation. They were *traitors to the principles of democracy*. As a result, we have fastened upon us, as a people, this veritable leech of commerce. And like a leech it preys secretly and insidiously. The enterprising, ambitious butcher in the small city, in spite of his best efforts, finds his business dwindling away. He may be certain that he is butchering as cheaply and profitably as the Chicago trust — as not a few smaller establishments are in reality doing to-day — and yet he goes down to discouragement and ruin. He never even discovers, perhaps, that it is because the highway, the public road, is not as free to him as it is to Armour. In another article I shall tell of the ruin and misery which have followed as a result of these rebate conspiracies.

Similarly, the railroads have not "dealt with all citizens alike" in the flour-milling business. All over this country may be found ruined flour-mills and ruined millers. It is conceivable, indeed probable, that many bright boys, because of that ruin, have failed of their rightful chance in life, and that many men are to-day hopelessly discouraged. I am not here defending antiquated or wasteful methods against improvement and concentration, nor am I seeking to awaken any sympathy for the man who fails through



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JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Mr. Hill is foremost among seven men who control two-thirds of our railroads. These men, by means of the charters their roads hold from the state, stand in place of the government as tax-gathering representatives of the people. Their taxing power is greater than that of Congress. And these tax-collectors have taxed unequally, particularly in the fixing of freight-rates.

lack of energy or enterprise. I am not attacking the principle of competition, but of *unfair* competition. Such part of this ruin of the millers as was due to improved methods or to economy resulting from manufacturing in large quantities, is both necessary and legitimate. But the greater part was *not* due to such superior public service — and public service is, after all, the final test — but to undemocratic railroad discriminations.

So the steel trust to-day controls many independent iron mines of Minnesota by an iniquitous, unfair system of railroad favoritism. So the harvester and sugar trusts have strangled competition. So the grasp of the elevator owners rests upon the wheat and corn industry, preying upon the farmers of the country in the most secret and insidious ways.

Let it be understood that this is not an attack upon individual enterprise and industry, nor upon large fortunes, but it is an attack upon that piggish individualism which succeeds by taking more than its share of the public highway, which does not observe the common decencies of the gentleman in the street, but comes to its fortune by crowding other men into the gutter. For that is what the rebate is: it is the mark of commercial boorishness.

Why We Don't Like Rebaters

We Americans, by instinct, are fair fighters. If we are beaten by one who plays the game according to the rules, we admire him! But if we are beaten by foul play, by daggers in the back, we don't like it. We do not like the rebaters — the oil-barons, the beef-monopolists, the steel-trust millionaires, the sugar magnates, the banana kings and their like, who have won by foul playing. Nor do we like that sort of railroad management which allows such foul playing! And no scattering of benevolent libraries, no establishment of universities, no contributions for converting the heathen, are going to blind our eyes to the truth regarding the man who plays traitor to the democracy!

Quite the most astonishing thing about the railroad rebate is the unanimity with which we agree that it is wrong, wrong morally, wrong economically, wrong legally. Even Rockefeller decries rebates! Now that he has succeeded by means of rebates he asserts that he no longer takes them, and naturally he is anxious to prevent any one else

from taking them. For the success of the man who breaks the law depends upon the fact that other people obey the law.

In Washington last spring, before the Senate committee, the chorus against rebates and every sort of undemocratic discrimination, was marked by no discordant note. It was unanimous and sonorous. Railroad presidents, trust magnates, big shippers, little shippers, the humble public, all joined in the denunciation. President Spencer of the Southern Railroad, the accredited voice of the railroad interests, said:

Railroads Denounce Rebates as Crimes

"Rebates and secret contracts and unjust discriminations are crimes."

No stronger language than this could have been used by the most radical orator of Kansas or Texas.

Every one agrees that rebates are wrong. It is one of those self-evident principles ingrained in every believer in democracy. It has come to resemble a canon of personal conduct. Why, then, if the practice is wrong; why, if it produces such injustice, misery, and ruin, should it not be stopped?

Next to the unanimity of the railroad presidents in declaring last winter that rebates are wrong was their surprising unanimity in declaring that rebating no longer exists, that it has, in reality, disappeared — or "nearly disappeared." President Spencer, the appointed spokesman of the railroads, may again be quoted upon this point:

"Despite occasional but persistent statements to the contrary, the evil of rebates, secret contracts, and unjust discriminations," he said, "has almost entirely disappeared."

Scores of other railroad witnesses gave testimony to the same effect.

"Here is the Elkins law forbidding rebates;" exclaimed these railroad presidents, "rebating is a crime; of course we don't pay rebates!"

What other position could a railroad man take without incriminating himself!

But in spite of this testimony to the non-existence of rebates, public charges of injustice, unfairness, and favoritism were never more vehement or widespread than they have been since the passage of this excellent Elkins law.

Which is right then, as to the facts, the railroad presidents or the people? Is this public agitation wholly unfounded, or is it



Photograph by Gessford.

J. OGDEN ARMOUR, HEAD OF THE BEEF TRUST

Among those who have had from the railroads lower freight-rates than their competitors is Mr. Armour, a typical big trust shipper. Backed by these special low rates, Mr. Armour and his associates have won many fights against small meat-packing establishments all over the country—establishments that were required by the railroads to pay higher freight-rates than Mr. Armour.



Photograph by E. R. Curtis.

ROBERT LA FOLLETTE, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN AND
SENATOR-ELECT

The third party interested in the railroad question (the railroads themselves and the shippers being two) is, of course, the public. What the public lacked most and found hardest to get was information. Governor La Follette, for the public, went after the facts. He has just completed the most thorough investigation perhaps ever made by a state into railroad affairs.

really warranted? It is, after all, a question not of principle — we are all Americans there — but of downright *facts*.

What Is a Rebate?

A good deal of the present confusion arises from a quibbling (or legal) use of terms. The difficulty lies in our various applications of the words "rebate" and "discrimination" as in politics it lies in the use of the word "bribery." What is a rebate? Strictly speaking, a rebate is a sum of money secretly paid back by a railroad company to a favored shipper as a refund upon his freight-rate. And in this narrow sense, rebating is undoubtedly much less common than formerly.

But the people, who are unaccustomed to making close distinctions — to whom stealing of any one of the seventeen kinds known to the law is still plain stealing — use the word "rebate" in a much wider sense. It means any sort of favoritism to one shipper that is not given to all shippers. We find the same distinction in politics. "Bribery" in the narrow sense — the ugly crude payment of cash — may be disappearing from politics. But "bribery" in the wider sense, meaning any reward for corrupt political services, still flourishes like the proverbial green bay-tree.

Indeed, there has been the same development in railroad (and in wider business) corruption, as in political corruption.

The railroad Crokers have followed the railroad Tweeds; and we discover that the crude cash rebate is being replaced by scores of cunning devices of discrimination which accomplish the same results even more successfully and secretly than the cash rebate. Such, for example, are the widespread abuses that have grown up around the private-car system, the industrial railroad, the "line" elevator; such is the midnight tariff, the abuse of the carting and switching charge, and innumerable other devices. And these new methods have not even the virtue of open-air robbery: They are the work of underhanded cunning, performed in the twilight of legality.

But I do not wish to admit for a moment that even the crude cash rebate has disappeared — vulgar and criminal as it is, and boldly as the railroad presidents have denied its existence. It has *not* disappeared, and really frank railroad men will admit it. I quote, for example, from a pamphlet by L.

F. Day, Vice-President of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad.

After the passage of the Elkins law, [he says], there was a very great improvement in the rate situation, because shippers, as well as railroad men, were of the opinion that convictions could readily be obtained under the law. . . . This better condition has not steadily continued, because the belief has grown among shippers and others concerned that there is to be no serious effort to bring about the maintenance of rates under the provisions of the Elkins law.

Corroborating this view, we discover that the first conviction under the Elkins law was obtained only the other day (September 21, 1905), about two and one-half years after its passage. Four beef-packers in Chicago were fined \$25,000 for accepting rebates.

On the very face of it, the Elkins law, being a federal statute, did not and could not apply to the immense traffic carried within the limits of the various states, though the plausible impression has been given by the railroad men that it did away with *all* rebates. Here, then, in state business, we find exactly what we might expect to find: rebates still paid in large sums.

La Follette's Investigation

But perhaps I can best illustrate this fact, as well as many other remarkable features of the rebate evil, by recounting the recent experience of the State of Wisconsin, where Governor La Follette has just completed the most thorough investigation perhaps ever made by a state into railroad affairs.

In most places I visited, both East and West, I found plenty of individual charges of rebates, but they were not easily substantiated. A merchant or manufacturer would give me the most convincing circumstantial evidence that his competitor received rebates. If I went to the competitor, he would, of course, flatly deny receiving any such rebates and the railroad officials naturally supported him.

This condition of vague charges boldly denied, with no way of getting real proof, has long prevailed throughout the country. Every one concerned is in a conspiracy of secrecy and the outsider who knows to a certainty that he is being discriminated against, who sees his business dwindling away in loss and ruin, can obtain no relief because he can not prove his case.

Governor La Follette had not been long at his work before he saw that legislation, to be

really effective, must be preceded by a thoroughgoing knowledge of the facts.

No one, indeed, who looks into the efforts of the states to restrain the excesses of railroad rate-taxation can fail to be amazed by the misinformation upon which much of the legislation has been founded.

The method of seeking facts has often been puerile in the extreme, as far from the intelligent directness of the business man, who wants to *buy* a railroad, as could be imagined. Many valuable and interesting things were said last winter and spring before the United States Senate Committee which investigated the railroads. Legal details — which don't really much matter — were well thrashed out. But the *facts*, the *real facts*, as to rebates and discriminations, cost of service, true profits of railroads, definite information as to valuation, ownership, capitalization, taxation, and so on, which must, after all, be the basis of intelligent legislation, were curiously slighted. This is the way, for example, the committee got evidence regarding rebates. They called a railroad president and asked him soberly :

"Does your company pay rebates?"

"No, sir," he said, with equal sobriety; "rebates have disappeared."

They called another railroad president.

"How about discriminations?"

"Discriminations are unknown, sir, to the ——— railroad."

The accumulation of denials before they got through, was something prodigious! As for looking into the books of the companies for real proof — no one, apparently, thought of it!

How Wisconsin Learned the Truth About Rebates

In Wisconsin — and that has been the cause of the terrific political struggle out there — Governor La Follette wanted, not mere charges on the one hand and denials on the other — both quibbles, perhaps, on the meaning of the word "rebate" — but downright, definite facts.

The information regarding rebates in Wisconsin came out as the by-product of an investigation into railroad taxation. It was charged a number of years ago that the railroad corporations were avoiding taxes — that they did not pay their full share.

"The tax law," said Governor La Follette, in his message of May, 1905, "was of their own devising and in practice it permitted

them (the railroads) to tax themselves. The amount of earnings which they reported was the basis of their own taxation. They were in control of all facts pertaining to their earnings."

Governor La Follette thought there should be some way of ascertaining the facts besides asking the railroad men themselves, and taking their ready assurances. In 1903, after a bitter fight, legislation was passed empowering the Railroad Commissioner, John W. Thomas, to employ skilled investigators who should go, not to the railroad presidents for denials, but into the railroad offices, among the actual books, files, receipts and vouchers and investigate the real accounts of gross earnings. Every one supposed that this investigation, like most railroad investigations, would be a farce. Governor La Follette said in his message :

When public attention was directed to the subject by the special message which I submitted to the legislature two years ago, it was made a matter of jest and criticism. When the work was finally undertaken, it was predicted that it would fail of any results. It was a great undertaking. The work is involved and complicated. It has been prosecuted under many difficulties.

Governor La Follette possesses one quality sometimes lacking in reformers, thoroughness. For about two years, four or five skilled accountants have been at work in the main offices at Chicago and other cities, of all the railroads that traverse Wisconsin. Before they began their work the railroad men denied just as plausibly and as positively as they did last winter in Washington, that there were any such things as rebates; but the very first thing the investigators learned was that immense amounts of money paid as unlawful rebates did not appear in the gross earnings reported by the companies. And when the cases came into court a few months later, these same men, who had denied the existence of rebates, in order to prevent all the details coming out in court — for they fear nothing so much as real publicity — signed a stipulation *admitting that they had made those illegal rebate deductions from gross earnings!*

Enormous Sums Paid in Rebates

The total amount of all such deductions from 1897 to 1903 was found to be \$10,500,000 in the State of Wisconsin alone.

"Upon this amount," said Governor La Follette, in his message, "the railroads

should have paid a tax of four per cent, or approximately \$420,000, of which sum the State has been defrauded."

Three small railroad companies at once paid up, but the others are now fighting the State in the courts.

Of the \$10,500,000 of illegal tax deductions about \$7,000,000 was in the form of illegal rebates and discriminations of all sorts. In getting at these figures the investigators went back in all cases to original records of the companies themselves and they *excluded* every sort of refund that could, by any excuse, be called legitimate — such as refunds on account of charity, courtesies between railroad officials, overcharges, mistakes, accidents, bankruptcies, and other refunds where no discrimination was practised, as in the redemption of mileage-book covers. After leaving out all these items it was shown that every railroad of any importance in the State was a rebate law-breaker. Every road gave rebates every year — and upon both freight and passenger earnings. Here is a table of passenger and freight rebates paid by the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin from 1897 to 1903 :

Illegal Rebates Paid to Shippers in Wisconsin 1897-1903

	Freight	Passenger
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	\$1,346,237.29	\$170,968.08
Chicago & Northwestern	3,023,810.99	614,361.58
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.....	515,323.30	64,559.64
Wisconsin Central ..	244,492.19	82,475.35
"Soo Line"	464,041.75	39,807.63
Burlington	366,105.83
Other Railroads.....	158,677.83	489.42
	\$6,118,689.18	\$972,661.70

Large as these figures are, they represent only a part of the rebates really paid and do not, of course, give any idea of the tremendous machinery of favoritism which is not represented by actual cash items.

Part of these rebates were paid on State business, but a far larger part on interstate business. And the Elkins law, which was supposed to put an end to rebating, apparently had no effect whatever on the volume of rebates paid.

Effect of Real Publicity on Rebates

One of the most significant showings made by the investigation was the remarkable

falling-off in the amount of money paid in rebates the moment the expert accountants went to work. Here, for example, is a list of the sums of money paid monthly during 1903 in illegal rebates by one of the principal railroads operating in Wisconsin :

January, 1903.....	\$37,000
February	57,000
March	47,000
April	36,000
May.....	25,000
June	13,000
July.....	101,000
August.....	32,000
September.....	46,000
October	9,000
November.	666
December	2,032

Is not this interesting? The Elkins law went into effect in February, 1903, and it will be seen that it hardly made a ripple in the amount of rebates paid. The Wisconsin investigators began work September 29, 1903, and instantly the rebates dropped off to \$9,000 in October and to only \$666 in November. This shows three significant things: First, how little the railroads care for law when there is no adequate machinery of enforcement; second, it shows the marvelous efficacy of real publicity. Without any threat of prosecution, indeed, without the intention of looking for rebates at all, the very sunlight of publicity almost dried up this particular rebate plague spot. Third, it showed that the officials of this railroad, although previously denying rebates, knew that they were guilty of criminal practices; otherwise, they would not of their own motion have cut off the payment of rebates in October and November. One of their rubber stamps, "Not conflicting with the Elkins law," used on certain vouchers showed how clearly they recognized what the law really was — though they did not obey it until October, when threatened with actual exposure. These are certainly excellent lessons for Congress and for state governments which really and honestly wish to make the railroads obey the law.

But there is evidence that the railroads have really made an attempt to obey the Elkins law and that this attempt has actually resulted in decreasing largely the amount of cash rebates paid.

It can not be too often pointed out that the railroad man no more desires to pay rebates than the people desire to have him. It is plain that every rebate paid represents just

so much money lost in earnings. Indeed, the Elkins law was originally drawn up in the office of A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was a railroad measure, else it would never have passed Congress so easily. And the railroads really wanted to obey it, but one reckless traffic agent cut the rate here, another there, and soon they were all floundering again in the old bog of lawlessness and favoritism where they are struggling at this moment. The secrecy and mystery with which railroad men cover their operations made them the easier victims of the irresponsible rate-cutter and the avaricious shipper.

But the fact that cash rebating has decreased in volume is by no means evidence that the *principle* of railroad discrimination has been changed. New ways of rebating were devised, but the thing itself — the injustice, inequality and favoritism — continued with uninterrupted vigor.

As a single example, the Elkins law, as I have said, applied only to interstate business. Accordingly, the Wisconsin investigators found that the railroads sometimes divided their interstate shipments so as to pay the rebate only on the Wisconsin or Illinois end of it. In one instance a railroad made out a "mem-bill" and shunted the carload across the state line where a new bill of lading was made out and stamped "Purely State Business" — and the rebate was then paid without fear. Innumerable other ways were devised. I saw a most remarkable statement of the amounts paid by one railroad to "encourage new industries." This is one of the points upon which railroad companies commend themselves — very often justly; they help establish infant industries, "develop the country." So this particular list was most impressive. Such evidence of activity in new industries along this line of road seemed a tribute to a most enterprising industrial agent. But the investigators looked into some of the new industries so greatly encouraged by contributions of cash. One was established in 1873 — an infant thirty-two years old. But others were really younger, scattered through the 80's and 90's mostly — and the cash they received were old-fashioned rebates!

After I had examined a few dozen of such devices I was inspired with a new respect for the genius displayed in railroad

bookkeeping. Some one should write a book on the "Marvels and Possibilities of Astute Accounting."

Railroads Defy Anti-Rebate Law

The conclusive upshot of the whole matter lies in the discovery by the investigators that the *total rebates paid by the railroads in 1903*, under the régime for ten months of the Elkins law (which took effect February 19, 1903), *were greater than the rebates of 1902*. In 1902, according to Mr. Thomas's report to the Governor, the Milwaukee railroad paid \$224,445.71 in freight rebates; in 1903 the payment was \$225,572.77. The Northwestern road jumped from \$212,075.31 in 1902, before the Elkins law, to \$410,476.90, mostly after the Elkins law took effect. This shows how little effect in stopping rebates the Elkins law really had. It is unfortunate that a change in the Wisconsin tax laws should have served to restrict the investigation from going beyond December 31, 1903, but it can be said with absolute certainty that rebates and discriminations continue to-day exactly as in the past, though often in changed forms, and probably in certain parts of the country in much smaller volume than formerly.

There are reasons, indeed, why rebating should have decreased in the last three years. That decrease is not so much due to the Elkins law, which so far has been a harmless bugaboo, or to the pious resolve of the railroad men, but to the *rapid consolidation of railroads* in non-competing ownerships; in other words, to railroad monopoly. There is not the temptation now to pay rebates in the Northwest where J. J. Hill controls all the railroads, or in the Southeast where Morgan is king, or in California which is dominated by Harriman: monopoly arms the railroads against the greedy big shippers. But even where monopoly ownership exists, rebates, as I shall show, are still paid by the personally ambitious traffic officials of the subsidiary roads.

But if monopoly decreases rebates it introduces quite a different and a very real new danger — that of rate extortion, a most important subject which I shall treat in another article.

What is true in Wisconsin is true in various degrees elsewhere. An investigation along similar lines in Minnesota, begun before that of Wisconsin, though by no means so

complete and definite, showed precisely the same facts, that enormous amounts in rebates were paid by the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and other Minnesota railroads. And in the Minnesota cases, to prevent the full facts being made public in court, most of the railroads paid the additional taxes demanded by the state and thereby forestalled further agitation and publicity.

Let us examine, now, the methods employed by the railroads in making these discriminatory payments. I cannot attempt completeness, for the devices are legion, but I can perhaps give enough illustrations to show the general system.

In the first place, all rebates are law-breaking conspiracies. To call a spade a spade, they are conspiracies to rob, as much so as if the general freight agent and the shipper got together and agreed to hold up another shipper in the night and steal his pocket-book.

Rebates and discriminations are forbidden by law, the same as highway robbery; therefore they must be accomplished by roundabout, secret, devious methods, some of which plainly break the law, others of which are so neatly adjusted that they narrowly escape the letter of the law.

Methods of Paying Rebates

The common method of rebating in past years was for the railroad company to charge the favored shipper the full freight on his goods, and then at stated periods send him a check to the full amount of the agreed rebate. That was one way — crude and easily discovered. Another way was and is to pay the favored shipper a so-called commission on his business, as though he were an agent of the company. Still another way is to pay a real traffic agent, say at Milwaukee, a large commission or a large salary, which he divides with the favored shipper. This method has spread enormously in the past year — to the alarm even of the railroads. The Wisconsin investigators found innumerable other devices, like the under-billing and the under-weighting of freight, the allowance to the favored shipper of cartage or switching charges, or the permission to hold cars as storage for coal or lumber for a long time without demurrage, or refunding the demurrage, if charged.

From figures given above, showing that the St. Paul Railroad paid only about half the amount of rebates in 1903 as the Northwestern

Railroad, it may be concluded that the St. Paul is therefore the more virtuous. But figures are proverbially deceptive. It was found that sometimes when one railroad frankly paid cash the rival road had another more secret, underhanded way of doing the same thing. In one city there are two equally important shippers in the same business. One of them used one railroad and received large rebates; the other, shipping by the other road, apparently received no rebates. But the investigators knew that the second shipper could not have done business for a month in competition with the first unless this great discrepancy in rebates was somehow equalized. Upon instituting inquiries they found that the local agent of the second road was empowered to correct the way-bill and deduct a certain percentage from every freight-bill presented to the favored shipper and to forward the amount collected as the *full* payment taking the necessary credit in the agent's weekly report. By this method no incriminating evidences of rebates crept into the books of the St. Paul road.

And now the Northwestern Railroad has chosen new methods; it is learning by experience. When the Wisconsin investigators began work, the Northwestern Railroad stopped paying cash rebates almost entirely; but immediately it began to issue a great many so-called "hektograph tariffs" — that is, rate-schedules, not regularly printed, and barely creeping within the fringe of the law, if they even do that. And the effect of the hektograph tariff was to give certain shippers advantages over others — exactly what the rebate did. Nothing could show better the progress from the crude cash rebate to the underhanded device which accomplishes the same end.

In some cases discriminations are the result of intentional mistakes in printing rate-schedules. A defective tariff is issued to the shippers in which, let us say, the very natural error of a 3, used for an 8, appears — a rate of 33 instead of 38. When a few copies have been printed the error is "discovered," and the schedule corrected for all ordinary shippers.

Another device shows how the passenger and freight departments of a railroad work together in giving rebates. It has long been known that the favored shipper could often get a pass not only for himself, but for his entire family. This is, of course, a true

rebate, for it saves the shipper just so much money. But it is more or less public, therefore undesirable. Accordingly, one Wisconsin railroad, among others, has been employing a much shrewder device. Certain large concerns in Wisconsin who employ traveling men, purchase the ordinary passenger mileage-books, upon the cover of which, when the mileage is used, the railroad will refund \$20. But it was discovered that in the case of certain favored shippers, when the cover was sent back, the railroad refunded \$20 in the ordinary way, and then afterwards and secretly they rebated the *entire original cost of the book*—or \$60. In other words, these favored Wisconsin industries were able to send out their entire force of traveling men without paying one cent of railroad fare—while their competitors paid full fares. A good many business men of Wisconsin do not know, to-day, of this insidious and despicable competition which is undermining their business. This article may give them the first news of it!

State Senator Receives Rebates

One of the concerns, thus enabled to send out its traveling men free, was the Northern Grain Company. I am allowed to print the names in this case because they have already been publicly used by Governor La Follette. The Northern Grain Company owns a large number of elevators along the line of the Northwestern and the Wisconsin Central railroads. It has been successful in driving out competition and monopolizing the grain business in many towns. Independent elevator men have been forced out of business, and the Northern Grain Company has the farmers of a large territory wholly at its mercy. Why? In five years the Northern Grain Company received in rebates from the Northwestern Railroad alone \$151,447.47—or \$30,000 a year, a fine profit in itself if they made no money at all on the grain business. Part of this was paid in passenger mileage-books in the way I have described; the remainder in cash rebates. The traveling men of this concern apparently paid their fare like ordinary citizens, arousing no suspicion, while as a matter of fact they were traveling free. But this is not the only interesting thing about the Northern Grain Company. Its president is O. W. Mosher of New Richmond, Wisconsin. In 1901 and 1903 Mr. Mosher was a state senator. And as a state senator he was one of the leaders

in the fight against every reform measure proposed by Governor La Follette, especially the railroad bills. He defended "individual liberty" and the right of the railroad companies to "control their own property"—and at that very time, though no one knew it then, his company was getting more than \$30,000 a year rebates from the railroads. All of which throws an interesting light upon the business man in politics and accounts for some of the opposition to proper railroad regulation. A real investigation of railroad affairs in other states would show many a similar "coincidence"—as I heard this case euphoniouly called.

Here is a copy of an actual letter, names withheld, sent by a general freight agent at Chicago to a local station agent in Wisconsin, directing him how to give a rebate to a certain shipper of cooperage stock. It shows one way of granting a rebate from the published freight-rate:

To the agent at _____:

DEAR SIR:—For your information I would state that we wish to have the rate on cooperage stock for _____ 15c. There are some reasons why we do not wish to put in this tariff. Please bill all future shipments for _____ via _____ care of _____ R. R. at the through rate of 17½ c. per cwt. For instance, a car weighing 40,000 lbs. at 17½ c. would be \$70.00. and you would show in prepaid column \$10.00. This would leave \$60.00 to be collected, which would be 40,000 lbs. at 15c. You will please send me at the close of each month a statement of the amount you are outstanding on account of the 2½ billed prepaid, and your station will be relieved. In this way shippers will not be required to pay more than 15c. through. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this letter, stating that you understand.

Yours truly,

Gen. Frt. Agent.

This letter is the evidence of a deliberate violation of the law. The law requires that new rates shall be printed and filed, that no reduction shall be given without three days' notice, and makes it a criminal offense to discriminate secretly between shippers. And yet here is a signed letter of the general freight agent of a great railroad company ordering the station agent to break all these laws!

But in this case, as in most cases, the railroad man was no more to blame than the shipper of the cooperage stock. It was exactly the case of briber and bribed in politics. The general freight agent surely would have preferred to get a 17½-cent rate rather than a 15-cent rate. It would have meant

\$10 a car more income for his company. But in order to get the business of the cooper away from a rival railroad he thought he had to break the law and make this reduction. Of course the cooper knew his power, and used it. He literally dazzled the eyes of the various rival railroad agents with his carloads, until they were all bidding against one another — and the law was tossed to the winds. The point that I wish to make strongly is that this was a *conspiracy*, with the shipper fully as much to blame as the railroad men — if not more to blame.

Thus Rockefeller got his first rebates — actually driving the railroads to his terms. He had such large shipments that the loss of them to a railroad company meant large losses in earnings, large losses in earnings meant no dividends, and whenever the Wall Street owners of a railroad learn the appalling fact that there are no dividends to be paid, the command goes forth "Off with the President's head." And off it goes.

"Get dividends," say the owners of the railroads, "or get out."

How the Railroad Defends Itself

If a man is too conscientious to pay rebates and break the law at the demand of Armour or of Pabst of Milwaukee, he is eliminated and a less honest man takes his place — a man who is willing to make terms with his conscience, to "do as the Romans do," or find some shady device that can be furnished up by the legal department to look lawful. The railroad man, indeed, makes a pretty strong case for himself, showing that he is the victim of his own defenselessness which the shrewd trust shippers well know. I quote from an excellent address by J. W. Gleed, an attorney for the 'Frisco system.

A railroad must have tonnage; herein lies its weakness and defenselessness. It is an investment that can never produce but one commodity, namely, transportation, and that commodity must be consumed where the railroad lies. It cannot be stored in July to be sold in November. Its investment is permanent and the expenses run on, traffic or no traffic. Bankrupt though it becomes, its wheels still turn in desperate hope: and the worse its financial plight the more reckless and dangerous its competition. Most western roads could carry twice their present tonnage, with comparatively slight increase of total annual expense. In this fact lies the great weakness and temptation of a railroad. A railroad man says: "I can sell this one shipper transportation at a fraction of a cent a ton and yet not be out anything, because I can so easily produce more transportation."

James J. Hill, undoubtedly the foremost railroad man in the country to-day, said recently in an interview: "As the matter now stands and has stood for a number of years the practice of rebates has enabled the big shippers to hold a club over the railroads. The more this question is studied, the more it will be found that, after all, the railroads need some protection."

It is hardly surprising, then, with this natural weakness of the railroads, combined with the greedy demands of great shippers, that traffic morals have come to be so easy in this country. And yet, when the public says to the railroad man, as it is saying now, "see here, you are the victims of your own property and of the greed of powerful shippers; let us pass laws that will arm us both against the predatory trusts," the railroad man takes wild alarm, fearing that his power and his profits in some way will be lessened. But until the present methods of conspiracy-breeding secrecy and wholly irresponsible private control of the railroads are utterly revolutionized we cannot hope to have a fair system of rate taxation, we cannot hope to grapple with the trusts, and, far more important than that, we cannot secure a condition in which decent business morals are even possible!

One of the very worst results of the payment of rebates to favored shippers has been the corroding growth of suspicion and distrust throughout the railroad business. It is a hard thing to say, but one cannot look into the question at all closely without reaching the conclusion that the honor of a promise, "the word of a man," has disappeared in the railroad freight business. A promise — even a signed contract — will not stand for one moment, if by breaking it a railroad agent can secure one car more of freight. These are strong words, but every man in the service, down in his heart, knows that they are true. I have listened to these men telling with absolute glee how they got together — all promising, even swearing — a "gentleman's agreement" not to give a rebate to a certain shipper, and how, the moment they got out of the meeting, every man used his best wits to break his oath as quickly as possible. Surely, a system which produces such dishonesty is wrong, wrong from the bottom to the top.

Spy System in Rebate Business

Not only this, but conspiracy has borne the usual crop of spies. Most great shippers

expect to bribe at least one clerk in the accounting offices of every railroad company with which he deals, and sometimes the railroad responds by having a clerk employed in the office of the shipper. Only thus can the big shipper be sure when he gets his rebate, that his rival is not obtaining a lower rebate. These clerks, while as honest as any class of citizens, are often victims of their need. Most of them are absurdly underpaid, and a few dollars a month extra will always tempt some one of them to betray his employer.

Not only is the rebate the result of force applied by the big shipper — as Rockefeller used his thousands of barrels of oil as a club to drive the railroads to terms — but social relationships are a pronounced factor in the system. You and I belong to the same club, we like the same brand of cigars, we came out of the same college, perhaps. You are a struggling manufacturer and I am a traffic man on the railroads. One day, when we are especially friendly, you say to me:

"See here, Billy, I'm human, I want a two-cent reduction in my rate."

And I am human, too, and friendly: I want to be known as a good fellow. In goes the two-cent secret reduction with the result that you make a fortune and I lose nothing — save a little more honor.

One of the most important industries in a certain Wisconsin city owes much of its strength to-day to the fact that the son of the house happens to be the college chum of the son of the president of the principal railroad running through the town: I could give the names, but what is the use!

Then, there is the importunate man, who, like the widow in the Scriptures, is finally heard for his much speaking. A traffic manager told me an amusing story of his trials with one shipper who was forever begging for a rebate. For months he besieged the manager, used every sort of argument unavailingly, until one day he came in with his face bandaged up:

"There," he said, "I've broken my nose, and I want that rebate."

He got it.

Evil of the Industrial Traffic Manager

I asked a prominent railroad official what, in his estimation, was the greatest single obstacle in ridding the country of the rebate evil. He answered promptly:

"The industrial traffic manager."

When there are favors to be got from a railroad company it takes an expert to get them. Accordingly, it has grown to be a custom — spreading more widely every year — for large shippers to employ special men to look after their railroad interests. An honorable and legitimate place exists for the industrial traffic manager. If he represents an important wholesale house like Marshall Field's in Chicago, the mere business of making shipments, billing correctly, seeing that cars are properly loaded, checking up freight-rates, choosing the best routes, and so on, is enormous. But out of this legitimate work have sprung the evils of freight-rate manipulations. The traffic manager's first duty is to "work with the roads for better rates." He is often an experienced railroad man himself, knowing intimately not only all the ins and outs of the business, but having the acquaintance and confidence of the traffic men themselves. Sometimes he receives a very large salary, much larger than the railroad freight agents with whom he deals. He is agreeable, keen, able, and he knows how to entertain his friends. He really belongs to the type of the political lobbyist. To him falls the actual task of getting "concessions," otherwise rebates or favoritism in some form. In his fertile brain are conceived many of the schemes by which the railroad is cajoled or forced to give rebates without seeming to give them. Such great corporations as the steel trust, the beef trust, the sugar trust, and so on, have many traffic agents, and lately boards of trade, chambers of commerce, local and national associations of shippers, have employed traffic managers. I have met a number of these men — as fine and agreeable gentlemen as one would meet in a day's walk. Some of them look at their profession in the curious, clear, half-cynical way of the American business man whose motto has come to be: "Everything is fair in business: dog eat dog." Others defend their calling with exactly the same reasons that the railroad gives for rebating.

"Brown & Co.," says the traffic manager, "has its man on the ground working for concessions. If we don't have our man, then we go under! If they get rebates, we've got to."

That is the evil circle of logic of the rebate.

So the country swarms with these traffic managers, and over against them are corresponding swarms of railroad freight agents,

of every description. Both are the expensive, cumbersome, and corrupting outgrowth of the present rate system. They rent the most expensive offices in the main streets of every important city, they spend lavishly to get business, and the people, of course, finally pay the bills.

Upon this point we have a remarkable statement by the late Collis P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, one of the strongest railroad men the country has produced :

"I believe," he said, "that \$100,000,000 would hardly pay the additional expense entailed by the expenditures made in New York for railroad offices, employees, etc., which are made necessary under the present system in order to solicit and compete for business for the different railroads, involving an enormous loss on account of rate-cutting which does not help the public at large, but is wasted in incipient and constant warfare. As it is to-day, a man who has ten car-loads of freight to ship will be sought by probably twenty men on the average, from different railroad offices, who in their scramble for the business are almost sure to cut the rate to the disadvantage and detriment of the vast body of shippers — especially the smaller ones — who should by right have precisely the same privileges and opportunities that fall to the lot of some favored man who has large enough shipments to make and to attract the cupidity of the various carriers."

Perhaps I can best illustrate the inside workings of the system by telling the story of a case recently brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission — that of R. D. Wood & Co. of Philadelphia. R. D. Wood & Co. have extensive iron works at Florence and at Camden, New Jersey, the latter called the Camden Iron Works. Last year they wished to secure a contract for iron water pipes for the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba. They had to meet the competition of manufacturers in Scotland who had a preferential duty into Canada of \$2.40 a ton. The American duty into Canada is \$8 a ton, making a competitive difference against the American manufacturer of \$5.60 a ton.

Story of a Philadelphia Rebate

Everything hinged on the freight-rate — as it does in most industries. Therefore the business fell to Thomas L. Morton, the traffic manager for R. D. Wood & Co. Upon him and his success with the railroads depended the profits of the company on this

large contract. Of course there were published and public freight tariffs on iron pipes to Winnipeg, but Mr. Morton paid no attention to them. They would not help him ! He first sent out letters to the various railroads, asking them for the rates. The prospect of such a large tonnage offered at once aroused every railroad agent. The published tariff rate was 49½ cents, and the railroad which would naturally have shipped the pipe was the Pennsylvania. But the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Canadian Pacific, the Delaware and Hudson, and other roads, all had agents on the spot to get it away from the Pennsylvania. Mr. Morton talked with these men, lunched with some of them, and finally got from C. E. Campbell, General Agent of the Great Northern Railroad in Philadelphia, a bid of 44½ cents — over five cents a hundred pounds lower than the legal rate. Inasmuch as there were 1,500 tons to ship, five cents a hundred pounds made a very tidy reduction. Convinced that he could get no lower rate, he closed the contract with Campbell and thought no more about it. Campbell of the Great Northern made arrangements with the Baltimore and Ohio and the Mutual Transit Company — a line of vessels on the Great Lakes — and the iron pipes were shipped. The bills of lading read as straight as a string, 49½ cents, freight-rate, the regular published tariff, and this was paid by R. D. Wood & Co. The transaction was spotless both in the books of R. D. Wood & Co. and in those of the railroad company. After it was all over, L. W. Lake of New York, traffic manager for the Mutual Transit Company, came down to Philadelphia with a check of \$1,500 — rebate at five cents a hundred on 1,500 tons of iron pipe. This check he handed to Mr. Morton and Morton endorsed it to R. D. Wood & Co. The rebate transaction was complete and no one except the two traffic managers was the wiser. The facts would never have come out in this world if an injudicious traffic agent on the Pennsylvania Railroad, who wanted the business and did not get it (though he had offered a rebate of one cent a hundred !) and who was therefore blamed by his superiors, had not complained. And this all occurred in 1904 and 1905 — long after the passage, it will be observed, of the Elkins anti-rebate law. The whole transaction not only wronged the iron manufacturers of Scotland (a wrong to a

foreigner we find it easy to condone) but it wronged other American iron manufacturers, who, had they known that the rate was $44\frac{1}{2}$ instead of $49\frac{1}{2}$, might have had a chance to bid on the business. And finally, it wronged all other shippers on the road, for if the published rate of $49\frac{1}{2}$ was reasonable, then $44\frac{1}{2}$ was too low, and other shippers must have paid the difference which R. D. Wood & Co. put in their pockets.

The story of R. D. Wood & Co. illustrates how secret and personal the rebate system is, conducted not by the generals of the army, but far out on the skirmish line between the traffic agents of the shippers and the agents of the railroads

Who Is to Blame for Rebates

Of course, James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, knew nothing about this rebate — nor did he wish to. Perhaps he never heard of Mr. Campbell. But Mr. Campbell had heard of Mr. Hill. Mr. Campbell was ambitious, and his rise depended on getting business and producing dividends. No doubt he disliked rate-cutting. Every freight agent prefers to be known as winning his business by skill, energy, personality: any fool can cut a rate. But if the rate must be cut, the Campbells cut it. And afterwards their superiors, because they have n't heard of it, and don't want to hear — deny that rebates exist!

It is said that we should not blame individual men for these conditions; that the Morgans, Harrimans, Goulds, Rockefellers, Armours, and so on, are also victims of the competitive system. But whom shall we blame? Are the Campbells and Mortons on the skirmish line to blame? Or are the generals up in Wall Street who demand dividends and defend secrecy of management and who finally *get the profits of these evil transactions*? As well may we say that robbers are victims of our industrial system — as, indeed, they often are — but we still hold accountable the receivers of stolen goods.

So far in this article I have considered only a few of the simpler and cruder methods of rebating. I must leave the far more interesting subject of the private-car system of discrimination, the industrial railroad, the midnight tariff and so on for consideration in future articles. The backbone of the beef trust is the private car; the industrial road is the true channel of nourishment for the harvester and steel trusts, the railroad grain elevator has given the wheat and corn business into the hands of the grain and elevator companies.

How these adjuncts of industry, useful in themselves, have been subverted to evil purposes, made the especial vehicles of rebates and favoritism, is a story full of interest and significance: for it permits us to look deep into the meaning of modern business.

(Mr. Baker's next article will be on the Private Car.)

NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART

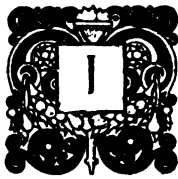
BY

W. B. YEATS

NEVER give all the heart; for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women, if it seem
Certain and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss.
For everything that's lovely is
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.
O never give the heart outright,
For they, for all smooth lips can say,
Have given their hearts up to the play,
And who can play it well enough
If deaf and dumb and blind with love?
He that made this knows all the cost,
For he gave all his heart and lost.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. RICHARDSON



I was I who introduced Thunder and Calamity into camp. We, Mr. and Mrs. Greek Roots and I, had established ourselves that summer in the cabin of a friend who had been minded toward hermit life for a season, but who was that year abroad.

The camp was on the edge of a moraine, in the High Sierras. A mountain stream, tributary to King's River, here widened to a little inlet, which gave us fully half a mile in width of quiet water, for bathing and boating, while a spring back on the slope, among the cottonwoods, furnished us delicious drinking water. We had one small canoe, which G. R. had fashioned from layers of paper, stretched on a frame and varnished. The cabin boasted two rooms, and our kitchen was out-of-doors, around a big live-oak.

We were after health — and honey. G. R. fondly believed himself a bee-tree expert, and spent most of his time laying out what he hoped would prove to be bee-lines, in divers directions. Not one of them had yet led us to a bee-tree, but with hope renewed every morning, he kept on. It was easy to follow the flight of a homing bee across the inlet, or the meadow. The trick, as he explained carefully to us, was not to lose it in the woods.

He was making ready for the daily bee-hunt, one day, when Mrs. G. R., otherwise known as Kate, appeared with enticing tales of a thicket of ripening blackberries which she had discovered. Leaving his basin of syrup on a bench in the open, G. R. departed with her on a berry quest. I should have gone, also, but it was my turn to bake the

bread that day. I was mixing it at the moment of their departure, and when it was ready I put it to bake in our little sheet-iron baker, "Pride of the Camp." Then I heard an unfamiliar bird note in the chaparral, and started after it. When I returned, my forgotten fire was out, the "Pride of the Camp" was cold and my bread was not worth mentioning. The bird was only a road-runner, after all.

Mixing more bread, under the live-oak, I heard a funny noise out in the open, and went to investigate. What I at first mistook for a black dog, was nosing about the syrup pan. As I came forward it raised itself upon its hind legs and grasped the basin, and I recognized the creature as a very small brown bear. Before I had recovered from my amaze another one, a little smaller, came shuffling from the chaparral and the two began a struggle for the syrup. Each got a little; but the pan was crushed beyond recognition.

Visions of a wrathful parent bear began to rise before me. I strained my ears for sounds of her advance, and as they were delayed, I decided to scare the little fellows off; so I shouted at them, and waved my arms.

But they did not scare. Instead, they squatted at the edge of the chaparral and wailed, in a funny little grunting sound, like two forlorn babies. Their mother would surely come now, and I fled to the cabin, where G. R.'s gun hung. No wrathful parent appeared, however, and the row continued, to the dismay of our two horses tethered just below the cabin. They grew fairly frantic at last, and I began to fear they would break away.

At last one of the cubs shambled over to the live-oak, where our safe hung. It sniffed

about, and tried to climb the tree, but seemed unable to climb. The other joined him, and the lament began anew. The truth dawned upon me; they were lost and hungry. They stopped yelling at last, and lay against each other, whimpering like young puppies. I began to feel sorry for them. Remembering my ruined bread I broke open a sodden loaf, gave each fragment a hasty treatment from the syrup jar, and approached the cubs. They retreated, but I laid the morsels down and presently one advanced, secured both pieces and was having a feast, when the other rushed forward and a lively scrap ensued. It ended in each getting a bit which it ate, and then both cubs turned toward me, grinning like pleased piccaninnies. I prepared some more bread and they ate that.

"Thunder and Calamity! What *are* you doing?"

It was G. R. who spoke, while behind him, a figure of consternation, stood Kate.

"What *are* you doing?" G. R. repeated, more mildly.

"They were hungry and I fed them," I explained.

In the face of their evident disapproval my action began to look less logical than it had seemed at first.

"You 'll have the old bear here in a minute! Then our work *will* be cut out for us!"

Something in his tone alarmed the little fellows, and, their meal finished, they shuffled back into the chaparral.

"Good riddance," the Man of the Camp muttered as he watched them depart. "I hope we're well out of that scrape."

But we were not. The first whiffs of next morning's frying bacon brought two whimpering black bulks out from the bush.

"There are Thunder and Calamity again," Kate said, recalling G. R.'s greeting of the evening before.

From that moment the cubs had no other names.

The little things looked forlorn enough, as they sat on their haunches and sniffed the fragrant air. When I appeared from the cabin their whimperings grew louder, and took on a note of eager expectancy.

"They seem to be your bears," G. R. said, grinning. "Well, if you can settle it with their mother, I waive any claim I have on them."

"But where *is* their mother?" Kate asked.

We never learned that. Some catastrophe had overtaken her, unquestionably, and the

two cubs were orphaned. They got the scraps from breakfast that morning, including what was left of my unfortunate bread. This, sopped in the fat of the bacon spider, pleased them greatly.

"But we can't have them around, you know," G. R. said, when camp was cleared. "This is a camp, not an orphan asylum. In the first place we've nothing to feed them, and in the next place they would be an impossible nuisance."

So we took counsel together, and after much protest from Kate and me it was decided that we two should go away for the morning, while G. R. dispatched the cubs. We took the canoe and wandered far afield, feeling quite as sorry for G. R. as for the cubs.

It was nearly noon when we paddled back across the inlet, and found G. R. busy with ax and saw, a short distance from the camp. He was building a stout little corral, while Thunder and Calamity looked on.

"They're the funniest little beggars," he said, forestalling our inquiries. "I *could n't* shoot them in cold blood. I'm making a pen to shut them up when they get too obstreperous. I guess we can feed them all right."

So Thunder and Calamity were installed. We spent most of the afternoon working on the corral, and when it was done we went fishing to provide for our family. Dixy and Trim, the horses, did not take to the cubs, and between their snorts and stampings of excitement, and the wails of the bears, who spent the hours of darkness trying to get out, and crying because they could not, our slumbers that night were intermittent.

The question of feeding them was not such a serious one, after all. Calamity loved fried fish from the start, and Thunder soon grew fond of it. They were not large eaters; the pair of them really ate less than a mastiff requires to keep him in condition. Whether this was because they had not their natural food I do not know. They did not forage much that we could see, but Calamity was tireless in her search after ants. The dexterity with which her funny, black paws would lift a bit of bark which she suspected of harboring ants, was pretty to see. She would lick in her long, flexible tongue and gather up the acid specks with lightning rapidity. Not an ant could escape. Thunder was apparently fonder of roots, though he would occasionally leave his grubbing to join Calamity in an ant-hunt. They both loved



"down he came, safe, broken branch and all"

the blackberries which grew thick about the camp.

But they missed their mother's care. They were not sleek and fat, as young cubs should be, and for a long time we could not guess why. One day, however, returning from a birding tramp, Kate and I came upon a funny sight. Kate saw it first, and motioning me to silence, we both watched from the chaparral.

Seated on a camp-stool, in the shade, was G. R., with Thunder between his knees and laid over one of them, much in the position favored by old-fashioned parents at moments when the rod is not spared. The cub was grunting with satisfaction while G. R. plied the currycomb along his unkempt sides. Calamity, looking uncommonly sleek and well pleased, sat upon her haunches near by, critically examining first one, then the other, of her hind feet, picking each one up in her forepaws, to peer at it near-sightedly.

G. R. laid down the currycomb and, taking the horsebrush, began using that on

Thunder. Instantly the cub reached for the currycomb, taking it in his forepaws and mouthing it, baby fashion. G. R. wanting it a moment later, looked for it and took it from the bear, who immediately picked up the brush. Kate and I, in the bush, shook with silent laughter.

"It only needs the soap and a sponge to complete the picture," she whispered to me, wiping her eyes.

Just then G. R. wanted the brush, reached for it, then looked, and pulled it out of Thunder's mouth with a jerk. The cub resisted and the brush flew off at a tangent, hitting Calamity on her little black nose. Without hesitation she precipitated herself upon Thunder, who was still on G. R.'s knee. The camp-stool collapsed and man and cubs went down together in a heap.

Silence was no longer possible, and our laughter betrayed us. G. R. picked himself up rather sheepishly as we emerged from the chaparral.

"Those bears need to be kept clean," he explained. "I suppose their mother groomed them some way, but they don't know how to clean themselves; so I gave them a ducking and brushing."

The cubs thrived from that hour. They were brushed every day, and soon grew to enjoy it far more than G. R. did. It was necessary, however, to shut one up during the toilet of the other; for the appearance of comb and brush was always the signal for a frolic.

The night of that first toilet is a memorable one in the annals of our camp. I was cook at dinner-time; the catch had been a good one and our fish, browning to perfection, were on the fire outside the cabin. On a stone before the blaze stood the coffee-pot, steaming fragrantly, and from the crane hung a kettle of potatoes, boiling vigorously. The bread was a success that day, and I was putting it on the table.

"Look out for your fish," called G. R., coming up from the inlet, towel in hand.

I turned to see Calamity just drawing the long-handled frying-pan from the coals.

"Calamity!" I shrieked, and ran to the rescue of my dinner. Calamity had already thrust in her nose — and burned it well. But even as I cuffed her, her wails were mingled with the terrified grunts of Thunder, who came plunging down from the tree into which he had climbed to reach the kitchen safe. The branch had broken beneath his weight, and down he came, safe, broken branch and all.

He rolled over, and in doing so kicked the tripod which supported the camp kettle. The potatoes flew out into the fire, and the kettle upset the coffee-pot as it fell. The wreck of our evening meal was complete, and the uproar in camp started both horses to squealing wildly, in response to the howls of the cubs.

It was dark before the mess was cleared up and the injured babies were pacified. The cubs got all that was recoverable of the fish and potatoes, and Kate rubbed vaseline on Calamity's wicked nose, rejecting, indignantly, G. R.'s wrathful proposal to thrash both bears well. Then we ate some canned pork-and-beans from our stores, after which feast we went to bed.

It was not all Thunder and Calamity in camp that summer. There were long days of joyous wandering up and down the mountain trails. I added to my stock of Western bird-lore, Kate collected ferns, and G. R.

continued to hunt for a bee-tree. On one occasion we locked up the cabin, turned the cubs loose, and went off with the wagon for a week's trip. Anxiety for our charges brought us back, however, at the end of the third day.

The cubs were promptly on hand to greet us, on our reappearance, as glad and as demonstrative as a pair of puppies. They must have had a hard time in our absence; for Calamity made that night hideous, howling with colic, and Thunder was not himself for a week after our return.

"And to think," groaned G. R., as he considered the situation, "that we left Ted and Harold at home because we felt that we *must* be free from responsibility this summer!"

On several occasions we had guests, who always found the cubs a source of unmixed delight. Unlike most babies, the youngsters never forgot their good behavior in the presence of strangers. They reserved their escapades, and their very funniest pranks, for home consumption.

As the weeks wore away, and they learned to climb, they became adventurous. Calamity, moreover, developed a propensity to tease. She was larger and more intelligent than Thunder, and was the leader in most of their mischief. It was the delight of both cubs to get well out upon stout branches of the neighboring trees, and set them to swaying under their weight. They would amuse themselves thus by the hour.

One evening when Thunder was engaged in this wise, and Calamity, at the edge of the open, was occupied in her usual pastime with her hind feet, she suddenly dropped to all fours and scuffed over to the big live-oak where Thunder was established. Up she climbed, and out upon the limb where he was teetering in vast enjoyment. He saw her coming and moved farther out, but she followed, her little piggy eyes twinkling in a way which he, as well as we, had learned meant mischief. He continued to retreat before her until the branch bent dangerously, and he could scarcely find footing. Then Calamity stopped, and began to teeter.

Thunder looked at her over his shoulder, struggling the while to maintain his balance. His hind feet slipped, and he hung, heels down, clutching the limb desperately with his forefeet. He began to growl with terror, while Calamity squatted on the branch and watched him, and we, below, held our sides in helpless laughter. If Thunder had

but known it, his kicking feet were within a few inches of the ground; but his woolly wits were incapable of guessing that. Finally G. R. took pity upon him, and ran forward with a bench, which he slipped under the poor fool's haunches. Feeling its support, the cub loosed his hold and dropped, grunting, to earth. The rebound of the branch jolted Calamity, who, a moment later, was in the same box her little brother had been in, and she howled as lustily as he had done. We let her hang until we deemed her sufficiently punished, when G. R. helped her down.

G. R. paddled slowly, for we loved to linger on our homecomings. The beauty of the place always impressed us anew, as though we had never before noted it. It was the most perfect spot I had ever seen, and I said so to G. R. as we came near our own shining line of tree-girt shore.

He stopped paddling, and kneeling upright rested upon the blade as it lay across the gunwales. The canoe slipped stillly through the quiet water, and we lowered our voices, quite instinctively.



"Calamity squatted on the branch and watched him"

At last there came the never-to-be-forgotten day when G. R. found his bee-tree. It was across the inlet and a mile or more up the cañon, on the bank of the stream. G. R. located and marked it, and blazed a trail through the woods; and one glorious day, fully equipped for the undertaking, we embarked on our quest for honey.

We worked nearly all day, under G. R.'s guidance, at our sweet task, and we were a tired, hungry, and very sticky trio, as the Man of the Camp paddled homeward, in the late afternoon. We had taken a hasty luncheon in the middle of the day, and meant to prepare an extra good dinner.

"What do you suppose is the matter there?" G. R. asked, gazing shoreward.

"I've been wondering," replied Kate, "and I've concluded that either company has come, or Thunder and Calamity have broken from the corral and are in the cabin."

"Thunder and Calamity!" shouted G. R. "That's what it is!"

As we beached the canoe a portent appeared in the cabin door, and dashed across the open. Its whitey-yellow, shapeless head rolled frantically from side to side, and the thing ran blindly about, while we gazed transfixed with horror. The legs and the body were the legs and the body of a bear,



"looked up with an ecstatic leer"

but the head was an awesome object, beyond our ken.

Suddenly the thing ran full tilt against the big live-oak. There was a sound of bursting and rending, and sputtering, sneezing, snorting, and coughing; Calamity, released from the grip of the thick manila flour-sack, stood revealed, an object of woe. The impact of the tree stunned her for a moment, and she was half-blinded by the flour; she did not realize our presence until G. R.'s prodigious laughter echoed back from the mountain side. Then she crept to us, growling and whimpering.

By now we were at the cabin door. The scene within was one of devastation, and on the floor in the midst of it sat Thunder, with a two-quart jar of syrup overturned between his feet. He was engaged in pulling something from his mouth, and looked up with an ecstatic leer, his silly, black face smeared with syrup.

"What is he eating?" I asked.

"Seems to be chewing the rag," G. R. opined after a critical survey.

"It's the towel that covered the shelf where the syrup was," explained Kate. "He must have pulled it down with the jar and he's trying to eat it."

Such was the case; and when he could, for laughter, G. R. was forced to go to the rescue of the strangling cub.

"Might better let him choke," Kate said wrathfully, as she set about picking up the

wrecks of other articles that had been on that shelf.

"Oh, G. R., why had n't you spunk enough to shoot the beasts at the very beginning?"

This time no one interfered, when, having repaired the corral, G. R. got the wagon-whip and thrashed both bears soundly. When he left them they gave every evidence of being chastened spirits, and we heard them whimpering and complaining, far into the night.

Poor little Calamity was pitifully ill next day, and for a week thereafter. We all, including Thunder, took turns nursing her and sitting beside her. Thunder's devotion was very touching. He hardly left her, but sat on his haunches, gazing at her, by the hour, whimpering to us every now and then, as though he thought we could do something for her. On the day that we thought she was dying he sat cleaning his hind feet, bear-fashion, when, all at once, he came down upon all fours and began to lick hers. It was a clumsy sort of ministrations, but it seemed grateful to her.

Next day she began to mend, and from that moment Thunder deserted her, going about his wonted enjoyments. Not until she was about the clearing again, did he evince any interest in her. Then, taking advantage of her weakness, he bullied her shamefully until, on a day when she felt the glow of returning strength, she turned and cuffed him until he fled up a tree. Such a deal of human sort did we find in the cubs that summer!

The long vacation was drawing to a close, and there came a day when we struck camp. We had moments of seriously discussing the removal of Thunder and Calamity with the rest of our paraphernalia, but we thought wisely of the project, before it was too late; so, one bright morning, we drove away, while they were feasting upon bread and honey in the corral.

They did not know we were leaving them. G. R. fixed the corral bars so that they could be pushed down by a touch; the cubs had had two months' growth with us, and were strong and well. They could fend for themselves. But I should like right well to know how it fared with them that winter, and I often wonder whether they would know me if we met, suddenly, somewhere in the mountain fastnesses.

A PARABLE FOR HUSBANDS

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "GERVIE ZAME, GERVIE DOOR," "MRS. CARTER AS FATE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

BLUE GIPSY'S filly had broken two pairs of shafts, kicked a hole through a dashboard, and endeavored to take a fence, carriage and all, in a fixed determination not to become a harness-horse. It was evident that she had chosen her career, and meant to stick to it.

"Break her to the shafts if you have to half kill her," Mr. Harry had said, but there were some things Mr. Harry did not understand so well as Peter.

"Where's the use in spoilin' a good jumper for the sake o' makin' a poor drivin' horse?" Peter had asked the trainer, and he added that the master was talking through his hat.

Peter had already explained the matter to Mr. Harry, but Mr. Harry was very much like the filly; when he had made up his mind he did not like to change. Peter decided to talk it over

once more, however, before he risked another groom. The first groom had dislocated his shoulder, and he refused to have any further intercourse with Blue Gipsy's filly.

Poor Peter felt himself growing old under the weight of his responsibilities. Three years before he had been a care-free groom at Willowbrook; now, since Miss Ethel had married Mr. Harry, he was head coachman at the "Jasper place," with seven horses and three men under him. Occasionally he gazed rather wistfully across the meadows to where the Willowbrook stables showed a dull red blur through the gray-green willow trees. He had served there ten years as stable-boy and groom, and though he had more than once tasted the end of a strap under Joe's vigorous dominion, it had been a happily irresponsible life. Not that



"Poor Peter felt himself growing old under the weight of his responsibilities"



"The carpet was soft and he made no noise. He did not mean to listen"

he wished the old time back, for that would mean that there would be no Annie waiting supper for him at night in the coachman's cottage, but he did wish, sometimes, that Mr. Harry had a little more common sense about managing horses. Blue Gipsy's filly, trotting peaceably between shafts! It was in her blood to jump, and jump she would; you might as well train a bull pup to grow up a Japanese poodle, and sleep on a satin cushion.

Peter, pondering the matter, strolled over to the kitchen and inquired of Ellen where Mr. Harry was. Mr. Harry was in the library, she said, and Peter could go right through.

The carpet was soft and he made no noise. He did not mean to listen, but he had almost reached the library door before he realized, and then he stood still, partly because he was dazed, and partly because he was interested.

He did not know what had gone before, but the first thing he heard was Miss Ethel's voice, and though he could not see her, he recognized from the tone what she looked like, with her head thrown back, and her chin up, and her eyes flashing.

"I shall do as I please," she said, and she stamped her foot. "Go. Go away and don't bother me. I am tired of your interfering, and I feel as if I never wanted to see you again."

Then a long silence, and finally the cold, repressed tones of her husband asked: "Do you mean that?"

She did not answer, except by a long, indrawn sob of anger. Peter had heard that sound before, when she was a child, and he knew how it should be dealt with; but Mr. Harry did not; he was far too polite.

After another silence he said quietly: "If I go, I go to stay — a long time."

"Stay forever if you like."

Peter turned and tiptoed out, feeling sheepish and ashamed as he had felt that other time when he had overheard. He went back to the stables, and sitting down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he pondered the situation. If he were Mr. Harry for just ten minutes, he told himself fiercely, he would soon settle things; but Mr. Harry was slow and did not understand. When it came to managing horses he was too rough, as if they had no sense; and when it came to managing women, he was too easy, as if they were all sense. Peter sighed miserably. His big, Irish heart

ached for them both; for Miss Ethel, because he knew that she did not mean what she said, and would later be sorry; for Mr. Harry, because he knew that he did mean what he said — terribly and earnestly. Neither understood the other, and it was all such a muddle when just a little common sense would make everything happy. Then he shrugged his shoulders and told himself that it was none of his business; that he guessed they could make up their quarrels without help from him. And he fell to scolding the stable-boy for mixing up the harness.

In about half an hour, Tony, the valet, came running out to the stables looking pleased and excited, with an order to get the fly ready immediately to go to the station. Tony was evidently bursting with news, but Peter pretended not to be interested, and kept on with his work without looking up.

"The master's going into New York, and I follow to-night with his things, and to-morrow we sail for England!" said Tony triumphantly. "I guess there's been trouble," he added significantly. "Mrs. Jasper's in her room with the door banged shut, and the master is pretty quiet-like and white about the gills."

"Shut up and mind your own business," snapped Peter, and he led out the horses, and began putting on the harness with hands that trembled.

As he drew up at the porte cochère, Mr. Harry jumped in. "Well, Peter," he said in a voice which was meant to be cheerful but was a very poor imitation, "we must drive fast if we're to make the four-thirty train."

"Yes, sir," said Peter, briskly clicking to the horses, and for once he thanked his stars that the station was four miles away. A great resolve had been growing in his mind, and it required some time and a good deal of courage to carry it out. He glanced sideways at the grim, pale face beside him, and cleared his throat uneasily.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he began. "I was at the library door to ask about the filly, an' without meanin' to, I heard why you was goin' away."

A quick flush spread over Mr. Harry's face, and he glanced angrily at his coachman.

"The devil!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Peter. "I suppose I'll be discharged, sir, for speaking, but I feel it's me dooty, an' I can't keep quiet. Beggin'

your pardon, sir, I've knowed Miss Ethel longer than you have. Man and boy I served



"If I go, I go to stay — a long time"

ten years at Willowbrook. Her hair was hangin' down her back, an' she was drivin' a pony cart when I first come, an' I was her groom. I watched her grow, an' I know her ways, an' there was times, sir, when she was most uncommon troublesome. She 's the kind of a woman as needs managin', an' if you 'll excuse me for sayin' so, it takes a man to do it. You 're too quiet an' gentleman-like, sir. An' though I guess she likes to have you act like a gentleman, when you can't do both, she 'd rather have you act like a man. If I was her husband — "

"You forget yourself, Peter!" Mr. Harry gasped out.

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "as I was sayin', sir, if I was her husband, I 'd let her see who was master, pretty quick, an' she 'd like me the better. An' if she ever told me she would be glad for me to go away an' never come back, I 'd look at her black like, with me arms folded, an' I 'd say: 'You would, would you? In that case I 'll stay right here an' never go away.' An' then she 'd be so mad she 'd put her head down on the back o' the chair an' cry deep like, the way she always did when she could n't have what she wanted, an' I 'd wait with a frown on me brow, an' when she got through she 'd be all over it, an' would ask me pardon sorrowful like; an' I 'd wait a while an' let it soak in, an' then I 'd forgive her."

Mr. Harry stared at Peter, too amazed to speak.

"Yes, sir," Peter resumed, "I 've watched Miss Ethel grow up, an' I knows her like her own mother as you might say. I 've drove her to and from the town for twelve years, an' I 've rode after her many miles on horseback, an' when she felt like it she would talk to me as chatty as if I were n't a groom. She was that way with all the servants, sir; she took an interest in our troubles an', spite o' the fact that she

was a bit overrulin' sometimes, we all liked her, sir."

Mr. Harry knit his brows and stared ahead without speaking, and Peter glanced at him uneasily and hesitated.

"There 's another thing I 'd like to tell you, sir, though I 'm not sure how you 'll take it."

"Don't hesitate on my account," murmured Mr. Harry ironically. "Say anything you please, Peter."

"Well, sir, I guess you may have forgotten, but I was the groom you took with you that time before you was married when you an' Miss Ethel went to see the old wreck."

Mr. Harry looked at Peter with a quick, haughty stare, but Peter was examining the handle of his whip and did not see.

"An' you left me an' the cart, sir, under the bank, if you 'll remember, an' you did n't walk far enough away, an' you spoke pretty loud, an' I could n't help hearin' you."

"Damn your impertinence!" said Mr. Harry.

"Yes, sir," said Peter. "I never told no one, not even me wife, sir, but I understood after that how things was goin'. An' when you went away, I s'picioned you was n't feelin' very merry; an' I watched Miss Ethel an' I was sure she was n't feelin' merry, for all she tried mighty hard to make people think she was. When they was lookin', sir, she laughed and flirted most outrageous with them young men as was visitin' at Willowbrook, but in between times she used to take long rides on the beach, with me followin' at a respectful distance — very respectful I might say. She was n't noticin' me troubles then; she had too many o' her own. When there were n't no one on the beach she 'd leave me the horses an' walk off by herself, an' sit on a sand-dune, an' put her chin in her hand an' stare at the water till the horses was that crazy with the sand-flies I could scarcely hold 'em. An' sometimes she 'd put her head



"Tony was evidently bursting with news"

down an' cry soft like, fit to break a man's heart, sir, an' I'd walk the horses off, with me hands just itchin' — beggin' your pardon, sir — to get a holt o' you, for I knew you was the cause."

"You know a good deal too much," said Mr. Harry dryly.

"A groom learns considerable, sir, without meanin' to, an' it 's lucky his masters is if he knows how to keep his mouth shut. As I was sayin', sir, I knew all the time she was pinin' for you, but was too proud to let you know. If you 'll allow the impertinence, sir, you made a mistake in the way you took her at her word. If you 'd a understood her an' handled her right she would n't a throwed you over at all."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Harry asked fiercely.

"I mean, if you 'll excuse me speakin' allegorical like, that she 's the kind of a woman as needs a sharp bit an' a steady hand on the bridle, an' when she bolts, a touch o' the lash — not too much, sir, for she would n't stand it, but enough to let her see who 's master. I've known many horses an' some women, sir, an' I've noticed as the blooded ones is alike in both. If you 'll excuse my mentioning it, Miss Ethel was badly broke, sir. She was given the rein when she needed the whip, but for all that she 's a thoroughbred, sir, an' that 's the main thing."

Peter imperceptibly slowed his horses. "If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to tell you a little story. It happened six or seven years ago when you was away at college, an' if Miss Ethel is a bit unreasonable now, sir, she was more unreasonable then. It was when the old master first bought Blue Gipsy — as was a devil if there ever was one. One afternoon Miss Ethel takes it into her head she wants to try the new mare, so she orders her out, with me to follow. What does she do

but make straight for the beach, sir, an' gallop along on the hard sand, close to the water-line. It was an awful windy day in the fall, with the clouds hangin' low an' the waves dashin' high, an' everything sort o' empty an' lonesome. You can know something o' what Blue Gipsy was from her filly. She was n't used to the water, an' she was so scared she was most crazy, rearin' an' plungin' till you would a swore she had a dozen legs — not much of a horse for a lady, sir, but Miss Ethel could ride all right. She kept Blue Gipsy's head to the wind an' galloped four or five miles up the beach, with me poundin' along behind, hangin' on to me hat for dear life.

"It was ebb-tide, but time for the flood, an' I was beginnin' to think we'd better go back, unless we wanted to plow through the loose shingle high up, which is mighty hard

on a horse, sir. But when we come to the Neck, Miss Ethel rode straight on; I did n't like the looks of it much, but I did n't say nothin' for the Neck 's never under water an' there were n't no danger. But what does she do when we comes to the end o' the Neck but turn to ride across the inlet to the mainland, which you can do easy enough at low tide but never at high. The sand was already gettin' oozy, an' with the wind blowin' off the sea the tide was risin' fast. It would a meant sure death, sir, if she 'd gone out an' got caught. An' what with that unknown devil of a Blue Gipsy she was ridin', there was no tellin' what would happen.

"Miss Ethel," I calls, sort o' commandin' like, for I was too excited for politeness, 'you must n't go out there.'"

She turns around an' stares at me haughty, an' goes on.

"I gallops up an' says: 'The tide 's a risin', I tell you, Miss Ethel, an' the inlet is n't safe.'"



"I s'picioned you was n't feelin' very merry"



"used to take long rides on the beach"

"She looks me over cool like an' says : 'It is perfectly safe. I am goin' to ride across ; if you 're afraid, Peter, you can go home.'

"With that she whips up an' starts off. I was after her in a minute an' I gallops up beside her, an' before she knew what I was doin' I reaches out me hand an' grabs hold o' the bridle an' turns Blue Gipsy's head. I did n't like to do it, for it seemed sort o' familiar, but with people as contrary as they is, sir, you 've got to be familiar sometimes, if you 're goin' to do any good in the world.

"Well, sir, as you can believe, she did n't like it, an' she calls out sharp and imperative for me to let go. But I hangs on an' starts to gallop, an' with that she raises her whip an' cuts me over the hand as hard as she could. It hurt considerable, but I held on an' did n't say nothin', an' she raised her whip to strike again. But just at that moment a wave broke almost at the horses' feet, an' Blue Gipsy reared, an' Miss Ethel, who was n't expectin' it, almost lost her balance an' the whip dropped on the sand.

"'Peter,' she says, 'go back an' get that whip.'

"But by that time I 'd got the bit in me teeth, sir, an' I just laughs — ugly like — and keeps hold o' the bridle an' gallops on. Well, sir, then she was most crazy, an' she tries to shake off me arm with her fist, but she might as well have tried to shake down a tree. I looks at the sand, an' smiles,

impertinent, to meself, an' goes on. An' she looks all around, desperate like, but the beach was all empty an' lonely, an' there was n't nothin' she could do, I bein' so much stronger."

"You brute !" said Mr. Harry.

"I was savin' her life, sir," said Peter.

"An' when she saw she could n't do nothin' she kind of sobbed down low to herself an' said, soft like : 'I 'll discharge you, Peter, when we get home.'

"I touches me hat an' says as polite as you please : 'Very well, miss, but we ain't home yet, an' I 'm boss for the present.'

"With that a great big wave comes swash up against the horses' legs, an' it 's lucky I had a holt o' the bridle, for Blue Gipsy sure would a thrown her. An' after I got her back on her four legs — Blue Gipsy, sir — an' we was goin' on again, Miss Ethel throws a look over her shoulder at the inlet, which was all under water, an' then she looks down at me hand that had a great big red welt across it, an' she said, so low I could scarce hear her over the waves :

"'You can take your hand away, Peter. I 'll ride straight home.'

"I knew she meant it, but me hand was burnin' like fire, an' me feelin's was hurt so I looks at her doubtin' like, as if I could n't trust her, an' she turns red an' looks down ; an' with that I touches me hat an' falls behind.

"An' when we got back, sir, an' I got off at the porter-ker-cher to help her dismount, what does she do but take me big red hand in both o' hers, an' she looks at the scar an' then she looks in me eyes, an' she says, like as you hit straight from the shoulder, sir: 'Peter,' she says, 'I 'm sorry I struck you. Will you forgive me?' says she.

"An' I touches me hat an' says: 'Certainly miss. Don't mention it, miss,' an' we was friends after that.

"An' that 's why, Mr. Harry, I hate to see you go off, an' beggin' your pardon, make a fool o' yourself. She loves you true, sir, like as Annie loves me, an' I know, sir, if she took it hard before you was married, it ud near kill her now. You must n't mind what she says when she 's angry, for she just thinks o' the worst things she can on purpose to hurt your feelin's, but Lord! sir, she don't mean it any mor 'n a rabbit, an' if you 'll give her half a chance an' don't act like a iceberg she 'll want to make up. Me an' Annie, Mr. Harry, we pulls together lovely. I 'm the boss in some things, an' she 's the boss in others; I lets her think she can manage me, an' she lets me think I can manage her — an' I can, sir.

Sometimes we have little quarrels, but it 's mostly for the joy o' makin' up, an' we 're that happy, sir, that we wants to see every one else happy."

The horses had slowed to a walk, but Mr. Harry did not notice it. A smile was beginning to struggle with the hard lines about his mouth.

"Well, Peter," he said, "you 've preached quite a sermon. What would you advise?"

"That you go back an' take a firm hold o' the bridle, sir, an' if she uses the whip just hold on hard an' don't let on that it hurts."

Mr. Harry looked at Peter, and the smile spread to his eyes. "And then when she drops it," he asked, "just laugh and ride on?"

Peter coughed a deprecatory cough. "Beggin' your pardon, sir, I think if I was in your place I 'd pick it up an' keep it meself. It might come in handy in case of emergencies."

Mr. Harry threw back his head in a quick, boyish laugh, and reaching over he took the lines and turned the horses' heads.

"Peter," he said, "you may be elemental, but I half suspect you 're right."

A LULLABY

BY

MABEL MAHIN

GREEN gloom of night in the trees,
Day's dying breath in the breeze,
Flower heads drooping to rest,
A mother bird's call from her nest:
Little one, safe in God's arms,
Tell me, dear, how do you rest?

Wet is my pillow at night,
Bitter tears blinding my sight,
Empty is your little nest
Here on your own mother's breast:
Little one, safe in God's arms,
Tell me, dear, how do you rest?

THE ASHES OF OLD WISHES

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

AUTHOR OF "DARBY O'GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN



ALL day long big flakes of soft, wet snow had flurried and scurried and melted about Darby O'Gill's cottage, until, by twilight, the countryside was neither more nor less than a great white bog. Then, to make matters worse, as the night came on that rapscallion of an east wind waked up, and came sweeping with a roar through the narrow lanes and over the desolate fields, gleefully buffeting and nipping every living thing in its way. It fairly tore the fur cap off Maurteen Cavanaugh's head, and gaily tossed that precious relic into the running ditch; it shrieked mockingly as it lifted poor old Mrs. Maloney's red cloak and swirled that tattered robe over the good woman's bewildered head; then, after swooping madly around and around Darby O'Gill's cottage, it leaped to the roof and perched itself on the very top of the chimney, where for three mortal hours it sat shouting down boisterous challenge to the discontented man who crouched moody and silent before his own smoky hearth.

Darby heard the challenge well enough but wasted little heed. A shapeless worry darkened the lad's mind. Ever since supper, when Bridget and the children went to bed — the better to get an early start for midnight Christmas Mass — Darby and Malachi, the yellow cat, sat opposite each other in the glow of the smouldering turf.

Lately Darby had taken great comfort in talking to Malachi. The cat proved to be a splendid listener — never contradicting any statement however bold, but receiving all his master's confidences with a blinking gravity which was as respectful as it was flattering.

"This is Christmas Eve, Malachi. I suppose ye know that; and be all tokens I'd ought to be the happy man. But I'm goin'

to tell ye something: I am n't. Have ye noticed anything quare about the taste of the bacon lately, Malachi? or the petaties? or the butthermilk? No, to be sure; how could ye!" Darby scratched his head and heaved a deep sigh. "As far as I'm concerned nothin' I put in me mouth has the right smack to it." The good man pointed his pipe impressively at the cat. "There's something or other I want bad, Malachi; I dunno' rightly what it is, but whatever it may be, I'll never be rale happy till I get it."

Visibly impressed by this secret, Malachi turned his back to the fire and began thoughtfully stroking his left ear. While the cat was thus engaged, the peaceful quiet of the hearth was rudely broken by a sudden shaking of the door and a rattling of the latch, as though nervous fingers were striving to lift it. Darby in alarm threw back his head to listen. Could it be a wraith? No! it was only the wind. Baffled in its attempt to open the door the ruffian gale then began flinging white dabs of soft snow at the black window-panes — for all the world like a blackguard boy. At last, with an exultant shout, it leaped to the cottage roof again and, whoop! down the chimney it came.

"Poof! bad cess to the smoke an' bad luck to the wind! if they have n't the two eyes stung out of me head. I'd wind the clock, and you and me'd go to bed this minute, so we would, Malachi, if I didn't know that Brian Connors, the King of the Fairies, would surely pay us a visit the night." Malachi's back stiffened immediately, and with quick switches of his tail he swept the hearthstone where he sat.

"Oh, I know ye don't like the Good People, me lad! and you may have ye're rasons. But you must admit that the little man has never failed to bring us some token for Christmas since first I met him. Though

to tell the truth," he added, a sudden scowl furrowing his face, "for a man who has the whole wurruld in his pocket the Fairy gives — Oh, be the powers, Malachi! I came near forgetting to tell ye me dhrame. I dhramed last night I was picking up goold sovereigns till me back ached. So maybe the King 'll bring me some traymendous present— Oh, millia murdher, me sight 's gone entirely this time. Conshumin' to the minute longer I 'll stay up — phew! ugh! ugh! ugh!"

The great puff of bitter pungent smoke which blinded the lad's eyes also sent him off into a fit of coughing. He was still choking and gasping and sweeping the water from his swimming lids when, happening to look up, who should he spy through the blue smoke, calmly sitting on his favorite stool on the opposite side of the hearth, but the little Master of the Fairies himself. As usual the King's gold crown was tilted rakishly to one side, his green velvet cloak was flung back from his shoulders, and he sat with one short, pipe-stem of a leg dangling carelessly over the other.

"The top of the avenin' to ye, Darby O'Gill," piped he, "an' the compliments of the sayson to you an' yours."

At the first sound of the fairy's voice Malachi, with tail erect, trotted out of the kitchen.

"The same to yerself," coughed Darby rubbing his eyes, "an' if it is n't axing ye to go out of yer way too much, King, I 'll thank ye afther this to come in be the dure or the windy, and not be takin' thim short cuts down through the chimbley. You nearly put the two eyes out of me head, so ye did."

"Oh, faith, Darby me sowl," laughed the King good-naturedly, "the Christmas present

I 've brought ye 'll put the two eyes back again, and brighter than ever."

The discontented look on Darby's face changed at once to a red glow of pleasure. He expected a bag of diamonds or a crock of gold at the very least. Still he strove hard to conceal his delight, and said as carelessly as he could:

"What is it, King darlint. I 'll go bail your present 's a grand one this time at any rate."

"You may well say that, me lad, for I 've brought ye," chuckled the King, clasping his knee and leaning back comfortably against the chimney corner — "I 've brought ye a jug of the finest potteen in all Ireland ground."

Darby's jaw dropped to his chest. If ever hope took a cropper it was then. "Thank-ye kindly, King," he stuttered; and to hide his bitter disappointment the poor fellow began poking viciously at the smouldering turf.

The evident chagrin of his friend was not lost on the Master of the Good People, and the quick-tempered little King flared up instantly.

"Why, thin, bad manners to you, what ails you the night — you and your sour looks? So my present is n't grand enough for you, and the loikes of you. Maybe it 's the py-losopher's stone or maybe it 's riches or —"

Darby himself was thoroughly aroused. He felt slighted and belittled. Hammering out each word on the hearthstone, he replied:

"You 're right, King, it 's riches I want! It 's riches; an' that 's the laste ye might be afther givin' me."

The fairy's eyes snapped threateningly. "Have n't I tould ye ag'in and ag'in that I 'd never rune ye an' spile ye by givin' ye riches? Have n't —"



"The top of the avenin' to ye, Darby O'Gill"



"Crouched moody and silent before his own smoky hearth"

"We hear ducks talkin'! No sinsible man, King, was ru'ned or spiled be riches. Besides there's other things ye might give me."

The little King's lip curled. "Oh, ye on-grateful omadhaun! just to punish ye I've a mind to—" he hesitated and looked steadily at Darby. "By jayminie I will—I'll give ye any three wishes you make this night, barrin' riches. I won't break me wurrud on that score."

So great and so sudden was the offer that for a moment Darby's mind floundered helplessly. Meekly subsiding to his stool again he peered from under anxious brows, and asked doubtingly, "Do you mane it, King?"

The King frowned. "I do mane it; but

the consequences 'll be on your own sore head."

Darby thoughtfully regarded the fairy. Then putting the poker carefully back in the corner said:

"Don't be vexed with me, King agra; sure I've lots of throuble. I'm a very on-happy man. I don't know why it is, but I'm feelin' turrible. So by your lave, if it's perfectly convaynient, I'll take the favors of the three wishes."

"Out with them then! What do ye want?"

"Well, first an' foremost, King, I want the he-licks-her of life, that Maurteen Cavanaugh the schoolmaster was readin' about. I want to live forever."

The old King reeled and almost fell off the stool.

"Be the four fires of Fingal, Darby O'Gill, if you don't flog the worruld. But go on man alive what 'll ye be wantin' next?"

"Well afther that, if it's not too much throuble, ye may make me as comfortable an' as well off as the rich Lord Killgobbin." By putting the wish this way Darby cleverly avoided a direct request for riches.

The King shut his lips in a grim smile, and slowly wagged his head.

"I will that! I'll make ye as well off an' as comfortable as Lord Killgobbin — with every vein of me heart. Go on!"

"The third wish, King, is the easiest of all to grant. Make me happy."

"That I will! you won't know yerself. Wait till I'm done with ye," said the King, getting up and drawing his cloak about his shoulders. "An' we'll lose no time about it ayther. We've a good dale of thravellin' to do the night, so put on you're great-coat."

Nothing loath the lad did as he was bid, and then waited expectantly.

"We're goin' into s'trange places, me bould Trojan," the King went on, "an' I think it best we go un-wisble. Come nearer to me."

With much impressiveness the little King of the Good People raised his hand and touched his companion lightly on the arm.

On the moment a strange tingling chill swept over Darby, and he began to grow

invisible. First his feet faded into thin air; and even as he stared open-mouthed at the place they had been, his knees disappeared; and the next second the lad felt himself snuffed out like a tallow dip.

The King also was gone, but presently the familiar voice of the little fairy sounded from its place on the stool:

"We're goin' out now, avourneen."

"But how can I go out," wailed Darby in great distress. "Where are me two foine legs? What's become of me I'd like to know?"

"Be aisy! man, you'll not nade yer legs for a while. I'll put ye asthride a horse thenight the loike of which you never rode afore. You're goin' to ride the wind, Darby. Listen! D'ye hear it callin' us?"

Darby was still looking for some traces of his vanished legs when, without realizing the slightest sense of motion, he found himself in the open. There was a flash of black sky, a glimpse of wet weather and the astonished man was three miles from home standing beside the King in old Daniel Delaney's kitchen. It was all so sudden; he could scarcely believe his eyes. And to make matters more confusing, although Darby



"'But how can I go out,' wailed Darby in great distress"

had known old Dan'll's kitchen since childhood, there was a certain weirdness and unreality about it now that chilled the unseen intruder's blood.

The room was almost dark, and filled with fitful fire-shadows which danced and wavered and dimmed upon the walls.

"Mark well what ye see and hear, Darby O'Gill, for this is but a shadow of your first wish — the wish to live forever. This is the ashes of long life." The King's voice was so solemn that Darby cowered half-frightened from it.

Before the lonely hearth sat old Daniel Delaney and his wife Julia. Half the county knew their desolate history. Ninety-two

He understood, as never before, how utterly old Dan'l's and Julia's world was gone — faded into vague memories. The new voices and strange young faces which kept constantly crowding into and filling the old fond nooks, gave to the couple a cruel sense of being aliens in an unsympathetic land. The winding lanes, the well-remembered farms and the crowded chapel were filled, for them, with dim specters. They were specters themselves, and the quiet waiting churchyard called ever and ever, with passionate



"Of all the old couples in that parish . . . Daniel Delaney and his wife were the very oldest, and the loneliest"

years had passed over their heads, and seventy years they had lived together as man and wife. Of all the old couples in that parish — and there were many of them — Daniel Delaney and his wife were the very oldest, and the loneliest. Twenty years ago their last child had died in America, an old man. Long before that, Teddy, Michael and Dan, soldier lads, fell before Sebastopol. And now, without chick or child, indeed without one of their blood that bore their name, the old couple waited patiently, each night mumbling the hope that maybe the morrow might bring to them the welcome deliverance.

As Darby gazed, a comprehension of the desolation, the loneliness, and the ceaseless heartaches of the old people came to him like an inspiration, and his heart melted with pity.

insistence to their tired, empty hearts. Darby's eyes filled with hot tears.

"Will I be like Dan'l Delaney?" he whispered fearfully to the King.

"Worse. You'll be all alone; Bridget'll be gone from you. Hist! Dan'l is talking. Listen!"

"Is that you, Julia machree?" an old voice quavered. "Ah, so it is; so it is! I thought it was me father sittin' there an' — an' I was a little gossoon again at his knee — just like our little Mickey. Where's Mickey? Oh, to be sure! Oh, thin was n't me father the handsome man — and grand! Six feet two in his stockin's! Six feet two. An' to think, agra, to think, that now, in all this wide, wide worruld, only you and me are left who ever set eyes on him. Is n't it a quare worruld entirely, Julia! A quare worruld!"

Only you and me left, all dead, all dead!" The old man's voice fell to a whimper, and he wiped a tear from his cheek with shaking fingers.

"Aye, they 're all gone from us, Dan'l, me lad. I was just thinkin', your father's father built this house and sthrangers 'll have it soon — I could n't sleep last night for worry-ing over it. All me foine boys and tendher beautiful colleens! All, all gone. An' one gray day folls another gray day, an' nothing happens, nothing ever happens for us. Is n't this Christmas Eve, Dan'l? Little Norah's birthday?"

The old man lifted his trembling hands in an agony of regret. "Christmas Eve! Oh, Mother of Heaven! Oh, the merrymakin' an' the happiness of the childher! Marcyful Father, why can't we go to them?"

"Hush, Dan'l! For shame, man. Think how good God has been to us. Has n't He kept us together! Might n't He have taken you an' left me here alone? See how gentle He is with ould people. First, He crowds Heaven with their friends to prepare a welcome; then He fills the worruld so full of pains, an' aches, an' sorrow, that 't is no throuble at all to lave it. No throuble at all."

God help them, thought Darby. The bitterness of their sorrows filled his own heart, and the weight of all their years pressed down on him.

"King," he asked, "is n't it quare that we can't always be young and live forever?"

"It's bekase you've no knowledge of Heaven that you ax so foolish a question as that," sighed the King.

Meanwhile old Dan'l would not be comforted, but was fretting, and whimpering, like a child three years old.

"Come away, come away, King," urged Darby hoarsely. "When Bridget an' the childher are in the churchyard I want to lie with them. Yez may keep the he-licks-her, King. I want none of it."

"I thought so. Now for your second wish," said the King.

The words were n't out of his mouth till Darby found himself standing with the fairy in the window recess of a large, and brilliantly lighted bedroom in Killgobbin Castle. Soft, moss-green carpets an inch thick covered the floor. Slender shepherds and dainty shepherdesses, beautiful dames and stately knights smiled and curtsied from the priceless tapestries on the wall. In a far corner of the room stood a canopied mahogany bed,

lace-draped and with snowy pillows. Gilded tables and luxurious easy-chairs were scattered here and there, while a great tiger skin, which gleamed yellow and black from the center of the floor, gave Darby a catch in his breath. It might have been the bed-chamber of a king. No sound of the storm reached here.

Before a bright, hot fire of fine sea-coals, sat the rich and powerful Lord Killgobbin, gray-haired and shaggy-browed. His lordship's right leg, bandaged and swollen, rested upon a low chair piled high with cushions. On a fur rug near him lay Fifi, her ladyship's old spaniel — the fattest, ugliest dog Darby had ever seen.

"Darby," whispered the King, "yonder is Lord Killgobbin, and remember I was to make you as comfortable, and as well off as he!"

The fairy was still speaking when the nobleman let a roar out of him that rattled the fire-irons. "My supper! Where 's my supper? Get out of that you red-legged omah-daun," he bellowed to a crimson liveried servant who waited cowering just inside the door. "Bring up my supper at once or I 'll have your heart's blood. No puling bread and milk, mind you, but a rousing supper for Christmas Eve. Be off!"

The footman disappeared like a flash, leaving the room door ajar. Sweet sounds of flute, violin and harp, mingled with gay laughter, floated up the wide staircase. Lord Killgobbin's only son was giving a Yule party to his young friends. At the sound of the music the old nobleman uttered a moan that would wring one's heart. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, will ye listen to that. Dancing and cavorting an' enjoying themselves down there, an' me sitting up here suffering the torments, an' nobody caring a ha'porth whether I 'm living or dead. Oh my, oh my! Sitting here trussed up like an ould rooster —" His lordship's eye roved around the room in a vain quest for sympathy; alas! the smug-faced Fifi was the only living thing to be seen.

"Bad scan to you! You're as hard-hearted as your mistress." Lord Killgobbin threatened the dog with his cane. But as if to show her disdain Fifi yawned in a bored way, turned wearily over and went to sleep again. It was the last straw. His lordship boiled with furious resentment, and leaning far over made a savage stroke at the dog with his cane. That was the unlucky

blow! Instead of hitting the placid, unconscious Fifi, the furious old lord lost his balance, missed his aim, and gave himself a terrific whack on the gouty leg. There was the row!

Never since that day at Ballinrobe fair, when Teddy McHale cracked his poor old

In the midst of the tumult, hurrying footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and presently, three wild-eyed footmen entered the room each bearing a silver tray. The first servant carried a bowl of thin gruel, the second a plate of dry toast and the salt, while the third footman stepped cautiously along



"Instantly all was confusion"

father over the head with a blackthorn (mistaking the old gentleman for Peter Maloney, the family foe), had Darby heard such deafening roars, and such blood-curdling maledictions. Whether by accident or in an effort to drown Lord Killgobbin's voice the orchestra down-stairs played with redoubled vigor.

bearing aloft a small pot of weak tea, without cream or sugar. The quiet, grim look which Lord Killgobbin threw at his terrified servants sent a shiver down Darby's back.

With eyes half shut his lordship spoke slowly and deliberately through clenched teeth:

"What 's that ye have in the bowl, ye devil's limb ye?"

"The docthor, your Lordship — an' — her ladyship, sir, seein' as it 's Christmas Eve, thought that you 'd like — that you 'd like a — a — little change, so instead of bread an' — an' milk, they sent ye a little thin gruel, sir."

Lord Killgobbin grew ominously quiet. "Bring it over to me, my good man, don't be afraid," he said.

The three footmen each keeping a wary eye on his lordship's stick, advanced timidly in a row. Nothing was said or done until the gruel was within easy grip of him, and then in one furious sweep of his left arm, his lordship sent the tray and gruel half way up to the ceiling, while with his right hand he managed to bring the cane down with a resounding whack on the head of the unfortunate footman who carried the toast and salt.

Instantly all was confusion. While the frightened servants were scrambling after the scattered trays and dishes, Lord Killgobbin reached quickly around for the coal-scuttle which stood near his hand, and began a furious bombardment. Two of the footmen managed to escape from the room. The third, however, by an unlucky stumble over the rug went to the floor on his back in the corner. There he lay cowering, and with the tray, shielding his head from the furious rain of coal.

"The curse of the crows on ye all," shouted Killgobbin, "you 'd starve me, would yez?"

"Yes, sir — I — I mane no, your Lordship!" roared the terrified servant.

"Christmas Eve and a bowl of gruel!" (Bang, bang, bang rattled the coals on the tray.) "Christmas Eve with a sliver of toast and tay." (Bang, bang, bang.)

"Yes, sir" (bang). "Oh, me head, sir! Ow! wow! I 'm kilt entirely, sir!"

"Me wife 'd starve me —"

"Yes, sir, ow! ouch! I mane no, sir."

"Me son 's in conspiracy with the docthor —"

"Yes, sir" (bang, bang, bang).

"Take that! Beef tay and dhry toast. I have n't had a meal fit for a dog in six weeks; six weeks, d 'ye hear me, ye sniveling rapscallion?"

"No, sir — I — I mane yes, sir!"

"You 're killing me by inches, so ye are! Ye murtherin' ringleaders ye."

"Yes, sir. Ouch! I mane no, sir!"

Darby turned a disappointed face to the Master of the Fairies. "Thanks be we 're unvisible, King. I would n't have that leg of Killgobbin's for all the money in the four provinces."

"Bah! Everybody's bread is butthered with trouble to about the same thickness. This is the ashes of foine living. His lordship 'd thrade his castle an' all his grandeur for your pair of legs. But you 've seen only his gout. The rale botherin' trouble is comin' up the stairs now." Even as the King spoke, Darby heard the rustle of a lady's dress upon the landing.

"Come away, come away, King," he urged excitedly. "It is n't dacint to be listening to family saycrets. I forgive ye me first two wishes, an' I 'll ax only for the third: Make me happy — it 's all I 'll ax."

"Oh, aye, the happiness! Sure enough! Truth I almost forgot the happiness. But never fear it 'll have ye dancin' an' jumpin' along the road before ye raich home."

One may get a good idea of how quickly the pair shifted from place to place that night when one learns, that this last saying of the King was begun in Lord Killgobbin's bed-chamber and finished so far away down the road that all which remained of the castle was a faint twinkle of lights on the distant hill.

And now the east wind, weary of mischief, had traveled on out over the sea leaving behind flattened hedge-rows, twisted thatches, and desolate highways.

To Darby's great surprise he found himself and the King huddled together under the dripping eaves of a low, thatched building which crouched by the wayside.

"By Gar, King, that was a long jump we med. I 'm only half a mile from home. This is Joey Hooligan's smithy."

"Thru for ye, Darby me bouchal," answered the King. "I 've brought ye here to show ye the only ralely thruly happy man in this townland. Ye may take a look at him, he 's sittin' within." Darby drew back thoughtfully. This was to be the last of the three wishes; and the fate of the other two made him hesitate.

"Tell me first, King, before I look; is he a married man? I dunno."

"He is not," said the King.

"Of course," sighed Darby, "careless and free. Well, is he rich? But sure I nade n't ax. He must be — very."



"'The curse of the crows on ye all,' shouted Killgobbin, 'you'd starve me, would ye?'"

"He has n't a penny," replied the King, "nor chick nor child. He cares for nobody, an' nobody cares for him."

"Well, now look at that! Is n't that quare! What kind of a man is he? I'm almost afeard to look at him."

"Sthop yer blatherin' man alive, an' come over to the windy and do as I bid ye."

As he was bidden, Darby took a peep through the grimy panes, and there on a pile of turf, alone before the dying forge-fire, sat an old man. His head was bare and he swayed back and forth as he nodded and gabbled and smiled to the graying embers. With an exclamation of deep disgust Darby jumped back.

"Why," he spluttered indignantly, "you're making game of me, King! That's only Tom the child — the poor innocent who never had an ounce of wit since the day he was born!"

"I know it," said the King, "that's the rayson he's perfectly happy. He has no regret for yesterday nor no fear for to-morrow. He's had his supper, there's a fire ferninst him, a roof over his head for the night, so what more does he want."

For a moment Darby could n't answer. He stood humped together ready to cry with vexation and disappointment.

"There goes the last of me three grand wishes," he complained bitterly. "I'm chated out of all of them, an' all you've left me for me night's throuble, is the ashes of me wishes, a cowl'd in my chist from me wet brogues, an' a croak in me talk, so that I would n't know me own voice if I was in the next room. If you've done wid me now, King, I'll thank ye to make me wisible ag'in so that I can go home to me own dacint fambly."

There was no reply. Darby waited a moment in silence and then the horrible realization flashed over him that he was alone. Doubtless the quick-tempered little fairy had taken offense at his words and had left him to his fate, invisible and helpless, on the high-road. The poor fellow groaned aloud:

"Ochone mavrone, have n't I the misfortune!" he wailed. "I'm fairly massacred, so I am. What 'll Bridget say to have a poor, hoarse voice goin' croaking about the house instid of the foine lookin' man I was. Oh, vo! vo!" he roared. "I wondher if I can ate me vittles! What 'll I do with

the new shuit of clothes? What 'll I say to —

"Hould on to what ever's botherin' ye, Darby e friend. Don't be afeard, I'm comin' to ye!" It was the King's voice high in the air above Darby's head. The next instant our hero felt a touch upon the arm, and he and the King popped into clear visibility again.

Darby heaved a chest-splitting sigh of relief. "I thought you 'd deserted me, King."

"Foolish man," piped the fairy, "I was loathe to have ye go home disappointed and empty-handed, but to save me life I did n't know what ye naded that 'd do you any good. So I flew off with meself to your house, and Malachi, the cat, tould me that ye naded something; ye did n't know exactly what it was, but whatever it was ye 'd never be happy till ye got it!"

"It's thrue for ye, thim were me very worruds."

"Well, I'll lave ye here now, Darby," the king went on, seriously but not unkindly, "and do you hurry along your way. Look nayther to the right nor to the left an' somewhere on the road betwixt this, an' your own thrashol', the thing that 'll do ye most good in the woruld 'll catch up with ye. I'm off."

"Good-night, King," and Darby left alone sploshed along the slushy road toward home. The lad whistled anxiously a bit of a tune as he went, all the time keeping wary eyes and ears strained for the first glimpse or sound of the expected gift.

"I wondher what it 'll be like," he said to himself over and over again. He had reached the tall hedge of Hagan's meadow and

was already laughing and chuckling to himself over a sudden remembrance of Lord Killgobbin's butler roaring in the corner, when suddenly, something happened which brought him to a dead stop in the road.

Swift as lightning there darted through the lad's jaw a pain like the twang of a fiddle-string. At first Darby could n't understand the agony, for never until that unhappy hour had one of the O'Gills been afflicted with the toothache. However, he was not left long in doubt as to its character, for the next twang brought him up to his tiptoes with both hands grasping the side of his face.

"Oh—murder in Irish, what 's come over me! Be the powers of Moll Hagan's cat 't is the toothache." He danced round and round in his tracks, groan following groan; but whichever way he turned there was

neither pity nor comfort in the dark sighing hedges, nor in the gloomy starless canopy.

Then a fiercer twang than all the others put together took the lad up into the air. Faster and faster they came, throb, throb, throb, like the blows of a hammer.

At last the poor man broke into a run as if to escape from the terrible pain, but as fast as he went the throb in his jaw kept time and tune to his flying feet.

"Oh, am n't I the foolish man to be galivantin' around this blessed night pryin' into other people's business. It's a punishment. I wish I had that rapsca-

lion of a King here now," he moaned as he reached the stile leading into his own field.

"That wish is granted at any rate, Darby asthore! What 's your hurry?"



"Tom the child—the poor innocent who never had an ounce of wit since the day he was born"



“‘BE THE POWERS OF MOLL HAGAN’S CAT ‘TIS THE TOOTHACHE’”

There on the top of the stile, quizzical, cheery and expectant, waited the little fairy.

"Ow — um! Is this pain in the tooth the bliggard present you promised me, Brian Connors?"

"It is. I came to the conclusion that you wor actually blue-molded for want of a little rale throuble, so I gave it to ye. Ye naded a joul't or two to make ye appreciate how well off ye wor before."

"Well, small thanks to ye for your present, King. If a man nades throuble he don't have to go thrampin' round all night lookin' for it with the loikes of you."

"You are like all the rest of the worruld, Darby O'Gill. You never appreciate what you have till you lose it. A man spinds his happiest days, grunting and groaning, but tin years afther they're over an' gone, he says to himself, 'Oh, wer' n't thim the happy, happy times?' If I take away the toothache will ye be reasonably happy, Darby? I dunno."

The persecuted man's spirit rose in unreasoning rebellion. No, I won't," he shouted.

"Thin kape it. Please yerself. Good-night." And the place where the friendly little king had been sitting was empty. He had vanished utterly.

"Come back, come back, King!" howled Darby. "I was a fool. Ouch! Oh, the top of me head went that time. If you'll only take away this murdherin' pain, King, I'll be the happiest man in Ireland ground, so I will."

The appeal was no sooner uttered than the pain left him, and a soft, friendly laugh floated down through the darkness.

"You'll find the jug of potteen snug be the dure, avick, and all the happiness any

mortal man's entitled to waiting for ye beyant the thrashol' — an' that's nothing more nor less than peace and plenty, and a warm-hearted, clear-headed woman for a wife and eight of the purtiest childher in the country of Tipperary. Go in to thim. Don't be fretting yourself any more over aymayaginary throubles; for as sure as ye do, the toothache'll take a hammer or two at your gooms just to kape ye swate-minded an' cheerful. The compliments of the sayson to you an' yours. I'm off."

The King's voice, lifted in a song, floated farther and farther away:

*"If you've mate whin you're hungry,
And dhrink whin you're dbry,
Not too young whin you're married,
Nor too ould whin you die —
Thin go happy, go lucky;
Go lucky, go bappy;
Poor happy go lucky,
Good-bye, good-bye.
Bould happy go lucky
Good-bye."*

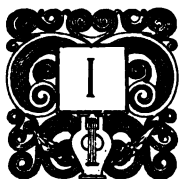
The song died away like a sigh of the wind in the hedges. Then clear and sweet broke the chapel bell across the listening fields, calling the parish, young and old, to midnight Mass. As Darby turned he saw every window in his cottage ablaze with cheerful light, and his own face glowed in warm response. With his hand on the door he paused and murmured:

"Why thin, afther this night I'll always say that the man who can't find happiness in his own home nade n't look for it elsewhere."



EDITORIAL

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES



It is not often that this country is treated to a more brilliant and stimulating intellectual performance than that of Lawyer Hughes of New York City—ripping the lid off the three great Life Insurance companies of his state. As for the effectiveness of his work, it is not too much to say that if it ceased now and no legislative action followed, Mr. Hughes would have rendered the country substantial and lasting service.

To begin with, it is no small thing to have rehabilitated the legislative inquiry as an effective method of obtaining information to which the people have a right and which they need in order to make proper laws. So many inquiries begun with enthusiasm and hope in the last twenty years have left the subject where it was taken up—or in worse confusion—that the public has come naturally to feel that little real help can be expected from any investigation. The reason for the weakness of many of the inquiries has been plain to one who took the trouble to study the testimony as a whole. It lay in the weakness of the examiner. Sometimes he knew little or nothing of the documentary history of the subject, and spent his time in seeking information which was already a matter of record—ending his task where it really should have begun. Again, he knew so little of the subject as a whole that he did not recognize an important fact if he drew it out. Frequently, again, the examiner lacked utterly the constructive faculty; he could not put two and two together when he had them. It has been much oftener ignorance and mental incapacity than bad faith, which has crippled our legislative inquiries. Mr. Hughes has demonstrated brilliantly how much useful information an examiner can secure if he knows what questions to ask.

Now the ability to ask telling questions does not come from intuition, from cleverness, from enthusiasm for a cause. It comes

from *knowledge* of the subject. It is clear that in the present case Mr. Hughes, before he began to ask questions, knew what there was to know and from this vantage point began his search for information. Every question answered necessarily opened fresh avenues of inquiry. He has not only known what to ask, he has had the wisdom to stop his examination when necessary to digest his new information, to correlate it and so to come at his witnesses from entirely new and unexpected quarters. The public, watching him day after day steadily draw out information which it was supposed could not be extracted, has cried out: "This man is a wizard." Mr. Hughes well replied in a public letter the other day, "Whatever success has been gained is the result of unremitting toil and individual attention. There is no wizardry in it." Mr. Hughes's colleagues at the New York bar have been making the same answer for him. Indeed, they show no surprise at the unusual quality of his work. "That's the way Hughes always has done things," they say. "He is the real thing. He is an indefatigable worker. He always has been. He gets at the vitals of a subject—never dallying with unnecessary details. He has a passion for mathematics, too—knows what figures mean and how to combine and compare them. When the insurance investigation began, the companies rained down volumes of figures on him. The accountants sent to assist said it was impossible to master the figures in the time at his disposal, but Mr. Hughes knew what figures were significant for his purpose. He sent the accountants after those. He did not content himself with finding out isolated figures, he sought to correlate figures; he did not keep his information concerning each company separate, he compared companies; but nobody who knows Hughes is surprised. This is the way he always goes at things."

But Mr. Hughes has brought something more than trained brains and a genius for



Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Charles E. Hughes

hard work to the insurance investigation. He has brought to it a lofty idea of the importance and the dignity of his task and a very solemn sense of his own responsibility. In October he was offered by the Republican party the candidacy for Mayor of the City of New York — an offer splendid enough to shake most men's sense of proportion and of duty — particularly when presented as a duty. Mr. Hughes put the offer aside.

In my judgment, [he said in his letter of declination], I have no right to accept the nomination. A paramount public duty forbids it.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the importance of the insurance investigation. That is undisputed. It is dealing with questions vital to the interests of millions of our fellow-citizens throughout the land. It presents an opportunity for public service second to none and involves a co-relative responsibility. I have devoted myself unreservedly to this work. It commands all my energies. It is imperative that I continue in it. You have frankly recognized that it must continue unembarrassed and with unimpaired efficiency. But it is entirely clear to me that this cannot be if I accept the nomination.

You know how desirous I have been that the investigation should not be colored by any suggestion of political motive. Whatever confidence it has inspired has been due to absolute independence of political consideration.

It is not sufficient to say that an acceptance of this nomination, coming to me unsought, and despite an unequivocal statement of my position, would not deflect my course by a hair's breadth, and that I should remain, and that you intend that I should remain entirely untrammelled. The non-political character of the investigation and its freedom from bias, either of fear or favor, not only must exist, they must be recognized. I cannot permit them, by an action of mine, to become matters of debate.

It is not often that we hear a more inspiring word than that!

A striking feature of the inquiry has been Mr. Hughes's fairness. He has not gone on the theory that the examiner is an inquisitor, and that he is free to bully, to confuse and to sneer at witnesses. He has given them every opportunity to present their side, freely accepting their written statements — taking all information they offered — giving it full consideration. No one can study the legislative inquirer of the last two decades without realizing how often the cause of the people has been injured by a lack of this kind of fair play on the part of examiners. They too often have interpreted their business as that of prosecution, not investigation, and finally have ruined the cause in the minds of the judicial by their unfair and

violent treatment. There has been nothing of this sort in Mr. Hughes's examination. The insurance representatives have had a square deal — whatever odium has come upon them is the odium of the truth they could not conceal. At the same time the social position, the wealth, the reputation of the witness has never affected the rigor of the examination.

This self-control — this indifference to personalities has not sprung from coldness of temperament. The press has pictured him as a pale and passionless individual, well advanced in years, with cold, gray eyes and an inquisitor's mien, but he is anything but that. He is young for his work — forty-three years of age — there is red in his skin and red in his dark hair and full whiskers — there is fullness of lip and a blaze in his eye even in its quietest phases which show him to be a man of fire and enthusiasm, and so his friends will tell you he is. His great passion has been for the law. The kind of man he is is well illustrated by the incident in his career which finally settled him in New York. He graduated at the Columbia Law-school in 1884, and became a member of the law firm of Chamberlain, Carter and Hornblower, but he did not like city life, and, in 1891, welcomed a call to a chair at Cornell University. The life there suited him perfectly, its calm, the leisure for study, the contact with eager young minds, but the pressure to return to the city, brought to bear on him by friends and family, was too strong, and in 1893 he came back to New York to practise; but even now he sighs for his professor's chair: "I was never so happy," he says.

A man of such sentiments does not show the reserve and imperturbability Mr. Hughes has displayed in the insurance investigation from any lack of fire and sympathy. He is cool because it is his duty to keep his head; indifferent to the trying position of his witnesses because he is after information; and not a little too, because his democracy is too real to be troubled by wealth and position.

A very excellent result of the examination, which is already patent, is the way it is educating the public. The simple, clear outlines on which it has been conducted have impressed the common man that Life Insurance is really a very simple matter of mathematics and of investments. So much money is collected at such a cost. If invested in safe channels it should yield such and such results. Why is it costing so much in

premiums? Mr. Hughes is showing clearly and convincingly that it is costing so much because of the excessive commissions of agents, the unnecessary luxury of offices, the extravagant salaries of officers, the speculations of directors, the payments to lobbyists and politicians. The whole matter unrolls like a problem in algebra under his firm hand.

The education the public is getting out of the insurance examination is similar to what it got out of Mr. Hughes's examination of the Consolidated Gas Company last spring — the examination which first turned public attention to him as a man of unusual intelligence and firmness, whom it was quite impossible to dazzle, bewilder or evade when he once had taken up a subject.

Now, this public enlightenment on great public questions is a great public service. Certain single facts, too, like securing the absolute proof of the contribution to the

campaign funds, are so important that they alone justify the inquiry; for they give us that which is so difficult to get in the matter of the union between corporate and political interests — proof on which to rest our case.

As for the tonic effect of the inquiry it is already enormous. It has already driven home to thousands of young men who are, perhaps, standing at the very door of a compromise with honor, the almost inevitable public disgrace which awaits the man who plays with compromise, demonstrating again with fearful emphasis the fact that there is no punishment so terrible as public disclosure of evil doing. Quite as important, too, is the tonic effect of the revelation of a man like Mr. Hughes, willing to give unreservedly all his power to a public cause, and, for the sake of prosecuting to the end, refusing one of the great honors of public life in the United States.

THE FINAL TEST OF CHRISTIANITY

BY

REV. CHARLES D. WILLIAMS



THE chief moral demand of the age upon the Christian Church and the Christian believer is for the integration of the common conscience. That is the deepest ethical need of this generation. We are very much like a boy who has outgrown all his clothes. The religion of the past spoke its message of righteousness chiefly to the individual, and especially in terms of ecclesiastical proprieties and the minor moralities of personal behavior. But there has come to the modern world a sudden and vast expansion of commercial and political development. And the old Christianity is confronted with conditions for which she has no definite treatment. Her moral standards and her ethical systems are not big enough for the new life of to-day. She faces vast fields of conduct which are to her unexplored territory. She has not as yet begun to claim them for her

Master, to whom they rightfully belong, simply because He is the moral King of all men and the spiritual Sovereign of all life. Consequently we frequently suffer from the moral disease of a divided and disintegrated conscience. And that disease is often most apparent among Christian people. We have as many moral standards as there are varieties of pursuits and professions among men. There is a separate and often inconsistent code of ethics for every range of human action, every plane of human conduct. The voice of conscience is often keen, clear and imperative in certain regions of our lives and conduct; and muffled, confused and all but silent in certain other realms. For instance we are often "long" on theological orthodoxy and ecclesiastical propriety, and excessively "short" on commercial integrity and political morality. Consequently our moral gait is halting. What we need is the coördination of our ethical instincts, the bringing up of our standards in all the va-



THE REV. CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, SINCE 1893 DEAN OF
TRINITY CATHEDRAL, CLEVELAND

Mr. Williams, forty-five years old, was born in Bellevue, Ohio. He went through Kenyon College and Kenyon Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. Before going to Cleveland he was rector of a church—first in Cincinnati, and then in Steubenville, Ohio. The present article is a portion of an address first delivered by Mr. Williams from his own pulpit—and later on the platform at Chautauqua, New York.

rious regions of our life and conduct to the same high level of the moral ideal: in other words, we need the unification and integration of a divided and disintegrated conscience. We need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "Unite my heart to fear thy name."

Let me illustrate and so explain my meaning.

There have been some appalling revelations made in the last few years both in our periodical and also our more permanent literature; exposures of commercial and political iniquity and civic unrighteousness. There are the stories of some of our gigantic business enterprises which have climbed to dizzy heights of unprecedented financial power. And they have done it by deliberate policies of commercial assassination, by ruthlessly crowding to the wall, both by fair means and oftener by foul, all honest competitors. And none is so insignificant as to escape their notice; the keeper of the little corner grocery, and even the street peddler are as calmly and quickly crushed out of existence as the great rival concerns. For with the trusts as with God, though in a different sense, "there is no respect of persons." It considers "not the person of the poor nor has respect unto the person of the mighty", not because it "fears the Lord," but because it has "respect unto the recompense of the reward." There are flagrantly dishonest collusions with the great transportation corporations, whereby not only utterly unfair advantages are secured over all competitors, but often the honest profits of these rivals are directly taxed to pay tribute into the treasury of the trusts. There is solemn perjury committed before courts of justice and investigating committees. Stocks are manipulated with diabolical ingenuity to the fleecing of the innocent and the ruin of the honest investor. There is not wanting evidence of crimes against persons, against individual rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There are indirect evasions and overt fractures not merely of the moral law, but of the common statutes of the state and nation; and there are great legal firms who deliberately prostitute the brilliant abilities and accumulated knowledge which should be consecrated to the maintenance of justice among men, to the defense of such iniquitous injustice. These are the real anarchists who are chiefly to be feared to-day, who threaten most seriously to overturn the very foundations of law and

order among us, and not the poor fellows who talk bad English and wave red flags in our streets. Nothing is stopped at which promises commercial power and financial success. And whatever or whosoever stands in the way to that goal is promptly and ruthlessly trampled under foot.

This is the record which has never been successfully impugned.

And yet who are they who do these things? They are often gentlemen who are scrupulously correct in their personal behavior. As to the minor morals, they are temperate, sober and chaste. They are good husbands, kind fathers. Their home life is above reproach. They are often kind and considerate neighbors. They pay their debts and fulfill their personal obligations to their friends. They scorn a lie where no business interest is at stake. They are interested actively in all civic improvements of a material sort. They give munificently to all movements for human betterment that do not interfere with their commercial schemes. They found hospitals, schools and social settlements. They build libraries and universities. They are even orthodox, pious and devoted in their religious life. They go to church regularly, teach in Sunday-school, lead in prayer-meeting, support the pastor (so long as he preaches smooth things), and give generously to missions.

Now, why is this so? What is the secret of this strange ethical inconsistency, this moral contradiction? It seems to me to lie in a lack of moral coördination, a divided and disintegrated conscience. These men have attained and fulfilled their ideals of morality in their personal conduct and relationships and their technically religious life. In these regions they exercise and exhaust their conscience. But in their commercial relations and business life they have no standards whatsoever. Here they are morally color-blind. They see no distinctions of right and wrong. They are for the most part utterly unconscious of the flagrant iniquity of their doings. For here in this region of commercial life, the writs of Christ do not run. Even common conscience and the moral law have no jurisdiction. "The accepted rules of the game" are a sufficient code of ethics. There is a hopeless cleavage, a bridgeless gulf through the midst of their lives. They have fulfilled all the reasonable requirements of righteousness here in their personal conduct

and religious piety. They are, therefore, free to do as they like in this other and outer region of their existence. They need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "unite my heart to fear thy name."

And how does such conduct strike the public conscience? Well, in a large degree, I fear, it does not strike it at all. It wholly misses the mark. Tell the ordinary man of the streets, "so and so is unkind to his wife and cruel to his children, he is unchaste, impure, and intemperate, he lies to his friends" perhaps even "he puts sand into the sugar he sells you," and he will flame into righteous indignation. But tell him: "so and so gambles in stocks and so ruins honest industry; he crushes competitors by unfair means; he uses his vast commercial power for injustice; he seizes unfair advantages," and he will calmly shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh well, that is business," and then utter that fatuous and iniquitous apothegm, so meaningless in its tautology and yet so potent to cover a multitude of sins, "business is business."

The public conscience is sadly in need of integration on this matter and until it is so integrated, nothing effective can be done against our gigantic commercial iniquities. Bureaus may investigate, Congress and legislatures pass laws, courts interpret and apply them, and executives enforce them, but unless public sentiment backs the movement up, it will all go for naught.

Ay, even go to the Church and say: "so and so is suspiciously heretical; he is not sound in his doctrines; he does not observe the proprieties of worship; he does not even go to Church; above all he does not support the ecclesiastical institution and religious work," and they are inclined to excommunicate him. But tell the Church: "so and so has made his vast wealth by flagrantly dishonest and oppressive methods," and the Church will shrug its shoulders in nine cases out of ten, saying "that is a secular affair with which we, as religious or Christian people, have no concern. We are interested in how the rich man spends his money, not in how he makes it." If only a man gives generously, the whole race of college presidents, charity workers, parsons and even bishops will run after him and canonize him. It seems to me that the Church needs also to pray the prayer of the Psalmist, "unite my heart to fear thy name."

When we turn to the political world, the spectacle is still more appalling and the disintegration of the public and Christian conscience even more evident.

We hear constant warnings against the danger of mingling religion with politics; but the danger to-day is not too much religion but too much business in politics. Would God there were more religion and less business.

That mingling of business with politics appears in two forms.

On the one side, there is the nefarious warfare conducted by unscrupulous politicians against legitimate business interests. A gang of unprincipled lawmakers, whether in a city council, a state legislature, or a national congress, organize a system of blackmail and extortion. They refuse righteous and necessary legislation until their price is paid. Or they threaten disastrous and ruinous laws unless they are bought off. And yet respectable gentlemen, gentlemen of high honor and sensitive conscience, and often too, of earnest religious principles, will go on voting for such creatures and maintaining them in office where they can conduct their nefarious trade. Why? Simply because their names appear under the eagle or the rooster where these gentlemen have always been accustomed to put their cross on election day. For they must vote the straight ticket. They must keep the party in power. They must support the party machine. It is another case of disintegrated conscience; keen and clear on personal and religious matters, muffled and confused and all but silent on political affairs.

But the undue mingling of business and politics appears more frequently in another form; namely the unholy alliance of special commercial interests, and those not always legitimate, with the lawmakers of the land. It is that alliance that creates the iniquitous lobby in every legislature of the country, from the village Board of Aldermen up to the United States Congress; which bids fair to turn the national Senate itself into such a commercial lobby, instead of the august council of a great people.

By far the greatest part of the shameless corruption which pervades like dry-rot our political institutions springs directly out of this unholy alliance of business with politics. If the "business man in politics" meant only wise economies and able administrative ability, we should all join in bidding him

God-speed. But if it mean, as it too often does mean, prostitution of justice, equity and the public good to private greed, the wholesale bribery of legislatures for profitable franchises and special privileges, it is time that the business man should be replaced by the statesman, if that race be not already extinct.

It is time, also, that we turn our righteous indignation from the petty politicians who are often weak and facile tools in the hands of powerful agents, to those agents; from the bribed to the briber. And yet these same bribers are often the most respectable and eminent members of our best society and often of our best churches. Scrupulous and high-minded in private life, devoted and earnest in technically religious affairs, they yet seem to be literally without conscience, unmoral rather than immoral, in their political activities and relationships. They too are victims of this subtle and fatal disease of a divided conscience.

Here lies our greatest national peril. This dry-rot of commercialism honeycombs our free institutions and threatens to bring to naught that vast and critical experiment of democracy and representative government which, in the providence of God, we are set to try for the human race.

Meanwhile, what is the Church doing about the matter? Once in a while she recognizes her duty and faces it. (Thank God for the big, brave Bishop of Rhode Island! He is organizing his clergy against the political and commercial corruption which possesses that state.) But the Church for the most part preserves a discreet silence. Her watchmen are "dumb dogs that will not bark," to use the language of the old prophet. They refrain their voices though the enemy march with banners to assault the walls of the city of God. How often do we hear sermons on commercial righteousness or political morality? Nay, we concern ourselves chiefly with metaphysical speculations about mysteries we can never explain, or ecclesiastical etiquette, or at the best, about the minor moralities of personal conduct and charities. But we have no concern with either business or politics, that is with nine-tenths of the lives of the people who sit before us Sunday after Sunday. And why? Because the Church, too, has a disintegrated conscience. It is "long" on piety and desperately "short" on civic righteousness.

What should the Church do? I answer, it should do just what its Master and Founder

did. Jesus faced political and commercial conditions worse than ours; He felt them all, but He did not attack them directly, as it were. That is, He did not plunge into politics, organize parties, or outline political campaigns or economic policies. Neither did He address Himself directly to Cæsar on his throne or to Pontius Pilate in the governor's chair. That is, He did not attempt the professional politician. Apparently, even to Jesus the professional politician was hopeless. But He addressed Himself to the fisherman and the peasant, that is, to the common people. And he preached a Gospel of universal righteousness. He integrated, so far as He was able, the public conscience. He saw life whole and He made others see it whole. He connected His religion as immediately with the commonest and most secular aspects of life as with its most extraordinary acts of piety. He made common honesty, justice, truthfulness and integrity as much a part of the service of God as prayers and sacraments and even more than ceremonies and creeds. He implanted in the Christian conscience the primary and germinal principles of social justice and of civic and secular righteousness and left them there to do their work. And before that new Christian conscience, so coördinated and integrated, many a hateful institution like slavery and the degradation of woman melted slowly away. Before that conscience the rotten fabric of the Roman Empire itself crumbled into dust and a new and vastly better Christendom rose in its place. And the Christian conscience still remains the life and inspiration of all civic and political reform. If we will only let it have a free course to-day, and not shut it up in any narrow ecclesiastical compartments of our life, it will do the work of moral regeneration for our political and commercial world to-day.

This is the paramount ethical business of the Christian Church to-day, to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man. The Church, is to teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls or the legislative halls as they go to the sacrament, in the fear of God. She is to speak as fearlessly from her pulpits against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does now against the evils of divorce or drunkenness, let it cost her what it

may in patronage, in gifts or in social prestige. And until she does, she will not commend her religion as valid or virile to this age and generation.

More than this, she is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action and even sacrifice, young men who still "dream dreams and see visions," she is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no holier or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the consecrated man, the man of the highest principles and most delicately sensitive conscience, in other words, the most truly religious and Christian man, than this same sphere of business and even politics. And there is none that is apter, if a man be true to his principles, to develop the strongest and noblest character, the finest heroism, the truest sainthood. These are the new quests for the new knights of to-day, infinitely better than a crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel.

This then is the call the Church should lift up with trumpet voice in the ears of her youth.

*"God give us men; times like these demand
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hand.*

*Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,*

*Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And down his treacherous flatteries without
winking.*

*Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the
clouds,*

In public duty and in private thinking.

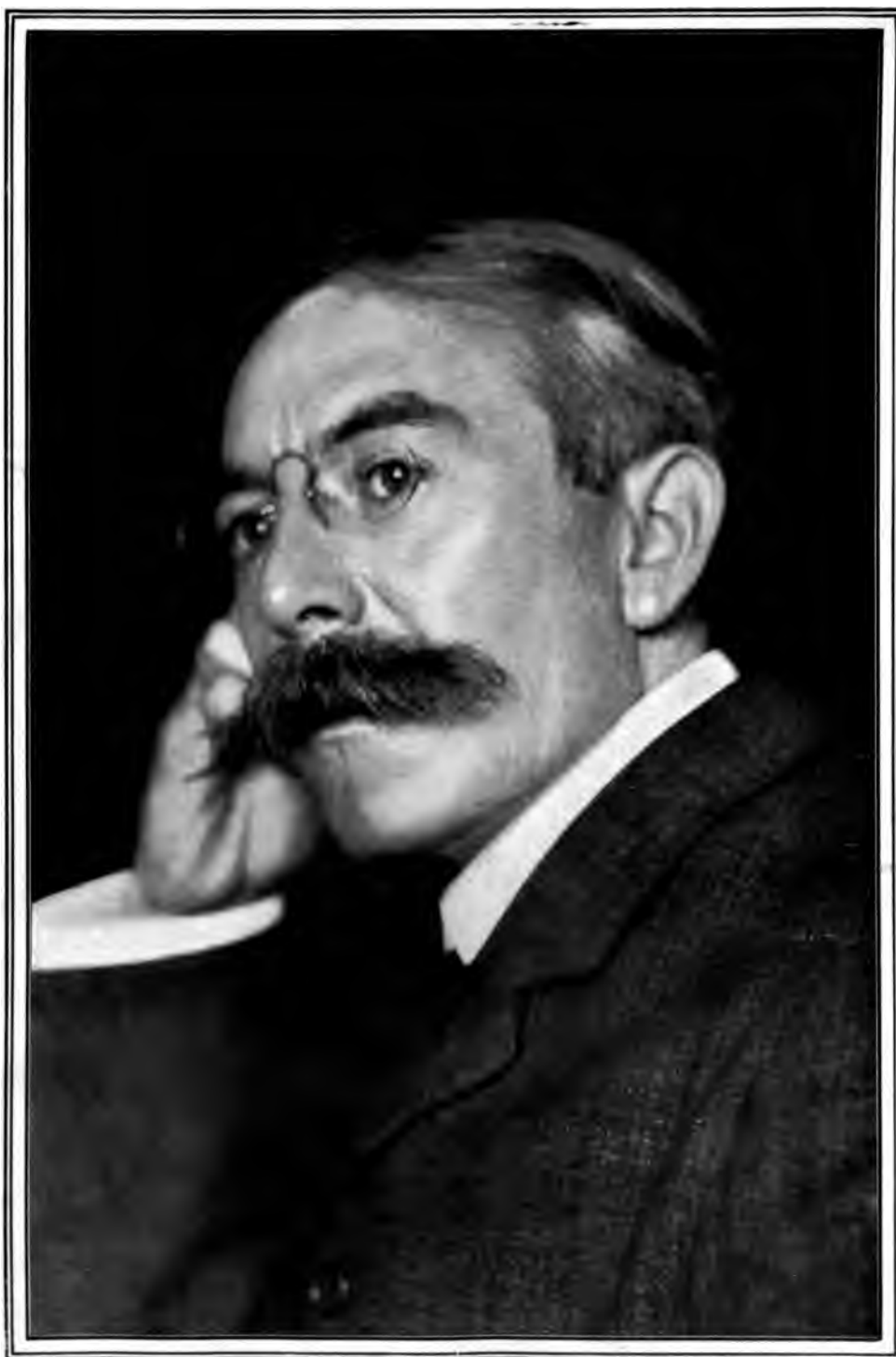
*For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn
creeds,*

*Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice
sleeps."*

Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? If it can and will, it shall prove itself to the conscience and mind of to-day "the power of God unto salvation." If it cannot or will not, it must perish, whatever arguments may be alleged as to its authenticity and authority. In every age it has produced the saint who met the needs of that age. Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of open mind and yet reverent faith, of intellectual hospitality and spiritual insight; the man of large heart with room for all that is human; and the man of solid conscience who rings true wherever you strike him, in whatever region or plane of his life?

I make no doubt that the Christianity of Christ can do all this. It has the inherent force and vitality to do it, but whether it will to-day remains for us who bear His name before the world to-day, particularly those of us who still face the future, to answer in the lives and careers that lie before us.





From a photograph taken especially for McClure's by Vander Weyde

MARK FAGAN
THE MAYOR WHO RULES JERSEY CITY IN THE FEAR OF GOD
"A SERVANT OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE"—PAGE 297

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT—AN OUTDOOR MAN

BY

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGE ATHLETE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS

I



HE most intensely active man in America is President Roosevelt. To appreciate the demands made on his time, and the wear and tear on his extraordinary constitution, is to comprehend as much as is involved in speeding a train from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Middle West in three-quarters of a day. From New York to Chicago, a distance of over nine hundred miles, in eighteen hours! Wonderful — and yet how can one grasp the significance of it, or comprehend the whirlwind rapidity with which counties and states flow under the engine of the "flyer." Of what assistance is the time-table, even though it does impart information concerning the breaks in the journey. So must it be with the bare recital of what is accomplished by the President in a single day of seventeen hours — for he regularly sleeps but seven hours. Nevertheless, his daily schedule is an interesting document — the story of the doing of many things, some seemingly unimportant, others of grave consequence.

Breakfast in the White House is at eight-thirty; and an hour later the President can be found at his desk in the Executive Offices,

ready and eager for a big day. His first duty is attending to the morning mail. During the busy season, the official mail of the White House averages five hundred communications daily, but of this mass of correspondence not more than a tenth receives the President's personal attention. The remainder is skilfully and tactfully answered by the Secretary to the President and his assistants. After dictating replies to such letters as require his personal consideration, Mr. Roosevelt goes over the engagements for the day. At ten o'clock callers are admitted — except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet meets, and on Sundays. Senators and representatives, with their constituents, have the right of way for two hours. From twelve until one other visitors are received by appointment. The number of these varies greatly; on certain days important conferences necessarily interfere with the reception of callers whose business is of less consequence. Mr. Roosevelt is very liberal with his time. He sees throngs of people, to many of whom a chief magistrate without his qualities of mind and habits of work could not grant an audience. Without a moment's delay he is able to sweep away trivialities and get at the crux of a



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A YEAR AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR—EIGHT YEARS OLD

A New York City boy—somewhat frail in body, tormented with asthma, and annoyed by near-sightedness—but a born naturalist, and “a reg’lar boy”

matter. It is interesting to sit by and see him welcome his visitors, listen to their arguments—or supplications—and amiably get rid of them. Listen? Yes; one can't very well help it. The President has a distaste for star-chamber interviews, except “for the good of the service.” Early in Mr. Roosevelt's incumbency a prominent statesman encountered this dislike. He cautiously approached the President when he stood apart, and whispered into his ear. In tones that penetrated every corner of the room came the reply: “You may be sure that your

relative will be considered on his merits along with other candidates.”

But if he is abrupt and outspoken, the President puts a man, no matter how shy, at his ease in a moment, and when the visitor departs it is with a feeling that he has received a favor, even though he may have lost his cause. Callers are shown into the Cabinet Room where they wait their turn. Without warning Mr. Roosevelt throws open the doors of his private office, greets a foreign attaché, whom he invites into his sanctum (a high army officer who fell out with the



ROOSEVELT IN 1884

In this year, at the age of twenty-six, four years out of Harvard, Roosevelt, already an ex-New York state legislator, went to the Republican National Convention as chairman of the New York delegation and fought the nomination of Blaine. The next two years he spent ranching on the banks of the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

administration called it "the woodshed"); then shakes hands with a prominent editor who has come all the way from New York to learn the truth about the negotiations making for a peace conference. Is there a hitch? The President positively affirms: "There is no hitch. Pay no attention to the newspapers. Rely only on the official statements given out here."

The interview has lasted just two minutes, but the editor goes away happy. Into the private office darts Mr. Roosevelt. In a few minutes he returns with the salutation,

"How d' do, Mr. —. Sit right down here," motioning a big man with a square jaw to a seat near the Cabinet table. The visitor takes the chair, and quickly states his business — in reality his grievance — which relates to the Panama Canal. He offers a letter as Exhibit A. The President runs his eye rapidly over page 1, glances at page 2, and then says: "I understand perfectly. That should go to Mr. Shonts. When I put a man in such a position I would n't go over his head under any consideration."

But the square-jawed man is persevering. He begs to appeal from the decision, and rapidly restates his argument. Up jumps the President. "I said that should go to Mr. Shonts. Good-by. Very glad *indeed* to have seen you."

Mr. — departs, disappointed, perhaps, but with his hand tingling from a vigorous hand-grip, which is somewhat compensating. As for the President he has closed the doors of his private office, shutting out from view

the Japanese minister, who had been let in by another entrance. And so it goes until Mr. Roosevelt departs to make ready for luncheon, which is at one-thirty. Here business is often combined with pleasure; distinguished guests are regularly invited to the White House table, and the President discusses with them affairs of a public nature.

Two-thirty or three o'clock finds him back in his office, where he remains until four and often until five o'clock. Then official

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A FOX-HUNTER

"And yet there is far more of discussion of the habits and characteristics of wild animals in his writings than there is record of the killing of game."





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THE PRESIDENT FREQUENTLY JUMPS FENCES . . . JUST TO RECALL THE
DAYS WHEN . . . HE RODE TO HOUNDS ON LONG ISLAND

duties are suspended in order that he may enjoy some form of outdoor exercise. Here again pleasure is not unmixed with business ; for, to quote a member of the Cabinet : "The President considers his daily exercise just as much a part of the preparation for his presidential duties as he does his breakfast." Without doubt, however, duty is swallowed up in enjoyment.

One torrid day in June Washington was sweltering under a hot wave, with the thermometer registering ninety-eight degrees, and the humidity intense. Athletic young men sat in their clubs within easy range of electric fans and cooling beverages, complaining bitterly of the heat. In the middle of the afternoon, the President, accompanied by his eldest son and two of the lad's school friends, rode eighteen miles in an automobile to Great Falls. Then the machine was sent home, and the party set out at a brisk, even pace and tramped the road back to a point outside the city limits, where a carriage met them. They had walked thirteen miles, and reached the White House at half-past nine, very late for dinner. The day after, when

official business had been despatched, the President rode twenty miles on horseback.

Dinner is served in the White House at seven-thirty. This may be an official function, or it may be less conventional, with only a few friends as guests ; occasionally the family are alone. At nine o'clock, or it may be ten, the President retires to his den, where an expert stenographer is waiting for him, and there he works for at least two hours. It is at this time that messages to Congress, executive decisions and memoranda, public addresses, and other papers of a literary character are composed. The dictation is deliberate and very accurate. As a rule, the first typewritten draft of a speech is sent direct to the printer. It is the same with his literary manuscript ; editors have no care except to see that "proof is according to copy." Of the extent of this work done after many people are in bed and asleep, some estimate can be made. The stenographic notes are turned over to two skilful stenographers, who transcribe them on the typewriter. They are kept constantly busy with this post-prandial labor of the President.

Having grasped the regular routine, consider, for a moment, the interruptions — the night journeys of the President to greet citizens in distant places, and to address them on some question of vital moment. Traveling to Texas last May, he made seven speeches the first day, thirteen the second, and eleven the third day. The reunion of the President's regiment of Rough Riders occurred on the fourth day. He delivered the principal address, and spoke at the banquet. The following day he spoke eleven times, and started on the wolf hunt, having made forty-four speeches in five days. These greetings and addresses — all extemporaneous — kept two stenographers busy, making notes and preparing typewritten "copy" for the representatives of the press.

Chicago day — the last appearance of the President when homeward bound — will stand as a "record-breaker" for some time to come. The day of May 10th was begun with a brief address to the railroad men in the yards in Clinton, Iowa, followed by a speech to citizens gathered at the railway station. At Sterling, Dixon, DeKalb, and Geneva, Illinois, he spoke to the citizens congregated at the railway stations. His train arrived in Chicago at noon, and at one o'clock the President was the guest at a luncheon given by the Merchants' Club, and delivered an address. At three o'clock he attended a reception of the Hamilton Club, and made a brief address. Afterwards, in the club parlors, he received the members of the Harvard Club, and gave a short talk. At five he received the members of the National Association of Lumber Manufacturers, making a few remarks. Immediately after, he granted an audience to the committee representing the strikers of the Teamsters' Association, and on reading their petition, made a statement. In the evening he was the guest of honor at the banquet of the Iroquois Club, the leading Democratic club of the Middle West, and delivered an address. At midnight he left for Washington. Of these addresses, aggregating seven thousand words, not one was prepared in advance; that is to say, not a single speech was dictated to a stenographer, not even the address delivered at the banquet. That he worked over these speeches, it is not to be doubted, but it was work of a kind that a man does alone — "alone with his conscience and his God." This labor was, therefore, in addition to the toil at the night sessions with his stenographer. One feature of

that strenuous day in Chicago should not escape attention. He received the petition of the strikers, read it immediately, and made a statement in reply of six hundred words — "right off the reel." So effective were his remarks that the strikers were silenced.

When the President reached the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt remarked that she had never seen him look so well. "An ordinary man would have broken down," said a friend who accompanied him on the trip, "but the President is an extraordinary man, the like of whom we have never seen in this country." This is very high praise — "fulsome flattery," some might call it. Is it justified?

"There has been no other President with his diversity of interests," declared one who knows him intimately, "and it is invariably a living interest, not at all perfunctory. He loves nature and is well up on natural history. He is thoroughly versed in paleontology. I once heard him talk on this science and it was as good as any lecture by a college professor. He is well posted on almost every subject, and has a phenomenal memory. I dined at the White House one evening when an officer of the British army was also a guest. As he had been long stationed in India, the conversation drifted to that part of the British Empire. The President knew the history of India, understood perfectly its form of government, and was thoroughly informed as to the resources of the country. He knew all about it — more than the officer did. If I was surprised at the President's knowledge, the Englishman was amazed."

Other foreigners have expressed amazement at the President's fund of rare information. On the occasion of a visit at Sagamore Hill a certain foreign ambassador admired the head of a great bison. The President recited the incidents and exasperating misfortunes of a hunt he took while ranching in the Bad Lands of North Dakota; his perseverance was finally rewarded with the head now prized as one of his finest trophies. He talked of the extermination of the lordly buffalo — to him a "veritable tragedy of the animal world." By way of comparison, he referred to the extermination, "extended over a thousand years, instead of being crowded into a dozen," of the buffalo's nearest relative, the Old World aurochs. Then he was led to discourse on the fauna of the Western Hemisphere: the migration



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ON GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN THE SUMMER OF 1903

With the President is John Muir, geologist, explorer, and naturalist—discoverer of the Muir Glacier, Alaska, and worker for the preservation of forests and the establishment of national reservations and parks.

of the fauna of South America across the Isthmus, and of the fauna of Asia across Behring's Strait. with the resultant intermingling of species in North America. The Ambassador finally gasped :

"When did you ever find time to get that information?"

The President smiled as he replied :

"I have a store of rather useless information. The getting of it has been a relaxation. For instance, when I have been hard at work on some big state question, I like nothing better than to study out the dismemberment of the empire of Alexander the Great."

The President's official duties are manifold. He makes over twenty-five hundred appointments a year, which means the weighing of the qualifications of a vast number of candidates for office. With it all he has time for voluminous reading.

A magazine published a few months ago a list of the books he had read in a year; it was as much as many people read in a lifetime, and in the excellent choice of reading there was proof of a love of the best in literature.

The President bolts a book, but he does not skip that which is essential; the main ideas and incidents never escape him. He finds time for the reading of instructive articles in the magazines. Often he addresses a personal letter to a magazine writer, discussing points raised in a paper which has interested him. He keeps thoroughly informed as to current events.

There is also time for earnest talks with trained specialists — men who can impart first-hand information as to the vital problems of the day. Time for the cultivation of good friends. Time to serve humanity. Time to love nature and to worship God. Time to devote to his children; to be their leading fun-maker and their sympathetic companion.

How can the President accomplish so much? It is not enough to say, as he himself has said, that he thoroughly enjoys the "big work" of the presidency; that when he seeks rest from official cares, he turns by preference to what other men call work. Not enough to say that he is

never idle. What is the secret of his tremendous power?

II

The President once answered in this wise a man who had expressed admiration for his successful career:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met



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ROOSEVELT READING AND RESTING
IN CAMP—ON THE COLORADO BEAR
HUNT OF 1905

On this trip a little black and tan dog—Skip—adopted the President as his special master—so persistently, indeed, that the President took him home as a playmate for his children. This is Skip—in the President's lap.

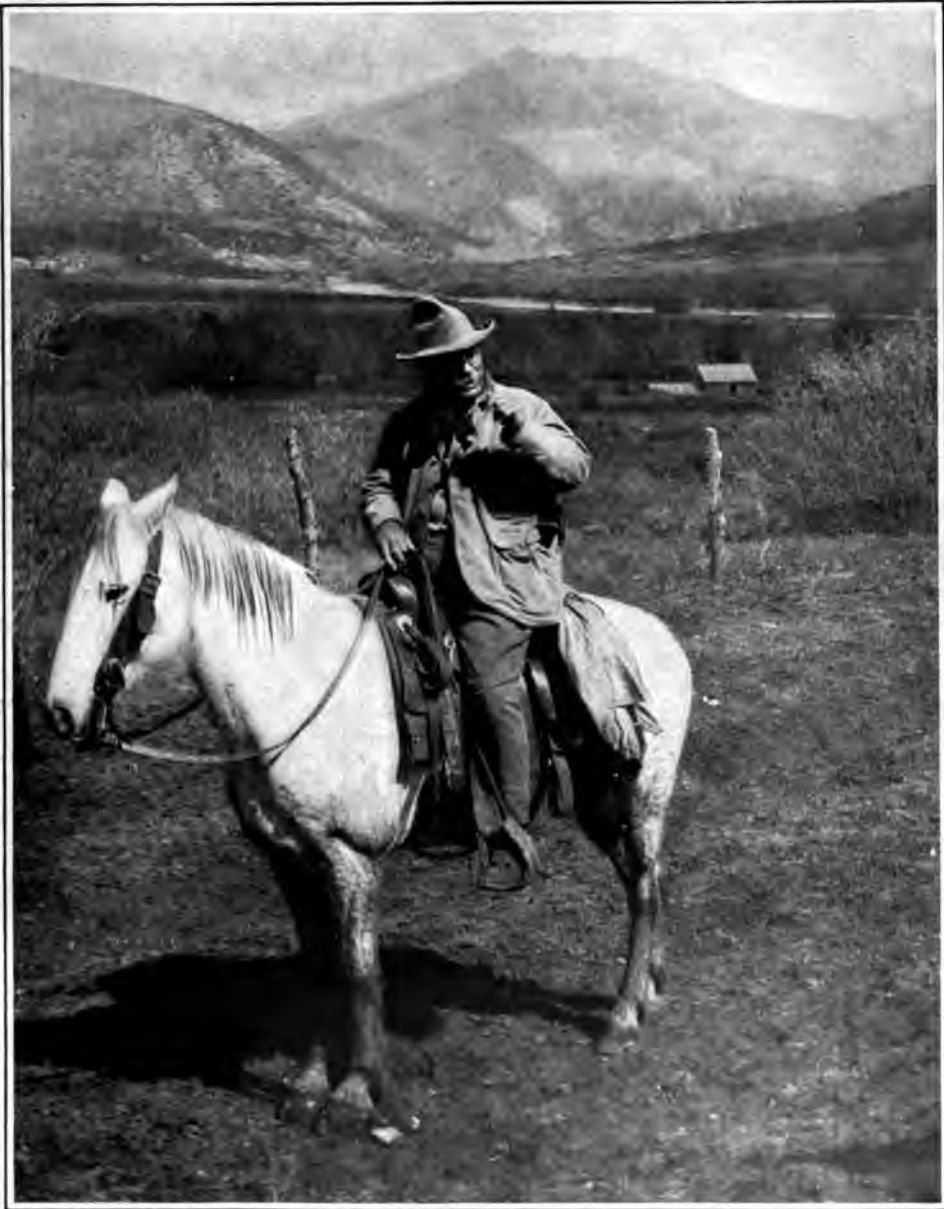
the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us *can* do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do *not* do. Any hardy, healthy man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, could lead the life I have led if he chose — and by 'choosing' I of course mean choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight, none of a very marked type."

"Choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight" — here is the key to the President's physical and intellectual prowess. He *chose*; and choosing wisely, he has blazed the way for any hardy, healthy man who is fond of outdoor life.

He began this choosing when a small lad. It was not so difficult then, for he had an inspiring companion constantly by his side. The President was more than ordinarily fortunate in the possession of such a father as Theodore Roosevelt, first of the line. It is not enough to say of him that he was well born, and that he was a man of means, of intelligence and cultivation, and of high character. He was the "finest man" the President "ever knew." In the esteem of acquaintances, as well as of friends, his place

THE PRESIDENT, RETURNING FROM HIS BEAR HUNT IN COLORADO IN MAY, 1905, AND TELLING AN INCIDENT

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ROOSEVELT GREETING A ROUGH RIDER COMRADE AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
APRIL 7, 1905

On this trip the President made forty-four extemporaneous speeches in five days and then started on a wolf hunt.



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ROOSEVELT AT TEXLINE, TEXAS, APRIL 14, 1905

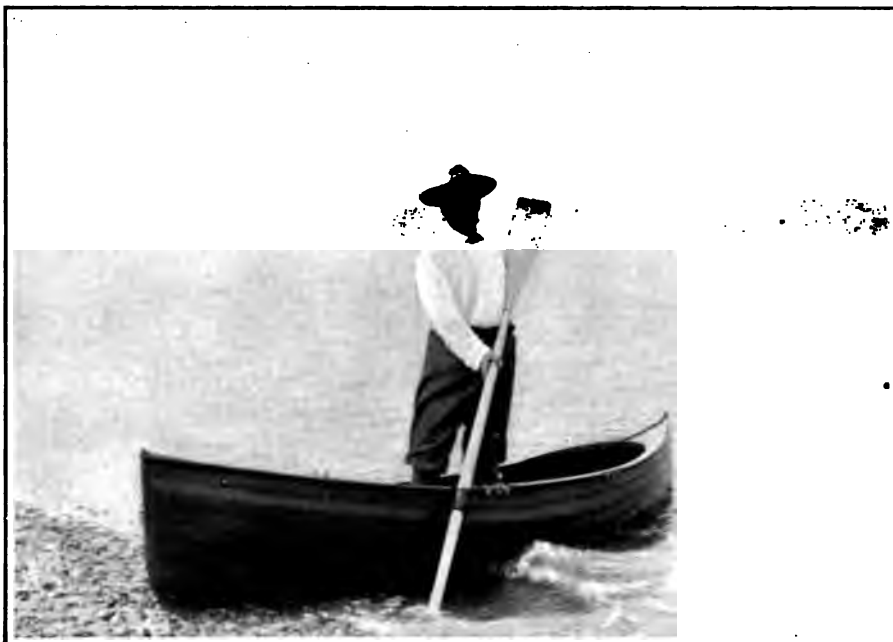
“‘Take that man out of Texas,’ exclaimed the Southern editor. ‘He could be elected constable of any town in this state. That man campaigns next to the ground.’”



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ROOSEVELT GREETING A ROUGH RIDER COMRADE
APRIL 7, 1905

On this trip the President made forty-four extemporaneous speeches on a wolf hunt.



From a hitherto unpublished photograph, copyright, 1905, by J. Horace McFarland

PUTTING OFF FOR A ROW ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, NEAR OYSTER BAY

Every summer the President takes his boys down the sound and "camps out all night." Once a season the women-folk are taken along — to a "squaw party."

was conspicuous; for at his death, flags hung at half-mast all over the city of New York, unusual respect for a private citizen who had never held public office.

A man of splendid physique and capable of great endurance, Mr. Roosevelt, Senior, joined heartily in athletic sports. He drove a four-in-hand in Central Park, sailed a boat on Oyster Bay and the Sound, and lived the life of a healthy outdoor man. His aptitude for sports of all kinds the son inherited, but in bodily vigor he was deficient. Few can believe it now, nevertheless it is true that, as a boy, the President was something of a physical weakling. It was not only that he was frail in body; from early childhood he was tormented with asthma, which wasted his strength and retarded his growth. One winter of his boyhood was spent on the Nile, in order to rid him of his affliction. But it was not until he had lived long in the West that the disease left him. Another bodily infirmity was destined to be a source of annoyance and trouble for life. When a mere lad it was found that his eyesight was bad — that he was very near-sighted. With this misfortune he was forced to contend in the

work and play of boyhood and manhood, and now, in middle-age, it is undoubtedly a handicap.

In the Roosevelt home there was time for play, but for idleness none. The father was a man of perennial industry, and he brought up his boy to regard an industrious life as essential to health and happiness. This industry, by his elder's example, the son directed in a battle to get strong. The way was clear to him; it lay through the woods, and it was far from being unpleasant, for he had an unbounded love of the out-o'-doors. He roamed the Long Island woodland; learned to know the trees and the plants; interpreted the calls of the birds, with whose plumage and habits he became familiar. He was a born naturalist, a true lover of nature. Said a decrepit Long Islander, who carried the Roosevelt family to their Oyster Bay country home forty years ago, and in whose stage the lad "Ted" was wont to ride: "He was a reg'lar boy. Always outdoors, climbin' trees and goin' bird-nestin'. I remember him particular, because he had queer things alive in his pockets. Sometimes it was even a snake."

"Ted's" predominant trait was his perfect naturalness, and in this, as in other things, the boy was "the father of the man." He did as other boys did — but with greater enthusiasm. Enthusiasm in a boy is seldom misunderstood, but in a man — well, then, it is "playing to the galleries." "Ted" rode a pony until he could "stick on" as if a part of the small beast. In a cranky skiff he battled with the waves of the Bay. He ran races and was beaten, but he ran again, and always from "scratch." He joined vigorously in the play of his fellows. But he could also find companionship in the wild things of the woods, which were his friends. He devoured the "Leatherstocking Tales"; and his dream was of a gun, and of sleeping under the stars, far from the habitation of man. As he grew closer to nature, he found

more and more of the treasure of health and strength.

The fight for robustness was far from won at the time he entered Harvard. "When I was introduced to Roosevelt, at the opening of freshman year," said a college friend, "he seemed physically undeveloped, but well developed in other respects. He weighed little more than a hundred and thirty pounds; but his face appeared mature. He wore side-whiskers."

His classmates are frank to say that they did not prophesy great things of Roosevelt. "His love of natural history impressed me most," said one. "He was the sort of chap who keeps snakes and toads and other live things about him. He was one of the last men in the class I would have picked out as a coming great man. If I had prophesied at

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK IN HIS TEMPORARY EXECUTIVE OFFICE IN HIS SUMMER HOME AT OYSTER BAY

From a hitherto unpublished portrait, copyright, 1905, by J. Horace McFarland





From a hitherto unpublished photograph, copyrighted, 1905, by Arthur Hewitt

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

ON THE PORCH OF HIS SUMMER HOME AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY,
LONG ISLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1905

all, it would have been that Roosevelt would be the head of the Smithsonian Institution."

He was studious, and was not ashamed of it. Even in his college days he did not waste time. "He did n't seem to care to loaf," said one classmate. "He would enter a roomful of fellows — greet them all heartily — take up a book, preferably one on natural history — and become dead to the world. You could fire off a gun near him and he would n't look up." Said another: "I remember him coming into my room one day, picking up a book, and losing interest in everything else. I fooled around awhile — went out to a recitation — came back — and there was Teddy, still buried in the same book."

Such testimony is proof of the early development of that remarkable concentration of mind which was to be such a factor in his success in after life. When Police Commissioner he has been known to complete his daily correspondence, dispose of routine matters, and then resume the composition of his "Oliver Cromwell." In the midst of the dictation there would be a knock at the door, and at Mr. Roosevelt's "Come in," a police officer would enter. Immediately the commissioner would pass upon some matter relating to the policing of the greatest of American cities. The officer would depart, the door close, and again the commissioner would become the historian, taking up without a moment's delay or hesitation the thread of his early-seventeenth-century writing.

In college, as his classmates testify, Roosevelt's interest was centered in natural history, particularly in zoölogy and ornithology. A naturalist he would be, and by vocation a professor of natural science — that was his ambition as an undergraduate. But because he did not look beyond the university into the world of business or politics for his occupation, let no one suppose that he was a bookworm. "He took plenty of exercise," said a classmate, "probably more exercise than his friends realized. Otherwise I can't explain his ravenous appetite. He liked plain food — in quantity. Although we ate at the same table for four years, I never once heard him kick about his grub, and there were many who did kick."

A true naturalist, he often sought the woods. These long tramps gave him good exercise, and incidentally sharpened the appetite of this growing young man. They also brought him mental relaxation, because

he was interested in every living thing he saw. This love of nature in him cannot be over emphasized. It kept him out-o'-doors — kept him alive to his battle for health and strength. And he needed inspiration. The boon companion of his boyhood, his beloved father, was dead. His bodily afflictions were, in reality, a sore trial, although he never complained and was always cheerful. Near-sightedness debarred him absolutely from participation in the leading college sports: baseball and football were out of the question, had he been otherwise qualified, and he was far too light for the crew. He galloped in and out of Cambridge on what his friends called "a wild devil of a horse." But it was boxing, of all forms of sport, to which he devoted most of his attention in college, and in it he became very proficient. Good eyesight is important in sparring, for above everything else a man should be a good judge of distance. And yet Roosevelt excelled in this sport, reaching the first rank in his class.

It was a bout to decide the light-weight championship of Harvard. The heavy-weight and middle-weight championships had been awarded. The contest for the men under 140 pounds was on. Roosevelt, then a junior, had defeated seven men. A senior had as many victories to his credit. They were pitted against each other in the finals. The senior was quite a bit taller than Roosevelt, and his reach was longer. He also weighed more by six pounds, but Roosevelt was the quicker man on his feet, and knew more of the science of boxing. The first round was vigorously contested. Roosevelt closed in at the very outset. Because of his bad eyes he realized that in-fighting gave him his only chance to win. Blows were exchanged with lightning rapidity, and they were hard blows. Roosevelt drew first blood, but soon his own nose was bleeding. At the call of time, however, he got the decision for the round.

The senior had learned his lesson. Thereafter he would not permit Roosevelt to close in on him. With his longer reach, and aided by his antagonist's near-sightedness, he succeeded in landing frequent blows. Roosevelt worked hard but to no avail. The round was awarded to the senior. In the third round the senior endeavored to pursue the same tactics, but with less success. The result of this round was a draw, and an extra round had to be sparred. Here superior

weight and longer reach began to tell, but Roosevelt boxed gamely to the end. Said his antagonist—now known by the pen-name of "Niblick:" "I can see him now as he came in fiercely to the attack. But I kept him off, taking no chances, and landing at long reach. I got the decision; but Roosevelt was far more scientific. Given good eyes, he would have defeated me easily."

The defeated man did not forget his conqueror. Many years after, when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York, the two met on a railroad train. Out went Mr. Roosevelt's hand, as he greeted his old antagonist heartily. After the usual inquiries as to health, the Governor suddenly asked:

"What are you doing for your country?"

"I'm not doing anything," said "Niblick," who had retired from active business. "I'm a good deal of a loafer."

"It's a shame," was Mr. Roosevelt's honest verdict. And "Niblick" says he meant it. He meant it, too, when, as President of the United States, he addressed these words to the Harvard undergraduates last June:

"I shall not be suspected of a tendency unduly to minimize the importance of sport. I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton wool. . . . But it is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life."

In private conversation he brought out this point even more forcibly. The Attorney-General entered the room, and the President seized on him as an illustration.

"Here is Mr. Moody," he said; "a great athlete in college; played on the Harvard nine. But if he had been satisfied with that do you suppose he would now be Attorney-General of the United States? No indeed. Nothing disgusts me more than to see the way many college athletes drop out of sight after they leave college. For example, there is—" And he named over several former college "stars," famous athletes at one time or another, but now almost forgotten.

This is not a lesson that Mr. Roosevelt learned after leaving college. He did not have to retrieve time lost at Harvard. He graduated among the first of his class. Yet he got much out of college besides the teaching

of books. He appreciated even then the true relationship between work and play. He never mistook the means for the end. But he was far from being fully developed physically when he left Cambridge. Life on the plains, rigorous, health-giving, and enchanting—that was yet to come.

III

As Lincoln has been the guiding star of Theodore Roosevelt's political career, so it was the blaze made by Francis Parkman that young Roosevelt followed through the woods in search of enduring health. A hunter and trapper from boyhood, in later years Parkman became a celebrated horticulturist. His books are sweet with the fragrance of the woods. It was natural for young Roosevelt to accept his leadership. And he could have chosen a no more inspiring example. Handicapped as few men are who accomplish anything in life, Parkman gave to our literature the treasure of a brilliant mind, together with the results of painstaking investigation—much of it fraught not only with great hardship, but with grave perils. In view of his successful struggles against misfortune which would have turned back many a man without his titanic will, it is not strange that he appealed so strongly to Roosevelt. They had a bond of sympathy in their bad eyesight. Moreover, Parkman won the admiration of Roosevelt because he is our most intensely American historian.

American—there never was a more loyal one than Roosevelt. Having completed his college course, he went abroad with his family to round out his education. There was a sojourn in Germany, with earnest study and intelligent observation. Much of the time was devoted to the out-o'-doors, to mountain-climbing in Switzerland. The lofty Alps were a never-ending joy to the young naturalist. He scaled the most difficult peaks—not for the exhilaration of it alone, much less to have done it, but to view the grandeur of Alpine scenery in all its varying aspects. He enjoyed this experience to the full, but he returned home willingly and gladly, and prouder of his country than ever. He immediately jumped into politics, and, having received the nomination, he conducted a successful campaign for the Assembly, and was elected in the Congressional district which sent William Waldorf Astor to defeat and to exile. Thus early in his career

— for he was but one year out of college — he was practising what, as Police Commissioner of New York, he came to preach :

"I would teach the young men that he who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his to the state. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

He had inherited sufficient means for his support, therefore he answered the call of the state. For three terms he was elected to the state legislature. Then, although enjoying fairly good health, he realized that to play the game successfully he must have, not only health, but a powerful physique. His short experience had taught him that, as a rule, it was the big-chested, hardy men, full of red blood, who were bearing burdens and achieving results worth while. Already he had chosen to be of that band of workers, and again he set his face in the direction whence comes robust, manly strength.

In that day forestry was an unknown profession in America. He chose the next best thing — another marked characteristic — and took up ranching on the banks of the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands of North Dakota — lands which "somehow *look*," to quote his effective description, "just exactly as Poe's tales and poems *sound*." Although of the East, he had the instincts of a Westerner. Nevertheless he was an invader, and he came not only as a tenderfoot, but as a "four-eyed tenderfoot." Manly, courageous, and genuinely human, with a big, kind heart and pleasing cordiality, he quickly won his way without much difficulty. The cowboys soon came to love him with an affection which has lasted through the years — lasted until he issued his call for recruits for the Regiment of Rough Riders ; growing deeper through Las Guasimas and San Juan ; and swelling to a wild chorus of devotion at the reunion in Texas last spring.

On just one occasion when living in the West was Roosevelt in danger of serious molestation. He was threatened when that physical vigor for which he had striven had come in full measure. A big brawler, mistaking him for a tenderfoot, cursed him roundly, and, pointing two revolvers at him, ordered him to buy the drinks. Roosevelt, perfectly composed, made as if to comply with the request. But as he got within reach of his tormentor, with a rush born of his cleverness

in boxing, he delivered a blow on the man's jaw that stretched him full length on the floor. Meantime, the pistols had gone off, the bullets penetrating the ceiling and doing no harm to anybody. When the brawler opened his eyes, he was ready to surrender his guns, and to cry for quarter. Wherefore, be it said, that, true to his later-day preachment, Roosevelt was never spoiling for a fight, but would not suffer an insult. A man of his type is not often insulted.

To appreciate what this life on the plains meant to Roosevelt — how much he got out of it, and what he gained by the experience — one has but to read his charming books whose setting is the West in the middle eighties — and to read between the lines. Roosevelt the author, in a style that is as frank and sincere as it is clear and lucid, gives a faithful index to Roosevelt the man. With this proof of his true characteristics many blatant critics of the President are confounded. Because he lived two years on the frontier he must needs be a "broncho buster." He has never claimed to be a dare-devil rider ; others — often his political adversaries — have made the claim for him, and he does not relish it. When he was done with ranching he had the ability to ride a bucking horse, but he has ever had the good sense to prefer a sensible mount. He rides with rare judgment, as he engages in any form of outdoor sport. On a day of the Oklahoma wolf hunt, with the greyhounds in pursuit of a coyote which had a long start, the President calmly took in the situation, concluded that it was to be a hard run, and held in his horse. An eager friend followed hot after the hounds, until finally his horse became played out and settled down into a gait little faster than a walk. Up came the President, his mount comparatively fresh ; soon he drew close to the hounds, and was in at the worry. His friend was struggling along well to the rear.

The President is not what is called a "dead shot." As a ranchman he was not remarkably clever with the rifle. His poor eyesight has always been a serious drawback, and his hand is not over steady. But, as one of his guides remarked, "The President is a mighty good game shot." His success in hunting has been due to three causes : first, common sense and good judgment ; second, perseverance (he believes, with Anthony Trollope, that "It's dogged as does it"),

which is the only way a hunter can make good his blunders; and third, the fact that he shoots as well at game as he does at a target. This does not enable him to hit difficult shots, but it has prevented him missing easy ones, which a good target shot will often do in the field. For illustration: most of his bears have been killed close up, and the shots were not difficult so long as he did not get rattled — which he never does.

This cool handling of the rifle was shown in his recent bear hunt. He shot a powerful black bear as it was disappearing over a knoll, breaking both of its hips. Although disabled, the bear threatened to do damage to the pack. The hounds were jumping and baying about the quarry — a wild-jumble of excited dogs about a wounded bear — when the President rushed up, fired into the mêlée and broke the bear's neck.

It was when ranching that his steadiness with a gun in the face of a charging bear was proved. It was then that he got his biggest grizzly, whose skin is now prized as one of his best trophies, as well as a souvenir of a very exciting incident of his life. He was camping alone in the foothills of the Rockies, and had wandered off with his rifle in search of game. Coming suddenly on a huge grizzly, he wounded it, and the bear retreated to cover in a near-by thicket. As Roosevelt was endeavoring to locate the quarry from the open, the bear suddenly appeared. He fired, but the bullet did not stop the rush of the maddened animal. Blowing bloody foam from his mouth, the bear charged straight at Roosevelt. "I waited until he came to a fallen tree," wrote the hunter, "raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw, and going into his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a

couple of cartridges into the magazine — my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head dropped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

The President has well earned the distinction of being a successful hunter. He has killed every kind of North American big game. And yet there is far more discussion of the habits and characteristics of wild animals in his writings than there is record of the killing of game. He talks about the grizzly, for example: "The name of this bear has reference to its character and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelt grisly — in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a 'grisly spectre' — and not grizzly; but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed." He notes his own observation that a bear charged with its mouth open, whereas bears shot by friends charged with their mouths shut. "There are savage and cowardly bears," he says, "just as there are big and little ones; and sometimes these variations are very marked among bears of the same district, and at other times all the bears of one district will seem to have a common code of behavior which differs utterly from that of the bears of another district." He discusses the weight of all the big game he kills, of which he makes careful measurements, the difficulties in skinning it, and the probable age of the animal as judged by teeth and claws. Moreover, his books contain as much talk of bird-life as of animal-life, and there is a familiarity with trees, shrubs and plants that is surprising. He has a trained eye and a trained ear, and his observations are so keen as to be of real value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist.

He has ever been an ardent advocate for the protection of all natural things. No more ill-founded charge was ever brought against a man than that the President delights in slaughtering game. "Such a man," to quote his own severe indictment, "is wholly obnoxious; and, indeed, so is any man who shoots for the purpose of establishing a record of the amount of game killed. To my mind this is one very unfortunate feature of what is otherwise the admirably sportsmanlike English spirit in these matters. The custom of shooting great bags of deer, grouse, partridges, and

pheasants, the keen rivalry in making such bags, and their publication in sporting journals, are symptoms of a spirit which is most unhealthy from every standpoint. . . . True sportsmen, men who shoot only in season and in moderation, do no harm whatever to game."

Besides acquiring skill with horse and gun, what did Roosevelt get out of his ranching experience? The hard, dangerous existence, with its wild fascination, which he enjoyed on the plains, gave him a constitution, rugged and without a blemish, and a physique that is superb. Remembering what a weakling he was as a boy, consider this characterization by one of the President's friends: "His chief weakness has always seemed to me his almost cruel strength."

The freedom of life on the frontier, in the days when a man considered himself the equal of any other man on earth, taught Roosevelt to value associates entirely on their appraisal as men. He became a good "mixer." His humanity was regenerated, and he returned home an Easterner, born and bred, in whom there was the leaven of Western experience and training; in a word, he was essentially and typically American. In him a prominent editor of Texas recognized a rare kind of man when the President visited the state last spring.

"Take that man out of Texas," exclaimed the Southern editor. "He'll win every vote in the state. It is n't that he's been elected President of the United States. Any man could be elected President when the people don't see the candidate they're voting for. But he could be elected constable of any d—town in this state. That man campaigns next to the ground."

IV

At the beginning of this sketch an attempt was made to picture the activities, physical and intellectual, of President Roosevelt. As no description of Niagara will reveal the Falls in all their tumultuous power, so no portrayal of another "great wonder of nature," the simile of an English statesman, will convey an adequate appreciation of the man's dynamic force, together with his diversified accomplishments. How can the President accomplish so much? — the question was asked before. In summing up his qualities, add to discriminating intellect, broad intelligence; and to intelligence, liberal

education; and to education, diversified training (no president has been his equal in this respect); and to training, unflagging industry — and to these add masterful concentration. But he might have all these characteristics and fall far short of the man he is to-day.

Physical prowess — that is the mainspring of his power. Without great strength, together with a constitution of iron, he would have but a small part of the achievements which stand to his credit. When he graduated from college he was classed as a lightweight, in boxing parlance; now he is in the heavy-weight class. As a specimen of physical development the President is good to look upon. He is well-proportioned, with broad, thick shoulders, a splendid arched chest (forty-six inches by the tape), muscular arms (a thirteen-and-a-half inch forearm), and sinewy thighs and calves which can "eat up" distance. If, as a youth, President Roosevelt had been put to manual labor — had been apprenticed as a boiler-maker, or had shipped before the mast — he would have become one of the strongest men in the world. As it is, he has strength above the average man no matter what his walk in life.

Like the West Point cadet, the President is always in training. There is regularity about his sleeping and eating. Above all, there is regularity about his daily exercise; nothing but war or a disabling injury to limb could deprive him of it. Although in a sense a duty, the keen love of the game for its own sake is the striking characteristic of the President's participation in sports of all kinds. He is a temperate man. He is abstemious in the use of wine, and he has never smoked. The only intemperance with which he can be charged relates to his eating. As when a growing boy, so now as an intensely active man, he is a ravenous eater. A professional trainer whom President Roosevelt counts among his friends was dilating on the President's remarkable physique, when, with something of a sigh, he added: "But he's got on about twenty pounds too much. Dieting would take him down, but he can't diet. You see he goes to dinners and banquets and he will keep nibbling."

The President much prefers exercise outdoors. When he remains in the house it is because he has set his mind on some form of indoor exercise. If a friend is with him who is a good fencer, he may prefer fencing for the occasion; or it may be boxing, or jiu jitsu.

The President became keenly interested in the "muscleless art." He secured the services of one of the best Japanese instructors, and took a course of twenty lessons. The Jap would teach the holds, and then the President would practice them, doing his utmost to get the better of his teacher. He progressed rapidly, and in a short time mastered the science, of which he strongly approves. This investigation of the Japanese art of defense led to its teaching at Annapolis and West Point.

Bad weather does not keep the President indoors. He will ride horseback or walk in a downpour which drives most people to shelter. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country he was invited to go horseback riding with President Roosevelt. Soon after the start was made a heavy shower came up. The President did not turn back, and, of course, the Prince did not suggest it. They returned thoroughly drenched, but neither seemed to mind it in the least.

In Washington the President spends his outdoor leisure in riding horseback, playing lawn tennis, and tramping. As a rule, he walks when more spirited outdoor amusements are not possible — when the ground is too hard for a gallop, or when the day is not suitable for tennis; of course, the desire to be with certain friends frequently sends him on tramps with these companions. Being a naturalist, with trained powers of observation, he can get mental relaxation out of a walk in the country where an ordinary city chap would get little but fatigue. He walks rapidly and far, and an invitation to accompany him does not always elicit enthusiasm in the recipient, particularly if he is short-winded. The President loves to explore the delightful country about Washington, and will lead his companions a stiff chase, often up the steep side of rock. On one occasion he went forty feet up an abrupt elevation, and the friend who followed — an athlete in his day — had great difficulty securing a foothold. When he managed to reach the top, the President said:

"Let's go down."

"And pray, what did you get me up here for?" inquired the friend.

"Just to see if you could make it," the President replied.

Considering the fact that he took up tennis late in life, the President can play a good game. There is a clay court directly back of the Executive Offices and screened from the

gaze of the curious. Here he plays with some younger men, members of the administration, who are his intimate friends, or with his older sons, when they are at home. Sometimes a foreign ambassador will be his opponent. He will play until dark, often as many as seven sets. No man may play with him as President. His opponents must play the game up to their skill, or he quickly protests.

The White House stables have good riding horses. There is a horse or pony for each member of the family. There are two mounts for the President. One of them, "Rusty" is a bay, heavy-weight hunter. With him the President frequently jumps fences in the country, just to recall the days when, in his youth, he rode to hounds on Long Island. He could tell, if he would (such incidents one must get from his friends), of an experience in cross-country riding when his horse fell at a fence, and young Roosevelt came a cropper. It was a serious fall, as one of the bones in his forearm was broken. Nevertheless, he caught his horse, mounted again, and rode to the end of the hunt. He never spares himself, neither does he humor his mount, although he always treats it kindly. But he does not regard a horse as a piece of bric-a-brac, to be taken out for a quiet canter once a day. He rides fifteen or twenty miles of an afternoon, and he rides hard.

At Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt country-home, perched high above Oyster Bay and Long Island Sound, with a fine water frontage on Cold Spring Harbor, the President lives out-o'-doors practically all of the time. There is horseback riding, tennis, and tramping — but much more of it, for it is vacation time, theoretically. In addition, however, there is tree chopping. The President has an excellent knowledge of forestry, although he is not a trained forester. He is not only familiar with all the trees and wild vegetation, but he has a discriminating love for the growing things of the woods. The lindens are his favorite trees, but he has admiration for the stately tulip trees, a good word for the locusts, which abound at Oyster Bay, and will point out to you a magnificent spreading beech, a particular favorite with him. There are ninety-five acres in the Roosevelt estate, only twenty of which are under cultivation, a large part of the remainder being woodland. The President cleans up his own woods, liking nothing better than to see the chips fly and to hear the sharp ring of the ax.

He is fond of boating, particularly of rowing, which most people consider hard work without proportionate compensations. He likes it especially because it is something he and Mrs. Roosevelt can do together. They take their lunch and two or three books. The President rows down to Lloyd's Neck, where there is a portage, and they spend the day in Lloyd's Harbor. In all it gives the President a fifteen-mile row and some good exercise.

He takes equal delight in the camping expeditions with his boys. The party generally includes the Roosevelt lads, their boy cousins, and some boy friends. The President puts the small youngsters in his boat, and then the flotilla proceeds down the Sound some five or six miles to a secluded spot on the wooded shore near Huntington Harbor. The President cooks for the camp and the children believe that the chicken or beefsteak he fries in bacon fat have a flavor impossible elsewhere to be obtained — not even in the White House. When the fire casts black shadows, the lads gather about it and listen to the President as he tells them exciting stories of the hunting trail. Then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they sleep the restful sleep of the woods beneath the stars. Once a season the women folk are taken along on the expedition and are housed for the night in a wrecked schooner. This is called a "squaw party."

"These expeditions," said the President, "represent the kind of things I like to do. Instead of rowing it may be riding, or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target. But it is always a pastime which any healthy, middle-aged man, fond of out-door life, but not in the least an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses."

"If he chooses," — again that limiting word which represents the difference between activity and sloth, between success and failure.

Although President Roosevelt cuts loose from the never-ending ceremony of the White House when he returns to his home — to Sagamore Hill — he is never out of touch with affairs of State. The Executive Offices are packed up, so to speak, and transported with the personnel to Oyster Bay, where they are temporarily established over a grocery store. Every day the Secretary to the President waits on his chief with mail and official documents. Office-seekers have no difficulty in locating Oyster Bay on the map, and

thither travel obliging statesmen, just to keep the President advised of pending matters of importance. His interruptions, therefore, are continual, and they are enough to wear a man out, certainly to try his patience. But with his other marked characteristics, the President has a wonderful amiability, or he would not devote so much of his vacation to business. On one day last summer, for illustration, he had as his guests at luncheon, the Panama Canal Commission, including the newly-appointed Chief Engineer; the Auditor of Porto Rico, and the Japanese Minister. An isthmian canal, a fiscal system for our insular possessions, and peace between Japan and Russia — these were the subjects of world-wide importance discussed.

It is not strange, therefore, that once a year the President desires to get entirely away from office and from office-seekers. Considering his two years on the frontier, it would be strange if there did not now come to him a longing for the limitless plains, for the rest of the great silent places. And away he goes, to breathe again the air of freedom, and to live, even for a short time, next to nature. The hunting side of these trips has been colored in the press. Compare the newspaper reports with his own delightful description of these journeys into nature. In the one there is relentless pursuit of animals; in the other interest in and love for all living things.

In April of 1903, the President, with an eminent naturalist as one of his companions, spent two weeks in Yellowstone Park. Not a gun was fired during that trip. The President was content to observe the rules of the Park, although he said casually, "I do feel that I ought to keep the camp in meat. I always have." The naturalist was surprised at the President's knowledge of ornithology. He knew most of the birds by sight and by their calls, and could even enlighten the naturalist as to certain rare species. On one occasion he returned from a ride and told of a sweet bird singer. The naturalist thought it must be a Townsend's fly-catching thrush or solitaire, although he had only seen the West India solitaire. They set out together, located the bird, and to the President's delight the naturalist pronounced it to be the rare solitaire.

As they were driving to change their camp, the President was seated with the driver — a boyhood pleasure which still clings to him. Suddenly he jumped out while the wagon was in motion, and jerking off his hat, shot it

to the ground. Reaching under he pulled out a field mouse. "It may be a new variety," he said. The President skinned it as skilfully as any taxidermist, and the skin was sent to Dr. Hart Merriman of the Biological Survey. In 1893 Mr. Roosevelt sent from the Yellowstone the skin of a hopping mouse which proved to be a new sub-species. As a result of his collection of skins and skulls of the panther, or mountain lion, made in Colorado in 1901, Dr. Merriman revised the official report on the cougars. The President seeks at all times to contribute to natural science.

They were camping at the Yellowstone cañon, with the river four or five hundred feet below them. On the opposite side were some mountain sheep. Between the sheep and the river-bed was a precipice, relieved only in part by a steep ascent. It did not seem possible that a four-footed creature could pass down this steep declivity.

"Do you suppose they could get down that sheer cliff in order to drink?" asked the naturalist.

"They certainly could," asserted the President. Then he went into his tent to shave. The operation was just half completed when the naturalist shouted that the sheep were going down. The President rushed out, a towel at his throat, and one side of his face white with lather. The sheep easily went down the almost perpendicular cliff. Occasionally they stopped to graze, but down the steepest places they went at great bounds. Not one but reached the bed of the river without a fall. It was a wonderful exhibition of sure-footedness, and the President stood, deeply interested, until he had seen it through. Then he said: "I *knew* they could do it."

The next day some of the party decided to go fishing. "Count me out," said the President, who is not a disciple of Isaak Walton, although he subscribes to some of his piscatorial philosophy. He never fishes unless driven to it by hunger. So the President had a lunch prepared, and tramped off alone into the wilderness. He was gone all day, and returned at night, tired, but voluble and happy. He had covered eighteen miles, it turned out, and had located a band of elk, which he had seen the day before. He had been able to creep up very near to them, and ate his lunch in their company, observing the elk with the eye of a hunter and the instincts of a naturalist. That was keen sport for him;

and it helps to explain — for the benefit of those who misrepresent the President — a little incident of last season's bear hunt.

"I heard a Bullock's oriole to-day," the President remarked to one of his companions.

"Perhaps you may have heard one," politely interposed a man familiar with the country, "but I doubt it. It will be two weeks before those birds come."

"I caught two bird notes which could not be those of any bird except an oriole," the President insisted.

"Think you've got the song twisted, Mr. President," said his companion.

Not long after, as the party were seated in the cabin at dinner, the President suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! Look!"

On a shrub before the window was perched a Bullock's oriole. The President was delighted. As an intimate friend remarked: "Nothing happened on the whole trip that pleased him more."

Of President Roosevelt it can truly be said: Not an athlete but thoroughly athletic. A naturalist before he was a hunter. To him the intimate association with birds, trees, and plants of the forest is as much the joy of hunting as the clever stalking of game and the chance of a difficult shot. A perfectly natural man, whose physique, through persistent effort, has been remarkably developed, enabling him to play to the limit of human endurance the arduous game of life.

And how he does love to play the game. In Theodore Roosevelt is personified Browning's grand lines:

*Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit
feels waste,*

*Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor
sinew unbraced.*

*Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from
rock up to rock.*

*The strong rending of bows from the fir-trees,
the cool silver shock*

*Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the
hunt of the bear,*

*And the sultriness showing the lion is couched
in his lair.*

.

*How good is man's life, the mere living! how
fit to employ*

*All the heart and the soul and the senses for-
ever in joy!*

THE HEART OF ERIC

BY

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

AUTHOR OF "THE DARLINGTONS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

TUBERCULOSIS of the hip, the doctor said, was the little fellow's trouble. One of his legs was shrunk and useless. Yet he got about between a pair of crutches with astonishing speed and sure-footedness. He could play nearly all the games that the other boys played. In fact, he was a ringleader in the matter of sports; and the Ashley House, the shabby, third-rate hotel of which his father was proprietor and his mother cook, was headquarters for the youth of that end of the village — to the distress of more than one careful mother.

But he did not always choose to play with the boys, even when he was well; and he was very, very often not well. Sometimes he chose instead to bask in the sun on the steps of the porch, with his prematurely aged face sunk between his high, crutch-warped shoulders. At such times his pale blue eyes, steeped in revery, seemed filled with the garnered wisdom and experiences of a hoary past. His own father — a sad, silent Dane — would look at the child with dull wonder and shake his puzzled head. Even the irrepressible boys had learned to shun the neighborhood when Eric had one of his "spells."

What thoughts went trooping through his queer little brain as he sat there so still, hour after hour, with his thin, wasted hand on the back of his faithful dog? The young Congregational minister, looking out of his study window, across the street, often asked himself the question. Sad thoughts, surely, for often a sigh would shake the flat, narrow chest, his teeth would press a trembling lower lip, and slow tears would roll down his cheek. If no one was near, he would let them roll unheeded; but if any one approached, even his mother, he would fiercely

dash the tell-tale drops away, call his dog, and hobble swiftly down the street. But in a few minutes he would again be seated on the favorite spot, with Watch stretched at his side as before, and his eyes filmed with day-dreams.

It was difficult, of course, to offer him sympathy. Indeed, no one but Mr. Barnes, the young minister, had ever attempted it; and he only after a long, patient and cautious approach, like a besieging army's, to the citadel of Eric's confidence.

"Won't you tell me what the trouble is, Eric?" pleadingly asked the minister one day, after watching the touching little figure from his desk until the sermon under his hand had become as dead bones. It was the first time he had ventured so far with his kindly offices.

The child's face was still streaked with dried tears, but he answered in a cold little voice: "I ain't in no trouble."

"to bask in the sun on the steps"



"I fear you are," said Mr. Barnes, gently. "You seem to have been crying. Trouble is nothing to be ashamed of. It comes to all of us, and it usually brings tears with it. I should n't care much for the man or boy who did n't cry sometimes. The very greatest men that I know of have their troubles. And they cry, too."

"Not the President of the United States," said Eric, fixing a pair of incredulous eyes upon the speaker.

"Yes, even the President of the United States. So won't you please tell me what your trouble is?"

Eric sat very still for a moment. But his mind was anything but still, and he was plainly nerv- ing himself up to something, for his fingers gradually tightened over the hair on Watch's back.

"You'd laugh!" said he, with sudden suspicion.

"My dear little boy, I never laughed at any one in trouble in my life," said the other, earnestly. "On the contrary, I have consecrated my life to helping those who are in trouble — and that means you just as much as any one else."

"Mine ain't real trouble, I guess," said Eric, slowly, very slowly. "But I — I git to thinkin' about the birds — and the sunshine — and the trees. I wonder where the wind comes from — and where the flowers go when they die — and if God kin hear prayers that ain't said in churches — and if dogs go to heaven — and if crippled boys kin fly as fast, when they git to be angels, as if — as if their legs was straight."

He lifted a still half-suspicious face to the minister; but the lines which pain had engraved upon it, and the hope which gleamed from his eyes in spite of his outward

skepticism, gave him an infinite pathos, and raised a lump in Mr. Barnes's throat. As best he could, he cleared away the unconscious little philosopher's perplexities — which, after all, were but the eternal problems of humanity stated in their simplest form. His explanations may not have been very clear to the boy, but his sympathy certainly was; and that was really the important thing.

Eric loved to sit in the dingy hotel office and hear the boarders — mostly rough laborers — tell stories over their evening pipes. He joyed above all, though, in the tales of Swan Swanson, who for half a lifetime had sailed before the mast and seen strange sights in many lands. Breathlessly, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, Eric would listen by the hour as the old Swede wove his glowing web of fact and fiction; and when Mrs. Ericson, as the hour grew late, would appear at the door and say pleadingly, "Won't you come now, Eric?" the spoiled little autocrat would silently shake his head and never take his eyes from the story-teller. No bed



"I want to take him along, Swan!"

for him until Swan arose and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

The fair-haired mother, still beautiful after her kind, would turn anxiously away. For these tales were not good for her boy. Often, after a long sitting, he would toss for half the night, babbling sea-jargon in his sleep; and in the morning his cheeks would be wanner than ever.

One night, after Swan had fairly outdone himself, Eric could not sleep at all. At last, with hot face and throbbing pulse, he reached for his crutches, slipped to the floor, and lit a candle. Watch, who always slept across

the foot of the bed, needed no invitation to follow, for the two were inseparable. Stealthily they climbed the stairs and traversed the bare hall above as far as Swan Swanson's door, which they entered. The torpid Swede was not easily aroused, but at last he rose to his elbow and asked what was wanted.

"Say, Swan," began Eric, in a repressed, excited voice, "could a crippled man that was handy on his crutches git a job on one of them whalin' ships?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Swan, willing, like everybody else, to humor the child. "It seems to me, if I remember right, that our second cook on the 'Climax' had a club-foot."

"I would n't cook," said Eric, decidedly. "That's a woman's work."

"Not on a ship it ain't," returned the Swede, sturdily. "I've cooked myself."

This put cooking in a new light, certainly, and Eric thought for a moment, with his feverish eyes scintillating in the flare of the candle.

"Do they allow dogs on them ships, Swan?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes — a good dog. But you was n't thinkin' of taking Watch, was you? By the time you are a man, lad, Watch will be plumb played out with old age."

The child gave the man a quick, startled glance.

"Why, don't dogs live as long as people?" he asked, shrilly.

"Well, come to think of it, they do — sometimes — as long as some people," answered Swan, with a pitying glance at the frail little figure.

"What made you say they did n't, then?"

"Cats is what I was thinkin' of, Eric — cut my hawser if it was n't. Cats ain't got no life at all to speak of. But dogs! Pshaw! Did n't you ever hear people say they had n't seen somebody for a dog's age? If you did, you know they meant a mighty long time."

"And you think Watch will live as long as me?" asked Eric, dropping his right hand into its favorite place on the dog's back.

"I should n't be surprised if he did," answered the Swede, with enough sincerity to tinge his words with regret. "No, I should n't be at all surprised. Now run back to bed, lad, or you'll ketch cold."

The boy turned obediently, but paused at the door.

"I want to take him along, Swan," he said, in a voice trembling with pride and affection,

"because him and me understand each other so good. And if a whale should smash a boat with his tail, and throw me into the water, like it did you, Watch would swim out and git me, and fight the sharks off."

When Eric, on the morning of his ninth birthday, awoke and reached for his crutches, his hand paused in mid air. For there in the corner stood, in place of the old ones, a brand-new, brightly-varnished, nickle-mounted pair. Nothing else in the dull room could compare with their glittering splendor, and the boy gazed at them long and lovingly. Even Watch, after stretching himself, sniffed at the rubber tips, and ran an inquiring tongue over the varnish.

"Watch," cried Eric, ecstatically, "them's new crutches and they cost a lot of money, you can bet! You and me'll go down to the post-office the first thing to show 'em off. But you must n't lick 'em that way, 'cause you'll take all the varnish off, and I want to keep 'em nice and shiny till you and me go on that whalin' ship."



"'Would I have to set with a girl?'"



"the other boys, sternly excluded"

Mebbe the captain will think we're rich, when he sees these, and give us a job quicker!"

He was still further pleased to learn at breakfast that the crutches were a birthday gift from Mr. Barnes. Eric liked the young minister, in spite of his good clothes and soft, white hands. He could n't measure up with Swan Swanson, of course; no one could; but Eric was almost daily discovering resemblances between the two men that he had not suspected before. Some day, when he knew the minister a little better, he intended to make him and Swan acquainted; for he was confident that an intimacy would follow.

After breakfast he crossed the street to the parsonage, with his new crutches, to thank the donor. Pretty young Mrs. Barnes smilingly showed him into her husband's study, where Eric stood for one awkward, embarrassed moment, revolving his hat between

his hands, and furtively eyeing the books, pictures, and statuary. For some reason, he felt as if he were in a church; and a church was a place where Eric was never at ease.

"A happy birthday to you, Eric!" called the minister, cheerily, from behind his table. "Won't you sit down?"

"I ain't got time — Watch is waitin' for me outside. I jist stopped to thank you for these here crutches, Mr. Barnes. You could n't 'a' give me anything I'd like better and — and they fit me fine. Mebbe I kin do something for you sometime," he added, with a blush at the improbability of such an emergency arising. "If I kin, I want you to call on me."

"You can do something for me now, Eric, if you will. If you will only promise to come to Sunday-school, I shall feel a thousand times repaid for what those crutches cost me."

He had made the same request many times before, and Eric had as many times refused, point-blank. But now the boy, laboring under a sense of obligation, and committed by his words of the moment before, dropped his eyes and picked irresolutely at his battered hat. Warped in mind as well as in body, capricious, and full of prejudices, Eric had conceived an unreasoning hostility for the smug little boys and girls who trooped to the church each Sunday morning; and he had boasted more than once to his playmates that he would never be caught in such snob-bish company.

"Would I have to set with a girl?" he asked, finally.

"No, I'll put you in a boys' class, and my wife shall be your teacher. You will like her, I am sure."

"How much money do they bring?"

"You need n't bring any unless you feel like it."

"Oh, I kin pay my way," said Eric, with bitter pride.

"A few pennies, then, will do. That is what the boys of your age usually bring."

"I'll bring a nickel. Good-day."

He clapped his hat on his head and with long, swinging strides — first of body, then of crutches — passed swiftly through the door. Mr. Barnes, half regretting the advantage he had taken of the occasion, followed him.

"You understand, do you, Eric," he called from the front door, "that I did n't invite you for the sake of your nickel?"

"Oh, I know that," answered Eric, with prompt magnanimity. "If you was that kind, you would n't have give me these crutches."

He started for the post-office, but vanished for a moment in the narrow opening between two buildings, where he hastily drew a little white rag from his pocket and wiped the dust from the tips of his crutches. Then, carefully putting the rag back, so that no boy by any chance should spy it, he resumed his way.

He had soon collected a train of admiring youth, whom he led to their favorite rendezvous — the back yard of the hotel. Here, among ash-heaps and garbage-barrels, they were allowed to handle the new crutches, and in some instances to try them, after being warned not to scratch the varnish.

"What do you suppose they cost?" asked one boy, enviously.

"Oh, ten dollars," said Eric, with an off-hand air that was vastly impressive.

"Whew! Do you suppose them plates is solid silver?"

Eric gave him a withering look.

"Do you suppose they would put anything but solid silver on *crutches*?" he demanded, scornfully.

The doubting Thomas subsided, but another boy said: "Just the same, I'd sooner have a good pair of legs."

Eric winced, for he was very sensitive about his deformity; but he had not become captain of this wild crew by chance, and he well knew how to quell any mutiny.

"That shows *your* sense," said he, quickly. "Anybody kin have a good pair of legs. I could myself. I could have my leg fixed for five dollars by a doctor — and I've got the five, too," he added, with unblushing mendacity. "But I would n't do it. I'd sooner have crutches. I kin do more things on 'em. I kin go up-stairs six different ways. Besides," he added, conclusively, "the greatest general that ever lived used to have crutches, and he had a million soldiers in his army, and none of 'em was as good a fighter as he was."

"What was his name, Eric?" asked Reddy Maginnis, in a hushed voice.

"I'll tell you some time, Red, when we're alone," answered Eric, darkly.

That afternoon "Red" might have been seen in the same back yard with one leg tied up and Eric's old crutches under his arm, going through certain manoeuvres under the eye of the little cripple. Meanwhile, the other boys, sternly excluded by Eric's edict, peeped enviously through the cracks and knot-holes in the board fence.

On the first Sunday following his promise to Mr. Barnes, it happened that Eric was sick. Sickness was nothing unusual with him. He spent, perhaps, a fourth of his days in bed; so that often, when the boys came whistling and trilling around the old hotel for their chieftain, of a morning, Mr. Ericson would step to the door and say, "Eric ees sick to-day, boys." But this time, weak and trembling as he was, and unable to eat even a bit of toast, he insisted on getting up and going to Sunday-school.

"But Mr. Barnes won't expect you, if you are sick, dear," said his mother, in distress. "I'll send word over to him so that he will be sure to know."

"Don't you, mother," said the boy, earnestly. "He 'll think I 'm playin' off on him, and that I 'm a liar. 'Cause he knows I don't *want* to go."

So he went, in spite of mother. He would have been nervous, doubtless, under any circumstances ; but in his weak condition, as he hobbled up the aisle, the room swam before his eyes and the buzz of the school became a roar in his ears. Growing still fainter, he stopped — just before a class of girls, he dimly saw. Rather than drop there, he would die ; and with set teeth he moved on a few paces toward where Mrs. Barnes, unconscious of his trouble, smilingly awaited him. Just as he reached her pew, he quietly sank to the floor.

When he came to his senses again, he found himself in Mr. Barnes's arms, in the vestibule of the church, with water on his face, and several people standing around. He knew, from their talk, that they were taking him home.

"Wait !" he whispered, weakly. "I want to leave my nickel. It 's in my vest pocket."

So one of the ladies, with tears in her eyes, fumbled with her gloved fingers in the little ragged pocket, among buttons and exploded cartridges and a buckeye and a fish-hook stuck in a cork and the stub of a lead-pencil,



"found himself in Mr. Barnes's arms"

until she found the nickel, and promised to have it credited to his class.

The insidious disease did not release Eric as soon as usual this time. It was a week before his wan face and limp body appeared in the sunshine on the porch steps again. In the meantime some one had sent him a wagon — a little beauty, painted bright red, with steel spokes and rubber tires and real shafts to fit a dog or goat. It was a sight to gladden any boy's heart, and for two or three days, while still too weak to play, Eric would sit and look at it by the hour. Sometimes one of the boys would get between the shafts and play horse, with strings tied to his arms for reins, and give the little invalid a ride.

But Eric craved a four-footed steed — one more like a real horse — and of course the lot fell to Watch. Watch was not an amiable animal. He kept the cats of the neighborhood in a state of terror ; he fought every passing dog ; he nipped at pedestrians' heels ; and he had been accused of killing chickens. But he undoubtedly loved Eric with all his canine soul. At Eric he had never even growled, from puppyhood ; and he now stood as docile as a lamb while the boy, with infinite pains, harnessed him with odds and ends of rope into the new wagon.

Nevertheless, Watch had no mind to learn new tricks, even for Eric's sake ; and when he grew tired of the sport he wriggled out of the flimsy harness. At the same time he quite unintentionally overturned the wagon, bringing his driver into rough contact with the cinder path. Eric, still weak and irritable, lost his temper ; and then it was that, for the first time in his little boy's life, he raised his crutch and struck his beloved dog.

Watch, yelping more from astonishment than from pain, went flying through the gate and down the street. Eric, overwhelmed by the enormity of his act, stood rooted to the spot, with bloodless cheeks. Then, with an inarticulate cry of remorse, he too hurried through the gate.

The dog was not in sight. With crutches sharply thumping the board sidewalks and his little twisted body projecting itself forward with a vigor born of desperation, Eric hastened from one of the dog's haunts to another — to the alley back of the post-office, to Hunt's lumber-yard, to the creamery, to Jackson's meat market — while his shrill, anxious "*Hyub, Watch! hyub, Watch!*" was lifted at every corner and lane. But no Watch with wagging tail and glad eyes came



"harnessed him with odds and ends of rope"

bounding toward him. For the twentieth time the boy's lip quivered, tears stood in his eyes, and his little breast ached with the pain which is as old as humanity itself.

He was now in the outskirts of the village. Some boys — among whom he recognized Reddy Maginnis — were playing ball in a field near by. Forgetful of his new crutches and of the path by which he might have gained the ball ground, Eric plunged into the tall, dusty weeds and brambles and fiercely fought his way through. A few minutes later he emerged on the other side, panting, his hands and cheeks bleeding from scratches, and his eyes smarting cruelly from the dog's-fennel with which he had come in contact.

"Boys, Watch is lost!" said he, huskily. "Help me find him."

Few things so delight the heart of a boy as a hunt, no matter what its object; and after a hasty and noisy consultation, the erstwhile ball players were off with a shout. But fast as they ran, the little cripple kept up with them, although his heart felt as if it would burst. Not even a barbed-wire fence on which he tore his clothes and lacerated his hand and dug a deep gash in one of his beautiful crutches, detained him much longer than it did the others.

At last, however, the band concluded that it would be better for them to separate and take different routes. Thus left alone, and sick in body as well as soul, Eric dragged himself homeward. Watch had not yet

returned, or he would have been lying on the steps waiting for his little master. For a moment the child lost heart; then, struck with a new thought, he quickly crossed the street and rang the parsonage bell.

"Mr. Barnes, Watch is lost. Do you think you could help me find him? I hate to ast you, but Swan Swanson is at work in the brick-yard, and I don't know what else to do."

The dusty, drooping little figure, with its flushed face and weary eyes, and the tremulous, appealing voice, went straight to the young man's heart.

"Indeed I will help you. But you must go home and rest. You are all tired out now. Don't worry any more. Even if we don't find Watch at once, I have n't a doubt he will come back all right. He loves you too much to stay away from you long."

"Mr. Barnes, he 'll never come back!" the child burst out, tragically. "I struck him! And he loved me the best of any body on earth. Oh, I wisht I was dead!"

His heart poured out its long-repressed grief in pitiful, wrenching sobs. But they brought relief after a little; and, leaving Eric on the hotel steps, the minister hastened off on his search. For an hour he tramped about the village, making inquiries here and there. He met several of Eric's scouts, but learned nothing from them until, on one of the outlying streets, Reddy Maginnis came flying down the dusty road, with his hat in his hand and his red hair streaming wildly

out behind. Something about him made Barnes halt, with a sense of uneasiness.

"Mr. Barnes," shouted the lad, as loudly as his breathless condition would permit, "Watch is dead! That man that just moved into Hitchcock's house — from the country — caught him suckin' eggs, and — and shot him."

"Dead!" said Barnes, with a sickness creeping over him.

"Yes, sir — and layin' right in the road, with his head full of buck-shot."

It was true. When Barnes reached the scene a group of eager little boys had gathered round the dead dog and were looking, half in fear, half in fascination, at his glassy eyes.

"Boys," said the minister gravely, "this will be a sad day for Eric, and I don't want any of you to tell him of this. I want to tell him myself. If you see him before I do, send him to me at my study."

"Oh, say, Mr. Barnes — *look!*" excitedly cried one of the boys.

Barnes turned with the others. Minister of the gospel that he was, familiar with grief and death, he felt for the moment like shirking his duty and flying. For, far down the street, a grotesque little figure between crutches was coming rapidly toward them.

Barnes did not attempt to stop and prepare Eric, for it was plain from his agitated manner that he already knew all. As he came up, gasping for breath and reeling from fatigue, the circle sympathetically opened for him, and the next moment he stood in the presence of his beloved dead. He did not speak or move. His eyes simply glazed in inexpressible horror; a deadly pallor spread over his face; his little scrawny throat worked spasmodically; the fingers on the cross-pieces of the crutches twitched and relaxed their hold; and then he fell, senseless, across the dog's body.

Sorrowfully, they carried him home and put him to bed. But he did not rally as he should have. For days he lay in a stupor — a merciful stupor. Some spring within him had snapped; the incentive to live was gone. Watch's death, the doctor said, had merely hastened the inevitable.

Mr. Barnes, whom the little sufferer seemed to prefer to his own parents, spent a portion of each day at the bedside. One

afternoon, when he was brighter than usual, Eric said:

"Do you remember, Mr. Barnes, what you said oncet about dogs goin' to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Are you still sure that they go?"

"Yes."

Eric gazed at the ceiling with an illuminated face, as if he were even then looking into heaven and saw his dear dog.

"Do you think Watch knows now, sir, how sorry I am that I struck him?"

"I have n't a doubt of it, my boy."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" exclaimed the little fellow with a seraphic smile, while tears of joy welled up in his eyes. He lay still for several minutes, in a kind of ecstatic trance.

"Will it be long, do you think, before I go?" he asked.

"To heaven, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I hope it will be. You are too young to die. You don't want to go yet, do you?"

"Yes. I want to see Watch."

"But do you want to leave the rest of us behind — your playmates, and father and mother, and me?"

"No. I wisht you could all go 'long. Me and Watch would like it better with you all there. Mebbe I'd stay here longer," he added, apologetically, "but Watch might git tired of waitin' for me, and think that I was n't sorry that I hit him." He closed his eyes for a moment, for even talking wearied him. Then he went on: "If a boy had told some lies just a little while before he died, do you think the angels would let him into heaven?"

"What ones have you told?"

"I told the boys I could git my leg fixed for five dollars, and that I'd sooner be lame than to have good legs. And I told 'em I knew a general that was lame, and had a million soldiers — but I don't."

"I don't think that will keep you out of heaven, especially if you are sorry," answered Mr. Barnes, with moist eyes.

"I am sorry," said Eric, dreamily.

He soon fell asleep and the minister slipped away. The next morning as he crossed the street to make his usual inquiry, he saw a pale-haired, weeping woman fastening some white crêpe to the front door of the hotel.



QUARANTINED RIVALS

BY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE STRIKE BREAKER," "SKEEZICKS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. GARDNER-SOPER

IN the future, then, we shall meet as strangers," announced the young man, pausing in the doorway and folding his arms.

There is only one set of conditions under which a man may be forgiven a remark so florid as that. He must be young and very much in love. Melodrama then comes as naturally as milk to a baby. Bruce Farney was young and very much in love. He had a right to melodrama.

"It would perhaps be ever so much more agreeable and less awkward if we should not meet at all," the young woman blandly replied.

Neither age nor any given condition of the affections are necessary to make a woman talk like that. A two-edged remark with a spiral blade comes easily to her under any needed circumstances, from the cradle to the

grave. Consequently it must be plainly stated, if you are to know it, that Miss Peyson was charming, young, and quite well disposed toward Mr. Farney.

The whole affair was very simple. Mr. Howard's card had been sent in while Mr. Farney was making an afternoon call on Miss Peyson. Mr. Howard and Mr. Farney had permitted themselves a dispute the evening before, ostensibly about billiards but really on account of Miss Peyson, though her name had not been even so much as hinted. Mr. Farney requested Miss Peyson to say "Not at home." She would not establish such an uncomfortable precedent. Mr. Farney insisted. Miss Peyson noticed that the maid was trying, with some difficulty, to conceal a smile, and she peremptorily ordered that Mr. Howard be shown in. And there you are!

The maid liked Mr. Farney the better of the two young men. There was no particular reason for it. No reason is necessary in affairs of this sort. She simply liked him the better, that was all. Consequently she allowed Mr. Howard to wait while she went into the library to open a window with much ostentation, thereby giving Mr. Farney one more chance.

"It is n't too late, Elsie," he pleaded. "Kitty has n't gone to the door yet. Please have her tell Howard that you're not in."

Kitty came slowly from the library, and so evidently paused for a reversal of orders that the thing was impossible.

"Kitty," said Miss Peyson icily, "tell Mr. Howard to come right back."

Kitty disappeared.

"I shall never darken your door again," declared Bruce, and whirled on his heel.

Miss Peyson listened to his receding footsteps for a moment, then she suddenly repented and rushed to the door.

"Bruce!" she softly called, but he stalked straight on. If it had not been for the other caller out in the hall, she would have run after him in a panic of contrition, and have led him back by the ear to take a delightful scolding, but — it was impossible. Oh, well, he would soon call again. If he did not, she could write him a non-committal little note that would bring him in a hurry. There are ways, and no girl has to be taught them. The

"'You might let the gentleman take Dick's room,' suggested Miss Peyson to her unconscious mother"





"he did n't care much how long his enforced vacation lasted"

knowledge came with the apple that was eaten by mother Eve.

Mr. Farney and Mr. Howard did not meet in the hall. Far from it. They simply passed by each other. Mr. Howard, however, was smiling. Mr. Farney was not. One, remember, was coming in, the other going out. Even the divine Venus, no doubt, had her off days, when ambrosia disagreed with her, and nectar, if there was a difference, made her hunt up her pepsin tablets. And this was an off day for Miss Peyson. Let him, or her, who never had an off day, cast the first stone.

Mr. Howard was still smiling when he entered the drawing-room.

"Farney must have some bad news," he gloated. "I just met him in the hall looking as cheerful as a hearse."

The remark was in very bad taste. Miss Peyson resented it. Anyhow, Howard was a meddler. If he had not called at just the moment he did — That aggravating smile of his must be removed. It was unbearably presumptuous.

"Always talking shop," she said with gay raillery.

There are exasperating moments when even the flawlessly bred are goaded into brutality. Howard winced. He felt the spiteful claws under the velvety touch. His

father had been an undertaker in those early days before he had formed the coffin combine. Of course it was n't nice for the irritated Miss Peyson to remind him of this, and if she had been of the really exclusives she would n't have been so direct about it. The Peysons and the Howards and the Farneys were really not *the* people. They were merely folks. Hardly that, though they all attended grand opera in their own carriages, and the women folk of the families were jealous of each other's diamonds and gowns, and never-endingly miserable over their social affairs; so you can see that they were all "comfortably" fixed.

It was n't very far to a quarrel from this delightful start, and they took the shortest road, a further proof that they were not of the socially elect. The genuine article has no such thing as temper or emotion. You could n't say that about Howard, especially if you had seen his face as he stamped down the hall about ten minutes after Farney had slammed the door. Kitty was quite delighted. He looked even more ferociously glum than Farney had been.

Miss Peyson was appalled. Neither of the boys would ever come back again, and it would serve her right. She liked both of them so well, too, though she had a choice.



"I guess you 'll get the coal now, and like it, won't you?"

Her tearful eyes roved to the mantel where a plaster Cupid sat eternally mending a broken arrow, and she swiftly removed that urchin to her secretary and locked him in. It was all his fault.

In the meantime Mr. Farney had found a surprise. As he went down the walk he met a big policeman, with a pitted face, coming up to the house with a big red card in his hand.

"Ye can't lave th' house, sir," said the policeman.

"But I did," corrected Mr. Farney.

"Ye'll have to go back," insisted the officer.

"I can't do it," protested Bruce. "I've sworn never to darken the door again."

"Then ye'll have to go in t'rough th' wihndy, young man, f'r th' house is undher quarantine. Mr. Peyson's cook's sister was took away to th' pest house an hour ago wid th' smallpox. Th' cook was over this mornin' t' see'er. Th' wagon 's dhrivin' down th' alley now t' git th' cook."

The minion of the law was a little bit surprised. He had seen people turn faint, dumb, or profane at an announcement like this, but never before had he seen any one seem actually pleased at the prospect of

being shut up two weeks under a smallpox quarantine. But then how was he to know the conditions under which Mr. Farney had left Miss Peyson?

Mr. Farney, cheerfully smiling, walked around to the side of the house, examining the openings. Under the bay window a wide and deep cellar casement was open and, stooping down, he saw a roaring blue flame within.

"It's all right," he called to the officer. "There's a plumber down there. I'll drop in and scare him stiff."

Mr. Farney swung himself down through the window with athletic ease.

"If he's right in th' belfry, I dunno," commented the officer, "but that lad cud git on th' foorce dead easy. He's a grand build of a boy."

The plumber was just turning out his brazier when the young man descended into the dry and airy basement room and broke the news with fine dramatic effect. The man was not to be agitated. He quietly rolled up his tools in a black looking rag, buckled two straps around the bundle, lit his pipe and sat comfortably down on a bench.

"My time goes on just the same," said he in huge content.

"You might plumb a little while you're here, just for amusement, you know," suggested Bruce, pausing at the bottom of the kitchen-stairs.

"Not a tap," the plumber assured him. "I was just a-starting to the shop for tools when you come."

The young man regarded the complacent plumber with admiration not un-mixed with awe, and went on up into the kitchen. He had scarcely opened the door when a scrimmage broke loose in four Irish dialects. Three burly policemen were removing the cook and reflecting that the chief should have sent six of them. When they were gone the kitchen looked like a laundry. In the dining-room Farney met Kitty and explained, then he went up by the back stairway, to Dick Peyson's room to wash up. Dick and he were great chums.

It was about this time that Mr. Howard, having been stopped on the door-step and turned back by the pitted-faced policeman, rang the bell for re-admission. Miss Peyson, who had joined her mother in the library, answered the bell. She held the door open with a haughty question in the poise of her head. That was as far as the question got, however, and Mr. Howard felt himself impelled to answer in the same mute expressiveness. The result would have been extremely awkward for any but youthful persons supported by aggressively hurt feelings, and, as it was, the moments lagged. There is no telling how long they might have remained there, glaring, had not Mrs.

Peyson at that moment emerged from the library, and the policeman pushed his way into the vestibule behind Mr. Howard.

The policeman made his formal announcement of the quarantine, then withdrew, leaving Mr. Howard inside to make a welcome for himself under rather an awkward handicap.

"I'm afraid you'll have to give a house-party, with myself as the only guest, for a couple of weeks, Mrs. Peyson," he said with a laugh that was intended to be light and airy.

Mrs. Peyson returned no answer, for the simple reason that she had sat down on a chair and quietly fainted. It was a little way she had when anything annoyed her, and neither of the young people was at all frightened. They had both seen her faint so often before. The family physician always winked to himself and charged ten dollars when he was consulted about the ailment, and the family had rather quit bothering him about it.

"You might let the gentleman take Dick's room," suggested Miss Peyson to her unconscious mother. "He knows where it is, I believe."

"I can find the way quite easily, thank you, Mrs. Peyson," he suavely replied, addressing the speechless elder lady. "I beg of you not to put yourself out at all," and he went up-stairs.

Miss Peyson then revived her mother, with the most gentle consideration. The matron had been so convenient. Without her presence conversation would have been extremely difficult.



"'Only a little,' he half-whispered, and followed this up with another artistic groan"



“‘NOTHING SHALL DISTURB YOU WHILE I AM NEAR’”

Mr. Howard grinned to himself as he went down the hall to Dick's well-known den, where the boys played poker every time the family was out of town. A week or two as the house guest of the Peysons would not be so bad, after all. In that time he would guarantee to make her forget Farney, absolutely and forever. He was half-whistling when he turned into Dick's room. The door of young Peyson's bath-room stood open, and a young man was in plain sight, in his shirt-sleeves, washing his hands and face. At first Howard thought that Dick must be at home, and was just congratulating himself on that circumstance when the young man turned and came out, drying his hands on a towel. It was Bruce Farney, and he was smiling cheerfully.

There was but one thing left for Mr. Howard to do, and that was to retreat as gracefully as he might. Picking up Dick's golf-bag with a businesslike air, he strode from the room, and Mr. Farney hastened to close the door after him, very, very gently. Had there been a cat in the hall Mr. Howard would have kicked it with intense satisfaction. Failing to find a cat he kept his eyes open for the next best thing and found it. A heavy young man in one of the front rooms was measuring the apartment for a new carpet and whistling Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Mr. Howard stood in the door and watched him measuring and recording, awaiting in gleeful malice the moment when the pink-cheeked young man should look up.



"Kitty . . . Can you be brave?"



"Kicked up his heels in glee"

"Smallpox!" he exclaimed, when he caught the young fellow's eye.

"Eh?" said the young man, pausing to wipe his perspiring brow.

Mr. Howard hugged the golf-bag in joy. The young man was a German, and dumb wonder was in his blue eye. Howard had been possessed of an unholy desire to inflict pain on a fellow creature, but he had not even dared to hope that a raw foreigner would fall into his clutches.

"Smallpox!" he repeated, with an awe-inspiring flourish.

The blonde-haired young man nervously grabbed his yardstick.

"Eh?" he again inquired, willing to give the possible madman the benefit of the doubt.

"Smallpox," solemnly reiterated Mr. Howard. "The cook's sister has it, and the cook has just been taken to the detention hospital. We can't leave this house for two weeks."

"Ach Gott, you are choking, iss it not?" piteously begged the young man. "I should be married to-morrow efening!"

Mr. Howard was enjoying himself like a vivisectionist who has just found a new torture.

"Smallpox is no joke," he replied in his best bass, and turned to go down-stairs. The young German brushed by him on the top landing and went down three steps at a time. Out of the front door he clattered, and found himself confronted by the big policeman.

"Iss it?" he gasped, but the policeman pointed to the red card on the door post, and the other wrung his hands in a paroxysm of misery. "I should get away mit quickness,"

he protested wildly. "I should be married to-morrow efening!"

"It's a shame, Dutchy, but ye'll have to go back in an' starve," the officer heartlessly informed him. "It's no cook they have now."

"My name is Einsinger, and I work by Spellmeier and Rothschuen," said the carpetman, beginning the formula that had more than once helped him out of scrapes since he had come to America, but the other cut him short.

"I don't care a tinker's cuss if ye're name's Hock de Kaiser, ye can't lave this house f'r two weeks. Them's me ordhers," and the miserable Mr. Einsinger was forced back into the hall where he found Mr. Howard on the steps, being icily assigned, through Kitty, to the drearily luxurious front guest-chamber.

"I should be married to-morrow efening!" explained Mr. Einsinger briefly, and plunged into the front drawing-room. From there he dashed into the rear drawing-room and then into the library, where at last he found a telephone and had a number as quickly as an

excited mixture of two broken languages would allow him to make known his wants.

"Ach mein schoenes liebschen!" he wailed into the telephone presently, and then followed a torrent of beautiful and passionate Berliner Deutsch to which the puzzled listeners in the front hall politely paid no further attention. There are certain emotions of the human heart that are sacred, and, besides, none of them knew German well enough to keep up with the flow.

Miss Peyson had intended putting Mr. Einsinger in the coachman's enforcedly vacant room, but the touch of romance saved him from that humiliation. She told Kitty to prepare the second guest-chamber for him, and then swept into the drawing-room leaving Mr. Howard to his own devices. That young man suddenly discovered that he was still holding Dick's golf-bag, and he gravely eyed it as he allowed Kitty to show him to his room. Left alone he stood the golf-bag on a chair, and softly but fluently cursed it until his mind was relieved. The situation was not turning out quite as he had expected. If it had not been for Farney— Confound Farney!

"They had not known that he was there"



Mr. Farney was far from being confounded. With one of Dick's good cigars in his mouth, one of Dick's new novels in his hand, Dick's slippers on his feet, Dick's lounging-robe wrapped comfortably around him and his feet cocked up on Dick's divan while he sat in Dick's favorite easy-chair, he did n't care much how long his enforced vacation lasted. In blissful ease he passed the time, until he happened to look at his watch and noted that it was five o'clock. He began to have thoughts of dinner.

Dinner? Great Scott, there was no cook! He sprang to his feet, hastily exchanged his lounging-robe for his coat and hurried down to the kitchen, passing through clouds of horrible fumes on the way. Kitty, in despair, had straightened up the kitchen after the visit of the health officers, and had a tea-kettle simmering on the range. It was the best she could do toward a dinner, but it looked like a start, and she stood back surveying it thoughtfully between gasps and coughs when Bruce came in.

"They've been here fumigating, eh?" remarked Bruce, referring to the odors. "I believe I'd rather have the smallpox. What are you going to give us for dinner, Kitty?"

"I don't know, sir," she wailed. "The missus took hystericks, and Miss Peyson has to stay up-stairs with her. She don't know much about cooking, and I don't know anything. How would soft-boiled eggs do?"

"For two weeks?" asked Bruce. "What's in the refrigerator?" He made an examination, and gave a sigh of relief. "Here's some fine steak," he said. "We'll broil that steak to the queen's taste. We'll make some French fried potatoes that will be a dream, and you may slice these tomatoes. Maybe we can find some canned goods to help out, and in the morning we can order any supplies we want by 'phone and the police will bring them to the steps for us. Just you show me where to find things, and help, and we'll give the Peyson family a treat. I'm the greatest camp cook that ever, and this is a good deal like camping out."

Kitty could have almost wept on his bosom.

"The first thing we need is a hot fire," he went on. "Where is the coal?"

"In the back cellar, right under the kitchen here, sir," said Kitty. "Oh, I'm so glad you could n't get out of the house!"

Bruce made no reply. Grabbing two coal-pails he ran down into the cellar, just as Miss

Peyson came into the kitchen doubtfully to suggest soft-boiled eggs as a desperate dinner expedient. The plumber was lying comfortably on his bench, still smoking.

"The cook's been taken away and we'll all have to help with the dinner," began Bruce cordially. "Suppose you go into the back cellar and get these two buckets of coal while I go up and look after the other stuff."

The plumber arose to his feet, and gravely pulled a greasy card from his pocket.

"Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' Union. Local No. 69. James E. Scrubbs," read Bruce. "Well, what about it?"

"I ain't no coal carrier," said Mr. Scrubbs, taking the card and seating himself comfortably on the bench. "I'm a plumber, I am, and my time goes on just the same."

"I see," said Bruce admiringly. "Do you mean to tell me that your employer will charge Mr. Peyson for all the time that you are here?"

"Ten dollars a day," replied the plumber with dignity. "My time goes on just the same."

"Then you plumb!" commanded Bruce sternly. "Your board will cost you just ten dollars a day."

"I got to have some tools —" began Mr. Scrubbs, but Bruce cut him short. He had lost his patience.

"I know. You need a tallow candle and a match, and you charge a dollar's worth of time for going after them."

"I don't. I have to have a monkey-wrench."

"And it would n't be regular to use one they might happen to have here, eh? Well, it will this time. You get to work and earn your board."

"You go to —"

He had n't time to finish it. Bruce grabbed him by the collar and drew him up standing, then backed him firmly against the wall at the foot of the stairway, where he held him with an iron grip.

"I guess you'll get the coal, won't you?" he asked gently.

Mr. Scrubbs gave a sudden jerk. There was a clattering, heaving struggle, and then the plumber once more bumped against the wall at the foot of the stairs, with a force that drove the breath out of him with a sharp "huh!"

"I guess you'll get the coal now, and like it, won't you?" asked Bruce, twisting his hold on the collar.

Mr. Scrubbs interestedly surveyed Bruce from his broad shoulders to his sturdy limbs.

"Yessir," said he, and went to get the coal.

A giggle caused Bruce to look up. Kitty and Miss Peyson were at the top of the stairs, eagerly peering down.

"Is n't he perfectly splendid?" whispered Miss Peyson, but she was not there when he came up-stairs. Kitty told him what she had said, however, and he sang and whistled until he got dinner ready. He was so happy that he even forgave Mr. Scrubbs. When that humbled gentleman came up with the coal Bruce had the monkey-wrench ready for him, but handed it over with a pleasant smile.

"Yessir," said Mr. Scrubbs deferentially, and went straight down-stairs to plumb. Also to open another bottle of beer. He had found the supplies in the cool wine-cellar, and he liked the basement very well. He proposed to spend the night there.

It was a magnificent effort, that dinner, but the eating of it would have been deadly dull without Mr. Einsinger. Miss Peyson had invited him down to their table in desperation. Her mother could not come down, and there had to be somebody at the table to talk through, since the three others were not on speaking terms.

Poor Einsinger. He was easily the lion of the gathering. Never in all his career in America had he been paid such flattering attention. Everything that was said by the other three was addressed to him, and the answers were also addressed to him. He was quite bewildered by the immense amount of conversation in which he took part without having said a word. Jest and keen retort passed through him and over his head until he was fairly dizzy with it all.

Really, he was quite presentable, too, Miss Peyson complacently noted. He had excellent manners and seemed profoundly miserable. What more could be asked to make a model guest? But at last their kindness and attention proved too much for him. His sudden and inexplicable popularity overcame the lonesome wanderer. He choked with emotion and laid down his knife and fork.

"I am a Von," he explained, half-tearfully. "Von Einsinger. Rudolph von Einsinger. I am — what you call hochgeborn? — high born — eh? Nefer since I came by this America haf I been so — what you call like-it-should-be-treated, and it makes me

tearful in the heart. I should be married to-morrow efening!"

Rudolph von Einsinger could go no farther. His Adam's apple felt the size of a football. Poor, poor fellow. Miss Peyson invited him into the music-room after dinner. He should be made to forget his sorrows if possible. He was a housefurnisher's clerk, but he was of the nobility!

Mr. Howard and Mr. Farney helplessly watched him trail after her, and the occasion called for peace. In the face of a common enemy it behooved them to join forces.

"Well, *what* do you think of that?" exclaimed Mr. Howard.

"I forget the answer," said Mr. Farney in disgust. "Come up to Dick's room and have a cigar."

On the way they dropped into the library to call up Dick at his club and ask him if they had overlooked any of the comforts of his den. Dick and his father were having the time of their lives. Two solid weeks in which they could not come home, and of which they had to make no explanation whatever! It was a dream, Dick informed them, then gave them his blessing and told them where to find the cigars and cigarettes, pipes and tobacco, cards and chips, the Scotch, rye and bourbon, the linen and pajamas.

Strains of music came floating into the library. As the two young men passed out they glanced through the door of the music-room. Miss Peyson was at the piano, playing a nocturne, and Rudolph von Einsinger was gracefully turning the music for her.

In the silence of humiliation they tiptoed away.

"We may still enjoy ourselves," pathetically remarked Farney. "We may play casino or old maid. Cheer up, comrade."

"If we can only grab Von Sauerkraut as he comes up-stairs and teach him poker!" exclaimed Howard softly as he turned to follow up-stairs, and Farney reached down gravely to shake hands with him. Poor Einsinger.

A scream from the kitchen startled them. Running back they met Kitty in the dining-room. Mr. Scrubbs, disdaining steak and French fried potatoes had attempted to kiss her.

"Never mind," said Farney, soothingly. "I'll thrash the fellow."

"Let me," begged Howard. "It's my turn."

Kitty had boastfully told him how Farney had mastered Scrubbs.

Farney was generous about the matter. He allowed Howard to have the plumber, and went back to witness the job. It was well that he did. After Howard had an eye closed and an arm wrenched temporarily out of commission, Farney himself put the obstreperous Mr. Scrubbs down in the cellar.

"Now you behave yourself until it's time for you to get up in the morning and plumb," charged Farney, throwing down some bedding that Kitty brought him.

"Yessir," meekly observed Mr. Scrubbs, and Farney locked the door on him. He turned to find Miss Peyson in the kitchen.

"It's simply dreadful, Mr. Howard," she cried, paying no attention whatever to the gallant Farney. "I can't tell you how sorry I am for you. Does your eye hurt you much?"

There was a world of tender pity in her voice, and Farney remembered with terror that she had taken lessons in nursing in a training school. He looked around for something inexpensive to break if he should be tempted too much. Mr. Howard seized upon his opportunity. The same hurts upon the gridiron, a year ago, would not have kept him out of the game. Now, however, he groaned and tried to smile heroically.

"Only a little," he half-whispered, and followed this up with another artistic groan.

Farney was compelled to stand aside and see her bind up Howard's eye, press her cool hand upon his fevered brow and fuss over him in a motherly, ministering angel sort of way, that fairly set a fellow's teeth on edge. Bruce should not have felt that way about it. Miss Peyson had so little chance to put her nursing into practice. Nevertheless, Bruce felt like shaking her. First, a German carpet-layer had come along, and she had nearly wept over him because he had a "Von" to his name and wanted to get married. Now she was coddling Howard because he had got a black eye in a fight with a drunken plumber. Farney had half a notion to fall down and break a leg, but gave up the idea because he could n't bring himself to decide which leg.

Miss Peyson invited Howard and Von Einsinger into the music-room and the cruelly ostracized Farney stalked up to Dick's den, where he boiled and bubbled and smoked four cigars until the two favored guests came contentedly up to join him.

"We've had a delightful evening," Howard aggravatingly assured him. "By the way, it must have been rather lonesome up here."

It was n't right for him to gloat in that way, and Farney took it out of him.

"Oh, no, not at all," he replied easily. "I quite enjoyed the music. The program consisted entirely of my favorite airs. That last selection, Schubert's 'Serenade,' is always my request as a good night bit."

"Let's play poker," said Howard, abruptly changing the subject. He was one of the unfortunates who could never think of the crushing rejoinder until the next day. "Do you play, Mr. Von Pumpnickel?"

"Einsinger, Ich heis," gravely corrected the German, not noticing the rudeness. "Von Einsinger. Rudolph von Einsinger. Ja, I should play your American poker mit some slightness. I have play him in the army. Now I get married. Then I play no more. To-morrow efening it should be," and Von Einsinger rarely escaped melting into tears again.

Howard cheered up sufficiently to wink at Farney. It seemed a shame to take their revenge on the fellow through his pocket, but it was the only way. Von Einsinger laid his money on the table and announced that he never gave I. O. U.'s in a card game — any more — and they began.

They were delighted to have met Einsinger. When he had won the hundred and thirty dollars that they carried, between them, they let him retire and, amid a tense and strained silence that fell upon them like a pall when the door closed, began to play cribbage.

They were still moodily pegging lazy scores when Kitty, dressed in a kimona, came whimpering to the door at about midnight.

"The bell rang a moment ago," she told Farney. "I went down to answer it, and saw two men through the glass. One of them was a policeman. I'm — I'm so afraid."

"I'll go down," said Farney. "Go back to your room, child. You're nervous."

He trotted down-stairs and opened the door.

"Here's yer Dutchman," said the policeman, shoving a disheveled man into the vestibule. "He's a husky mut, and it took me two blocks to hand him the worst of it. If he gits out again, I'll beat his head off."

The disheveled man was found to be Von Einsinger, after careful identification by detail. His hat was gone, his hair stuck out like frost-bitten celery, his collar was broken loose and the sleeve of his coat torn loose.

Farney dragged him into Dick's room, where he and Howard surveyed him with grim satisfaction, though they kindly and carefully patched him up.

"From the porch I chump down," explained the miserable Von Einsinger. "I should be married to-morrow evening." And he insisted on going to bed.

Howard and Farney had also about decided to separate for the night, when, half an hour later, Kitty again came to the door.

"It's the bell again," she explained. "I — I'm getting so scared with everything that I want to holler!"

"If it's that confounded Von Smierkase again we'll chloroform him and tie him to the bed," grumbled Howard as Farney started down-stairs.

It was the policeman and a disheveled man at the door.

"I t'ought it was th' Dutchman again, an' I near made a Hamburger steak of him before I found out it was yer plumber," explained the night watchman, shoving Mr. Scrubbs into the vestibule. "Handle him easy or he'll drop to pieces. I hammered him nice and tender."

Mr. Scrubbs was maudlin and contrite. He had climbed out through the cellar window and tried to escape by the alley, and he got a bloody face by it, which sobered him somewhat. He went meekly, though noisy with his feet, back to the cellar with Farney. When the latter came back up-stairs he found Miss Peyson and Kitty huddled together in terror, and Howard, with his head thrown grandly back and his hand in his vest, comforting them. Miss Peyson's hair hung in a long braid down her back. She had on a drapy silk boudoir wrapper with a lot of white lace on it. She looked good enough to eat, and she was listening with rapt attention to Howard.

"That's an excellent idea, Miss Peyson," he was saying. "You just take Kitty to your room with you for the balance of the night, and I'll sleep on the couch in the hall right opposite your door. Nothing shall disturb you while I am near."

"It is so kind of you!" she murmured. "I really don't know what we should have done without some one, strong and fearless, to protect us."

A tear glistened on her pretty lashes as she turned a look of gratitude upon Howard. Farney went back to Dick's room and slammed all the cushions of the divan into

the far end of the bath-room. Howard came in presently with a most harrowing grin.

"I shall just take this lounging-robe and a blanket out with me," he said. "There are enough cushions on the couch. By George! it makes a man feel like somebody to be called on to protect the ladies! It's an honor!"

"You'll be all right if the plumber don't get loose," Farney cruelly reminded him. "Your eye is getting an awful color."

Howard was out in the hall on the couch, with the blanket tucked up comfortably under his chin, before he could think of a suitable answer to this taunt, and then he was too lazy to get up and fling it back at Farney. It occurred to him to remind Farney that it was well worth getting a black eye to have it bound up by Miss Peyson.

"Pity," he murmured just as he dropped off to sleep — "pity is akin to love."

Miss Peyson had pitied him for that black eye. It was the first thing he thought of when he awoke in the morning. The night had passed without further incident than Mr. Scrubbs getting hilariously drunk in the basement, but this disturbed no one but the police. The others were too far away to hear him singing, or later, just before daybreak, fighting with a bag of potatoes that had wantonly insulted him.

While Miss Peyson and Kitty were getting a breakfast — of soft-boiled eggs — Howard slipped into the library, where he read up on the symptoms of smallpox. He had an idea. It was about eleven o'clock when he met Miss Peyson in the upper hall and dramatically held out his hand to ward off her approach, while she was yet twenty feet away from him.

"Stop!" he declaimed. "Don't, I beg of you, come any nearer to me! I have a high fever, with pains in my back and limbs. I feel that the scourge has fastened upon me!"

Miss Peyson wrung her hands and he staggered into Dick's room, where he lay down on the divan and kicked up his heels in glee. He knew Miss Peyson. She had quite advanced ideas about nursing and duty. No power on earth would keep her from his side. He had been given a hint, in the care with which she had bound up his eye, of how gentle and tender a nurse she could be. At the most gentle and tender point he would propose, be accepted and get well.

"Pity is akin to love," he once more murmured to himself with a grin appreciative of his own cleverness, then covered himself and

prepared to run up his temperature by pure will power and cussedness.

Miss Peyson, in the meantime, had taken prompt measures. Straight down the stairs she flew to where she knew Kitty was sweeping the front hall.

"Kitty," she said in the solemn tones of a martyr, "you must be a brave girl, now! Can you be brave?"

"Y-y-y-yes ma'am." The girl was scared into a chill by the new development foreshadowed in Miss Peyson's grim determination.

"Mr. Howard is taken with smallpox. Above all things you must not tell mother. I am going to telephone to the doctor, and then I shall go up-stairs and you must not see me again. You must not come to the upper floor, any of you. I shall care for our guest."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, Elsie," broke in the commanding voice of Mr. Farney, from the library door. "I shall nurse Howard myself."

"No, Bruce," she said, forgetting their petty quarrel in the face of this grave danger. "It is my duty. He is not only my guest, but my friend. I should be a coward to desert him in his hour of need."

It never occurred to Bruce, nor to any of them for that matter, in the flurry of the moment, that she would not be allowed to nurse him; that the patient would be promptly whisked off in the ambulance the moment he was pronounced infected. It did occur to him, however, that if there was any danger to be incurred it was his business to shield her from it, whether she was willing or not. Moreover, he did n't like this nursing idea. There is scarcely any power on earth, he reflected, to keep a woman from falling in love with the man she nurses through a dangerous illness. So he put his foot down sharply.

"You shall not!" he declared.

"I must!" she insisted, not without a thrill of unexpected pleasure at the masterful tone he was taking with her.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed, his heart in his voice, as he gripped her by the arms and held her off from him to compel obedience by his eyes.

Von Einsinger had come restlessly down, and now stood on the bottom landing of the

stairs, sympathetically smitten by the tableau, but no one noticed him. Howard, up in Dick's room, had worked up a very fair fever, but was beginning to fret a little. Miss Peyson, he complained to himself, was taking plenty of time to fly to his bedside. Kitty was affected to tears, but whether of fright or sentiment she could not have told under cross-examination.

There was a sharp ring at the door-bell. Kitty, trembling, flew to open it. The pitted-faced policeman was back on duty, and he held the red card in his hand.

"It's all off, th' quarantine is," he gruffly announced. "Th' cook's sister had no smallpox at all. It was some other trislin' thing she has, wid a name like a Rooshian roll-call, an' th' cook'll be back in time f'r loonch. Good-day to ye."

Kitty did a jig step, half-laughing and half-crying, as she closed the door after him.

Bruce was still holding Miss Peyson off from him by the arms, and now, as they looked deep into each other's eyes, a slow smile, tender and glad and mischievous at once, stole upon their lips. Both acknowledged, by that smile, that their quarrel had been a mere pretense. Bruce made a movement to draw her gently to him, but Miss Peyson remembered the inquisitive little maid.

"Kitty," she said, "you may run up to Dick's room and tell Mr. Howard that he is not getting the smallpox."

Kitty was delighted with the message. She did n't like Howard very well, anyhow. She tripped lightly up-stairs with a roguish backward glance at Von Einsinger, who had collapsed on the steps. Bruce looked up at the top flight where the hem of her skirt was just disappearing, and then drew Miss Peyson, unresisting, to him.

A queer sound broke upon their happiness, and, looking around, they saw with confusion that Von Einsinger had been a witness. They had not known that he was there. They need not have felt so cheap about it, however, for Von Einsinger, affected to tears, was blubbering like a child.

"Ach Gott!" he happily wept. "Such choyousness gifs me to weeping from mein heart! It is to-night — to-night, yess — that I should be married!"

ELLIS JOHNSON'S BOOK

BY

MYRA WILLIAMS JARRELL



ELLIS JOHNSON pushed open the door leading into the private office of William Bradley, head of the Bradley Book Publishing Company, and entered. There was no light of expectancy upon his face, no eagerness or hope; nothing but a dull apathy which denoted that he was certain of failure.

He stood, awkwardly turning his hat in his bony hands, waiting to be noticed by the man who sat with his back turned to him, bending over a desk strewn with papers.

He was a pathetic figure as he stood there, with his shabby clothes neatly brushed, but there was a certain dignity in his poise and in the outlines of his honest face, with its large nose and mouth, its high cheek bones, and unswerving gray eyes, which commended this man to men.

His manner was so dejected that when the publisher finally glanced up at him sharply through his glasses, he felt an unusual pang of pity.

"See here," he said brusquely. "You look like you had sense enough to know you can't write, and yet I'll be hanged if I know why you left this stuff here to be examined."

Johnson moistened his lips before he replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile — "It was to please her, my wife, that I wrote that."

"But surely you know it is not acceptable; I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Mr. Johnson, but I advise you to give up all idea of a literary career — have you no further business?"

"Not now. You see," dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I was bookkeeper for Blanke & Son, and was doing very well, but my wife always thought I was wasting my talents" — he coughed apologetically — "so she kept at me till I gave up my position to

devote my time to writing. I did n't think I could, but she did," he ended simply.

The publisher stared at him in sheer amazement, then blurted out, "But I don't understand how a woman's whim could make such a fool of you — you don't look like a weak chap, if you'll pardon my saying it."

"Well, you see," Ellis continued, "my wife is an invalid, in fact she has consumption" — his voice faltered — "and some heart trouble besides, and the doctor says any disappointment would kill her. I have been putting her off about this story, telling her it was being considered. And so it has been, several times, and rejected, and I guess now I'll have to tell her the truth."

"Don't do that," suggested the kindly publisher. "Lie to her, say it's been accepted. I wish you could honestly say that it had been, but you know how impossible this thing is," he said, handing a bulky package to Ellis.

For answer, Ellis dropped the labor of months into a huge waste basket, and then, in a few words thanking the publisher for his advice, he left the office.

He threaded his way through the crowded street, stopping only once to buy a bunch of grapes for his wife — unconscious of the passers-by, the hour of day, everything but the fact that he had failed, miserably failed.

As he dragged himself up the three flights of stairs to the place he called home, his thoughts were not pleasant or profitable ones.

He recalled the early days of his married life, with his modest little cottage in one of the suburbs, his daily work which now, in the light of subsequent idleness and failure, seemed so satisfying and congenial, and the quiet, pleasant evenings at home with the dear wife; that was before she became ambitious for him.

Now, reduced to living in one room in a miserable apartment house, with his scanty income, saved during his industrious working days for the proverbial "rainy day," rapidly diminishing, and with the sense of his failure, complete, unquestionable and unalterable, before him, he felt himself upon the verge of an abyss.

At the door of the room he paused, straightened himself, forced a cheerful look and entered.

The room was meagerly furnished; a gasoline stove and a small cupboard containing a few dishes and cooking utensils in one corner; a cane-seated rocking-chair, with the seat sagging and ready to succumb; and, beside the bed, a marble-topped table containing some fruit, a magazine and a few carnations standing in a cheap vase.

In the bed, propped up with pillows, was a woman. One who, in spite of the unmistakable waxen pallor betokening consumption, was the type of woman who holds a man's heart through eternity.

In the face of the man who entered was a look of idolatry. In spite of the fact that she had used her influence to his undoing, he worshipped her.

She looked at him anxiously as he approached the bed and drew up the dilapidated rocker and sat down upon it, softly taking and caressing one of her little waxen hands as he did so.

"Well, dear," she finally asked him — "what luck have you had?"

Without meeting her eyes he said bravely — "Good luck, little girl; the story has been accepted. You will ride in your carriage yet, and have a coachman in livery."

On top of the pain which the deception cost him, was the pang his own words caused as he realized that there would be but one more ride for her, and that over the long, dreary stretch of road to the cemetery. He could not repress a groan at the thought, and buried his face in the bed-clothes, passionately hanging onto the little hand he held.

"Why, what is the matter, Ellis?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing, dear. I am a little tired, that's all — I have walked a long ways to-day."

"Why did n't you ride?" she questioned.

"Because I thought the exercise would be good for me," he answered cheerfully — for in his unselfishness he did not want her to

know that he would not spend the money on himself even for carfare.

"But tell me about the book," she insisted — "When will it come out?"

He glanced at her face, and saw that there was a bright red spot on either cheek — and answered quickly — "Let me cook some supper first, sweetheart — for I am hungry, and I know you are" — and rising he went to the small box which served as refrigerator, and said: "Guess what I have for your supper?"

"I can't imagine," she said languidly, and then, with more animation, "Oh, Ellis, won't it be fun when I can just ring a bell, and say to the housemaid haughtily — 'Tell cook to fry the terrapin a little harder than she did the last time.' By the way, Ellis, what is terrapin?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but I know its dead swell to eat it."

"Oh, yes, and frightfully expensive — that's why I shall want to have it every day," she responded gaily.

"In the meantime, will you deign to eat some oyster stew?" queried her husband anxiously.

She became languid again instantly, for it was one of the symptoms of her disease, that, though she had no conception of the seriousness of her sickness, she had no desire to eat. She reveled in the thought of feasts, but the real fact of eating had no charms for her.

Seeing this, and regretting her lapse from imaginary joys, which had almost made him forget the reality, he strove gently to inspire her again.

"Will you insist upon dressing for dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, of course — you must dress just as the swells do that we used to see dining in the café's when we would come in for the theater," she replied gaily.

Her light reference to those happy days smote him, and he said half sadly — "Don't you wish, dear, that we could slip back to the old life?"

"Oh, no, no," — she cried excitedly, while the flush in her cheeks burned more brightly, and her eyes were brilliant — "for then we were so poor, and had to sit in the balcony. Hereafter when we go, we will have a box, and go in our own carriage, and I will wear a dress cut way down" — she stopped, and laughed a little hysterically. "I will have to get some flesh on me before I

can dress that way, won't I?" — Then, with a catch in her gay little voice — "I must hurry up and get well — I don't seem to make much progress, do I, dear?"

Ellis walked to the window and looked out, keeping his back to her, as he answered — "All in good time, Liebschen — we must n't worry about it."

His face was working convulsively, but his voice was calm and natural; so, too, was his face when, after a few moments he returned to his task, dished up the oyster stew, and took it over to the little table.

With heart-breaking anxiety he watched her sip it — trying to eat to please him, and plainly forcing every mouthful. Finally, meeting his eyes, she said laughingly — "It is n't that the soup is n't good, Ellis, but it's the thought of all that terrapin that has satisfied my appetite, till I really can't eat any more."

After he had swallowed his own portion, and had neatly washed and put away the dishes, he drew his chair up by the window, put out the lamp, and with playful peremptoriness told his wife that she must stop talking and go to sleep so that she could gain strength enough to go to a fine dressmaker and be measured for some of those new clothes she had been talking about.

He sat for a long time, with the moonlight streaming in at the window, sunk in deep, sad thought. He knew that he must keep up the sham, and that he must invent new lies all the time to satisfy her natural curiosity about the publication of his book.

As he sat there, miserably communing with himself, he fancied he heard a little sigh, and turning asked quickly — "What is it, dear?"

"Oh, Ellis, what's the use of pretending? I know — I'm so afraid, that is — that I'm never going to get well? Tell me the truth dear — for I'd rather know it — do I have to die?"

He gave one agonized cry, as he knelt by the bed, and put both his strong arms about the little frail figure, and drew her close, close to him.

"Never mind" — she whispered brokenly — "I understand — let's not talk any more now about it — to-morrow — to-morrow" — her voice broke, and she leaned her head with its weight of soft hair against his cheek for a moment, then pushed him from her, and sank among the pillows. He

knelt there by her bed for a long time, for hours, it seemed to him, until he thought she had gone to sleep, and then he wearily lay down and found blessed respite in slumber.

The next few weeks were filled with sad sweetness for them both, and with desperation for him, for there was almost nothing left of his money, and he could not leave her long enough now to earn more, even if he had had the chance.

She would talk about his book, and the success it would bring to him, and her happiness that her judgment was sound in advising him as she had. At such times he was glad of the deception which was making her last days sweet to her.

Again she would try to be gay and pretend that she was going to enjoy the wealth which his book would certainly bring — but her efforts in this line were pathetic failures — "Play you're my butler," she said one day. "I am not quite certain in my own mind either, just what a butler's duties are. I know I should be dreadfully afraid of one, and would n't know whether to say 'Good-morning' and bow to him when I passed him or not. But, of course, I'm not afraid of you, you dear old goose! Butler, bring me — bring me — oh bring me back my health!" she finished sobbingly.

He had her in his arms instantly, soothing her as he would a child, but her grief, like his own, was past all healing.

Every day she asked him with feverish excitement when the book would be out — "I do hope I will live to see it," she said pitifully — "I could die happy then — 'An Ideal Lost,' by Ellis Johnson — I hope people won't think it means your poor little wife — for I may not — may not —"

She did not finish it, and there was no need; with his head bowed with grief, her husband read the end of the sentence.

As the days went slowly by, and her little figure shrank visibly, and the stamp of death became more fixed upon her face, Ellis Johnson nearly lost his reason.

In addition to the task of answering her pitiful little enquiries concerning the book, he was obliged to solve the problem of converting bread out of stone, and conjuring fish out of nothing.

When the day came that he had been dreading, and he realized that his dying wife could have neither food nor medicine unless

he could raise some money, he was in a mood for anything.

Carefully brushing his clothes, he told his wife that he was going out to his publishers, and would probably receive the first installment of the money his book was to bring.

As he passed down the stairs and into the street he had no clear idea as to what he should do — he only knew that he was going to do something.

He wandered up and down the streets for a while, vaguely wondering how he was going to raise some money to tide matters over until — until *she* should leave him — after that, nothing mattered.

He finally plunged into a store, and went up to the owner, who was a red-faced, jolly, fat man, and timidly said, without prelude, "I am a stranger to you, but if you have a heart lend me \$5.00, and I will pay you back when I can get work."

"Well, listen to his nerve," ejaculated the fat man — "Get out of my store, or I'll have you put out."

He met with the same success at several different places, and when he hesitatingly tried to explain about his wife, was jeered at. "Same old sickly wife story," laughed one man he appealed to, "I should think you fellows would try a new dodge."

Only the thought of the sick little woman at home, kept him from knocking the fellow down — and gritting his teeth, he left the place, angry and disheartened.

He started back in the direction of his home, when he saw a woman ahead of him, richly dressed and young, and he decided to make one more effort — "She is a woman, and will understand," he argued to himself.

So, hastening his steps, he lifted his hat and spoke to her. "Madam, forgive this intrusion; my wife is dying near here, and I have n't one penny to buy nourishment for her. If you will lend me \$5.00 and give me your address I will pay you back, some day."

The woman turned cold, light eyes upon him and said, — "You must be drunk. Say another word to me, and I'll call a policeman." He uttered a groan of utter despair as he dropped back, and then his despair gave way to a blind, unreasoning fury. He felt that he could murder this woman, so pitiless and cold and cruel, while his own wife — "My God!" he thought, "she may be dying now — alone!"

Just then he noted two things — that the woman ahead of him wore her purse suspended from her belt, and that he was near his own stairway. With a quick movement, he wrenched the purse loose, and darted up the stairs before the woman had time to discover her loss. But before he had gone up many steps, a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, turning, he glared into the face of a big, strong policeman.

"No use resisting, old man," said the policeman soothingly — "I've got you, so come along with me."

"I can't," Ellis panted, struggling to free himself.

"Hold on," said the policeman good-naturedly — "You better not make any resistance — I saw you take it."

"Here, take the purse," said the desperate man — but let me go. I tell you man, I must go."

"I'm sorry," said the policeman, "but you'll have to come with me."

"Listen," said Ellis in a quick, jerky whisper — "upstairs here a woman lies dying, the woman I love, my wife. It was for her I stole the purse. For God's sake, man, don't take me from her — let me stay with her till the last, then I'll go with you."

The policeman's face, from being incredulous, softened somewhat, and relaxing his hold, he said — "Well, lead on, but no tricks, mind you. If what you say is true, I'll wait outside the door till — till you come. Give me the purse."

Ellis ran up the stairs two steps at a time, and opened the door of his room fearfully, and left it slightly ajar, and the policeman who had followed, stationed himself in the shadow to wait.

When Ellis entered the room his wife opened her eyes, and asked faintly, but eagerly — "When will it be, Ellis? Soon, I hope, or I — won't — see — it —"

"Oh, soon, sweetheart," he cried, sinking on his knees by the bed, and forgetting the policeman and everything in the sorrow which was coming swiftly, surely.

Her little hands were cold, her lips were blue and pinched — and there was a strained unnatural expression in her wide eyes.

"Come closer, dear, so I can see you. Has the sun gone down? It is growing so dark that I don't see your face."

He drew her close to him, and kissed her reverently on the lips — then she smiled and

said dreamily, her voice growing a little weaker with every word — “‘An Ideal Lost’ — by — Ellis Johnson.”

After that her mind seemed to wander, and she said more faintly still, “I ’m — glad — I — lived — to — see — it.” She gave a little gasp, her head fell back, and it was over.

He never knew how long he stayed by the bed, caressing the lifeless fingers, and

whispering sweet babbling tendernesses to the unresponding lips. With a sudden shock, he came to a realization of his position, and, straightening himself, and giving one long look at the body on the bed, he stepped to the door and out into the hall. There was no one there. He stood a few moments, waiting, but no one came, so he stepped back into the room, and softly closed the door upon himself and his beloved.

THE OULD TUNES

BY

MOIRA O’NEILL

A BOY we had belongin’ us, an’ och, but he was gay,
 An’ we’d sooner hear him singin’ than we’d hear the birds in May;
 For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an’ all ye had to do,
 Only name the song ye wanted an’ he’d sing it for ye through
 Wid his “*Up* now there!” an’ his “Look about an’ thry for it,”
 Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could find —
 “Poppies in the Corn” too, an’ “Mollie, never cry for it!”
 “The pretty girl I courted,” an’ “There’s trouble in the wind.”

Music is deludherin’, ye’ll hear the people say,
 The more they be deludhered then the better is their case;
 I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a fiddle play
 An’ since Hughie up an’ left us this has been another place.
 Arrah, *Come* back, lad! an’ we’ll love you when you sing for us —
 Sure we’re gettin’ oulder an’ ye’ll maybe come too late —
 Sing “Girl Dear!” an’ “The Bees among the Ling” for us,
 Still I’d shake a foot to hear “The Pigeon on the Gate.”

Oh Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change,
 He should ha’ stayed the boy he was an’ never grown a man;
 I seen the shadow on his face before his time to range,
 An’ I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin can.

But *that’s* not the way! — oh, I’d feel my heart grow light again,
 Hughie, if I’d hear you at the “Pleasant Summer Rain.”
 Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong ’ud all come right again,
 Listenin’ for an hour, I’d forget the feel o’ pain.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

III

UNIVERSITY-DAYS IN BONN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

It is much to be regretted that the limitations of magazine publication compel the omission of the interesting account Mr. Schurz gives of his classical studies and of the value he attaches to them, as well as of the details of his passing from the Gymnasium to the University, and his first experiences of University life. The omitted paragraphs will, of course, appear in the book. To connect the interrupted narrative — when Carl Schurz was nearing the end of his gymnasium course, his father became involved in business troubles and was obliged to remove his family to Bonn. Young Schurz, unable to continue his studies at Cologne, joined the family in Bonn, and entered the University there — first as an irregular student. But in due time he passed the graduation examinations at Cologne and was then regularly matriculated at the University. He became a welcome member of the Burschenschaft Franconia, one of that class of students' associations which had been organized at various universities after the wars of liberation of 1813, 1814, and 1815. — THE EDITOR.

IT was at the beginning of the winter-semester of 1847-48, at Bonn, that I made the acquaintance of Prof. Gottfried Kinkel—an acquaintance which for my later years became one of fateful consequence. Kinkel delivered lectures on literature and art history, some of which I attended. I also participated in his course of rhetorical exercises. This brought me into close personal contact with him. He was, at the time when I first knew him, thirty-two years of age, the son of an evangelical minister stationed in a village on the Rhine, and he himself was also educated for the church. To this end he visited the Universities of Bonn and Berlin. In the year 1836 he settled down at the University of Bonn as teacher of church history, but on account of his health made a journey to Italy in 1837, where he began the study of the history of art. After his return he became assistant preacher of an evangelical church in Cologne, where he attracted large congregations by the eloquence of his sermons. In the meantime his poetical gifts, which by

personal intercourse with Simrock, Wolfgang Müller, Freiligrath and others, had been constantly stimulated, had attracted wide attention. Especially his romantic epic, "Otto der Schütz," won for him a prominent name in literature. In Cologne he became acquainted with the divorced wife of a bookseller, a woman of extraordinary mental brilliancy. While rowing on the Rhine one day Kinkel saved her from drowning, the boat having capsized, and soon after, in the year 1843, they were married. This union with a divorced Roman Catholic woman would alone have sufficed to make his position as an evangelical clergyman untenable, had it not already been undermined by his outspoken liberal opinions. For this reason he abandoned theology and accepted a position of professor-extraordinary of art history at the University of Bonn.

As a lecturer he proved himself exceedingly attractive by his command of the subject as well as by his interesting personality and the charm of his delivery. Kinkel was a very handsome man, of regular features and herculean stature, being over

six feet in height, and a picture of strength. He had a wonderful voice, both strong and soft, high and low, powerful and touching in its tone, gentle as a flute and thundering like a trombone — a voice which seemed to command all the registers of the church organ. To listen to him was at the same time a musical and an intellectual joy. Gesticulation as natural as it was expressive and graceful, accompanied his speech, which flowed on in well-ordered and not seldom highly poetic sentences.

When Kinkel offered to introduce his hearers in a special course to the art of speech, I was one eagerly to seize the opportunity. He did not deliver theoretical instruction in rhetoric, but he began at once to produce before us eminent models and to exercise our faculties by means of them. As such models he selected some of the great rhetorical passages in the dramas of Shakspeare, and for me he chose the task to explain the famous funeral oration of Mark Antony, to point out the intended effects and the means by which these effects were to be accomplished, and finally to recite the whole speech. I accomplished this task to his satisfaction and then Kinkel invited me to visit him at his house. I soon followed this invitation and the result was the development between teacher and student of a most agreeable personal intercourse. It was indeed not difficult to feel oneself at home with Kinkel. He possessed in a high degree the genial unconventionality and the gay temper of the Rhinelander. He delighted to put the professor aside and to let himself go when in the circle of his family and friends in unrestrained hilarity. He drank his glass of wine — with moderation to be sure — laughed heartily at a good joke, and even at a poor one, drew from all circumstances of life as much enjoyment as there was in them, and grumbled little when fate was unkind. Thus one soon felt easy in his company. He had, indeed, also his detractors, who accused him of being what they called "vain." But who is not vain, each one in his way? Vanity is the most common and the most natural of all weaknesses of character — and at the same time the most harmless and the most pardonable if it stands under the influence of a sound ambition. Whenever it is carried too far it becomes ridiculous and thus punishes itself.

Mrs. Kinkel was not at all handsome. Her stature was low, her features large and

somewhat masculine, and her complexion sallow. Nor did she understand the art of dressing. Her gowns were ill-fitting and usually so short that they brought her flat feet, clad in white stockings and black slippers with crossed ribbons, into undue prominence. But the impression made by her lack of beauty vanished at once when one looked into her blue expressive eyes, and when she began to speak. Even then she seemed at first to be neglected by nature, for her voice was somewhat hoarse and dry. But what she said almost instantly fascinated the hearer. She not only spoke upon many subjects of high significance with understanding, sagacity and striking clearness, but she also knew how to endow by picturesque presentation commonplace things and every-day events, with a peculiar interest. In conversing with her one always felt that behind what she said there was still a great wealth of knowledge and of thought. She also possessed that sparkling Rhenish humor that loves to look at things from their comical side, and under all circumstances appreciates whatever there is enjoyable in life. She had received an exceptionally thorough musical education, and played the piano with a master hand. I have hardly ever heard Beethoven and Chopin compositions performed with more perfection than by her. In fact, she had passed far beyond the line that separates the dilettante from the artist. She had also written charming compositions, and among them some which are now sung like folk-songs by many people who never knew the name of the composer. Although her voice possessed no resonance and in singing she could only indicate the tones, still she sang with thrilling effect. Indeed, she understood the art of singing without a voice.

Whoever observed these two externally so different human beings in their domestic life could not but receive the impression that they found hearty joy in one another and that they fought the struggles of life together with a sort of defiant buoyancy of spirit. This impression became even stronger when one witnessed their happiness in their four children. No wonder that Kinkel's house became the gathering-place of a circle of congenial people whose hours of social intercourse left nothing to desire in animation, intellectual vivacity and cheerfulness. This circle called itself the "Mäikäfer Club," the May-bug Club. It was

composed throughout of men and women of liberal ways of thinking on the religious as well as the political field, men and women who liked to utter their opinions and sentiments with outspoken frankness. And there was no lack of interesting topics in those days.

The revolt among the Roman Catholics occasioned by the exhibition and adoration of the "holy coat" in Trier had brought forth the so-called "German Catholic" movement, and had also given a vigorous impulse to free-thinking and free-teaching among Protestants. Upon the political field, too, there was a mighty stir. The tendency of political discouragement and of national self-depreciation in Germany had given place to a desire to strive for real and well-defined goals, and also to the belief that such goals were attainable. Everybody felt the coming of great changes, although most people did not anticipate how soon they would arrive. Among the guests of Kinkel's house I heard many things clearly uttered which until then were only more or less nebulous in my mind. A short review of the origin and development of the feelings with regard to political conditions which at that time prevailed with the class of Germans to which I belonged may serve to make intelligible their conduct in the movements which preceded and attended the revolutionary upheavals of the year 1848.

The patriotic heart loved to dwell on the memories of the "holy Roman Empire of the German nation," which once, at the zenith of its greatness, had held leadership in the civilized world. From these memories sprang the Kyffhäuser romanticism with its dreams of the new birth of German power and magnificence which had such poetic charm for German youth — the legend telling how the old Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa was sitting in a cave of the Kyffhäuser mountain in Thuringia, in a sleep centuries long, his elbows resting on a stone table and his head in his hand, while a pair of ravens were circling around the mountain top; and how one day the ravens would fly away and the old Kaiser would awaken and issue from the mountain, sword in hand, to restore the German Empire to its ancient glory. While cherishing such dreams we remembered with shame the time of the national disintegration and of the dreary despotisms after the Thirty Years' War, when German princes, devoid of all national

feeling, always stood ready to serve the interests and the ambitions of foreign potentates — even to sell their own subjects in order to maintain with the proceeds the luxuries of their dissolute courts — and with equal shame we thought of the period of the "Rheinbund," when a number of German princes became mere vassals of Napoleon; when one part of Germany served to keep the other part at the feet of the hated conqueror, and when Francis of Austria, Emperor of the hopelessly decayed Empire of Germany, laid down in 1806 his crown as German Emperor, and the German Empire ceased even to exist in name.

Then came in 1813, after long suffering and debasement, the great popular uprising against Napoleonic despotism, and with it a period of a new German national consciousness. To this feeling appealed the famous manifesto, issued from the town of Kalisch, in which the King of Prussia allied with the Russian Czar, called the German people to arms, promising at the same time a new national union and participation of the people in the business of government under constitutional forms. The new birth of a united German nation, the abolition of arbitrary government by the introduction of free political institutions — that was the solemn promise of the Prussian king as the people understood it — that was the hope which led the people into the struggle against Napoleonic rule with enthusiastic heroism and a self-sacrifice without limit, and with which they won a final victory. It was one of the periods in human history where a people showed itself ready to sacrifice all for the attainment of an ideal.

But after the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo followed another time of bitter disappointment. Against the formation of a united Germany arose not only the jealous opposition of non-German Europe, but also the selfish ambitions of the smaller German princes, especially of those who, as members of the "Rheinbund," such as Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, etc., had been raised in their rank. And this opposition was strengthened by the intriguing policy of Austria, which with her possessions outside of Germany had also un-German interests and designs. And this Austrian policy was conducted by Prince Metternich, the Chancellor and Prime Minister of Austria, to whom every emotion of German patriotism was foreign, and who hated and feared

every free aspiration among the people. Thus the peace brought to the Germans not nearly the reward of their sacrifices which they had deserved and expected. From the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, which disposed of peoples as of herds of cattle in order to establish a permanent balance of power in Europe, nothing issued for the German nation but a treaty of alliance between German states, the famous "Deutsche Bund," the executive organ of which was to be the "Bundestag"; and this organ was to be composed of the representatives of the various German kings and princes, without the slightest vestige of popular representation. There was no mention of any guarantee of civic rights, of a popular vote, of a free press, of the freedom of assembly, of a trial by jury. On the contrary, the Bundestag, impotent as an organ of the German nation in its relations to the outside world, developed itself only as a mutual insurance society of despotic rulers within—as a central police-board for the suppression of all national and liberal aspirations. The King of Prussia, Frederick William III, the same King who made the promise to the people contained in the proclamation of Kalisch, had probably in the days of distress and of the national uprising honestly meant to redeem his pledge. But his mind was narrow and easily disposed to consider autocratic authority on his part as necessary for the well-being of the world. Every effort among the people in favor of free institutions of government appeared to him as an attack on that absolute authority and therefore as a revolutionary transgression; and the mere reminder on the part of the people of his own promises made to them in 1813, was resented by him as an arrogant self-assertion of subjects, and as such to be repelled. Thus he became, perhaps unconsciously, a mere tool of Prince Metternich, the evil genius of Germany. The outcome was a period of stupid reaction, a period of conferences of ministers for the concoction of despotic measures, of cruel persecutions of patriotic men whom they called demagogues, of barbarous press-gagging, of brutal police excesses. In a few of the small German states some advance was made towards liberal institutions which, however, was usually followed by more odious measures of repression on the part of the Bundestag. Such were the returns for the sacrifices and the heroism of the German people in the struggle for national independence; such

was the fulfilment of the fair promises made by the princes. It was a time of deepest humiliation. Even the Frenchman, who had felt the edge of the German sword, derided, not without reason, the pitiable degradation of the victor.

Hope revived when Frederick William III's son and successor, Frederick William IV, ascended the Prussian throne in 1840. Having been known as a man of high intelligence, and having as crown prince excited fair expectations, he was considered incapable of continuing the stupid and sterile policy of his father. Indeed, the first utterances of the new King and the employment of capable men in high positions encouraged the hope that he was a man of national heart, in sympathy with the patriotic aspirations of the German people, and that the liberal currents of the time would find in him appreciative understanding. But fresh disappointments followed. As soon as the demand was publicly made that now at last the old promise of a representative government should be fulfilled, the King's attitude changed. Such demands were bluntly repelled and the censorship of the press was enforced with renewed severity. Frederick William IV was possessed by a mystical faith in the absolute power of kings "by the grace of God." He indulged himself in romantic imaginings about the political and social institutions of the Middle Ages, which appeared to him more desirable than those befitting the nineteenth century. He had sudden conceits but no convictions, whims but no genuine force of will, wit but no wisdom. He possessed the ambition to do something great and thus to engrave his name upon the history of the world. But he wished at heart to leave everything substantially as it had been. He thought he could offer to the people an appearance of popular participation in the government, without, however in the least limiting the omnipotence of the crown. But these attempts ended like others made by other monarchs in other times. The merely ostensible and insufficient things he offered served only to strengthen and inflame the popular demand for something substantial and effective. Revolutions often begin with apparent but unreal reforms. He called "provincial diets"—assemblies of locally prominent men—with the expectation that they would modestly content themselves with the narrow functions he prescribed for them. But

they petitioned vehemently for a great deal more. The experiment of appearing to give and of really withholding everything was bound to fail miserably. The petitions of the provincial diets for freedom of the press, for trial by jury, and a liberal constitution became more and more pressing. The discontent gradually grew so general, the storm of petitions so violent, the repugnance of the people to police despotism so menacing, that the old parade of the absolute kingly power would no longer suffice and some new step in the direction of liberal innovations seemed imperatively necessary.

At last Frederick William IV decided to convoke the so-called "United Diet," an assembly consisting of the members of all the provincial diets, to meet on the 11th of April, 1847, in Berlin. But it was the old game over again. This assembly was to have the look of a parliament and yet not to be one. Its convocation was always to depend upon the pleasure of the King. Its powers were circumscribed within the narrowest limits. It was not to make laws nor to pass binding resolutions. It was to serve only as a sort of advisory council to the King, to assist him in forming his decisions, and its wishes were substantially to be presented to him only by way of petition. In the speech with which the King opened the United Diet, he declared with emphasis that this was now the utmost concession to which he would ever consent; he would never, never permit "a piece of paper," meaning a written constitution, to be put between the monarch and his people; the people themselves, he claimed, did not desire a participation of their representatives in the government; the absolute power of the King must not be touched; "the crown must reign and govern according to the laws of God and of the country and according to the King's own resolutions;" he could not, and must not, govern according to the will of majorities; "and he, the King, would never have called this assembly," had he ever suspected in the slightest degree that its members would try to play the part of "so-called representatives of the people." This was now, he said, the fulfilment, and "more than the fulfilment" of the promises made in the time of distress in 1813, before the expulsion of the French.

General disappointment and increasing discontent followed this pronouncement. But the concession made by the King, in

fact, signified more than he had anticipated. A king who wishes to govern with absolute power must not permit a public discussion of the policy and of the acts of the government by men who stand nearer to the people than he does. The United Diet could, indeed, not resolve but only debate and petition. But that it could debate and that its debates passed through faithful newspaper reports into the intelligence of the country, that was an innovation of incalculable consequence. The bearing of the United Diet, on the benches of which sat many men of uncommon capacity and liberal principles, was throughout dignified, discreet and moderate. But the struggle against absolutism began instantly and the people followed it with constantly increasing interest. What has happened in the history of the world more than once, happened again; every step forward brought to the consciousness of the people the necessity of farther steps forward. And now when the King endeavored to stem the growing commotion, repelled the moderate demands made by the United Diet with sharp words, and dismissed that assembly "ungraciously," then the public mind was, by the government itself, dragged into that channel of thought in which revolutionary sentiments grow.

Revolutionary agitators had so far in their isolation passed for dreamers and could win but a slim following. But now the feeling began to spread in large circles that the real thunderstorm was coming, although hardly anybody anticipated how near it was. In former days people had excited themselves about what Thiers and Guizot said in the French Chambers, or Palmerston and Derby in the English Parliament, or even what Hecker, Rotteck and Welker said in the little Diet of the Grand Duchy of Baden. But now everybody listened with nervous eagerness to every word that, in the United Diet of the most important of German States, fell from the lips of Camphausen, Vincke, von Beckerath, Hansemann and other liberal leaders. There was a feeling in the air as if this United Diet, in its position and the task to be performed by it, was not at all unlike the French National Assembly of 1789.

We university students watched these events with perhaps a less clear understanding, but with no less ardent interest, than our elders. As I have already mentioned,

the "Burschenschaft" had its political traditions. Immediately after the wars of liberation — 1813 to 1815 — it had been among the first in line to raise the cry for the fulfilment of the pledges given by the princes. It had cultivated the national spirit with zeal which occasionally ran into exaggerated and fantastic demonstrations. It had furnished many victims to the persecutions of so-called demagogues. The political activity of the old Burschenschaft had indeed not been continued by the younger associations; but "God, Liberty, Fatherland" had still remained the common watchword; we still wore the prohibited black-red-gold ribbon under our coats, and very many members of the new Burschenschaft societies still recognized it as their duty to keep themselves well informed of what happened in the political world and to devote to it as active an interest as possible. Thus the liberal currents of our time found among us enthusiastic partisans, although we young people could not give a very definite account of the practical steps to be taken.

In the prosecution of my studies I had taken up with ardor the history of Europe at the period of the great Reformation. I expected to make this my specialty as a professor of history. The great characters of that period attracted me strongly, and I could not resist the temptation to clothe some of them in dramatic form. So I planned a tragedy, the main figure of which was to be Ulrich von Hutten, and I began to elaborate some scenes in detail. At the beginning of the winter-semester of 1847-48 I had made the acquaintance of a young student from Detmold, who became not, indeed, a member, but a guest of the Franconia. His name was Friedrich Althaus. More than any other young man of my acquaintance he responded to the ideal of German youth. He was a thoroughly pure and noble nature and richly endowed with mental gifts. As we pursued similar studies we easily became intimates, and this friendship lasted with undiminished warmth long beyond the university years. To him I confided my Hutten secret and he encouraged me to carry out my plan. Happy were the hours when I read to him what I had written, and he gave me his judgment, which usually was altogether too favorable. Thus passed the larger part of the winter in useful and enjoyable occupation, then fate broke in with the force of a mighty

hurricane which swept me as well as many others with irresistible power out of all life plans previously designed and cherished.

One morning toward the end of February, 1848, I sat quietly in my attic chamber working hard at my tragedy of Ulrich von Hutten, when suddenly a friend rushed breathlessly into the room, exclaiming: "What, you sitting here! Do you not know what has happened?"

"No, what?"

"The French have driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic."

I threw down my pen — and that was the end of my Ulrich von Hutten. I never touched the manuscript again. We tore down the stairs into the street to the market square, the accustomed meeting place for all the student societies after their midday dinner. Although it was still forenoon, the market was already crowded with young men talking excitedly. There was no shouting, no noise, only agitated conversation. What did we want there? This probably no one knew. But since the French had driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic, something of course must happen here, too. Some of the students had brought their rapiers along, as if it were necessary at once to make an attack or to defend ourselves. We were dominated by a vague feeling that a great outbreak of elemental forces had begun, as if an earthquake was impending of which we had felt the first shock, and we instinctively crowded together. Thus we wandered about in numerous bands to the "Kneipe," where our restlessness, however, would not suffer us long to stay; then to other pleasure resorts, where we fell into conversation with all manner of strangers, to find in them the same confused, astonished and expectant state of mind; then back to the market square to see what might be going on there; then again somewhere else, and so on without aim and end, until finally late in the night fatigue compelled us to find the way home.

The next morning there were the usual lectures to be attended. But how profitless! The voice of the professor sounded like a monotonous drone coming from far away. What he had to say did not seem to concern us. The pen that should have taken notes remained idle. At last we closed with a sigh the note-book and went away, impelled by a feeling that now we



CARL SCHURZ AT NINETEEN

SUDDENLY STIRRED OUT OF THE PLEASANT PATHS OF STUDENT-LIFE INTO THE GERMAN REVOLUTION OF 1848, QUICKENED UNTIL, AS MR. SCHURZ SAYS: "THE VOICE OF THE PROFESSOR SOUNDED LIKE A MONOTONOUS DRONE COMING FROM A DISTANCE. THE PEN THAT SHOULD HAVE TAKEN NOTES REMAINED IDLE. AT LAST WE CLOSED WITH A SIGH THE NOTE-BOOK AND WENT AWAY, IMPELLED BY A FEELING THAT NOW WE HAD SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO DO, TO DEVOTE OURSELVES TO THE AFFAIRS OF THE FATHERLAND."



From the steel engraving after the life drawing by F. Lieder, made in 1830

PRINCE METTERNICH

CHANCELLOR AND PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRIA

Metternich, leader of the reactionary party in Europe 1815–1848, was overthrown by the disturbances of 1848. He was "the evil genius of Germany — to whom every emotion of German patriotism was foreign, and who hated and feared every free aspiration among the people."

had something more important to do — to devote ourselves to the affairs of the fatherland. And this we did by seeking as quickly as possible again the company of our friends, in order to discuss what had happened and what was to come. In these conversations, excited as they were, certain ideas and catchwords worked themselves to the surface which expressed more or less the feelings of the people. Now had arrived in Germany the day for the establishment of "German unity" and the founding of a great powerful national German Empire. In the first line the convocation of a national Parliament. Then the demands for civil rights and liberties, free speech, free press, the right of free assembly, equality before the law, a freely elected representation of the people with legislative power, responsibility of ministers, self-government of the communes, the right of the people to carry arms,

the formation of a civic guard with self-elected officers, etc., etc. — in short, that which was called a "constitutional form of government on a broad democratic basis." Republican ideas were at first only sparingly expressed. But the word democracy was soon on many tongues and many, too, thought it a matter of course that if the princes should try to withhold from the people the rights and liberties demanded, force should take the place of mere petition. Of course the regeneration of the fatherland must, if possible, be accomplished by peaceable means, but it must be accomplished at all events.

A few days after the outbreak of this commotion I reached my nineteenth birthday. I remember to have been so entirely absorbed by what was happening that I could hardly turn my thoughts to anything else. I, like all my friends, was dominated by the feeling that at last the great



From the lithograph by Franz Leopold

FREDERICK WILLIAM III
FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS KING OF PRUSSIA

In 1813 Frederick William III, promised sympathy with his people in their aspiration for national unity and some measure of liberty. But his promises were not fulfilled. He became a mere tool of Prince Metternich. He was easily led to consider autocratic authority necessary for the well-being of the world.

opportunity had arrived for giving to the German people the liberty which was their birthright, and to the German fatherland its unity and greatness, and that it was now the first duty of every German to do and to sacrifice everything for this sacred object. We were profoundly, solemnly in earnest.

The first practical service we had to perform turned out to be a very merry one. Shortly after the arrival of the tidings from France the Burgomaster of Bonn, a somewhat timid official, believed the public safety in his town to be in imminent danger. In point of fact, in spite of the general excitement, there were really no serious disturbances of the public order, but the Burgomaster insisted that a civic guard must at once be organized to patrol the city and the surrounding country during the night. The students, too, were called upon to join it, and as the forming of such a guard was

also part of our political program, we at once willingly obeyed the summons, and we did this in such numbers that soon the civic guard consisted in great part of university men. Our prescribed task was to arrest disturbers of the public order and suspicious individuals, and to conduct them to the guard house; to induce gatherings of a suspicious nature to disperse; to protect property; and generally to watch over the public safety. But the public safety being really in no manner threatened and the patrolling of the city and neighborhood meeting no serious needs, the university men found in the whole proceeding an opportunity for harmless amusement. Armed with our rapiers, the iron sheaths of which were made to rattle upon the pavement to the best of our ability, we marched through the streets. Every solitary citizen whom we met during the night was summoned with pompous



THE UNIVERSITY AT BONN

phrase to "disperse" and to betake himself to his "respective habitations," or if it pleased him better, to follow us to the guard house and have a glass of wine with us. Whenever we happened to run across a patrol not composed of students but of citizens, we at once denounced them as a

dangerous mob, arrested them and took them to the guard house, where with cheers for the new free Germany, we drank as many glasses together as there were points of reform in the political program. The good burghers of Bonn fully appreciated the humor of the situation and entered heartily into the fun.



THE RATHHAUS AT BONN

While all this looked merry enough, affairs elsewhere were taking a serious turn — as serious as we, too, felt at the bottom of our hearts. Exciting news came from all sides. In Cologne a threatening fermentation prevailed.

the military drum-beat; the soldiery marched upon the popular gatherings, and Willich as well as another ex-artillery officer, Fritz Anneke, were arrested. Thereupon increasing excitement.



PROFESSOR GOTTFRIED KINKEL

POET, ART HISTORIAN, AND REVOLUTIONIST

Schurz's teacher at the University of Bonn in 1848 — "an acquaintance which (as we shall see) for later years became one of fateful consequence."

In the taverns and on the streets resounded the "Marseillaise," which at that time still passed in all Europe for the "hymn of liberty." On the public places great meetings were held to consult about the demands to be made by the people. A large deputation headed by a late lieutenant of artillery, August von Willich, forced its way into the hall of the city council, vehemently insisting that the municipality present as its own the demands of the people of Cologne to the King. The streets resounded with

The Rhenish members of the prorogued United Diet implored the president of the province to recommend to the King an immediate acceptance of the demands of the people as the only thing that could prevent bloody conflicts. In Coblenz, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Krefeld, Cleves and other cities on the Rhine similar demonstrations took place. In South Germany — in Baden, Hessen-on-the-Rhine, Nassau, Würtemberg, Bavaria — the same revolutionary spirit burst forth like a prairie fire. In Baden the Grand



From the lithograph by W. Mannheim

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV
KING OF PRUSSIA 1840-1861

Frederick William IV succeeded Frederick William III. He was a brother of William I, who later became the much loved German Kaiser. Frederick William IV at first seemed like a man of national heart. The stirring events during his reign, however, revealed his mystical faith in the absolute power of kings "by the grace of God."

Duke acceded almost at once to what was asked of him, and so did the rulers of Würtemberg, Nassau, and Hessen-Darmstadt. In Bavaria, where even before the outbreak of the French February revolution the notorious Lola Montez, mistress of King Ludwig, had had to yield her place near the throne to the wrath of the people, uproar followed uproar to drive the King to liberal concessions. In Hesse-Cassel the Elector succumbed to the pressure when the people had armed themselves for an uprising. The students of the university of Giessen sent word to the insurgent Hessians that they stood ready to help them. In Saxony the defiant attitude of the citizens of Leipzig under the leadership of Robert Blum quickly brought the King to terms.

Great news came from Vienna. There the students of the university were the first to assail the Emperor of Austria with the cry for liberty and citizens' rights. Blood

flowed in the streets, and the downfall of Prince Metternich was the result. The students organized themselves as the armed guard of liberty. In the great cities of Prussia there was a mighty commotion. Not only Cologne, Coblenz and Treves, but also Breslau, Königsberg and Frankfurt-on-the-Oder sent deputations to Berlin to entreat the King. In the Prussian capital the masses surged upon the streets and everybody looked for events of great import.

While these tidings rushed in upon us from all sides like a roaring tornado, we in the little university town of Bonn were also busy preparing addresses to the sovereign, to circulate them for signature and to send them to Berlin. On the 18th of March we, too, had our mass demonstration. A great multitude gathered for a solemn procession through the streets of the town. Many of the most respectable citizens, not a



Lithographed by Leon Noël after the painting by Winterhalter

LOUIS PHILIPPE
KING OF THE FRENCH

Carl Schurz, expecting to become a professor of history, was in his attic chamber at the University of Bonn working at a tragedy when word came that the French had driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed a Republic. He threw down the tragedy and never touched it again. Fate now swept him out of all life plans previously designed and cherished.

few professors, and a great number of students and people of all grades marched in close ranks. At the head of the procession Professor Kinkel bore the tricolor, black, red and gold, which so long had been prohibited as the revolutionary flag. Arrived on the market square, he mounted the steps of the city hall and spoke to the assembled throng. He spoke with wonderful eloquence, his voice ringing out in its most powerful tones as he depicted a resurrection of German unity and greatness and of the liberties and rights of the German people, which now must be conceded by the princes or won by force by the people. And when at last he waved the black-red-gold banner and predicted to a free German nation a magnificent future, enthusiasm without bounds broke forth. People clapped their hands, they shouted, they embraced

one another, they shed tears. The city was soon covered with tricolored flags, and not only the Burschenschaft, but almost everybody, wore a black-red-gold cockade on hat or cap. While on that 18th of March we were parading through the streets, suddenly sinister rumors flew from mouth to mouth. It had been reported that the King of Prussia after long hesitation was finally, like the other German princes, yielding to the popular demands that were pouring upon him from all sides, but that the soldiery had fired upon the people and that a bloody struggle was raging in the streets of Berlin. Nobody seemed to know whence the rumor had come.

The enthusiastic elation was followed by a short time of anxious expectancy. At last the tidings arrived of the awful events that had taken place in the capital.

(To be continued)



2

“A SLATHER OF ROCKS AND STONES COME OUT OF THE MOUTH AND BEGAN TO DUMP DOWN PROMISCUOUS ON THE SCENERY”

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

I

UNCLE JIM'S YARN: THE INDIAN STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

THE ring around the sun had thickened all day long, and the turquoise blue of the Arizona sky had filmed. Storms in the dry countries are infrequent, but heavy; and this surely meant storm. We had ridden since sun-up over broad mesas, down and out of deep cañons, along the base of the mountains in the wildest parts of the territory. The cattle were winding leisurely toward the high country; the jack rabbits had disappeared; the quail lacked; we did not see a single antelope in the open.

"It's a case of hole up," the Cattleman ventured his opinion. "I have a ranch over in the Double R. Charley and Windy Bill hold it down. We'll tackle it. What do you think?"

The four cow-boys agreed. We dropped into a low, broad watercourse, ascended it to big cottonwoods and flowing water, followed it into box cañons between rim-rock carved fantastically and painted like a Moorish façade, until at last in a widening below a rounded hill, we came upon an adobe house, a fruit tree, and a round corral. This was the Double R.

Charley and Windy Bill welcomed us with soda biscuits. We turned our horses out, spread our beds on the floor, filled our pipes, and squatted on our heels. Various dogs of various breeds investigated us. It was very pleasant, and we did not mind the ring around the sun.

"Somebody else coming," announced the Cattleman finally.

"Uncle Jim," said Charley after a glance.

A hawk-faced old man, with a long, white beard and long, white hair rode out from the

cottonwoods. He had on a battered, broad hat abnormally high of crown, carried across his saddle a heavy "eight square" rifle, and was followed by a half-dozen lolling hounds.

The largest and fiercest of the latter, catching sight of our group, launched himself with lightning rapidity at the biggest of the ranch dogs, promptly nailed that canine by the back of the neck, shook him violently a score of times, flung him aside, and pounced on the next. During the ensuing few moments that hound was the busiest thing in the West. He satisfactorily whipped four dogs, pursued two cats up a tree, upset the Dutch oven and the rest of the soda biscuits, stampeded the horses and raised a cloud of dust adequate to represent the smoke of battle. We others were too paralyzed to move. Uncle Jim sat placidly on his white horse, his thin knees bent to the ox-bow stirrups, smoking.

In ten seconds the trouble was over, principally because there was no more trouble to make. The hound returned leisurely, licking from his chops the hair of his victims. Uncle Jim shook his head.

"Trailer," said he sadly, "is a little severe."

We agreed heartily, and turned in to welcome Uncle Jim with a fresh batch of soda biscuits.

The old man was one of the typical "long hairs." He had come to the Galiuro Mountains in sixty-nine, and since sixty-nine he had remained in the Galiuro Mountains spite of man or the devil. At present he possessed some hundreds of cattle which he

was reputed to water, in a dry season, from an ordinary dish-pan. In times past he had prospected. That evening, the severe Trailer having dropped to slumber, he held forth on big game hunting and dogs, quartz claims and Apaches.

"Did you ever have any very close calls?" I asked.

He ruminated a few moments, refilled his pipe with some awful tobacco, and told the following experience.

In the time of Geronimo I was living just about where I do now; and that was just about in line with the raiding. You see, Geronimo, and Ju,* and old Loco used to pile out of the reservation at Camp Apache, raid south to the line, slip over into Mexico when the soldiers got too promiscuous, and raid there until they got ready to come back. Then there was always a big medicine talk. Says Geronimo:

"I am tired of the war-path. I will come back from Mexico with all my warriors, if you will escort me with soldiers and protect my people."

"All right," says the General, being only too glad to get him back at all.

So, then, in ten minutes there would n't be a buck in camp, but next morning they shows up again, each with about fifty head of horses.

"Where'd you get those horses?" asks the General suspicious.

"Had 'em pastured in the hills," answers Geronimo.

"I can't take all those horses with me; I believe they're stolen!" says the General.

"My people cannot go without their horses," says Geronimo.

So, across the line they goes, and back to the reservation. In about a week there's fifty-two frantic Greasers wanting to know where's their horses? The army is nothing but an importer of stolen stock, and knows it, and can't help it.

Well, as I says, I'm between Camp Apache and the Mexican line, so that every raiding party goes right on past me. The point is that I'm a thousand feet or so above the valley, and the renegades is in such a devil of a hurry about that time that they never stops to climb up and collect me. Often I've watched them trailing down the valley in a cloud of dust. Then, in a day or two, a squad of soldiers would come up and camp at

*Pronounced "Who."

my spring for a while. They used to send soldiers to guard every water-hole in the country so the renegades could n't get water. After a while, from not being bothered none, I got to thinking I was n't worth while with them.

Me and Johnny Hooper were pecking away at the Ole Virginia mine then. We'd got down about sixty feet, all timbered, and was thinking of cross-cutting. One day Johnny went to town, and that same day I got in a hurry and left my gun at camp.

I worked all the morning down at the bottom of the shaft, and when I see by the sun it was getting along towards noon, I put in three good shots, tamped 'em down, lit the fuses, and started to climb out.

It ain't no ways pleasant to light a fuse in a shaft, and then have to climb out a fifty-foot ladder, with it burning behind you. I never did get used to it. You keep thinking, "now, suppose there's a flaw in that fuse, or something, and she goes off in six seconds instead of two minutes? where'll you be then?" It would give you a good boost towards your home on high, anyway.

So I climbed fast, and stuck my head out the top without looking — and then I froze solid enough. There, about fifty feet away, climbing up the hill on mighty tired hosses, was a dozen of the ugliest Chiricahuas you ever don't want to meet, and in addition a Mexican renegade named Maria, who was worse than any of 'em. I see at once their hosses was tired out, and they had a notion of camping at my water-hole, not knowing nothing about the Ole Virginia mine.

For two bits I'd have let go all holts and dropped backwards, trusting to my thick head for easy lighting. Then I heard a little fizz and sputter from below. At that my hair riz right up so I could feel the breeze blow under my hat. For about six seconds I stood there like an imbecile, grinning amiably. Then one of the Chiricahuas made a sort of grunt, and I sabled that they'd seen the original exhibit your Uncle Jim was making of himself.

Then that fuse gave another sputter, and one of the Apaches said "un dah." That means "white man." It was harder to turn my head than if I'd had a stiff-neck; but I managed to do it, and I see that my ore dump was n't more than ten foot away. I mighty near overjumped it; and the next I knew I was on one side of it and those

Apaches on the other. Probably I flew; leastways I don't seem to remember jumping.

That did n't seem to do me much good. The renegades were grinning and laughing to think how easy a thing they had; and I could n't rightly think up any arguments against that notion — at least from their standpoint. They were chattering away to each other in Mexican for the benefit of Maria. Oh, they had me all distributed, down to my suspender-buttons! And me squatting behind that ore dump about as formidable as a brush rabbit!

Then, all at once, one of my shots went off down in the shaft.

"Boom!" say she, plenty big; and a slather of rocks and stones come out of the mouth and began to dump down promiscuous on the scenery. I got one little one in the shoulder-blade, and found time to wish my ore dump had a roof. But those renegades caught it square in the thick of trouble. One got knocked out entirely for a minute, by a nice piece of country rock in the head.

"Otra vez!" yells I, which means 'again.'

"Boom!" goes the Ole Virginia prompt as an answer.

I put in my time dodging, but when I gets a chance to look, the Apaches has all got to cover, and is looking scared.

"Otra vez!" yells I again.

"Boom!" says the Ole Virginia.

This was the biggest shot of the lot, and she surely cut loose. I ought to have been half-way up the hill watching things from a safe distance, but I was n't. Lucky for me the shaft was a little on the drift, so she did n't quite shoot my way. But she distributed about a ton over those renegades. They sort of half got to their feet, uncertain.

"Otra vez!" yells I once more, as bold as if I could keep her shooting all day.

It was just a cold, raw blazer; and if it did n't go through I could see me as an Apache parlor ornament. But it did. Those Chiricahuas give one yell and skipped. It was surely a funny sight, after they got aboard their war ponies, to see them trying to dig out on horses too tired to trot.

I did n't stop to get all the laughs though. In fact, I give one jump off that ledge, and I lit a-running. A quarter-hoss could n't have beat me to that shack. There I grabbed old Meat-in-the-pot and made a climb for the tall country, aiming to wait

around until dark, and then to pull out for Benson. Johnny Hooper was n't expected till next day, which was lucky. From where I lay I could see the Apaches camped out beyond my draw, and I did n't doubt they'd visited the place. Along about sunset they all left their camp, and went into the draw, so there, I thinks, I sees a good chance to make a start before dark. I dropped down from the mesa, skirted the butte, and angled down across the country. After I'd gone a half mile from the cliffs, I ran across Johnny Hooper's fresh trail headed towards camp!

My heart jumped right up into my mouth at that. Here was poor old Johnny, a day too early, with a pack-mule of grub, walking innocent as a yearling, right into the hands of those hostiles. The trail looked pretty fresh, and Benson's a good long day with a pack animal, so I thought perhaps I might catch him before he runs into trouble. So I ran back on the trail as fast as I could make it. The sun was down by now, and it was getting dusk.

I did n't overtake him, and when I got to the top of the cañon I crawled along very cautious and took a look. Of course, I expected to see everything up in smoke, but I nearly got up and yelled when I see everything all right, and old Sukey, the pack-mule, and Johnny's hoss hitched up as peaceful as babies to the corral.

"That's all right!" thinks I, "they're back in their camp, and have n't discovered Johnny yet. I'll snail him out of there."

So I ran down the hill and into the shack. Johnny sat in his chair — what there was of him. He must have got in about two hours before sundown, for they'd had lots of time to put in on him. That's the reason they'd stayed so long up the draw. Poor old Johnny! I was glad it was night, and he was dead. Apaches are the worst Injins there is for tortures. They cut off the bottoms of old man Wilkins's feet, and stood him on an ant-hill —

In a minute or so, though, my wits gets to work.

"Why ain't the shack burned?" I asks myself, "and why is the hoss and the mule tied all so peaceful to the corral?"

It did n't take long for a man who knows Injins to answer *those* conundrums. The whole thing was a trap — for me — and I'd walked into it, chuckle-headed as a prairie-dog!

With that I makes a run outside — by now it was dark — and listens. Sure enough, I hears hosses. So I makes a rapid sneak back over the trail.

Everything seemed all right till I got up to the rim-rock. Then I heard more hosses — ahead of me. And when I looked back, I could see some Injuns already at the shack, and starting to build a fire outside.

In a tight fix, a man is pretty apt to get scared till all hope is gone. Then he is pretty apt to get cool and calm. That was my case. I couldn't go ahead — there was those hosses coming along the trail. I couldn't go back — there was those Injuns building the fire. So I skirmished around till I got a bright star right over the trail ahead, and I trained old Meat-in-the-pot to bear on that star, and I made up my mind that when the star was darkened I'd turn loose. So I lay there a while listening. By and by the star was blotted out, and I cut loose, and old Meat-in-the-pot missed fire — she never did it before nor since — I think that cartridge —

Well, I don't know where the Injins came from, but it seemed as if the hammer had hardly clicked before three or four of them had piled on me. I put up the best fight I could, for I wasn't figuring to be caught alive, and this miss-fire deal had fooled me all along the line. They surely had a lively time. I expected every minute to feel a knife in my back, but when I didn't get it, then I knew they wanted to bring me in alive, and that made me fight harder. First and last we rolled and plunged all the way from the rim-rock down to the cañon-bed. Then one of the Injins sung out :

"Maria !"

And I thought of that renegade Mexican, and what I'd heard about him, and that made me fight harder yet.

But after we'd fought down to the cañon-bed, and had lost most of our skin, a half-dozen more fell on me, and in less than no time they had me tied. Then they picked me up and carried me over to where they'd built a big fire by the corral.

Uncle Jim stopped with an air of finality, and began lazily to refill his pipe. From the open, mud fireplace he picked a coal. Outside the rain, faithful to the prophecy of the wide-ringed sun, beat fitfully against the roof.

"That was the closest call I ever had," said he at last.

"But, Uncle Jim," we cried in a confused chorus, "how did you get away? What did the Indians do to you? Who rescued you?"

Uncle Jim chuckled.

"The first man I saw sitting at that fire," said he, "was Lieutenant Price of the United States Army, and by him was Tom Horn.

"What's this?' he asks, and Horn talks to the Injins in Apache.

"They say they've caught Maria,' translates Horn back again.

"Maria nothing!' says Lieutenant Price. 'This is Jim Fox. I know him.'

"So they turned me loose. It seems the troops had driven off the rengades an hour before."

"And the Indians who caught you, Uncle Jim? You said they were Indians."

"Were Tonto Basin Apaches," explained the old man — "government scouts under Tom Horn."

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "WINDY BILL'S YARN,
THE EMIGRANT STORY."

A SERVANT OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE

THE STORY OF MARK FAGAN, MAYOR OF JERSEY CITY

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE)



THAT Jersey City, should have produced Mark Fagan, is strange enough. But that Mark Fagan, grave, kind, and very brave, should have been able, as Mayor, to make Jersey City what it is: a beginning of better things all over this land of ours, that is stranger still. And no man there pretends to understand it. Yet it is a simple story.

Mark — as they call him, the men, the women, and the children — was born September 29, 1869, in the fifth ward where he lives now. His parents were poor Irish, very poor. They moved over to New York when Mark was a child, and the father died. Mark sold newspapers. The newsboy dreamed dreams and fought fights. He claimed a corner, Twelfth Street and Avenue A, developed a good trade, and when competition came, he appealed to the man in the store to say if he was n't there first. The man in the store would n't decide; he told the boys they must fight it out among themselves, so they laid down their papers and they fought it out. Mark held his corner. "Life is one long fight for right," he says now, this very gentle man, who fights and — holds his corner.

The newsboy's dreams, like his fights, were very simple affairs. When I pried into them, I expected to hear of driving a locomotive or the Presidency, at least. But no, it seems that some men said roughly that they did n't want to buy a paper, others said it kindly. Mark made up his mind that when he became a man he would be like the kind men. Sometimes the nights were cold

and the newsboy felt hungry and lonely; passing houses where the family sat in the basement room, all lighted up and warm, with plenty of smoking hot food before them, Mark stopped to look in and he dreamed that when he grew up, he also would have a home. He could n't go to school; he had only six months of it all told. But he did n't like school; it was indoors, and he has dreamed that he would like to have in Jersey City, schools on large plots of ground so that part of the teaching might be done in the open. But this dream came later.

When he was twelve or fourteen, Mark became a helper on a wagon. Then he learned the trade of a frame-gilder with Wm. B. Short, a Scotchman who made a deep impression on the boy. Short was a "genuine man." He was a Republican in politics. The boy was a Democrat by birth, breeding, and environment. But the man pointed out to the little Tammany Democrat on election days the Tammany line-up of men from the street into the saloon and out again, with foam on their lips and something in their hands, to the ballot-box. Mark had a painful time, talking to people on both sides, but what he saw with his own staring eyes, with the honest gilder pointing at the living facts, made the Democrat a Republican.

The next period made the boy a man. His uncle, an undertaker in Jersey City, offered Mark a job, and he moved with his mother and sister back there to take it. Now this business often has a demoralizing effect upon men. They see dreadful sights, and they harden or take to drink. Mark saw dreadful sights; you can see that he sees them now when he recalls those days. But they

softened, they sweetened Mark Fagan. He saw homes where the dead mother left nothing but a helpless child — nothing, you understand, but the child. He saw that the poor suffered greatly from the wrongs of others, not alone of those above, but of those who also were about them, and yet, the poor were great in charity for the poor. "I came," he says, in his quiet, level tone, "I came to have pity for the poor and — admiration." You hear that Mark, the undertaker, cared for the living child as well as the dead mother; he stayed with his job after the funeral, and by and by people came to the undertaker with the business of life. His explanation is that he "could write and fix up insurance and things like that." Others could write and fix up insurance; the point was that they trusted Mark to do it, all his neighbors, all nationalities, all ages; and he did it. One of the odd branches of this odd undertaking business was to fix up marriages. It seems that, among the poor also, there comes a time soon after the wedding when husband and wife fall out; love turns to what looks like hate, and sometimes becomes hate. In Jersey City, young married people used, when the crisis arrived, to go to Mark; they'd "tell him on each other"; and he listened and seemed to judge. But what he really did was to get everything said and done with, and then when they were tired and satisfied and sorry, he "fixed 'em up."

So far there is nothing so very extraordinary about Mark Fagan. He is a type of the men who, winning the faith and affection of their neighbors, become political leaders. "Popularity" makes them "available" as candidates or "ward bosses." Nothing was further from Mark's mind, but it was inevitable that he should go into politics, and the way he went in was natural and commonplace. One Sunday morning as he was leaving church several young fellows stopped him to propbse that he run for the board of freeholders. He was "not adapted," he said; why did n't one of them run? They explained that "Bob" Davis, the Democratic boss, would n't let them run; would n't let anybody run in their party who would n't knuckle under to him. But Mark was a Republican. The ward, like the city and county, was heavily Democratic, and since there was so little chance of winning, the Republican ring would let anybody have

the nomination. If Mark would let them, they would arrange it, fight with him, and he might be elected. They could n't persuade Mark himself, but they knew how to get him. They went to his mother. They explained it to her, and she bade Mark run. He asked her if she understood it all, and she said she did n't, except that it seemed to be a chance to do some good in the ward.

Thus Mark Fagan was started in politics. When he took the Republican nomination and his popularity showed, the fellows that got him into the fight got out. They had to; they were called off by the bosses who ran the two parties as one. That made Mark fight the harder. Left high and dry by "the organization," he went to the people of his district. "I was bound to win," he says, "and I felt that if I was beaten it would be because I was n't known to enough of the voters. And, anyhow, I wanted to know my people in my ward." So he started at 5.45 one morning at one corner of his ward, and he went systematically through it, knocking at every door, seeing every man, woman, and child; he climbed 3,700 flights of stairs in seventeen nights; and he promised to "serve the people of his ward faithfully and honestly." Mark was elected, and dirty Jersey City was amazed.

Now comes the first remarkable thing about this remarkable man. The corruption, political and financial, of the United States is built up on the betrayal of the people by the leaders, big and little, whom they trust, and the treason begins in the ward. The ward leader, having the full, fine, personal faith of his neighbors, takes their confidence and their votes, and he delivers these things and his own soul to the party bosses who sell out the interests of the city, state, and nation to the business leaders, who — as we know now — use the money we entrust to them to rob us and corrupt our political, commercial, and our higher life. When Mark Fagan had taken his oath — the other, older freeholders came to him, and they invited him into "the combine." There was no mystery about it. There was a combine and this was graft; of course a man wants his share of the graft, and though Fagan was a Republican, party made no difference; both parties were in on it, and Fagan had a right to what was coming to him. Something — the man does n't

know exactly what it was — something which he thinks is religious, made him decline to go in. He is a quiet man and he made no outcry. He did n't perfectly understand anyhow, then, just what it all meant. It simply "did n't look right" to Mark, so he did not sell out the people of his ward who trusted him to serve them. And the worst of it was, he could n't serve them. If he would n't "stand in," the combine would n't let him have anything for his ward, not even the needed, rightful improvements. All he got were three political jobs, and they were a gift to him. The combine having distributed all the offices, had three left over. Since these were not enough to go around again, they wrangled till somebody, to save the combine, suggested giving them all to Mark. They "kind o' liked" Mark, so this bit of patronage went to him with a whoop.

Mark was not re-elected freeholder. He says that his inability to do things for the ward did not hurt him with his people; more of them voted for him than before. But the state and city rings had had a gerrymander about that time, and they so arranged the lines of Mark's ward that he was beaten. He served his neighbors privately till the next year the Republicans nominated him for the state senate. Hopeless, anyway, the candidacy fell upon a presidential year, Bryan's first, and the Democratic County of Hudson was wild with party enthusiasm. But the moment Mark was nominated he left the convention and, fifty feet from the door, began his campaign; he met two men; he told them he had just been nominated, that if he was elected he would serve them "honestly and faithfully," and they promised to vote for him. In this fashion, man to man, he canvassed his county and, though it went against him, he ran 'way ahead of his ticket. And he carried the city.

A Republican who can carry a Democratic city is the logical candidate of his party for Mayor, and in 1901, Mark Fagan was nominated. Some of the little bosses warned the big bosses that they could n't handle him, but the big bosses pooh-poohed the fears of the little bosses. In the first place he would n't be elected. The railroads, the public service companies, and some of the greatest corporations in the world have offices and properties in Jersey City and their agents there had used money so extensively that they ruled absolutely a people supposed

to be utterly corrupted. Bribery at the polls, election frauds, ballot-box stuffing — all sorts of gross political crimes had made this home of "common people" and corporations notorious. "Bob" Davis was the Democratic boss, politically speaking; but E. F. C. Young, banker, leading citizen, public utility magnate, was the business boss who, backing Davis, was the real power. Colonel Sam Dickinson, the Republican boss, was a corporation man, and one might expect that his party, which was in power in the state, would help him. But no. General Sewell, U. S. Senator, Pennsylvania railroad official, and Republican state boss, dispensed Republican patronage in Hudson County, through the Democratic boss, Mr. E. F. C. Young. Sewell was dead now, but the custom survived him, and in 1901 the Democrats nominated against Fagan, George T. Smith, Young's son-in-law, an employee of the Pennsylvania. So Fagan had against him the money, the "best citizens," the "solid conservative business interests" of the state and city and — both rings. Hence, the certainty that Fagan would be defeated. But even if he should win the big bosses believed they could "handle him." They had sized up the man. And if you could size up Mark Fagan — feel his humility and see the pleading, almost dependent look of his honest, trustful eyes — you would understand how ridiculous to the big bosses the worry of the little bosses must have seemed.

An astonished city elected Mark. His quiet campaign from house to house, his earnest, simple promise to "serve you honestly and faithfully" had beaten bribery. His kind of people believed Mark Fagan, and so, though the Republican ticket as a whole was beaten, Mark was Mayor. Being Mayor, Mark assumed that he was the head of the city government. He did n't understand that his election meant simply that his boss had come into his own. He saw Governor Murphy appoint Colonel Dickinson secretary of state, and he heard that the Colonel was to have some of the local patronage of the Republican state government. Mark might have assumed that he had "made Dickinson." But he was told that it was the other way around. They walked in upon Mark — the Colonel who "made" him; the editor of the paper that "elected him;" and General Wanser who was ready to help "unmake him," these and the other big Republican

bosses who expected, as a matter of course, to give Jersey City a "good business government," called on the Mayor-elect. Mark, who has no humor, tried to tell me how he felt when they came and took charge of him and his office. Putting one fist to his forehead, and pressing the other hand on the back of his head (a characteristic gesture), he said that he looked up to those men; he felt his own deficiencies of education and experience; he had a heavy sense of his tremendous responsibility; and he wanted help and advice, for he wished to do right. But, you see, he was mayor. The people looked to him. He might make mistakes, but since he must answer for them to those people, man to man, you understand, and man by man, when he knocked again at their doors, why, Mark Fagan thought he ought to listen to "his party," yes, and be "true to it," yes, but after all, the whole people would expect him to decide all questions, all. Mayor Fagan did n't realize, at that time, that our constitutional governments were changed, that this was a business nation and that the government represented not the people, but business; not men, but business men. So he sat silent, apart and perplexed — not indignant, mind you; not quarreling and arguing; no, the others did that; — the Mayor only listened perplexed while Colonel Dickinson and General Wanser and the rest discussed "his" policy and "his" appointments, discussed them and disagreed, quarreled, all among themselves, but finally agreed among themselves. And then, when they had settled it all and turned to him, a party in harmony, he "got off something about being mayor and reserving the right to change some items of the slate and policy." It was their turn to be perplexed. Perplexed? They left him in a rage to "go to the devil."

The Mayor, abandoned, proceeded with a quiet study he was making all by himself of the city. He went about, visiting the departments, meeting officials, and asking questions. People wrote complaints to him, and some of them were as perplexed as the bosses when Mayor Fagan answered their letters in person, looked into their troubles and went off to "fix 'em up." There were lots of things for a mayor to do: Parents could n't get their children into school; no room. Families could n't get water above the second floor; no force. Cellars were flooded; pipes leaked. Jersey City, corrupt,

neglected, robbed, needed everything. And Mayor Fagan took its needs seriously. He must have more schools, more and better sewers, more water; and he did want to add a public bath and parks and music in the parks. "I wanted," he says, "to make Jersey City a pleasant place to live in; I'd like to make it pretty." Jersey City pretty! Were you ever in Jersey City? I suppose when your train was coming through Jersey City you were gathering up your things and being brushed by the porter; you probably never looked out of the window. Well, look next time and you will see that what the railroad attorneys say is true: "It's nothing but a railroad terminal. They talk about the railroads owning it; the railroads ought to own it. It's the terminal of the traffic of a continent."

Nevertheless Mark Fagan, who lived there and who knew personally so many families that lived and must always live there, he, their mayor, dreamed of making it a pleasant city to live in. How? Money, lots of money, was needed and how was money to be raised for such a purpose? When he had broached his idea to the bosses it seemed to fill them with disgust and now that they were gone, he did n't know what to do. He needed help, and help came.

Among the appointments recommended to him by Colonel Dickinson was that of George L. Record to be Corporation Counsel. Record, an able lawyer, had been the principal orator in the campaign, and the Mayor "took to him." But it was whispered that Record was interested in a contracting company which was building waterworks for the city, and the Mayor, suspicious by this time of everybody, hesitated. Record was resentful, but he had had dreams of his own once; he had read Henry George and his dreams were of economic reforms — taxation. But he had fought the bosses in vain and was about ready to give up when, reflecting upon the rock they all had struck at the bottom of this mild mayor's character, he saw that "by Jove, here was an honest man who could make people believe in his honesty." He went to see him. The water business was explained; Record had been engaged only as a broker and he was out of it. He was free to take Mark's pledge to be "loyal to the Mayor and the people of Jersey City." They had a long, warm talk. The Mayor's mind ran to the betterment of the physical

conditions of life ; Record's to more fundamental reforms, but taxation was the way to raise money to make the city pleasant.

They outlined a policy. They took in others to form a cabinet : Edgar B. Bacon, Frank J. Higgins, Edward Fry, and Robert Carey — all these, and Record and Fagan, are Mark Fagan. They discuss questions as they arise, and the Mayor decides ; they agree, but Mark is the Mayor. Some people say Record is the boss, but he laughs.

"The big grafters know better," he says. "They failed to handle Mark, and when they found that I was 'next' they asked me to sell him out. I did n't tell them that I would n't ; I told them I could n't. And I can't and they know I can't. I can advise, I can instruct, and the man will try, actually try hard to see things as I do. For he trusts me and he wants to be shown. He wants to know. But he decides ; and there's something in him — I don't know what it is — something that tells him what is right. No. I've been a help, a great help, to him, but so have the others of us, and we have helped him to decide to do things no one of us alone would have had the nerve to do. And there's where he is great. It all comes down to this : We all agree on the right thing to do, and we do it, but when the howl goes up and the pull begins to draw, we put it all up to Mark. 'Blame him,' we say, 'we can't help it,' and they blame him. But that eases us, and, you see, Mark prefers it that way. He wants to stand for everything ; everything. Oh, he should, yes, but don't you see, he wants to."

The policy the Mayor and his corporation counsel outlined was to equalize taxation. They could n't raise the rates ; the city was overburdened with taxes already, but the corporations probably dodged their share. Record did n't know that they did ; the Mayor was to see, and while he went about with the tax lists and an expert, Record had a talk with the boss, Dickinson. The Mayor had consented to let the Colonel have most of the patronage if "the party" would let him carry out his policy, and Record argued with Dickinson, that having made all the money he needed, it was time for him to play the big game of straight politics, take his ease and the credit of a good administration. Dickinson liked the idea.

The Mayor and his expert reported that the poor paid taxes on about seventy per cent of the value of their property ; privileged

persons on about fifty per cent ; the corporations on all the way from thirty per cent to nothing. Mark Fagan had a new purpose in life. The others laughed at the old, old story ; it was new to Mark and he raised rates on the tax dodgers. There was an awful clamor, of course, and there were pulls, but all complaints were referred to the little Mayor, who, seeing complex business problems in a simple way, was a rock.

Then there were the trolleys. These were valuable privileges. Why should n't they pay a fair tax ? There was a reason why they should n't : Republican, as well as Democratic bosses were in on them. This did n't deter the Mayor, and when Record sounded Colonel Dickinson, the Republican boss winked the other eye. He was n't in trolleys, and he had had a bit of a row with E. F. C. Young, the Democratic boss who was. As for the other Republican bosses who were in with Young, they might "see the Mayor" for themselves. They did. When it was noised about that the sacred private property of the street car company in the middle of the public streets was to be assessed somewhat as ordinary property, General Wanser, for instance, called on the Mayor.

"What are you going to do with the trolleys, Mark ?" he asked.

"Whatever is right," said Mark. "I understand they are undervalued ; if they are, we will raise them."

"Well, now, I'm a good friend of yours, Mark, and I don't want you to do anything of that sort."

"If you're a good friend of mine," said Mark, "you should n't ask me to do anything wrong."

"Don't you know" said Wanser, "that every dollar I have in the world is in this thing ?"

Mark Fagan, could n't see the relevancy of this ; he talked about other people having every dollar that they had in houses and lots, and yet paying taxes. As General Wanser remarked when he left in high dudgeon, Mark Fagan had "damn queer ideas about things."

He had, and he has. One of his queer ideas is what may be called a sense of public property. All men know that private property is sacred ; for centuries that sense has been borne in upon us till even thieves know it is wrong to steal private property. But highly civilized men lack all sense of the

sacredness of public property ; from timber lands to city streets that is a private graft. And when one day the Mayor received an anonymous note advising him to have the underlying franchise of the trolley company looked up, he was interested. He had the note copied in typewriting, then he scrupulously destroyed the original. The copy he gave to Corporation Counsel Record. Mr. Record discovered to his amazement that the franchise had expired. We need not go into details. The Mayor and his cabinet decided to take the matter into the courts ; if the court decided that the franchise belonged to the city, the Mayor meant to take it. To some of the Mayor's advisers this looked like a dreadful step to take ; they thought of the "widows and orphans" and other innocent holders of the stock. It did n't look so bad to Colonel Dickinson ; he thought only of his rival boss, E. F. C. Young, whom he had seen grabbing up the street railways under his nose. And it did n't look bad to Mayor Fagan ; he thought of the "widows and orphans" who held no stock except in Jersey City, which — so it seemed to Mark — had as much right as an individual or a private corporation to whatever belonged to it.

Unbeknown to the cabinet, however, while they were deliberating on their discovery, the great Public Service Corporation was being formed. The big men in the Prudential Life and its Fidelity Trust Co., had gone in with the U. G. I. (United Gas Improvement Co.) of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Railroad crowd to buy up practically all the trolleys, electric light, and other available public utility companies of New Jersey. Among these purchases were the Jersey City lines and, also, an electric light company in which Colonel Dickinson was an employee. This was embarrassing to Dickinson ; E. F. C. Young was out and Dickinson and his friends were in. Record told Fagan all about it but, as he says, "Mark did n't care ; he was n't even interested." He made public his plan to test the franchise, the stock fell and there was a great ado. The Public Service Corporation had walked straight into politics. Tom McCarter, the Attorney-General, was made president of the Company and his brother, Robert, was made Attorney-General of the state. As we all know the new crowd acquired such a heritage of corrupt power that they were able to send the president of the

Prudential, John F. Dryden, to the U. S. Senate. This power and the power of the U. G. I. (the same that drove Philadelphia to revolt) came down upon Dickinson and Record. The grafters did n't want to see the Mayor, but Dickinson and Record told them they must, so Dryden gave a yachting party up the Hudson. Dryden, Randall Morgan and Tom McCarter went and Dickinson, Record and the Mayor's Cabinet — all but the Mayor. The party was fog-bound off Hoboken, so they had no sail, and though they talked, they did no business. They had to see Fagan.

They saw Fagan. The U. G. I. has rooms at Sherry's for such business, and there one afternoon was held a conference which has passed into the traditions of New Jersey. The more important persons present were Mayor Fagan, Record, Bacon, Carey, and Dickinson representing Jersey City ; — Tom McCarter, of the Public Service Corporation ; and Randall Morgan of the U. G. I. The rooms were luxurious, the entertainment good, and the conversation was friendly and pleasant. When they got down to business, everybody felt as if they ought to be able to agree — everybody but Mark Fagan. He sat apart cold and still. He says now that he felt at the time that he should n't have gone there at all, but that all the way over on the boat and during the conversation he was conning over just what he would say ; that it was "not his business, but the city's, and that the case must go to the courts to decide." Tom McCarter spoke for the trolley, Carey for the city, and they got nowhere. Randall Morgan was talking tactfully to the Mayor in a corner, when suddenly McCarter turned upon Mark and said :

"Well, Mr. Mayor, what is your decision?"

The Mayor was ready. He had no decision to give, he said. Jersey City was going to take the case into court, and the courts would decide.

McCarter always loses his temper when opposed by an honest government. "You may be an honest man," he shouted at the Mayor, "but you act like a blackmailer. And you, George Record, I'll never forgive you for letting me put my good money into this trolley company without telling me what you knew about it." He insulted them all, one by one, in turn, including Sam Dickinson, and then he made a famous threat to the whole party :

"To all of you, I say, you can't bring your suit without the consent of the Attorney-General, and the Attorney-General is my brother."

No matter what an honest man in office tries to do, if he persists, he comes sooner or later upon the corrupt business back of corrupt politics. And no matter what kind of reform it undertakes, an honest city administration, if it proceeds logically, has to appeal sooner or later to the corrupt state government back of the corrupt city government. Mark Fagan had come, as we have seen, upon the trolley business, and when Tom McCarter pointed to his brother Robert at Trenton, he was showing the Mayor of Jersey City where he must go next. And Mayor Fagan went where Tom McCarter pointed, and what Tom McCarter predicted, happened. When Jersey City asked Attorney-General McCarter to take its expired franchise into court, Tom's brother, Robert, refused. Thus Mark Fagan learned that the trolley was king of his state.

And he was to learn that the railroad was queen. During this, his first administration, the Mayor had been able, by simply catching tax dodgers and "equalizing" the taxes of privileged individuals and corrupt corporations, to buy a site for a new high school; begin one school, finish another; put up eleven temporary schools, thus providing seats for all the children in the city; and make needed repairs in all the schools. He had built a free bath; established free dispensaries; extended one park, bought another, improved two more and given free concerts in them all. He improved the fire, street-cleaning, and health departments, and he repaired and extended the sewerage system. But he wanted to do more, and he needed more money. How could he get it? In the course of his investigations he discovered, what well-informed persons long had known, that railroad property was taxed separately in New Jersey. We need n't go into figures. The point was the railroads were taxed by a state board which they controlled, and which enabled them to fix their own valuation. Not only that, their tax-rate, as fixed by law, was lower than the local rate on ordinary property. All localities suffered more or less, but in Jersey City, where the railroads needed much and the most valuable ground (water front), every time they bought property for railroad use, they not only paid

less taxes on it than the private owner had paid, but they took it off the city list. The obvious effect was that the most valuable taxable property in the city constantly decreased and the tax on the rest as steadily increased and must forever increase.

It was a matter of life and death to Jersey City, to have this system changed, but the city was helpless alone. Mark Fagan, renominated, had to promise to go to Trenton with this business and with the trolley trouble. It was an exciting campaign. The railroads, the public service companies, the taxed corporations—all the corrupt and privileged interests set about beating Mark Fagan, but the Mayor, going from house to house and making, man to man, his simple promise to be "honest and true"—defeated the system.

Elected, he and his cabinet went to the legislature, and they had their bills introduced. Nothing came of a bill against Robert McCarter. A franchise tax measure was still-born. Their equal tax bill was crude, so the Democrats substituted a better one which the Jersey City Republicans accepted and supported. Referred to a committee, there were hearings on the bill, but it was buried there. The silent power of the king and the queen of the state would not let it come out. Mark Fagan, with his staring eyes, saw that the government of his state, the control of his own party, was in the hands of the most favored men in and out of the state, those that corrupted it, to get and keep privileges. And he wanted to say so. As the session drew to a close, he felt he must do something, but what? He must appeal from the state to the people of the state. How? Somebody suggested a letter to Governor Murphy, and they drew up one which described what Mark Fagan saw. The Mayor wanted to publish it right away. Record objected that he "could n't see the end of it." The Mayor said it was true; it was his duty to say it; and he wanted to "let the consequences go." Record suggested showing it to Dickinson. The Mayor said "no"; it is characteristic of him to avoid consulting those of his advisers who, he thinks, will oppose an act he believes to be right. Record did show it to Dickinson, however, and to his surprise the boss was for it. The Public Service crowd from Essex had beaten some political legislation of his, so the Colonel, a vindictive man, was for revenge. Record advised one more appeal to Governor Murphy, and he thought

that was agreed upon. And Governor Murphy, understanding that the letter was to be withheld, had a luncheon with the other leaders, who decided to do "anything you want." Meanwhile, however, Fagan and Dickinson had handed to the reporters Fagan's famous letter to the Hon. Franklin Murphy, Governor of New Jersey :

March 24th, 1904

MY DEAR SIR :—As Mayor of Jersey City and also a member of the Republican party, I venture to address to you this public communication in the hope of averting a possible calamity to Jersey City and an almost certain disaster to the Republican party of New Jersey. The present session of the legislature is drawing to a close. Its record, on the whole, is bad and in some respects is disgraceful. Its control by corporation interests, in the Assembly at least, has been absolute. For this condition the Republican party is responsible.

The bills for Equal Taxation demanded by a practically unanimous public sentiment, in all New Jersey at least, have been buried in committee at the command of the railroad corporations, and every attempt to move them has been resisted by a solid Republican vote upon the test motions. The Republican majority has made no attempt to defend this action and has thereby admitted that it cannot be defended.

Bills affecting Jersey City, notably several bills to empower the city to sell its surplus water to neighboring communities which it has supplied for twenty years and which desire to renew contracts with us, have been buried in committee.

A bill to ratify a water contract recently made between Jersey City and East Newark was introduced early in the session and referred to the committee on boroughs, which committee still holds it. The bill was afterwards introduced under another number and re-referred to the committee on municipal corporations, where it still reposes.

A bill to allow Jersey City to test the right to a trolley franchise which we are advised by counsel has expired, has met a similar fate. Our most determined efforts to get these committees to act have been unavailing, because of the Republican members thereof, but we can get no satisfactory reason for, nor explanation of, this action.

What is the meaning of all this? The answer is plain. A Republican legislature is controlled by the railroad, trolley, and water corporations. And the interests of the people are being betrayed.

While I charge no man with personal corruption I do not hesitate to say that this is a condition of affairs which is essentially corrupt, and which, if unchecked, means the virtual control of our state and our party by corporations.

As a citizen I say that this condition is dangerous and demoralizing. As a public official I protest against the injustice done to Jersey City. As a member of the Republican party I deplore its subserviency to corporate greed and injustice. No political party can long receive the support of the people with such a record as this Republican Legislature is making.

Whatever form the issue takes upon which an honest man in politics makes his first

fight, if he fights on, he finally will come to the real American issue : representative government. He may start out like Mayor Fagan for good government, or like Folk to prosecute boodlers, or like the President to regulate railroad rates ; before he gets through, he will have to ask the people to answer the question : "Who is to rule, the disinterested majority or the specially interested, corrupt few?" And to make their answer, the people have to beat the boss, who is the agent of the businesses that rule and are destroying representative democracy.

Mayor Fagan's letter to Governor Murphy raised the great question in New Jersey. It took at first the form that the gentle mayor of Jersey City had given it, railroad taxation. The railroads tried to keep it down. Governor Murphy appointed a commission to inquire into the need of a change in railroad tax methods, but the Republicans nominated for Governor, Edward C. Stokes, who resigned a directorship of a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad to run, and the issue of the campaign was the Jersey City issue. And Stokes was elected, but he had had to promise, and public opinion and the outrageous facts forced from the Commission a report for some change. And "some change" was made, enough to relieve Jersey City, but not enough to hurt the railroads. The people of Jersey saw that the railroads drew that law, that the railroads dominated still their state government—the railroads and the Public Service Corporation. For, besides the railroad legislation, the Jersey City men continued their franchise tax fight. And, meanwhile, Tom McCarter had aroused the people of Essex County to resist his perpetual franchise "grabs" in the Oranges. Jersey City wanted to tax franchises ; Essex reformers were for limiting them. Record saw that they both were fighting one enemy and he advised a union, and, because he was wiser than the Essex leaders, he and Fagan took up their neighbors' less essential issue. Everett Colby, a young Republican assemblyman from Essex, led the fight for limited franchises. He was beaten but the defeat showed what the state government represented.

So they went home to raise the real question, Fagan and Record to Jersey City, Colby and the Orange men, to Essex. The Orange men had seen that Carl Lentz, the Republican boss of Essex County who ruled them at home, was the agent of the railroads

and of the Public Service Corporation at Trenton. They went after him. Lentz declared that Colby should not go back to the legislature; since he represented the people, not the corporations, he should not be re-nominated. But Assemblyman Colby said he not only would go back; he would go back as a senator, and he would take his nomination and his election from the people. Fortunately, George L. Record, far-sighted, practical reformer that he is, had engineered through the legislature a primary election law. The people had a chance to control their parties, and the Republicans of Essex went to the primaries this year, and they turned the party over to Everett Colby. Then the whole people of Essex turned in, and they elected Colby senator and with him, a solid assembly delegation pledged to represent the public interests.

And Jersey City did likewise. After Dickinson and his mayor had given out the Murphy letter, the railroad-trolley rings went after the boss, and they got him. He began to insist in Jersey City upon some sort of compromise with the Public Service Corporation. The company wanted some new grants. The city could n't get its old case into court; so what was the use of fighting? Why not settle it all out of court? Mayor Fagan hung back, but his cabinet persuaded him to talk it over with Tom McCarter. McCarter called, asking for perpetual franchises. The Mayor was willing to negotiate on the basis of a twenty-five-year franchise. McCarter said limited franchises were absurd in Jersey. There they stuck till Record suggested as a compromise a perpetual franchise with readjustment of the terms every twenty-five years. McCarter thought this opened a way to a settlement; so did the Mayor; and Dickinson, feeling that he had "delivered his man" (the Mayor) sailed for Europe. But it was n't settled. McCarter demanded fifty-year periods and the Mayor, who had had misgivings all along, broke off the negotiations. The Public Service had its way. The Democrats controlled the Street and Water Board and they passed McCarter's franchise for him.

But it was passed over the Mayor's veto, and when Dickinson came home to hear that, not his party, but the Democrats had sold out to the Public Service and that he was left, as before, in the ridiculous position of a boss who could n't deliver his Mayor, he was angry. And all through the next session he opposed

the legislation asked for by his city. He joined the other bosses against the people, and, like Lentz, Dickinson went home this last summer to beat "his man" for renomination. Like Everett Colby, Mark Fagan accepted the challenge; he received the nomination for mayor from the Republicans direct and he took the organization besides. Then he turned to the people with this appeal:

"I find myself, at the opening of the campaign, confronted by a three-fold opposition. First, that of the Democratic machine and its absolute boss; second, the scarcely concealed and treacherous opposition of a Republican party leader, whose demands in behalf of his corporate clients I have refused to grant; third, the secret, but powerful opposition of a combination of public service and railroad corporations, whose unjust corporate privileges are threatened by my re-election. The opposition of the corporations and the reasons therefor, and the close business relations between them and the Democratic boss, are well understood by the public. The relations between these corporations, or some of them, and the Republican boss, are not so well known.

"I explicitly charge that this Republican leader is doing everything in his power to defeat my re-election; that his efforts to that end are jeopardizing the whole Republican ticket; and that this action is in the interest of the public service and railroad corporations.

"These facts and many others too numerous to mention, have convinced me that it is time to come out in the open and have a square stand-up fight against the Republican boss, the Democratic boss, and the trolley and railroad corporations which control them both. It is impossible for a public official to get along permanently with a boss, except upon terms of abject obedience and the sacrifice of self-respect. Personally I am tired of the experiment. I am sick of talk of party harmony, which means surrender of personal independence and of popular rights. It is time to fight the boss system itself, by which unscrupulous men get between the people and the public officials by control of the party machinery, betray the people, acquire riches for themselves, and attempt to drive out of public life all who will not take orders from the boss, and his real masters, the corporations.

"MARK M. FAGAN."

So the fight last fall in Jersey City, as in Essex County and in New York, as in Toledo, and Cincinnati, and Cleveland and Philadelphia, and in Ohio, and in Pennsylvania, was a fight against the bosses. And as in those places, so in Jersey City the people crossed all party lines to follow the leader, and they beat the bosses. Mark Fagan was re-elected Mayor of Jersey City, and now he and Senator Colby and the reformers of Jersey are combining to proceed against the interests which the bosses represented. They have specific issues, several of them. We need not dwell upon them; these issues will bring the people in direct conflict with the great rulers of this country, and with the bosses pushed aside, we, the people, not of Jersey alone, but of the United States, will see, naked, the powers of corruption which have disgraced, demoralized, and, finally, exasperated us to revolt.

But what of Mark Fagan, the man who by following the facts, without a theory of reform, who by tackling each obstacle as he approached it, came out upon the truth and gave his traitor state its issues and aroused it finally to take part in the second war for independence that is waging all over the country? I have told simply the simple story of this simple man. The mystery remains. Why did Mark Fagan do it? That is what they ask in Jersey City, and that is what the commercial spirit of this Christian land asks of Folk and La Follette and Tom Johnson. What prompted them to do something for others? What are they after? What is there in it for them? And how and why do they win?

His bitterest foes, the grafters — concede Fagan's honesty. "Bob" Davis was the only one that offered any doubts on that point, and he offered them to me; he had none of his own. Pressed for facts, he admitted that Fagan was "personally on the square." The bigger grafters said Fagan was a demagogue. This is ridiculous. He addresses no prejudices, stirs no passions, makes no appeal to class; he seems to have no sense of class. His talks, like his speeches, are so plain that the wonder is that they count as they do count, winning for him, a Republican, a majority in a Democratic city. I asked the politicians to explain it. He has a relative, Jimmy Connolly, once a saloon-keeper, always a hard-headed politician. When Mr. Record confessed he could not account for it, he referred me to Jimmy

Connolly, and I asked Connolly: "How does Mark Fagan do it?"

"You can search me," said he. "I've watched him, and I've listened to him, and I give it up. And you can ast anybody in this town; we've all ast ourselves and that is where you'll end up. You'll ast yourself. I don't know what he says, and I've listened to him, but he does n't say nothing. Leastways, if you or the likes of me said to a fellar what Mark says, I can just hear the fellar say, 'Say, what ye givin' me, what?' 'Say,' he'd say, 'have n't ye got th' price of a drink in your clothes?' But when Mark says it, what he says, they fall down to it like dead soldiers. Nope, you got to find that out for yerself."

And an idea struck him. "Maybe you can," he said. "Now maybe you can. I'll get a wagon and we'll go chase Mark out to the railroad yards and you'll listen to him yerself and maybe you can tell me."

Out to the yards we went, and we joined the Mayor. He was going up to a group of men, who stopped work, wiped their hands on their clothes, and formed a shy group.

"I'm Mark Fagan," said the Mayor as shyly. "I have tried to serve you honestly and faithfully. I don't know how well, but you know my record. That's the way to judge a man — by his record. And if you don't understand anything in it, I'd like to have you ask me about it. If you think I have done right in most things, I'd like to have your support."

That was all. They shook hands, saying nothing, and he moved on.

"Understand that?" said Connolly at my elbow. "Every one of 'em'll vote for him. Why? What's there to it?"

Mark climbed up into the tower and began "I am Mark Fagan —"

"You need n't waste your time here," said the tower man, looking around steadily. "I know you're Mark Fagan, and I know what you're doing. And I'll vote for you till hell freezes over." He flung over the switch, and Mark retreated abashed.

"He knows me," he said wonderingly to me when he came down. Of course they all know the Mayor, but the Mayor can't call them by name; he has n't a good memory for either names or faces, and I saw him talk to men he had talked to before. So there is no flattery, and no familiarity, and that was one point which missed Connolly, who could n't understand why those men did n't

laugh or josh the Mayor. "Why don't they give him a song and dance?" he said.

One man in a group I joined before the Mayor reached it, did say he was going to "have some fun with Mark," and the others in a mood for horse play, dared the bold one to ask Fagan for "the price of a drink." I thought the man would, but when Mark came up, saying, "I am Mark Fagan; I have been mayor for two terms and I have tried to serve you," etc., etc., the bold man was silent; they were all respectful, and the psychology was plain enough. The Mayor speaks, what Connolly calls "his little piece," with dignity, with the grave dignity of self-respect, and you feel, and those men feel, the perfect sincerity of Mark Fagan.

But that did n't satisfy Jim Connolly, and it would n't satisfy anybody in Jersey City. It did n't satisfy me, and since nobody else could help me, I went to Mark himself. I went to his home with him, and I asked him questions. He squirmed, and it was n't pleasant for me, but I had a theory I wanted to test. Maybe it was n't right to probe thus into the soul of a man, and maybe it isn't fine to show what you see. It hurt Mark Fagan, that interview, and the report of it will hurt more. But I am thinking of those of us who need to see what I saw when I looked in upon the soul of Mark Fagan.

Why had he done the things that had been done for Jersey City? That was the main question. He said he had n't done those things, not alone. His cabinet had done them. He gave full credit to his associates, and he gave it honestly, as if he wished to be believed. But as Record says, whatever of knowledge and resources he and the rest contributed to the Mayor, it was the Mayor who furnished the courage, the steady will — the transparent character.

"What is your purpose, Mr. Mayor?"

He elaborated his idea of making Jersey City pleasant. He talked about clean streets, good water and light service, and schools. "Now the schools — I think the schools should n't be shut up when school is out. Don't you think it would be nice if the mothers could go there, and the girls, and learn to sew and other things? I'd like to have a gymnasium in the schools; and a swimming tank. The schools ought to be the place where the people of the neighborhood go to read and hear lectures, and hold meetings, and for the children to play. Do you think that is foolish?"

He had n't read of the efforts elsewhere for these ends. He was glad to know his scheme had struck others as feasible.

"I don't see why things should n't be useful, like that, and pretty. Do you think it would be foolish — I have n't talked about this to the others, but do you think it would be so foolish to have flowers in the schools?"

"Why do you care about other people? You seem to like men. Do you, really?"

His look answered that, but he went on to talk about his boyhood and his experiences as an undertaker.

"What do you mean by the people? The poor people? The working people? When you address a crowd, do you appeal to labor as labor, to the unions, for example?"

"Oh, no. I never do that. I mean everybody. The poor need the most, and most people over here work, but by people I mean men and women and children, everybody."

"Railroad presidents? Do you hate the railroads?"

"No," he said, reflecting. "They do a good deal that is wrong. They corrupt young men and they don't care anything about Jersey City. They should stop corrupting politics, but you can't expect them to look out for us. We must do that." He paused. "I have hated men, almost, some of these corporation men, but I don't any more. I used to hate men that said things about me that were n't true, that were n't just. But I've got over that now."

"How did you get over it?"

"I have a way," he said, evidently meaning not to tell it.

"You must have been tempted often in the four years you have been in office. Have you ever been offered a bribe?"

"Only once, but that was by a man sent by somebody else. He did n't know what he was doing, and I did n't blame him so much as I did those who sent him."

"But the subtler temptations, how did you resist them?"

"I have a way," he said, again.

This time I pressed him for it; he evaded the point, and I urged that if he knew a way, and a good way to resist political temptations, others should know of it.

He was most uncomfortable. "It's a good way," he said, looking down. Then looking up he almost whispered: "I pray. When I take an oath of office, I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is

an oath, and afterward I pray for strength to keep it."

"A silent prayer?"

"Yes."

"And that helps? Against the daily temptations too?"

"Yes, but I — every morning when I go up the steps of City Hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me and — to resist them. And at night, I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"When you were considering whether you would give out that letter to Governor Murphy, why did you say 'let the consequences go?'"

"Well, when anything is to be done that I think is right, and the rest say it might hurt my political career, I ask myself if such thoughts are tempting me, and if I think they are, I do that thing quick. That was the way of the Murphy letter."

"They say you want to be Governor of New Jersey?"

"I know that I don't," he said quietly. "I have asked myself that, and I know that I don't. I don't think that I would be able to be the governor, I mean able to do much for people in that high office."

"What do you want to do, then?"

"Why, what I am doing now."

"Always? Do you mean that you'd like to be Mayor of Jersey City all your life?"

He looked up as if I had caught him at something foolish or extravagant, but he answered:

"If I could be — if I could go on doing things for the people all my life, as Mayor, I should be very happy. But I can't, I suppose, so I shall be satisfied to have done so well that whoever comes after me can't do badly without the people noticing it."

"Well, what do you get out of serving others, Mr. Mayor? Try to tell me that truly."

He did try. "I am getting to be a better man. You know I'm a Catholic —"

"Yes, and some people say the Catholics are against the public schools. Why have you done so much for them?"

He was surprised. "I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people."

"Well, you were saying that you are a Catholic —"

"Yes, and I go to confession every so often. I try to have less to confess each time and I

find that I have. Gradually, I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about hating men that were unfair to me shows. Some of them were very unfair; from hating them I've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I'm trying to be right and just to everybody. Maybe some day I will be able to like them."

"Like them also! What is it, Mr. Mayor, altruism or selfishness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you?"

He thought long and hard, and then he was "afraid it was the fear of God."

"What is your favorite book, Mr. Mayor?"

"The Imitation of Christ.' Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, anywhere, every day."

I would n't tell Jimmy Connolly, nor "Bob" Davis, nor Sam Dickinson, nor, to their faces could I say it to many men in Jersey City; I'd rather write than speak it anywhere in this hard, selfish world of ours, but I do believe I understand Mark Fagan, how he makes men believe in him, why he wants to: The man is a Christian, a literal Christian; no mere member of a Church, but a follower of Christ; no patron of organized charities, but a giver of kindness, sympathy, love. Like a disciple, he has carried "the greatest of these" out into the streets, through the railroad yards, up to the doors of the homes and factories where he has knocked, offering only service, honest and true, even in public office. And that is why he is the marvel of a "Christian" community in the year of our Lord, 1905. And, believe me, that is how and why Mark some day will make his Jersey City "pretty." This gentle man has found a way to solve his problems, and ours, graft, railroad rates and the tariff. There may be other ways, but, verily, if we loved our neighbor as ourselves we would not then betray and rob and bribe him. Impracticable? It does sound so — I wonder why? — to Christian ears. And maybe we are wrong; maybe Christ was right. Certainly Mark Fagan has proven that the Christianity of Christ — not as the scholars "interpret" it, but as the Nazarene taught it, and as you and I and the Mayor of Jersey City can understand it — Christianity, pure and simple, is a force among men and — a happiness. Anyhow this is all there is to the mystery of Mark Fagan; this is what he means.

THE LADY ACROSS THE AISLE

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "MISS MILLY'S CRÊCHE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS WARD

NOMINALLY, Jack was in charge of the twins; as a matter of fact, the twins were in charge of Jack, and they felt the weight of the responsibility. It is a serious matter to be aboard a sleeping-car with a young, handsome, bachelor uncle on your hands, and a pretty lady right across the aisle. Unless you are very careful, your uncle is apt to walk across the aisle any minute and say: "Good evening, Pretty Lady; will you marry me?" and if she should say: "Why, yes, Mr. Jack, I don't mind if I do," there would be trouble; probably a spanking apiece for the twins at the very least. For they were under orders.

The parents of the twins were in the South, a vague section of the world, that on the map was long and pink, with a blue gulf on one side and a blue ocean on the other. Bobby was of the opinion that it was "down where the oranges come from, near to the torrig zome," and Dotty was so sure the climate

was warm that she had packed a snowball in her own private satchel, just to surprise the little Floridians, for she had heard that they had never seen snow where papa and mama were spending the winter.

The last injunction to Uncle Jack as the parents of the twins were leaving was: "Don't let them worry the life out of you, and bring them down when we telegraph;" and to the twins: "Take good care of Uncle Jack, and be careful he don't run away and get married." The twins had taken this to heart, and in addition to a close surveillance, they prayed earnestly every night that Uncle Jack might be turned from the temptations of matrimony. It was very wearing on the twins, and they were glad when the time came for them to go to their parents, for then they could unshoulder the burden. And then, just when they were congratulating themselves on having Uncle Jack safely aboard the train, there was a swish of skirts

"the twins grinned at him diabolically"



and the suspiciously pretty lady took the seat directly across the aisle.

The twins exchanged glances, and their eyes said plainly: "We must be on our guard." They noticed that when Uncle Jack looked up from his task of arranging his hand baggage and saw the Lady Across the Aisle, he involuntarily assumed a brighter expression, and they silently clasped hands.

The twins were remarkable children. Uncle Jack said they were "peaches," and the older folks said they were "terrors." In anything affecting their common interests, they were one and indivisible in inflicting damage on their enemy, but this loyalty did not extend to merely personal matters.

In cases of necessity they were indivisible allies; in all other cases they were sworn enemies, even to having a code of warfare. In their internecine quarrels, pulling hair, biting, and scratching were rigidly tabooed, but this rule had only come into being after a thorough demonstration that neither could gain a victory by means which were so easily duplicated by the sufferer.

Uncle Jack was therefore pleased to find his journey beginning with the twins at peace with each other, and he smiled gratefully when they clasped hands. In return, the twins grinned at him diabolically, after which they kissed each other and said they were glad they were going away.

As the train rolled out of the dust of the station, the twins studied the Lady Across the Aisle closely. She seemed a very dangerous person. Her tailor-made traveling suit was of a fashionable cut, her hat denoted style, and her face was too pretty to be safe for a bachelor uncle's good. Even her actions were suspicious, and filled the twins

with alarm. Instead of openly showing that she had intentions on the peace of Uncle Jack, she masked her schemes behind an apparent indifference, and, from experience, the twins knew that this meant trouble of the worst sort, for whenever they plotted anything particularly dire, they themselves had recourse to a preliminary period of cherubic innocence.

It was to be expected that every unmarried lady should want to marry Uncle Jack, and the twins were surprised that he was not constantly surrounded by a ring of maidens beseechingly posed on their knees; thus, when the young female person across the aisle calmly ignored him, and, after watching the rapidly moving landscape for a few minutes, buried herself in a magazine, it was quite evident that



"'Your nose,' he said with judicial slowness, 'is just too uppish for anything. It's like this'"

her purpose was first to lull the suspicions of the twins to rest, and then suddenly spring upon Uncle Jack and marry him before he knew what she was doing. The twins felt that they had a worthy adversary, and prepared to meet guile with guile. They retired to a vacant seat where they could keep an eye on the Lady Across the Aisle and prepare a plan of campaign.

"She's got an uppish nose," Dotty announced as soon as they were seated comfortably. There was utter condemnation of the Lady Across the Aisle in the remark, not that her nose was really so very uppish, but it seemed necessary to begin the campaign with a disparaging remark. The twins always began their private feuds with more or less delicate remarks about each other's personal appearance. It saved the bother of waiting for something to fight about.

Bobby studied the face carefully.

"It ain't so awful uppish," he said decisively. "It ain't so uppish as yours is. Your nose," he said with judicial slowness, "is just too uppish for anything. It's like this."

He placed his thumb against the end of his nose and pressed it into the flattest kind of a pug.

Dotty swelled with indignation.

"Your nose," continued Bobby, "looks like it had been stepped on," he considered her nose a minute and then added, "by a ephelunt."

Tears of pain gathered in Dotty's eyes, and Bobby leaped over and put an arm about her neck.

"But I would n't mind, Dotty," he said soothingly, "it ain't so uppish as it might be. It might be like this." He explained his meaning by putting his thumb on Dotty's pink little nose and pushing it violently. She wriggled valiantly, but her head was firmly encircled by his arm, and he squeezed it tightly against his coat. Dotty, however, had not fought innumerable "catch-as-catch-can" battles for naught, and she clasped her hands beneath his knee and "boosted."

In a moment they were merely a tangle of legs and arms on the car seat, and then there was a bump that could be heard from one end of the car to the other, as they fell on the floor between the seats, succeeded by the noise of battle, from the midst of which came the voice of Bobby crying — "No fair pinchings! Dotty, stop pinching or I won't ever fight you again, I won't;" and in muffled tones the reply of Dotty, "Then you let loose of my hair."

There was a rush of feet, and a swish of silk, and Bobby felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked around and saw the Lady Across the Aisle! And, still worse, Uncle Jack was standing in the aisle behind her!

"Don't be frightened," Uncle Jack was saying. "They are not hurt. It's only one of their pretty pastimes. They like it, the little dears. And if you interfere, you will have them at you next. Nice little cherubs, are n't they?"

Either because of her exertion or for some other reason, the face of the Lady Across the Aisle was quite rosy when she stood up again.

"I thought they were hurt," she said, in some confusion.

"Hurt!" laughed Uncle Jack. "Not those two. They come of a tough stock. I used to be half-back in the 'Varsity 'leven myself."

The Lady Across the Aisle made some remark about football, and the twins heard her voice and Uncle Jack's mingled in conversation as they went back to their seats.

Bobby from his seat on Dotty's prostrate form, listened.

"Now, you did it!" he exclaimed. "Now they are interdocced, an' you did it. I ought to pun'sh you."

"I did n't do it, either," protested Dotty.

"You did it your own self. You hollered when I pinched you."

"You know very well, Dotty Morgan," said Bobby, severely, "it ain't never fair pinchings."

"Well, you began it," said Dotty. "I would n't of pinched if you had n't pushed my nose all in."

"I began it!" Bobby exclaimed. "I'd like to know how I began it." I can't help pushing your nose in if it keeps looking as if

it was stepped on. You ought n't to have such a pudgy nose; if you don't want it pushed. I've just got to push it. Don't I always push it when I think of it?"

Dotty could not deny that her nose seemed a perennial temptation, and she felt that the guilt of introducing Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle lay at her door,



"In a moment they were merely a tangle of legs"

but, woman-like, she could not resist a last word.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "I think you might pray to not want to push it."

One of the things Uncle Jack said to the Lady Across the Aisle as they walked back to their seats was:

"They are twins. I am taking them down to Palm Beach and I will be glad to have them in their mother's care again. They are a little strenuous for a man to manage."

And one of the things the Lady Across the Aisle thought was: "He is a gentleman, and handsome, and the boy certainly has his features. Probably the girl resembles his wife."

Perhaps it was on account of his wife that the Lady Across the Aisle managed to seat herself in such a manner that there was plainly only room for one in a car seat built to accommodate two, and if Uncle Jack retreated to the smoking-room at the end of the car, it was only because the Lady Across the Aisle had seemed coldly indifferent regarding his existence.

As he puffed his cigar, he hoped the twins would renew their fight, or create some kind of a riot, so that he might speak again to the Lady Across the Aisle without being impertinent or intrusive, but the angel of peace seemed to have spread its wings over the terrible two.

When Uncle Jack disappeared, the twins, hand in hand, walked down the car and stood before the Lady Across the Aisle. As the mischief of an introduction had been done, it seemed best to their watchful minds to reconnoiter. They stood in silence and looked the Lady Across the Aisle over thoroughly. Their gaze was somewhat trying, and she glanced up at them.

"We 'm going to Pa'm Beach," Bobby announced, when he had completed his survey.

"Yes," said Dotty proudly. "In Florida, where the or'nges grows."

"That will be very nice," said the Lady Across the Aisle.

"We 'm got a ticket," Bobby informed her. "But we ain't got it. *He's* got it." He pointed to the rear of the car where Uncle Jack had disappeared.

"'Cause — 'cause if we lose it the conductor 'll put us off the train," explained Dotty.

"Have you got a ticket?" asked Bobby suddenly.

The Lady Across the Aisle said she had.

"Mine is a long ticket," Bobby told her, and then added quickly: "Let me see your ticket."

The Lady Across the Aisle smiled. She did not meet many children, and their vagaries amused her. She drew her ticket from her purse and held it before Bobby's eyes. His right hand shot out and grasped the slip of paper, and in a moment he had darted into the smoking compartment.

"Uncle Jack!" he cried, "here's her ticket. Tear it up quick, so they 'll put her off the train."

Uncle Jack took the slip of paper and cast his eye over it. Quite unconsciously he noticed that it named her destination as Ormond.

"Bob," he said severely, "where did you get this?"

"I took it from the Lady Across the Aisle," Bobby said proudly, "so the conductor 'd put her off the train. I don't

want her on my train. She's got an uppish nose."

With an exclamation, Uncle Jack sprang from his chair and almost bowled into the Lady Across the Aisle, as he rushed into the car.

"Oh, pardon me," she said sweetly, while he stood in confusion holding the ticket toward her. "I thought perhaps the little boy might lose my ticket. Thank you so much for bringing it to me."

"No, you must forgive me for bringing the two terrors on the same train with civilized beings," Uncle Jack managed to say, despite the violent actions of Bobby, who was beating him about the knees. The Lady Across the Aisle stood with one hand



"They stood in silence and looked the Lady Across the Aisle over thoroughly"

resting against the paneled mahogany of the car.

With startling suddenness Bobby ceased his onslaught, and leaned against the side of the car beside the Lady Across the Aisle. He put his hand behind his back and looked at Uncle Jack with resignation.

"All right!" he said, in a tone of one who has done his utmost to avert a calamity and feels his duty unappreciated. "Why don't you give it to her?"

Uncle Jack realized that he had been standing with the ticket in his hand, and that while he gazed at the pretty face, he had forgotten to give the Lady Across the Aisle the ticket. He felt rude and boorish.

"Give it to her, why don't you?" asked Bobby again. "I don't care. I took it, and the conductor would of put her off, but I don't care, you don't 'preciate things. I guess you *want* her to stay on my train. I guess you *want* her to marry you. Why don't you *say* you want her to marry you?"

Bobby regarded Uncle Jack with pain and indignation. The Lady Across the Aisle flushed first pink and then a rosy red. She held out her hand for the ticket.

"I —" she gasped. "My ticket, please;" and before Jack could speak she had fled.

When dinner was served in the dining-car, she took a seat as far from Uncle Jack and the twins as she could, and after dinner Uncle Jack retreated again to the smoking compartment. He found it impossible to sit opposite the Lady Across the Aisle. There was a haughty tilt to her head that made him uncomfortable, and he could not help seeing it when he sat across from her, for his eyes insisted on turning towards her.

The twins were preternaturally good after dinner, for Uncle Jack allowed them to eat a great many things that were usually forbidden them, and when the porter came to make up their berth they were sleepy, and

went to bed without their usual preliminary objections.

Uncle Jack remained in the smoking-room until he was sure the Lady Across the Aisle, together with her air of haughty offense, must have retired, and all night he dreamed of blue eyes that were shocked, and an up-pish nose that was just uppish enough to be charming.

The next morning when Dotty was sent into the ladies' dressing-room to make her toilet, she found the Lady Across the Aisle there. Dotty observed that the Lady Across the Aisle seemed very bright and happy, and she had noticed that Uncle Jack was rather short and cross, and her active mind was filled with suspicions. How would a lady who had succeeded in marrying Uncle Jack look if not bright and happy, and how would Uncle Jack look if he had been married perforce, if not cross. Dotty remembered that, on retiring, the twins had left Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle unchaperoned. Doubtless, the Lady Across the Aisle had taken advantage of this and had married Uncle Jack. Dotty investigated.

"When I get big I'm going to get married," she announced, and then added, as an explanation, "like my papa and mama."

She looked at the Lady Across the Aisle, with her most innocent gaze and inquired.

"Are you married?"

The Lady smiled.

"No," she said.

Dotty heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ain't you going to be?" she asked.

"No," said the Lady Across the Aisle, "not for a long, long time, at least. Some time I may."

Dotty considered this. It seemed satisfactory.

"Ain't you even got engaged yet?" she asked.

The Lady shook her head.

"No," she said. "Not even that, yet."

"I am," Dotty assured her. "I'm engaged to my Uncle Jack. I've been engaged to him for years and years. I guess



"'Uncle Jack!' he cried, 'here's her ticket. Tear it up quick, so they'll put her off the train'"

I'll get married when I get to Palm Beach, if somebody don't get married to him 'fore I get there."

The Lady Across the Aisle laughed at the queer child.

"So you are going down to meet him, are you?" she asked.

"No," said Dotty, "I'm going to meet my papa and mama. We are taking Uncle Jack."

The Lady Across the Aisle was doing wonderful things to her hair, but she stopped and looked at Dotty.

"Your Uncle Jack —" she began and then: "Oh, yes! I see," and turned to her mirror again.

"Don't you think," Dotty asked earnestly, "that it would be horrid for anybody to marry Uncle Jack when I'm engaged to him?"

"No lady would ever think of such a thing. It would not," said the Lady, "be playing fair."

"You would never think of such a thing, would you?" Dotty said.

"Never," replied the Lady.

Dotty smiled her most deceptive, company smile. It was intended to express utter amiability. It looked like an impish grin.

"Well," she said, "I've had an awful nice time. I must be going now. Good-by."

She went into the car and drew Bobby into the corner of a seat. He was freshly washed and combed, and haughtily conscious of his hair.

"Your hair," she began graciously, "looks like a drowned kitten. Water's dripping off of it. Sit over, so it don't drip on my dress. She ain't married and she ain't going to be. So that's settled."

"Who said she ain't?" asked Bobby. "I bet it ain't true, who ever said it."

"It's true as ever was!" exclaimed Dotty with indignation. "She said so herself. I

knew you would n't believe it, but it's true. You can ask her."

"She'd tell us anything," said Bobby, with the deep sophistry of experience. "She thinks we're kids. They tell us anything to fool us. And then say they did n't say it. So would you, only you dass n't. I'd push your nose in."

Dotty considered this statement in all its lights. It was an insult and a challenge, but she decided to overlook it temporarily in the interest of greater things. "I'll fight you for that when we get to Palm Beach," she said sweetly. "I have n't time now. Will you believe her if she says it in front of Uncle Jack?"

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't," Bobby answered. "How can I tell until she says it? I guess she won't try to fool him, but you look to see if she winks. They're fooling when they wink. Always."

The Lady Across the Aisle swept in and took a seat at the opposite end of the car, as far as possible from Uncle Jack. It was

evident that she was avoiding Uncle Jack as severely as he was avoiding her. The twins were nonplussed — for a moment.

"Go and fight her," Dotty commanded.

"I won't. I'll get my hair mussed," said Bobby.

Dotty raised one white hand and with a practised touch seized his moist forehead and twisted it.

With the other she clawed the remaining hair into disorder.

"Now go," she said. "It's mussed already."

The Lady Across the Aisle never knew just how it happened.

She had a view of a gentle-mannered boy sliding diffidently upon the seat at her side, and then, quite unexpectedly, a wild beast flung itself upon her and began to push its open palm against her nose. It was so unlooked for that she uttered a little scream, and in a moment Dotty was dragging Bobby away by his legs, and Uncle Jack



"holding him by one arm and shaking him vigorously"



"They submitted to the ordeal of trying on new and resplendent garments with scarcely a murmur"

was holding him by one arm and shaking him vigorously.

"Now, Dotty!" the culprit gasped between shakes.

"Did n't you say you was n't married, and was n't engaged, and that you would n't marry Uncle Jack until he ain't engaged to me?" Dotty asked, all in one breath.

The Lady Across the Aisle stopped rubbing her pretty nose, and glanced at Uncle Jack. Her eyes twinkled, and she could not suppress the smile that insisted on tickling the corners of her mouth. Of course, Uncle Jack could not frown ferociously when a lady's eyes twinkled — that would have been most impolite — and in the interest of politeness, he smiled. He even let his eyes twinkle, but he gave Bobby an extra shake to even matters.

"Well?" asked Dotty impatiently.

The Lady Across the Aisle did something she had never done before, but people always did unheard of things where the twins were concerned. She looked straight into Uncle Jack's eyes, and the dark-fringed lid of one of her own eyes quivered tremulously and closed and opened in an unmistakable wink.

"Come on, Bobby," said Dotty sadly. "That settles it."

She took his hand and they walked down the aisle in deep gloom. For Bobby it remained unbroken, but to Dotty came one ray of sunlight.

"Well, anyway," she said, "you'll get spanked when we get to Palm Beach. And I'll stand outside the door and hear you yell."

In this thought Dotty found some consolation, but it did not have a similarly brightening effect on Bobby.

Uncle Jack stood a moment undecided what to do, and then the Lady Across the Aisle drew her draperies almost imperceptibly closer to her, and Uncle Jack said:

"Perhaps I had better sit here awhile to protect you from further assaults of the enemy."

From speaking of enemies it was but natural that they should soon turn to speaking of friends — and other things, and they quite forgot the twins, who found a little relief from their woe by going into the vestibule that connected the cars, and standing with one foot on one car and one on the other, while the movements of the train joggled them deliciously.

When the Lady Across the Aisle left the train two obsequious gentlemen assisted her to alight. One was in uniform and received

a glittering piece of silver; the other wore a gray morning suit and received only a smile, but he seemed as well pleased as the porter.

"Well, Jack! Well, Bobby! Well, Dotty!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan when the train discharged its passengers at Palm Beach. "And how have you been. How did they behave, Jack?"

"The worst ever," said Uncle Jack truthfully. "Could n't have been worse, if they had tried. They broke all records."

Dotty and Bobby smiled sweetly.

"The little darlings!" cried Mrs. Morgan, laughing, but Jack frowned.

"Really," he said, "you should n't laugh. I don't mind their ways myself, but they

caught the twinkle in his sister's eye and laughed, a little foolishly.

For several days before the wedding, which was not until the next June, the twins were disconcertingly angelic. They submitted to the ordeal of trying on new and resplendent garments with scarcely a murmur, and even spent for wedding gifts the money given for that purpose, without rebellion. At the church Bobby marched up the aisle in his character of page with becoming gravity, and Dotty was all sweetness as a flower-girl, strewing violets before the bride. Even their behavior at the house reception was ominously correct. As the afternoon passed they sat affectionately side by side on the



"*'I feel like I'd bust any minute,' continued Dotty*"

insisted on annoying a young lady who was unfortunate enough to sit across the aisle. They made her life miserable."

"Her nose was uppish, like Dotty's," said Bobby, in extenuation of his sins.

"She winked at Uncle Jack," remarked Dotty to complete the vindication.

Uncle Jack blushed.

"If she winked," he said hotly, "it was because she was perfectly well-bred and wished to spare my feelings."

Mrs. Morgan smiled and laid her hand on his arm.

"Jack," she said, "there is not the least need for you to defend her. I can quite understand that winking at a strange young man in a public car is a proof of perfect breeding in a lady."

"Oh, if you are going to side against her, too," said Jack, haughtily, and then he

stairs, but their mother trembled whenever her glance fell upon them.

"Uncle Jack won't live here any more," said Dotty at length.

"No," said Bobby soberly. "He's going to live with her."

"You look as if you wanted to howl," said Dotty. "I'll bet you cry when they go."

Bobby was discreetly silent.

"I feel like I'd bust any minute," continued Dotty.

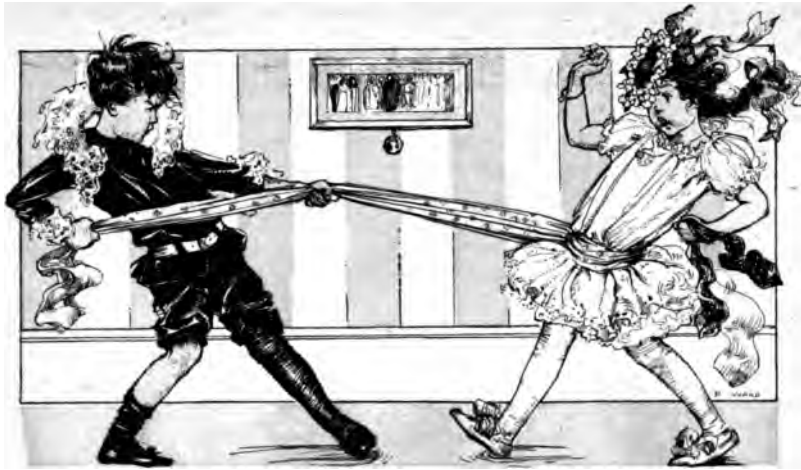
Bobby put his chin in his hands sadly.

"Nobody nice says 'bust,'" he observed.

"You looked like a monkey in those blue velvet pants," said Dotty softly.

"And all anybody could see of you," replied Bobby, gently, "was blue legs and pug nose."

"We can't do it here," said Dotty, looking around the crowded room. "Come on."



"It was a glorious battle, the best they had ever fought"

She took his hand and led him through the maze of skirts and dress trousers to where the new Aunt Jack stood.

"Will you excuse us, please, a little while?" she asked, and the bride stooped and kissed them both.

"Certainly, darlings," she said, and the two wended their way back, and up the stairs to their own room.

"Now!" cried Dotty, with relief, when their door closed behind them, "who was all blue legs?"

"Who was a monkey?" cried Bobby.

It was a glorious battle, the best they had ever fought, and before they could go downstairs again they had to change their torn garments for others less festive, but they

had conquered their woe. Life without Uncle Jack would not be life as it was, but they still had each other.

"Oh, well," sighed Dotty, when the carriage had taken Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle away, "I guess Uncle Jack wanted somebody his size to fight. He never had anybody."

"Yes," Bobby agreed, "I guess so. I guess he wanted an uppish nose like yours to push. Come on up and fight."

"No," said Dotty, "I feel too squirmy. Don't you feel like a chunk of your insides was gone?"

Bobby considered the question.

"Yes," he said, "I feel hollow. But I ain't. I'm full of cake."

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

WITH rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

III

THE PRIVATE CAR AND THE BEEF TRUST

"If there be anyone that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth."—OLIVER CROMWELL.



THE private car is like the piece of chalk by means of which Huxley interpreted the universe. It may be considered a sort of cross-section of the railroad problem, comprising within itself all the essential virtues and errors of the present system. No other factor in modern transportation affords such an intimate view of what I have heard called "the human nature of railroading."

Like most wide-spread abuses in railroad management, the use of cars specially designed for certain kinds of freight, was in reality founded upon sound reason and grew to importance because it was useful. The refrigerator-car, for example, removed the limitations from California as a fruit producer and within twenty years has enormously increased the wealth of that state. Prior to 1888, oranges and other fruit from the Pacific Coast shipped in ventilated cars, reached with success only the nearest markets of the East and the prices were so high that the industry could not be widely extended. In that year a few daring young men sent the first "ice-box on wheels" to California, and the following season California fruit was commonly served on the breakfast tables of New York and Boston.

Upon that refrigerator-car, marvelously developed and improved, rests the prosperity of wide sections of the country. Because of it not only California oranges, but Georgia and Michigan peaches, and Florida strawberries, are commonly served in New York, Montreal,

and even in London and Paris. And is not that surely one of the wonders of the world?

Advantages of Special Freight-Cars

A similar transformation took place in the meat industry. Upon the refrigerator-car rests the prosperity of all the great slaughtering centers of the West: it enables Kansas City to display its choice roasts upon the markets of Arizona, Liverpool, and Yokohama. And by stimulating the concentration of cattle-killing, it has made possible the economies by which the packer utilizes every part of the steer or hog. No better illustration of the peculiar dependence of industry upon transportation could be given than the business of the packers and fruit-growers. The mere form of a car has completely revolutionized both of these industries and changed the destinies of thousands of people.

Other special sorts of cars, some of them almost as old as the railroad itself, were invented to develop particular industries. Cattle-cars, in effect nothing but wooden cages on wheels, have transformed and broadened the cattle industry of the country; coal-cars, which could be loaded and dumped by a turn of the wrist, have greatly facilitated and cheapened the shipment of coal; steel tank-cars, especially made for carrying oil, mark a wonderful advance over the old, slow, costly method of shipping oil in barrels. A special car has been one of the chief factors in the evolution of the pickle business from a kitchen industry to a great commercial enterprise.

All these peculiar cars are the evidences of a wholesome, original, inventive growth of the industries of a very great country. In themselves they have been a direct advantage to the people. They have helped to knit us together as a nation, they have brought California to Boston, and Mobile to Chicago, they have encouraged economies, they have increased wealth, and they have distributed wealth.

Let us see, then, how these highly useful and important inventions have come by such a black reputation. As a necessary preliminary in dealing with any evil, we must find at exactly what point use becomes abuse.

Origin of Special Cars

We discover first that these special cars owed their existence, not to the railroads, but to progressive and energetic shippers who needed to use them — the fruit men, the beef men, the coal men, the oil men. In short, the railroad shirked its duty as a common carrier and allowed the ownership of such special vehicles of industry to remain in the hands of private individuals. And that was the time and the way of planting the seed which has since produced such a growth of corruption and extortion. That is the origin of the private car — the car owned by private individuals which the railroad hauls in its trains and for which it pays a rental.

Not all "special cars," however, are "private cars." Some railroads, sensitive to their duty, or, more likely, forced by competition, have bought and now own large numbers of these special types of cars. The Santa Fé Railroad owns its own refrigerator-cars, many roads own a sufficient supply of coal-cars. And it is significant that where a railroad has thus done its duty as a common carrier the peculiar abuses of the "private car" have not appeared.

Ten years ago no one dreamed of the enormous expansion of this strange system of private ownership of railroad rolling stock. Examine almost any freight train to-day on any railroad in the country, and it will be found that one or more of the cars, often every car in the train, bears not the name of the transportation company, whose lawful obligation it is to provide the necessities of commerce, but the name and the flaring advertisements of private persons who are not common carriers at all. To-day over three hundred private freight-car lines are in flourishing existence, operating 130,000

cars. And the number includes not only stock and refrigerator-cars, but all sorts of curious by-developments, private cars for breakfast-foods, beer, furniture, farm machinery, eggs, stone, lumber, lard, carriages, and many other commodities. Trains there are to-day which resemble nothing so much as a flying bill-board, advertising everything from "delicious sausage" to "perfect pickles."

The largest single owner of private cars is Armour of Chicago; who controls a dozen or more car lines and not only fruit and meat cars but many tank- cattle- and even ordinary box-cars — involving altogether a business of a magnitude difficult to conceive. Of refrigerator-cars alone he has over 14,000, representing an investment of some \$14,000,000. Nearly every great trust is an owner of private cars; that is one reason, as I shall show, why the trust is a trust and why it continues a trust. The Standard Oil Company owns thousands of private tank-cars, and the steel trust thousands of ore- and coal-cars. Not included among the private freight-car owners we have also the sleeping-car trust owning thousands of Pullman cars which are in reality private cars, and the express trust with thousands of express-cars.

Armour and his associates in the beef trust, as the largest owners of private cars, and perhaps the worst offenders — though we have n't yet had the Pullman car trust, the express companies, the brewers, and others in the full light of publicity — will furnish the best illustration of the peculiar operation and effect of the private car system. What is true of Armour is true in greater or less degree of every private car owner.

Armour's enterprises are known by many names. Many names give the appearance of competition. We have, for example, the Armour Refrigerator Line, the Fruit-Growers' Express, Armour & Co., Continental Fruit Express, Barbarossa Refrigerator Line, Kansas City Fruit Express, Tropical Refrigerator Express and others. But they are all under the control of a corporation known as the Armour Car Lines, and that in turn is owned by the same persons who own the Armour Company, otherwise J. Ogden Armour and his family — the mainstay of the beef trust.

Armour's Enormous Freight Bills

The Armour cars do two general classes of business. They carry beef products for the

Armour packing houses, and they carry fruit and vegetables for shippers generally. With 14,000 refrigerator-cars in operation their business is naturally enormous. Every day in the year Armour ships 150 cars from Chicago alone — and the other members of the beef trust ship over 400 more. In a single week Armour pays to the railroads some \$200,000 in freight for meat products alone — and this makes no account of his wide interests, direct and indirect, in the shipment of other products, fruit, grain, cattle and so on.

Now, there are twenty or thirty railroads entering Chicago every one of which is hungry for more traffic. Scores of traffic managers and freight agents are making or unmaking their reputations in getting this freight. Armour, knowing his power, holds back; he wants "concessions." Of course, there is a law against favoring one shipper to the disadvantage of another; but what is law when profits are to be had!

So the various railroads bid on Armour's business: they give him a *rebate*, or a *concession*, or a *discrimination* — one word may sound better than another, but they all mean the same thing. Because he is big and powerful they break the law for his benefit; while they compel the weak shipper to obey the law. Because Armour is big he gets rebates; and because he gets rebates he grows bigger still. Armour's business, like that of Rockefeller before him, is, indeed, not only founded upon injustice but upon downright law-breaking. He and the railroad agents, in conspiracy, committed crimes, the result of which was the wholesale ruin of independent beef-butchers in every part of the country.

Rebates Paid to Armour

Armour received rebates long before the private car came to great importance. At first, and until very recently, as I showed in a former article, it was a crude payment of cash. Let me give a single example. The true published rate on dressed beef (for export) from Omaha to Chicago, for a long time was twenty-three and one-half cents per hundred weight. That is what you and I would have to pay if we shipped. But Armour paid only eighteen and one-half cents, sometimes only sixteen cents. He was given an advantage of from *five to eight cents* on every hundred pounds shipped — a perfectly monstrous amount. This is no hasty or unsubstantiated charge. All the facts regarding

these rebates are set down in sworn testimony given before the Inter-state Commerce Commission. Several railroad officials not only admitted that they paid rebates but that they even *signed contracts* to pay them. Paul Morton, then vice-president of the Santa Fé railroad, a frank witness, testified that he made a contract dated June 30, 1901, and he said with a boldness little short of amazing:

"Yes sir, it is an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew that."

But the Santa Fé was not alone in giving rebates; many other roads did the same thing. C. J. Grammer, general traffic manager of the Lake Shore railroad, not only testified to paying rebates but told in detail how the secret accounts were settled. A. C. Bird, of the Milwaukee railroad, Mitchell of the Michigan Central, and five other traffic men admitted paying illegal rebates to the beef trust firms, paying them in large amount and with regularity.

Could anything be clearer than this calm acknowledgment of law-breaking? But no one has ever been punished for this crime, neither the railroads which gave the rebates nor Armour and his associates in the beef trust who received them. And this extraordinary disclosure did not even stop the law-breaking. Armour and his associates are as much nourished to-day by lawless railroad discrimination as ever, as I shall show.

But two things have happened since these disclosures were made which have somewhat changed the system. In February, 1903, the Elkins law was passed making cash rebating more easily punishable; and about the same time the United States courts enjoined the railroads from giving rebates to the members of the beef trust.

Consequently cash rebating became more dangerous — apparently, at least — and the railroads and the trusts, which are always co-conspirators, turned to newer, sharper, more secret methods of doing the same thing.

How the Private Car is Used as a Means of Discrimination

Long before 1902 the private car machinery of rebate was in excellent working order. After 1902 it was seized upon as the peculiar vehicle of discrimination, and the business since then has enormously expanded. It was especially useful for this purpose, because it was and is, apparently, outside the law. It is not recognized by law at all. When Congress was discussing plans for regulating

the railroad offices by both telephone and telegraph.

Let us say that Armour delivers thirty-five cars of beef — a train-load — to the railroads at one o'clock to-day. The number of every car is entered with the date of starting, on a huge tally-sheet at the central office. Say the train is bound eastward by the Grand Trunk. At Elsdon, Illinois, the first junction point, an Armour man is at hand to report the train. At Port Huron there is another Armour man. He fills out a blank postal card reporting the arrival there, the time taken in re-icing, whether cars are out of repair, and so on. Other Armour men stand ready at the Niagara frontier and at every other icing station through to New York City, each reporting by postal card. If part of the train goes to Pittsburg, or to Montreal, there also are the Armour men ready to report instantly. For Armour has over seventy regular branch houses in the United States besides numerous local agents, traveling agents and the like. Armour is always on the spot.

Every morning a great pile of these cards appears on the desks at the Central office in Chicago. Each car is checked up. If a train has lost time, if an Armour car is side-tracked anywhere, a telegram is at once despatched: "What's the matter?" It is a message which requires and receives prompt reply. Armour is never to be put off or trifled with. More than one railroad agent, who did not use proper respect, has summarily lost his head. And if offenses are multiplied, some fine morning Armour diverts his entire business to the rival line which *will* hurry his cars. *Hurry, hurry*, is his insistent demand; and no railroad dares dispute him.

Subserviency of Railroad Men to the Beef Trust

Most freight-cars are loaded both going and coming, thus saving greatly in cost of operation. Not so Armour's. Armour gets the same mileage whether the car is running loaded or empty and he requires the railroads to rush his cars back with all speed. So deadly is the system of accounting, so truculent are the Armour traffic men, that the railroad sometimes actually side-tracks passenger trains and keeps American citizens waiting in order that a meat train may be rushed by and make a little more profit for Armour. As for the freight business of other shippers, why, it never has one moment's

consideration when the interests of Armour are concerned; it goes on the side-track and waits! It would be ridiculous, indeed, if it were not so serious, to behold the railroad officials dancing attendance upon the powerful shippers of the beef trust.

When President Calloway of the New York Central Railroad was on the stand before the Industrial Commission, he said:

"We do not do these foolish things from choice. I will say that the thing is just as bad and foolish and stupid as can be, but what are you going to do about it? We have built up these dressed-beef men and they have all got their own cars, and they can dictate what they are going to pay. They just keep these cars humping. We unload them and get them back to Chicago just as quickly as we can. The Pennsylvania people were very much disinclined to allow or foster this dressed-beef business but were forced into it."

This is testimony concerning the power of the beef trust over two of the greatest railroads in America. When Armour's exactions became intolerable, even the combined railroads did not dare to come out openly and fight him, but secretly employed an agent — Mr. Midgley of Chicago — whose disclosures have brought about much of the present agitation.

What is the result of all this?

By merciless driving, Armour often makes his cars run 400 miles a day. The average, of course, is much lower. Let us be very conservative and follow the findings in the famous beef trust report of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, which cannot certainly be charged with overstatement. After presenting much conflicting evidence this report concludes that the average daily mileage of all cars owned by Armour and his associates and used in the beef business is from 90 to 100. Upon a basis of 100 miles a day the report calculates the *net* earnings upon the refrigerator-car business at 17.25 per cent; on a basis of 125 miles, the report calculates net earnings at 24.4 per cent. On cars used in the fruit business where there are immense additional profits from icing charges, the net earnings have been conservatively estimated at thirty per cent. These figures are all probably much too low, but let us be very conservative and set down the average *net* earnings of Armour cars at twenty per cent.

In other words, every car (average cost \$1,000), will earn a *net* sum every year of \$200, or enough to build a new car every five years. And this, bear in mind, is after charging off all possible operating expenses, repairs, and a very liberal allowance for depreciation. We know this estimate is too low because Mr. Robbins has testified that he rented old, inferior cars to breweries at \$17 to \$20 a month — or \$204 to \$280 per year. It may be assumed that Armour would not have rented his cars at this price unless it had been near the real net earning capacity. The large new refrigerator-cars, and especially those used in the fruit trade, will undoubtedly earn far more than this.

Armour's Profits on His Private Cars

But let us take the lowest figures and keep clearly within the bounds of conservatism. Even the lowest figures will give results quite startling enough! Armour owns 14,000 refrigerator-cars. If his profit on each is \$200, then his profits on car rentals alone, not including the enormous sums extorted in icing charges on fruit shipments, every year are \$2,800,000. *Nearly \$3,000,000 profit annually.* This is a *net* profit.

What chance has any competitor in the beef business before such railroad discrimination? Armour could afford to butcher cattle and maintain all his extensive packing house industries literally *without profit*, and still make \$3,000,000 a year in railroad discriminations! And this is not something that happened years ago in the days of cash rebates, which we have come to condemn so unanimously, but it is happening *now, this very year.* And because there happens to be no law, specifically, against such practices, Armour and the railroads make them a device of discrimination. But can any simple-minded person see any difference between a payment of \$3,000,000 net profit on mileage annually to a favored shipper like Armour, and an old-fashioned cash rebate of \$3,000,000? I confess I cannot. Cash is cash. And why, in the name of all that is logical, should the railroads, common carriers, pay this enormous sum every year as profits on car rentals when, if they owned the cars themselves, they would turn the money into their own treasuries? The net car-mileage profits of Armour for one year alone would enable the railroads to buy 3,000 fine new refrigerator-cars.

But why look for reason or justice in these things? Armour is strong enough to demand illegal favors; the railroads are weak enough to grant them. It is a question, not of enlightened justice, but of the unrestricted operation of the savage law of force and greed. If the railroad had performed the true function of a common carrier — of complete neutrality as between shippers — we should to-day have no beef trust.

It is true that the railroads have tried to throw off Armour's yoke — as they tried to throw off Rockefeller's yoke. They have tried to cut down Armour's mileage. A cent, or even three-quarters of a cent a mile, is an outrageous overpayment. On ordinary box-cars the railroads pay each other a rental of twenty cents a day. A refrigerator-car is more valuable than a box-car, the former costing \$1,000, the latter \$800, but Armour exacts, at a low average, as I have shown, from seventy-five cents to one dollar a day for his cars. There could be no better illustration of the power and arrogance of the private car owner than the story told by Mr. Midgley before the Inter-state Commerce Commission in October, 1904, of how representatives of sixty railroads met in St. Louis in 1894 and tried to decrease the extortionate mileage on tank and refrigerator-cars. First the Standard Oil Company appeared in the person of W. H. Tilford. I quote Mr. Midgley's own words:

Rockefeller and Armour Defy Railroads

"Mr. W. H. Tilford made this remark to me at the time of the meeting: He said, 'I never saw a company but what there was a weak sister among the number. I will single out the weakest company that can be found and put all our shipments to the twin cities and to the Missouri River on that line, provided they will give us three-quarters of a cent per mile for our tank-cars loaded or empty.' We thought we could do something, and one of our party who recently died, Mr. Chappell, said that 'the railroads are large purchasers of oil and we can buy our oil elsewhere.' Mr. Tilford said, 'You will, will you? Do it. We have all the oil in the country,' and he said, 'Good day, gentlemen.'"

Mr. Midgley then related how the Standard Oil Company, to punish the combined railroads, gave all its shipments to the Great Western railroad, which agreed to pay the three-quarter cent mileage; how the other

lines could not get a car-load to St. Paul or to the Missouri River; and how, finally, the railroads surrendered to the Standard Oil people and recouped themselves for the high mileage they were forced to pay by *advancing the rate on oil*. In other words, they took the profits paid to Rockefeller directly out of the pockets of the people, who pay the freight.

Then came Armour; neither did Armour want *his* mileage reduced. I again quote Mr. Midgley's own words:

"At the same time Mr. P. D. Armour, then living, sent a message to that meeting. I was Chairman, and had the message myself, in which he said: 'Do not reduce our rate below three-quarters of a cent per car per mile.'"

Armour's order was effective. The railroads also yielded to him. They reduced the mileage rate on stock cars, railroad cars, and other cars not controlled by trusts to six mills per car per mile, but *excepted* refrigerator and tank-cars, because these cars were controlled by Armour and Rockefeller.

Mr. Midgley closed his story with the remark: "We excepted refrigerator-cars and excepted Standard Oil cars because the trunk lines said: 'We have never been able to stand up against it.'"

Armour, however, employs not only force, but cunning. He utilizes that favorite device of high finance called community of interest. J. Ogden Armour as a great shipper deals with J. Ogden Armour as a railroad man. Armour, like his father before him, is a director in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. That railroad has been peculiarly favored by the beef trust. In the recent Wisconsin investigation exact figures were obtained showing the amounts paid by the Milwaukee road to private car companies for rentals. For the fiscal year 1903, this amount was no less than \$429,045.99, of which Armour — a director in the road — received \$135,297.07, or nearly one-third. And what Armour does in a comparatively small way — for his railroad interests, so far, are apparently not widely extended — other trust owners do in a much more general way. Rockefeller is interested in scores of railroads. Morgan of the steel trust is the Morgan of the railroads, and so on down the list. If Morgan, steel-maker, gets rebates, Morgan, the railroad man, helps to grant them. Thus industry is in railroads; and railroads in industry; and that is the very crux of the whole question.

I have made something of a point of the decrease in the payment of cash rebates owing to the Elkins law and court injunctions. But it will not do to suspect too much virtue from these quarters. You would ordinarily suppose that \$3,000,000 annual net profits on private cars would satisfy Armour. But you don't know Armour! You don't know Armour's kind — for Armour is only a type held up here because the evidence is at hand. I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that this is *not* an attack upon Armour personally; though it seems necessary, in conveying a true realization of the existing condition of wrong and injustice, to use Armour's name.

Once given power, unrestrained by fear of law, rendered bold by long freedom and the apparent inability of the public to see or to understand the conditions when they do see them, the Armours, Rockefellers, Havemeyers, Morgans, and the whole nest of life insurance leeches — apparently do not know where to stop in squeezing money from the public. It has become a sort of contest to see who will squeeze most and squeeze fastest.

So of Armour: three millions annual net profits on his car line was the mere first fruits of power — as I shall show.

Does the Beef Trust Still Receive Rebates?

I do not know positively that Armour, Swift, Morris, and the other members of the beef trust continue to get cash rebates in addition to car-mileage profits. We do know from testimony of Paul Morton and other traffic managers, to which I have referred, that they were paid rebates in very large amounts up to 1902. I doubt very much whether the practice has been entirely stopped even now, whether Armour, so long a law-breaker, has suddenly become obedient. I will give my reasons for this belief. Only the other day, September 21, 1905, four members of the firm of Schwarzschild & Sulzberger — a firm in the beef trust — came into open court, confessed to receiving cash rebates over and above their mileage rentals, and each paid a fine of \$25,000 cash. Later, B. S. Cusey, traffic manager of Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, testified that his firm was accustomed to receive large sums for *damages*, peculiar, strangely exorbitant, strangely even amounts. Now, if Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, a comparatively weak member of the beef trust,



Standard Oil Tank-car



A Private Fruit-car

"The average daily mileage of all cars owned by Armour and his associates and used in the beef business is from 90 to 100. Upon a basis of 100 miles a day the NET earnings upon the refrigerator-car business is 17.25 per cent; on a basis of 125 miles—which good experts regard as too low—the report calculates net earnings at 24.4 per cent."



A Private Car for Shipping Beer

"On cars used in the fruit business where there are immense additional profits from icing charges, the net earnings have been conservatively estimated at thirty per cent. These figures are all probably much too low, but let us be very conservative and set down the average NET earnings of Armour cars at twenty per cent."



One of Armour's Refrigerator-cars



Coal-car Owned by Private Corporation

TYPES OF PRIVATE CARS

These special kinds of freight-cars—built to accommodate special products—are in themselves evidences of a wholesome, inventive growth. They have made it possible to bring fruit to New York from California—and so on. But they have come by a black reputation. No one dreamed of the enormous expansion of the PRIVATE OWNERSHIP of this rolling stock. "To-day over three hundred private freight-car lines are in flourishing existence, operating 130,000 cars. . . . Armour owns 14,000 refrigerator-cars. If his profit on each is \$200, then his profits on car rentals alone, not including the enormous sums extorted in icing charges on fruit shipments, every year are \$2,800,000 NEARLY \$3,000,000 PROFIT ANNUALLY. This is a NET profit."

is able to force rebates, whether in direct payments or in "damages," what could not Armour and Swift do? The coming trial in the Federal courts of Armour, Swift, Morris, and their associates, now under criminal indictment, may develop these facts — unless the weight of money and legal talent back of these rich offenders balks justice as it has done so often in the past.

Rebates to Milwaukee Brewers

Right here, as a peculiarly effective illustration of the power of a private car owner, even though he possesses a comparatively few cars, I wish to tell the story of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of Wisconsin. This private car company carries beer for Pabst of Milwaukee and the brewery interests own all or nearly all of the stock. The president and manager of the company is E. L. Philip. Mr. Philip's methods are simplicity itself. He groups all the beer shipments and applies to the railroad company. "See here," he says, "what will you give me if we send our private cars exclusively over your road?"

"Why," says the railroad freight agent, "we will pay you the customary mileage on your cars, which will give you a handsome profit."

"Good morning, sir," we can imagine Mr. Philip saying, "I can do better."

And we can also imagine how eagerly the railroad official calls Mr. Philip back. Fortunately, we need imagine no further; we have the facts — gathered during the excellent investigation in Wisconsin.

We find that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was the favored bidder, that in the year which ended June 30, 1903, the railroad paid Mr. Philip's company \$73,240.61 in mileage rentals. All of which is quite as regular as the Armour transactions, and undoubtedly quite as profitable. But the investigators also found other exceedingly large payments to Mr. Philip, which upon inquiry were given the name "commissions." In five months — I have a list of the vouchers before me — from December, 1902, to June, 1903 (except April and May) the Union Refrigerator Transit Company received a total of \$33,856.51 in such "commissions." In other words, the brewers who own the private car company, received over \$6,000 a month *in addition to the mileage profits on their cars*. Where, with

such favoritism upon favoritism, would the struggling small brewer have the least chance for existence? It is true Scripture applied to the relations of the railroad and the trust: Unto every one that hath shall be given: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

But the chief interest in this story lies in its conclusion. When La Follette began his reforms in Wisconsin, the brewing industries of Milwaukee were his bitterest enemies. E. L. Philip appeared as a lobbyist in the legislature, and a little later he was the chief worker in the extensive publicity bureau established by the railroad political machine in Milwaukee to fight La Follette. It was his special duty to labor with country editors. He prepared a bulky pamphlet entitled, "THE TRUTH About Wisconsin Freight Rates," which bears inside the cover the signed approval of the general freight agents of the Milwaukee and of the Northwestern Railroads, and on the back cover a quotation from Daniel Webster denouncing the wickedness of "any man who attempts to invade one part of the country against another."

A Politician Who Got Rebates

At the very time that Mr. Philip was denouncing La Follette as an "inciter," a demagogue, and the like, his company was receiving over \$6,000 a month in rebates from a single Wisconsin railroad. It is curious how these relationships begin to appear the moment we get a little real publicity. As long as such a man can keep his private graft covered up, he can hurl Daniel Webster at reforms with some success, but once let the people know the whys and wherefores of his enthusiasm and his influence vanishes.

Now then, if small firms like Schwarzschild & Sulzberger and the Union Refrigerator Transit Company can get rebates in addition to mileage on private cars — call these "rebates," "commissions," "damages" or any other euphonious name — is it reasonable to suppose that Armour and Swift, with immensely more power, are not also getting cash favors over and above mileage allowances from the railroads? We have not yet got inside of the first veil of secrecy which surrounds these great industrial conspiracies.

So far I have been talking of criminal cash rebates, and of private car mileage, which, though it may not be strictly criminal, serves exactly the same purposes of discrimination and favoritism.

But I have not yet reached the real heart of my story. These criminal and semi-criminal devices are the mere beginnings of monopoly; the raw first stages. One would think that \$3,000,000 a year in mileage profits, besides probable cash favors of other sorts, would be sufficient to satisfy any monopoly. But no investigator can look into these conditions without being amazed over and over again by the marvelous tenacity of competition. The country has expanded so rapidly, men have fought for their industrial existence with such vitality, such never-extinguishable hope, that a monopoly requires astonishing advantages to make headway. Even now, in spite of the power of the beef trust, there are tenacious and even prosperous packing houses in various parts of the country — not large, but operated with virility and alertness.

There comes a time in the life of a trust when bold, crude, palpably unlawful methods, having served their purpose in building up great power, are discarded for the quieter ways of apparent legality. In *principle and purpose* the trust remains a law-breaker as much as ever, but it is able to assume an *appearance* of lawfulness.

So with Armour and the beef trust; so with Rockefeller in times past.

By rebates and mileage charges they have driven out of business most of their competitors, they have come to tremendous and concentrated power. They do not need any longer to deal with picayunish rebates; they can operate upon the legal freight-rate itself. Many people know about the evil of the rebate, many realize the danger of the private car allowance, but few have yet come to any clear understanding of this much more vital and dangerous sort of discrimination.

Indeed, the greatest advantage from the use of the private car, and the concentration of shipments under one control, *lies not in mileage profits, but in the ability to force a lower legal rate.* This fact should never be forgotten.

How a Trust Makes Its Own Freight Rates

To the uninitiated some very remarkable things were said in the recent cattle and beef rate cases tried in Chicago (October, 1905). It has been the understanding of people that the railroads were jealous of their rate-making rights. Railroad presidents by the dozen appeared last winter in Washington,

told the senate committee how delicate and difficult a task it was to adjust a freight-rate, how it required long practical experience in railroading, and what danger would ensue if a government commission, or indeed any outside interest, should meddle with this wonderful, finely adjusted rate fabric! What shall we believe, then, when we hear two great railroad presidents giving sworn testimony in court that the railroads do *not* make the rates for the shipment of so important a commodity as beef products at all! Listen to A. B. Stickney, president of the Great Western Railroad Company:

In fixing the rate on dressed meat we don't have very much to say. The packer generally makes the rate. He comes to you and always makes you feel that he is your friend. Then he asks how much you charge for a certain shipment of dressed meats. The published tariff may be twenty-three cents a hundred, but he will not pay that. You say to him: "I'll carry your meat for eighteen cents." He says, "Oh, no, you won't. I won't pay that." Then you say: "Well, what will you pay for it?" He then replies, "I can get it hauled for sixteen cents." So you haul it for sixteen cents a hundred.

And here is the testimony of E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé Railroad:

The ~~packing-house~~ business to-day is concentrated in ~~so few~~ hands that this fact, together with the keen competition between the railroads, practically makes it possible for the latter to dictate rates for dressed beef and ~~packing-house~~ products."

In other words, the Beef Trust and not the railroads *dictate what the rates on their own products shall be.* Could not you and I make money if we could fix the price of the things we buy? Here we have the presidents of two railroads saying that the beef trust does that very thing! They buy transportation and fix their own price. They also buy cattle and fix their own price — for that is the usurpation of monopoly. They buy wheat and fix their own price; they buy corn and fix their own price. In some cases they buy fruit and vegetables and fix their own price. And they do these things *because*, and only because, they have that other and fundamental right of fixing the price of transportation. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. So long as any individual or corporation can control the transportation of his product so long will he maintain a predatory monopoly. Having said that, there is not much more to say on the trust question.

Let us see how Armour and his associates have used this extraordinary power of setting the price at which the railroads must carry their products.

War of Rates Between Beef and Cattle

Take, for example, the rates between Missouri River points and Chicago. There are seven more or less competency railroads between Omaha, Kansas City, and the Missouri River points and Chicago. Two products in which the beef trust is interested are shipped over these lines: live cattle and beef products. Now, it is one of the basic principles of rate-making, so far as there are any principles, that the cheaper the product the cheaper the rate. Live cattle should therefore, it would seem, be carried at a lower rate than beef, which is a finished and high-priced product. And this is exactly what we do find in shipment east of Chicago, to New York. This adjustment was fixed years ago by Judge Thomas M. Cooley, one of the greatest railroad authorities the country has ever known, sitting as an arbitrator. He said beef should take three times as high a rate to New York as cattle. The present rate is twenty-eight cents per hundred pounds on cattle, and forty-five on dressed beef. In an early day also the same rule applied in the West.

But the beef trust acquired and began to build up great packing houses at Omaha, Kansas City, Sioux City, and South St. Paul. At three of these cities they also owned the stock-yards, giving them thus an additional profit on cattle shipped. In Chicago they did not own the stock-yards, and had, therefore, to let some one else have part of the profit.

For various reasons they wished to build up their Western packing plants, at the expense of Chicago. They began to have immense quantities of beef and hog products to ship eastward. Using private cars, the mileage profits were, of course, greater to New York from Kansas City than from Chicago. And one of the first results of this was that the rate on dressed beef controlled by the trust began to go down — forced down, of course, by Armour and his associates. The rate on cattle or hogs, the cheaper product not controlled by a trust, remained the same. Of course this aroused the live-stock shippers, and in 1890 the whole matter was carried before the Inter-state Commerce Commission and tried out there at large expense. The

result was an order in which the Commission directed the railroads to desist from charging more for hauling live stock than for hauling packing-house products. The railroads made a curious pretense of obedience to this order of the United States Government. They did not dare to offend Armour and raise his rate, so they *reduced* the live-stock rate to twenty-three and one-half cents — exactly the same amount as they charged for beef and hog products. Even such an equality as this entailed a real injustice upon the cattle shippers, but they thought they could worry along with it.

But Armour was not pleased. He did not want equality. He wanted a *discrimination against live stock* for reasons that I shall show. Consequently, he forced the railroads to give him secret rebates amounting regularly to five cents a hundred pounds and sometimes reaching eight cents a hundred — as I have already shown by the testimony of Paul Morton and other traffic officials. This continued for years, filling the pockets of the packers, taking it out of the pockets of the unorganized cattle men, and of the public.

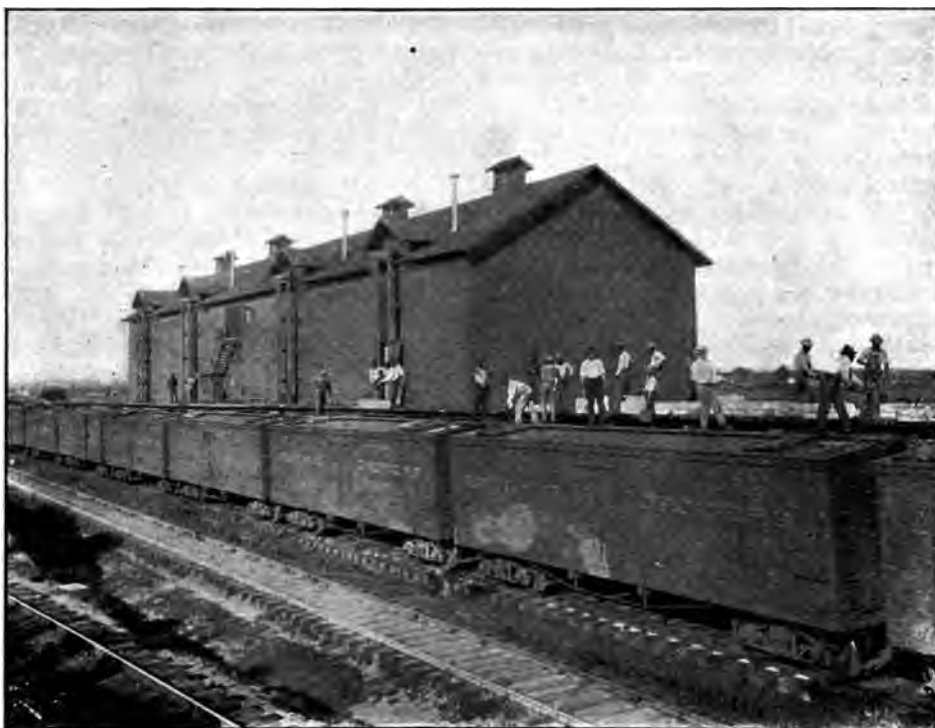
Cattle Men Fight Armour

But slowly the cattle men began to find out what was going on and they again carried the case before the Inter-state Commerce Commission. At the same time there was much general agitation which led up finally, in 1903, to the passage of the Elkins law, and court injunctions against Armour and his associates against accepting rebates. It will thus be seen that all the possible engines of the law were directed against Armour. Here was the Commission's order, a new legislative enactment, and a court injunction!

What was the result? Did Armour stop getting his regular discriminatory profits? Not a bit of it.

In 1890, we have seen, when Armour was attacked he simply dived down from a legal discrimination to an illegal one; from a low published rate to a rebate. Now, in 1902, he came gracefully to the surface again with a new published rate, from illegality to apparent legality, but *without in the least changing the system of discrimination* whereby dressed beef got the advantage over live cattle.

He did this by making a seven-year contract with the Great Western railroad to carry a certain part of his produce at eighteen and one-half cents *and to publish his rate.*



An Armour icing station, showing men at work refilling the bunkers of a solid train of fruit refrigerator-cars

Of course the cattle rate remained at twenty-three and one-half, thus making the new eighteen and one-half cent beef rate a direct defiance of the principle announced on the order of the United States Government through its Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1890. Armour may truly sing: "Laws may come, and laws may go, but I go on forever." In spite of everything, in all that time, through legality and illegality, the power of Armour got him the steady discrimination of five cents — and gets it for him to-day!

The last hearing before the Inter-state Commerce Commission was decided last January (1905) after delays that lasted a year. The decision in principle was exactly the same as in 1890 — that the railroads must *not* charge less for dressed beef than for live cattle.

This was a clear decision. Did the railroads obey it? No, of course not; Armour told them that they must n't. So the Inter-state Commerce Commission has gone into the courts to enforce its orders. Extended hearings have been had, delays have resulted,

costs have piled up — the cost of the case so far cannot have been less than \$35,000 — and although months have passed no decision has yet been handed down. And when that decision comes the case will probably be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, where three or four years more will be consumed. In the meantime Armour goes forward cheerfully breaking the law, piling up other fortunes from his discriminations. He can afford big sums for legal expenses: they are only a drop in the bucket compared with his profits from discriminating freight-rates.

And yet there are those who say that our present conditions are satisfactory, that we have enough legislation, that the Inter-state Commerce Commission has enough power!

Let us see, now, what the effects of this discrimination between beef and cattle really are.

This is the condition: beef, the high-priced product, is shipped at eighteen and one-half cents, and cattle, the low-priced product, shipped at twenty-three and one-half — just the reverse of the adjustment east of Chicago. Nothing could furnish better evidence of the great power of the trust.

Because it was powerful it got an absurdly low rate and because the cattle shippers were scattered, poor, unorganized, they were saddled with a much higher rate. What was the result? It closed the Chicago market — the best market for export cattle — to thousands of western cattle growers. They could not afford to ship live stock to Chicago at twenty-three and one-half cents when the beef trust could ship the products of the same cattle — which weigh only sixty to seventy per cent as much as the live animal — at eighteen and one-half cents. Result: the cattle growers were compelled to ship to the Missouri River packing-houses, where the beef trust had a complete monopoly, where they chose to slaughter the cattle, and where they set whatever price they liked.

Armour Controls the Destinies of Cities

It is difficult to convey a proper impression of the revolutionizing effect of such rate-making. By making that rate Armour tore down, by so much, the supremacy of Chicago as a cattle center. He decreed that Omaha and Kansas City should grow, he said that the cattle men should not ship where they chose, but to his own packing houses on the Missouri River; and incidentally he riveted more closely the power of his monopoly. It is a very terrible power to put in the hands of one man — the destinies of great cities and great industries — and all the more so when that man is not only working greedily for more money, but is systematically breaking the laws of the land.

I am not saying here that Omaha and Kansas City should not take the packing industry away from Chicago. Unquestionably they should take some of it — being nearer the cattle country. The point is, the adjustments are not in the hands of the people of these cities but they are dictated by Armour. As for me, I would rather trust my destiny and the railroad rate upon which my material prosperity is founded to an impartial Inter-state Commerce Commission than to Armour. Had n't you? That's all there is to the question. Shall the railroad rate be fixed by Armour and the railroad men, both greedily interested parties who are mulcting the public, or shall it be fixed by the government?

But this is not all. In his testimony President Ripley of the Santa Fé railroad swore that the rates on beef products between Kansas City and Chicago have been forced so low

that every car-load hauled represents a loss to the railroads. These are his figures:

Dressed meats: Actual cost per car, \$82.19; revenue, \$42.19; deficit, per car, \$40.00.

Packing-house products: Cost per car, \$85.03; revenue, \$56; deficit, \$29.03.

He also asserts that cattle are now hauled at a loss, the rates having been dragged down in 1890 to the level of dressed-beef rates.

Mr. Ripley is a railroad man of long experience and thorough knowledge, especially of Western conditions. His testimony as to cost has been vigorously disputed by able witnesses. When experts disagree it is not for a layman to decide where the exact truth lies. But this much is certain: that beef is carried at a very low rate not only compared with cattle, but with other commodities. If the beef trust itself fixed the rate, as Mr. Stickney says, it may be assumed that it is about as low as it possibly can be, for the beef trust is not accustomed to withholding its power when making bargains. Suppose Mr. Ripley is right and there is a loss on every car carried. Who pays it?

Who Pays the Freight?

Well, you do. That loss has to be made up by somebody: it does not come out of the pockets of the railroad men, we may be sure of that. The railroad gets it back in high rates on the farmer's products — for the farmers have no trust. They get it back in rates on your hats and shoes; your food, your coal, and other commodities. You pay it: you are a sort of unconscious philanthropist assisting Mr. Armour in his business by paying part of his freight-rate.

Armour and his associates not only ascend to the heights of power, playing thus with the destinies of cities, but they go also to the depths of petty trickery. Nothing seems too great nor too small when a penny is to be turned. One would suppose that when they make millions in wholesale rate discriminations that they would not descend to mean and trivial subterfuges. But examine this condition of things. Beef is hung up in the refrigerator-cars. There is a space underneath on the floor of the car. It has been charged that this space is sometimes crowded full of dressed poultry, eggs, and so on. Poultry and eggs take a high freight-rate: but thus packed, Armour gets them carried for nothing! It is his car: it is his packing house: he has tremendous influence with the railroads. Inspectors are, of course,

appointed to see that no contraband freight is carried and that the weights are correctly registered, but there are many cars and few inspectors — as the testimony in these cases plainly shows. How much of such business goes on no one knows — and no one can find out — but it has been shown to exist in numerous cases. Of course, if Armour can carry his poultry and eggs from Chicago to New York free, that is, if he can steal the freight charge, or even a small part of it, he can undersell his competitors and ultimately put them out of business. Indeed, a very large part of the poultry and egg-business of the country is now in his hands and more is drifting that way every year.

But it would be impossible to go into all of the ways — great and small — by which Armour and his associates employ the common carrier, the railroad, to serve their private ends. They are legion: there is the matter of switching charges, damages, minimum weight of car-load, icing charges, and many others — and the beef trust never

loses an opportunity in any connection to get better treatment on the rail highway than any one else.

In this article I have shown how the beef trust by the use of private cars and by the concentration of its traffic has built itself to monopolistic power and how it exercises that power. In all this enterprise it has employed the private car for its own shipments only — its beef, poultry, and eggs. But there is a vast field of activity which I have not here entered upon. A few years ago, so profitable was the private car business, that Armour extended it to the shipment of the products of other people; chiefly fruit and vegetables. That was a great new departure and it has had a marvelously significant development. If one tried to draw a picture of all the possibilities of unrestricted monopoly, he could not do it better than to tell the story of how the Armour car lines have seized control of much of the fruit transportation business of this country. And that story I hope to tell in my next article.

A COLLOQUY

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

“**I**S it thou, silly heart,
 Not prone on thy pallet, but grieving apart?”
“Natal Star, even so.”
 “I miss thee to-night; while thou smoulderest low.”
*“Live in beauty! but I
 For bloodshed of spirit, here dwindle and die.”*

“Are we two not the same?
 By law everlasting, one mystical flame?
 Aloft if I burn,
 Every ray of my light be thy stair of return:
 Up, up! to our lot
 Where warfare and time and the body are not.”

WHY RIFFLES DESERTED

BY

HARRY IRVING GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES RAYMOND MACAULEY



IFFLES had deserted in time of war, killed a soldier before surrendering, and the drumhead had said that he must die. He told me about it in the guard tent on the last day.

I was inside death-watch.

Riffles was not much of an ornament physically. His face looked as though some one had thrown a handful of freckles into it and they had all stuck fast, and his nose was caved in from tip to eyebrow line like the sunken ridge-pole of a shack. When he was thinking hard his upper lip would gradually rise until you could see his teeth — yellow. Neither did he have any particular objections to dirt.

Doran was pacing up and down outside of the tent, and every time he got to the far end of his beat, where he thought we could not hear him, he swore at the sun. Presently Riffles's lip arose, and I knew that his mind was wandering back to the cause of his trouble, so I asked him why he had done it all.

"They ran away like pigs," he said half to himself. "The Spaniards had told them that we were cannibals who ate babies alive, and the poor devils believed it. Ought to have heard their women-folks squeal as they grabbed up their kids and hiked. Some of their men covered the retreat though, and made a pretty good fight for semi-savages with firelocks. I was going along the road with the rest of the boys, taking a shot now and then, when all at once my foot went down in a rut and my ankle doubled over like a hinge. It hurt pretty bad. I sat down behind a whopping big tree, and the company passed on, and just then I saw one of the natives break cover and cut for a little hut that stood off to one side. He had a musket, so I let drive at him, and he went into

the hovel heels over head, like a rabbit that gets the center of the charge. Ever see them go down like that?"

I said that I had.

"And they are usually down for keeps when they do a fall like that!" Riffles paused, and sat looking at the dirt on his hands, which were bound together.

"By and by I stuck out my head and 'zee-e-e' something went by my ear, and I could hear it screeching off down the road after the musket had banged. From the sound of it I thought it was a nail — they use all that kind of truck in their muskets, you know. It surprised me a little, too, because I thought I had put him out for all time, so I kept on peeking cautiously until I caught a glimpse of a black head at that little hole in the wall that they make for a window, and cut loose at it. Quiet after that. Just a fly that kept buzzing about my ears, and something up in the tree that tick-tacked like a clock. After a while I got to wondering if I had plunked him the last time; so I took off my coat, stuffed up one sleeve and shoulder a bit with grass and leaves and poked it out, and the next second something pretty near yanked it out of my hand. That surely was a nail that hit it sideways and half took the sleeve off. Then I whanged away quick at the puff of smoke. You see, I couldn't charge on the hut before he got his old fusee loaded again, because my twisted ankle hurt so when I stood on it that I was not much better than a one-legged man. Neither could I leave cover and hop away without getting popped in the back. So I just sat there.

"It was pretty lonesome. The firing had died away in the distance and it was as still as — well, you know how still it is out in the jungle at noon. The silence rings in your ears like a sea-shell. Nothing moving except now and then some insect that comes by your head with a zip that makes you duck as



"'be went into the bovel heels over head'"

it goes off among the trees. Pretty soon that thing up in the tree began to click-clack again, and after a while a leaf came zig-zagging down and I watched it, because it was the only thing that moved. But after it struck the ground, of course, it was still, too, and then my mind got to wandering off and the first thing I knew it was ten thousand miles away from here, over in York State, where Janet is. But, of course, you don't know about her."

I told him I did not but hoped to. After a while Riffles got himself up to a sitting posture and, leaning against the tent-pole, looked at his unlaced shoes for a long time. He was always an untidy animal. Neither of us was speaking, and about the only sounds we heard were the thump of Doran's feet, and now and then his voice when he got to the far end of his beat and cursed the sun. After a while Riffles stopped looking at his hands.

"She is my wife. Married her four years ago when she was a country girl down on a dairy-farm. Used to go over to the place evenings and help her carry the pails of milk from the barn to the dairy house, and it was

not long before the usual thing happened. She was pretty — cheeks like one of those sea sunsets we saw coming over, and her throat where the sun had not got at it was as white as the milk itself. So I asked her and she said 'yes,' and we were married and went to town to live. The next year there was a baby. I was awfully stuck on the kid, but things didn't go right and the next year I enlisted and came out here."

"What was the trouble at home, Riffles?" I inquired. He told the whole story in one word: "Booze."

Doran heard the word also, and stuck his head inside the tent. He saw nothing and so he went away.

"I suppose I thought of Janet and the kid for near an hour as I sat there behind the tree, and then I got on my feet. The pain was pretty near gone from my ankle, and I knew it would not be long before I could walk again. I was awful sick of the stillness and of my thoughts so, just for fun, I put half a dozen bullets through that shack at random. About three minutes after that I saw a face, good and plain, at the hole and, taking a quick sight at it, I let drive. There was not any



"'I JUST WENT DOWN ON THE FLOOR AS IF I HAD BEEN KNOCKED ON
THE HEAD'"

mistake about my getting him that time, for his face seemed to shut up like a book and dropped out of sight on the instant. Ever punch an empty egg-shell hard with your finger? Well, that's the way it looked to me — all crumpled. I sent a few more shots through the door just for luck, and then exposed my shoulder; but nothing happened to it, so I went up to the hut and kicked the door in. He was lying on the floor just inside, and had never made a move after that tumble of his when I first shot him through the back. But that isn't all. He was the only man in the place."

There was a long pause. "Who did the firing at you afterwards?" I inquired eventually. Riffles was very pale about the gills, and I gave him a drink of water, but it was five minutes before he answered me.

"His wife. She was the one whose face I had shot at when it showed at the window. Never killed a woman, did you?"

I shuddered.

"Then there is no use in trying to make you understand what it feels like. I just went down on the floor as if I had been knocked on the head, and sat there staring at her. She was a young woman, with wrists and ankles as round as a willow branch — and as smooth as a willow branch is after you have taken off the outside bark to make a whistle. Then I looked from her to something else that lay on the floor, and I began to turn green inside. She had owned a little baby girl, just about a year old, brown and soft and frail, and as I looked around that cursed shambles at my handiwork, I saw what had taken place in it just as well as if I had been inside all of the time. When her husband fell dead just inside the door, she had turned him on his back and kissed him all over the face. I could see the spots on his cheeks where her lips had taken off the dust that coated it. Then she had picked up the gun and tried to fight me off. Well, one of the bullets that I had shot through the place just for fun had given her a bad hip wound, but she had kept on shooting and getting more transparent for quite a while. Along toward the last she had got pretty weak, and when she saw it would be all over with her in a few minutes, she had taken the baby and —"

Riffles's face turned a sickly yellow as he glared at me with eyes that rolled and showed

their whites. "She thought I was a cannibal, and would eat the kid alive. What would any mother do?"

"I understand," I replied quickly. "You need not go into details."

"Well, after a while I got up and staggered outside and sat down on a log, sick as a horse, and began to think. Of course, she was brown and a savage, but there was something about her that made me think of Janet — it was those round arms and ankles, and the smoothness of them, I guess. Then, after that, I got to thinking of my own kid, and how many nights since I had enlisted and quit drinking I had laid and looked at the stars and longed for home until three or four o'clock in the morning. But it was almost half-way around the world from me, and I was tied up for three years more in the regular army. Then I thought of the inside of that hut again, and what I had done there. Seemed strange to me that I could shoot a well-nigh naked man through the back and a woman through the face and cause the death of a baby and not be punished for it — praised, if anything. They could call it war all they wanted to, but I knew better. It was nothing but downright, premeditated, cold-blooded murder, and I ought to be hung for it. War! The word gagged me. It was butchery, with them savages with their old fusees having about as much chance against our Krag's as the sheep do at the yards. Well, I fell down on my knees behind that log and prayed good and hard and told God if I ever killed another human being I wanted him to send me to hell for a million years. But when I got up I realized that as long as I was in the army I would have to keep on shooting and fighting, and I would be mighty lucky if I went through the next three years without murdering more than one man. So I made up my mind I would desert and go back to Janet where there would not be any possibility of my breaking my oath."

"How about Lieutenant Potter when they arrested you?" I asked, as Riffles sat digging his heels into the ground. His face twisted a bit, and then he surprised me.

"I never killed him. They had me surrounded and I was shooting over their heads, and all at once I saw Potter go down. One of the men from the other side of the circle did for him. I have heard it said more than once that there was many a dough-boy who would like to take a shot at him when the

guns were going off all around. He was unpopular, you know."

I knew that well enough.

"Well, I concluded the best thing I could do would be to disappear then and there, and maybe they would think I had got potted off in the jungle somewhere and not bother much about me. It was a long ways back to civilization but, of course, we had come on foot and I knew the way well enough, so off I went. I could not bear to go back to camp and hear the men tell about how many they had shot — and ask me about my bag. Oh, I was sick, sick, sick! We had cleaned up the country pretty well as we came along, and the people were scared half to death at the sight of a uniform and a gun, and did n't bother me, just drew away and looked at me with the whites of their eyes showing like the eyes of frightened horses. That night I found an empty shack and a bowl of rice, and laid down and tried to go to sleep but I could n't. That woman's face as I had last seen it was always before my eyes and alongside of it the kid's, so I just got up and went on. It was pretty dark and some one seemed to be walking close behind me, and after a while I broke into a run; but I could n't get rid of it, whatever it was, and had to slow up when that pain got to stabbing me in the side.

I was pretty glad when morning came, and so tired that I threw myself down somewhere and slept most of the day. And that is the way things went for a couple of weeks. I could n't sleep nights and had to keep on walking, taking as many winks as I could when the sun was high. I got pretty thin."

"Why did n't you tell all this to the drumhead?" I asked after a little while.

"To the drumhead? Oh, I was afraid they would laugh at me."

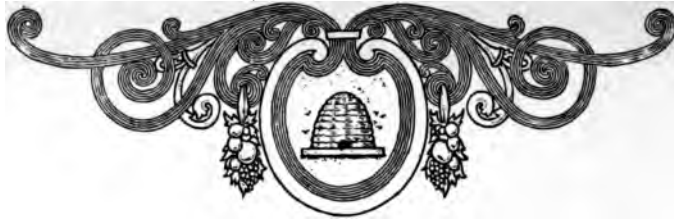
Doran outside ceased pacing up and down, and I heard his gun butt drop upon the ground with a thud. From the distance came the steady beat of drumsticks, tap, tap, tap, getting louder every minute until they mingled with the tread of the firing-squad.

"They are coming after me," said the deserter, his face getting a little grayer. "I'll never see Janet again."

"Riffles!" I cried, as I rose and stood at attention. "Tell me where she is — give me some word for her — some keepsake — something that I may send to her with a letter." Outside a stern voice called, "Halt!" and the marching feet grew still.

"Riffles!" I cried again, my heart in my throat. But he never spoke after that.





EDITORIAL

*"The remedy for the evils of democracy
is more democracy."*—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE POOR MAN'S CHILD

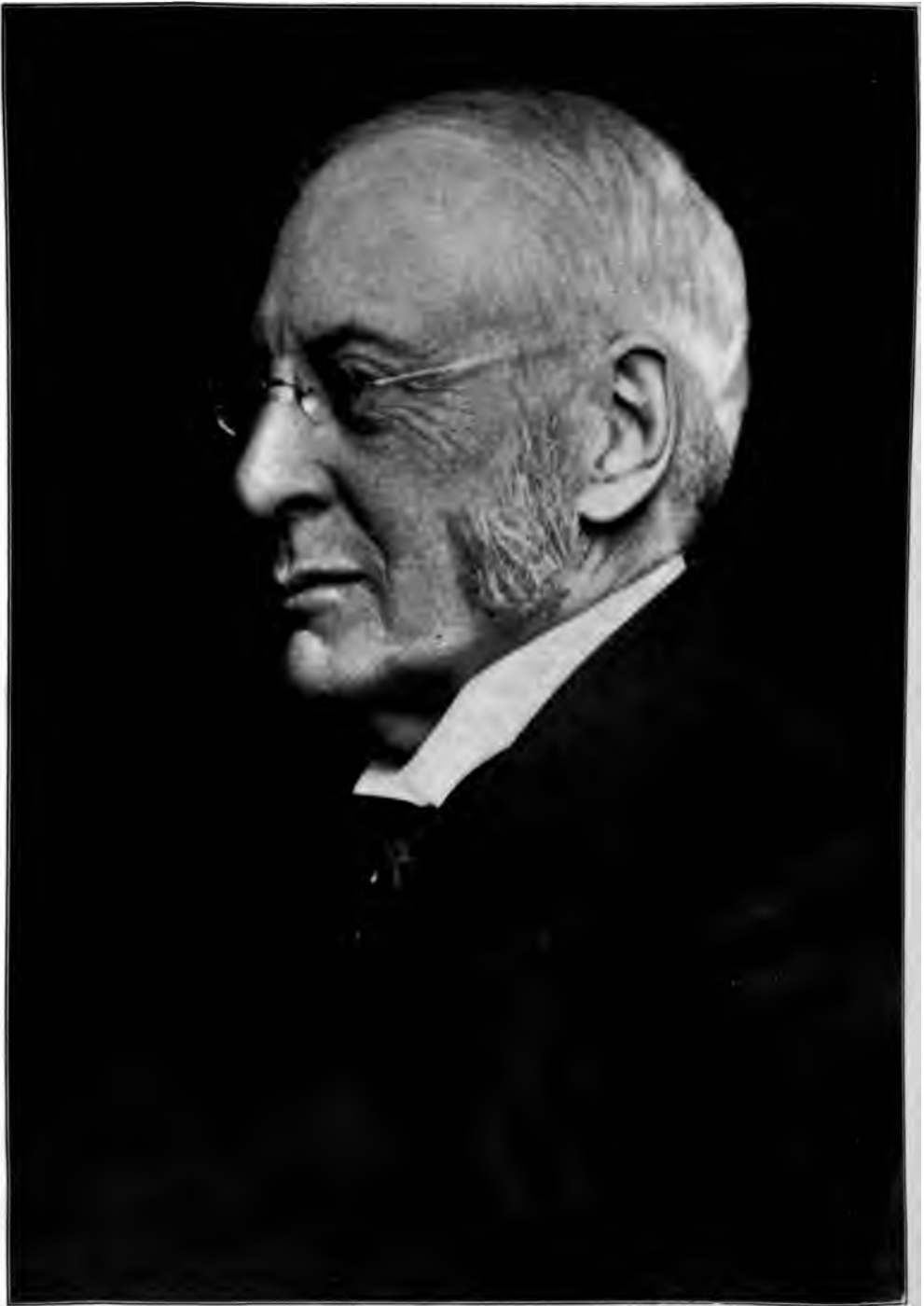
MY most serious problem is how I can give my children the advantages of the poor man's," we heard a rich man say once. This thought in one form or another will certainly come to every reflective father and mother who reads Carl Schurz's reminiscences of his childhood and young manhood, which *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* is now publishing. How shall I inspire my child with the love of honor and country this child learned in a peasant's family and a peasant's village — how shall I teach him to read and think and discuss as this young German learned to read and think and discuss in a humble cottage and in a circle of hard-working men and women — how shall I awaken in him a passion for music, for sports, for nature — the ambition for knowledge and the self-sacrifice to secure it at any price? The whole simple beautiful story is a new version of the old truth that outer and material things have little to do with the inner awakening; that a child has a fair chance for its soul only when brought up in an atmosphere of realities and verities.

And the modern system of education employed by the rich and well-to-do, and secured often at infinite self-sacrifice even by those of very moderate means, obscures rather than brings into light the realities and verities. It is a training of the *outer* rather than the *inner* man. And how can it be otherwise? It is primarily a stuffing and polishing process. It produces the facile tongue, the easy address, the ready mind, and the self-complacency which goes with facility and *savoir faire*; but it rarely gives us the passion for truth — the ardent idealism — the power of reflection, the love of the beautiful for beauty's sake which young Schurz found in the village of Liblar. Coleridge tells somewhere of a man who knew fourteen languages and could not speak a word of sense in any one of them. Our present educational system aims at

the fourteen languages, but it puts little emphasis on the "word of sense." It all comes down to the fact that we concern ourselves much more with the material than the spiritual elements in educating our children.

No material provision, however ample and intelligent, can alone make for verity; no amount of "opportunities" or "advantages," however unusual, are sufficient to awaken the soul. Indeed in the very multiplying of material advantages the spirit of the child is more often than not smothered and distorted. Too many masters, too many toys, too many tasks. The poor little head and heart have neither strength nor time for brooding and dreaming in the forest and field as young Schurz had. He has no long evenings for sitting around a family table or before a fire reading and talking, no spur to find things to do and to find things to think about. The attention continually distracted — the imagination burdened — the sense of pleasure overfed — what time, what strength is there for the child of the very rich, brought up in the usual way, to develop?

College life in many of our great institutions is becoming as overburdened with subjects and pleasures as the child's life is. The democracy and simplicity and calm which are of such infinite importance at the period a young man or young woman is usually taking the college course are given away to class distinctions founded on money-spending, to luxury and elaboration of quarters, and to the excitements of the sporting field and the automobile. The moderation, the spirit of equality, the atmosphere which invites to study and to reflection, so strong in the Old World universities, we are in danger of swamping, temporarily at least, by mere multiplication of equipment and the foolish tolerance of luxury in quarters and excitement in diversions. We cannot manufacture, buy, or hire



Photograph, copyrighted, 1905, by Chickering, Boston

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

President Eliot, now in his seventy-second year, has, as an educator and as an authority in educational matters, reached the highest place of influence and usefulness. He has filled his present office since he was thirty-five years old.

any educational substitute for the family circle, the forest, the field, the natural simple life of old-fashioned work and play. We cannot make a great college with anything but study, reflection, aspiration. How am I going to get these things for my children — these things which are in reach

of the poor if they will take them but which the elaborate machinery of life we are creating is snatching from the hands of the rich and the well-to-do? It is the most serious educational problem which the thoughtful father and mother has to face to-day.

“THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE”

At the opening of Harvard University, on October 3, 1905, President Charles William Eliot made a brief address to the undergraduates on “The Durable Satisfactions of Life.” No one who reads it will ask why we reprint it here. It is one of those rare expressions of a ripe and serene philosophy which the immature, the calloused, even the unhappy, recognized instinctively as sufficient and fundamental.

No man in the country has given longer or more serious study to this matter of satisfactory living than President Eliot. For many years he has stood in the unceasing stream of young life flowing into Harvard University, and one question has always been uppermost with him as he has watched and labored at his post. What was the relation of this young life to the Christian Democracy in which he believed, which he so ardently hoped to see preserved, but whose weaknesses he so well understood? If it was to be preserved the young men flowing into it must be content there, and how were they to be made content? Not simply by earning good livings — not by wealth — not by fame — not by excitements. Were there durable satisfactions of life within reach of the mass of men and women? Mr. Eliot believes so and steadily he has preached them to teacher and to youth. His well-known essay on “The Happy Life,” his brief biographical sketches of men like Asa Gray all reiterate what these satisfactions are and how entirely Democratic they are; that is, how generally men may secure them. A healthy body — a vigorous, responsive, interested mind — a love of honor for honor’s sake — given these and a man can attain content. Darwin’s remark that with natural history and the domestic affections a man could be truly happy has been often on President Eliot’s tongue and always with it he couples Shakspeare’s lines: “The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.” There can be no gainsaying his wisdom. In its realization lies the hope of our land — for men must feel within their grasp durable satisfaction if they are to have courage to correct the abuses of the

social system under which they live and the wisdom to develop that system to its highest efficiency. We reprint President Eliot’s address because we consider the recognition and the practice of its truths as essential to the continuation of the American Democracy:

“I suppose I may fairly be called one of the elder brethren; because it is fifty-six years since I came hither in the same grade many of you now occupy. So I have had a chance to watch a long stream of youth, growing up into men, and passing on to be old men; and I have had a chance to see what the durable satisfactions of their lives turned out to be. My contemporaries are old men now, and I have seen their sons and their grandsons coming on in this everflowing stream.

“For educated men, what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? That is what I hope you are all aiming at — the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or to-morrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life — health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality.

“This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits — a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stage. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports

and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but if made the main object of life, they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

"What is the next thing, then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions — learned, scientific, or industrial — large mental enjoyments should come to educated men. The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity, is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained forethought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

"But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakspeare puts it — 'the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.' How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably, and honored; for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a truth. He is honest, sincere, candid, and generous. It is not enough to be honest. An honorable man must be generous; and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

"How does honor come to a man? What is the evidence of the honorable life? What is the tribunal which declares at last — 'This was an honorable man'? You look now for this favorable judgment of your elders — of parents and teachers

and older students; but these elders will not be your final judges, and you had better get ready now in college to appear before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of your contemporaries and the younger generations. It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you; and you will find that the judgment of your contemporaries is made up alarmingly early; it may be made up this year in a way that sometimes lasts for life and beyond. It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable. Live now in the fear of that tribunal — not an abject fear, because independence is an indispensable quality in the honorable man. There is an admirable phrase in the Declaration of Independence, a document which it was the good fashion of my time for boys to commit to memory. I doubt if that fashion still obtains. Some of our public action looks as if it did not. 'When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.' That phrase — a decent respect — is a very happy one. Cherish 'a decent respect for the opinions of mankind,' but never let that interfere with your personal declaration of independence. I have said begin now to prepare for the judgment of the ultimate human tribunal. Look forward to the important crises of your life. They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for worthy living. It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what you can accomplish in three. It is not well to take four years to do what you can perfectly accomplish in three. It is well to learn to work intensely. You will hear a good deal of advice about letting your soul grow and breathing in without effort the atmosphere of a learned society, or place of learning. Well, you cannot help breathing and you cannot help growing; those processes will take care of themselves. The question for you from day to day is how to learn to work to advantage; and college is the place and now is the time to win mental power. And, lastly, live to-day and every day like a man of honor."

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does"

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HAND SAPOLIO
Is the Soap with "Life" in it.





Drawn by Sigismund de Ivanowski

OLD BERNSTEIN AND "DE GREAT FIDDLE"

SEE PAGE 381

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI FEBRUARY, 1906 No. 4

TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC

BY

ANTHONY FIALA

I

SHIPWRECKED ABOVE THE 81°

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS, WHICH ARE THE MOST REMARKABLE EVER BROUGHT BACK FROM THE ARCTIC

ON the return of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic Expedition in the autumn of 1902, the late William Ziegler, who had so liberally financed it, resolved to send a second in search of the North Pole. It was not until December of that year, however, that a leader was chosen. Mr. Ziegler then gave the command to me with instructions to sail North the following spring.

The time for preparation was brief and the work of equipment was necessarily hurried. Fortunately, a certain amount of material from the first expedition was available as a nucleus for the second. Most valuable of all was the steam yacht "America," formerly the whaler, "Esquimaux," of Dundee.

That the personnel of the party should be American was the desire of Mr. Ziegler and myself. A Massachusetts man, Captain Edwin Coffin, of Edgartown, was selected to navigate the "America," and after much trouble he succeeded in assembling his officers and crew, most of them experienced whalers.

For the sake of organization I divided the expedition party into three departments, a Field Department, a Deck Department, and an Engine Department. Captain Coffin, as navigator and Master of the vessel, was, of course, in command of the Deck Department. In charge of the Engine Department

was H. P. Hartt, a marine engineer of sixteen years' experience aboard steam whalers, who had passed nine winters in the Arctic and had been with the Baldwin party aboard the "America" in 1901-02.

The Field Department comprised the members of the scientific staff and those of the expedition company not signed on the ship's articles. Among these were the surgeon, assistant surgeon, the assistant surgeon in charge of dogs, a veterinarian, a quartermaster, and a commissary, with a number of assistants.

William J. Peters, of the United States Geological Survey and representing the National Geographical Society, was chosen as chief scientist and second in command of the expedition. The other officer, Russell W. Porter, the first assistant scientist and artist of the expedition, was commissioned third in command while in the field.

The "America" Points Her Prow to the North

The crew for the "America" left New York for Tromsø, Norway, in March, 1903, and before the end of April all the stores and equipment had been shipped to Trondhjem.

In the evening of June 23, 1903, we steamed away from Trondhjem, followed by the cheers



The "America" drifting up the British Channel in August, 1903

of a large company of Norwegians who had assembled on the dock to see us depart.

We put in at the island of Trono and at Archangel, at both of which we shipped ponies, dogs, and stores. The decks were crowded with cases; the ponies were amidships in a rough, makeshift stable, on the roof of which and on the forecastle head the dogs were kenneled. What with all this crowded confusion and the perpetual greetings and combats of the animals, the deck was no place for a lover of simplicity. Five ponies, which for lack of room were tied to the ship's rail, demolished most of the woodwork and all of the rope within their reach.

Possibly nowhere on earth was there just such a situation, or quite such a community as existed aboard our ship. The "America" flew the burgee of the New York Yacht Club with a commission as a pleasure yacht from the Treasury Department of the United States Government. But the "America" was anything but a pleasure yacht. Crowded with thirty-nine men, two hundred and eighteen dogs, and thirty ponies, she had more the appearance of an overloaded

freighter or cattle steamer, with every available deck space packed with cargo. Hard, manual labor was the portion of all alike. In addition to the regular work of the ship the animals had to be cared for, and with the crowded condition of the decks it was a difficult matter to coal the bunkers, and all hands, Field Department members and crew, were obliged to take part in the dirty work of passing coal.

Hammering Through the Ice Packs

On July 13th we came up to the ice at 74° 51 N. Lat., 38° 37 E. Long.

We seemed to have struck a late season. The ice was only then about breaking, and the great lanes of water that should have given us a passage between the floes were not to be found. We steamed slowly along the edge of floe after floe of field ice, some of the floes sixty to seventy miles long without a break. Time and time again we were obliged to steam in great circles, miles out of our course to work around the vast, white fields. With favorable conditions the voyage from Vardo, Norway, to Cape Flora on Northbrook

Island in the Franz Joseph archipelago can be made in six days; but as day after day went by and weeks passed without any great progress north the impatient American spirit chafed under the delay, and many a young member of the expedition took his first lesson in Arctic exploration — the lesson of patience. All of July passed with but little distance to our credit. On August 7th we sighted land. Before us lay fields of heavy ice through which the "America" sturdily hammered her way, thanks to an armored prow that could ram and crush without hurt to the greenheart timbers behind its iron plates. "Bucking" the ice was always an exciting experience, the ship rolling from side to side as the ice broke under her forefoot, smoke pouring in huge clouds from the funnels, the engines throbbing and pounding with the strain of their supreme effort, men lining the rigging to mark the advance toward the coveted stretch of clear water, dogs barking, and ponies stamping and stumbling as the impact of ship and floe threw them almost off their feet.

Finally we escaped from the pack at a point where two enormous ice fields had crashed together. These had parted a little, leaving a long, narrow channel choked with heavy cakes. We dislodged and shattered the cakes with charges of gun cotton, the crew pushing the fragments out of the way

with poles. Then, as the edges of the field drifted still farther apart with the action of the currents, we steamed through, arriving at Cape Flora on August 12th.

We landed here for the purpose of examining the stores left by previous expeditions.

Into Open Waters Again

On the night of August 29th, we were tied up to the ice in a bay near a little uncharted island north of Cape Hugh Mill on Fred. Jackson Island. My diary for the 30th reads:

Had been up all night and climbed the hill on the island near us several times in anxious watch of the belt of ice that separated us from the navigable water north. I turned in about one A.M., and asked Mr. Peters and Mr. Porter to watch the ice, as they were taking some angles from the top of the hill. Tired out from many sleepless nights I immediately fell asleep but was awakened at half-past one by Mr. Porter who informed me that the ice had opened. First Officer Haven was just climbing over the side of the ship for the purpose of going to the top of the hill, and we three went together to have our eyes gladdened with the sight of an open lane through the ice. On returning I climbed the hill again with Captain Coffin who gave one look, then hurried back to the ship as fast as he could go, and together we climbed to the crow's nest. A beautiful morning, lighted gloriously with sunshine. On leaving the bay in which we had found refuge we steamed north towards Charles Alexander Island, the beautiful, clear atmosphere revealing the fact that Leigh Smith Island did not exist, and that what was supposed to be that island was really the northeast

A corner in the dog kennel aboard the "America"



end of Jackson Island, and that instead of the channel marked as the De Long Fjord there was really a deep bay.

At Cape Helland we could go no further, a wide strip of heavy ice preventing further progress north. We tied up to the ice to await further developments. Second Officer Nichols, Surgeon Shorkley, Seaman Burns, and myself took the dingy and sounded in the bay north of Cape Helland, hoping to find a lane of separation between the ground ice and the floe, but to no purpose. We then climbed the glacier and from about eight hundred feet elevation saw the welcome sight of open sea as far as Crown Prince Rudolf Island. Returned to the ship convinced that when we did escape it would not be through the bay, but further out in the channel.

Felt very tired on return to ship for want of sleep. About ten o'clock in the morning I turned

could see the cache left by the Baldwin-Ziegler party in 1902. Teplitz Bay was passed in the sunlight, the skeleton-like remains of the framework of the tent where lived the brave Abruzzi and his companions, standing out in plain view. Open water extending further north, we steamed on toward the midnight sun. On passing Teplitz Bay, Captain Coffin told me the good news that, as far as he could see, it would be safe as winter quarters for the ship.

The "America" Makes Her Farthest North

Early in the morning of August 31st, we made our highest north, the open sea north of Rudolph Island allowing us to pass beyond the 82° parallel of latitude. We returned to



All that remained in 1903 of the winter quarters occupied by the Duke of Abruzzi and his brave companions in 1899-1900

in and slept soundly until 4.30. After supper I climbed to the crow's nest and noticed that the ice had opened a little and reported it to Captain Coffin, who went aloft with Mr. Haven, and in a few minutes we were under way.

The bugle then sounded the time of Sunday service, and while we were engaged in a devotional meeting the shaking and pounding of the ship denoted our entrance into the ice. At the close of the service we went on deck to find the "America" slowly forcing her way through heavy ice. Captain Coffin shouted down to me to come aloft and I climbed to the crow's nest, where he and the first officer were. Before long we passed our last barrier of ice and were steaming in the open sea. Captain Coffin reported that when he started, the chances were slim; but as the ship advanced the ice seemed to open and slacken, and what heavy, solid masses of ice they were: great, solid, green, shimmering; tons and tons, extending twenty and thirty feet under water.

We steamed past Charles Alexander Island and toward midnight passed Cape Auk, the south cape on Crown Prince Rudolf Island where we

Teplitz Bay by six o'clock in the morning of a beautiful sunlit day, a female bear and her cub paying us a visit as we tied up our ship alongside of the heavy bay ice. The tent where the Duke of Abruzzi, Captain Cagni, and their brave companions had wintered in 1899 and 1900, had been destroyed by the storms, and all that remained was the heavy framework sunk deep in the snow, and the tops of the interior tents. A great cache of food stores was found in good condition, piled on a high rocky point, and down near the tide-track was a great heap of coal. The dogs were landed first and then a gangway was constructed from ship to ice, down which the ponies were led. The ponies had been on shipboard just two months, and in the wild desire for freedom a number broke loose and stampeded, jumping hummocks



Tent built for the ponies and dogs

and rocks ashore like kangaroos, and disappearing out of sight across the high glacier. Search parties were sent after them, and all were brought back except five, four of which were lost in crevasses — and one which simply disappeared. Sergeant Moulton, Assistant Scientist Tafel, and Dr. Vaughan distinguished themselves in the search.

After constant exertion we succeeded in getting all the good lumber, stores, and equipment ashore, but lost a small boat, some old lumber from the stable, and a number of young dogs that floated away on broken ice in a gale. The violence of the wind and the

breaking of the heavy bay ice indicated to Captain Coffin the possibility that Teplitz Bay would be an unsafe harbor for the ship. He told me on September 3d that he would be obliged to take the "America" away and look for other winter quarters, and that he would not be responsible for the ship's safety if quartered in Teplitz Bay. If I had sent the "America" away with her crew I would have been obliged to equip the entire ship's company with sleeping bags, dogs, and sledges, for there was the possibility of the ship's loss, no matter where she was taken in the archipelago. Then there

Building a home for the men. The "America" is seen dimly in the distance





Anthony Fiala after the first winter on the first expedition

was the added disadvantages of a divided party, the loss to the expedition of the services of the crew, and also the sacrifice of such facilities as were afforded by the workshop aboard the ship. There was only one other thing to do, and that was to take everything aboard the ship again — ponies, dogs, large tents, lumber, food, equipment, and stores, and to look south for other winter quarters. But the season was far advanced, and by going further south we would have lost the decided advantage of a high base for the sledge party. After considering both sides of the question, I explained to the members of the Field Department the nature of the risk we assumed by remaining in Teplitz Bay, and then gave orders to Captain Coffin to winter the ship in that neighborhood.

Preparing to Spend the Long Night at Teplitz Bay

A site for the house was chosen on a ridge of rocks, and building was begun. A large tent, twenty feet wide and eighty-eight feet long, was erected, in which the ponies and dogs were stabled. In another large tent room was made for the storage of food and forage for dogs and ponies. The greater part of

the large cache of pemmican stored at Cape Auk by the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition in 1902 was moved by steamer to our camp site at Teplitz Bay, and then preparations were made to make the "America" snug for the winter. I had given Captain Coffin a little over half our entire store of provisions for use aboard ship, as he had the larger party. The remainder, with the entire store of sledge provisions, had been moved by the industrious members of the party to the vicinity of camp, this work necessitating hard hauling in all kinds of weather.

By early October the camp, which I had named Camp Abruzzi, assumed quite a businesslike aspect, with a regular routine of duties for all the members. The ponies were stalled in the stable tent. Half of the space inside of the tent was shared by the dogs, which were allowed to come and go at will, but woe to the dog that would stray on the pony side of the tent within reach of the heels. Only those dogs were chained which were found to be particularly incorrigible fighters.

On a ridge of rocks overlooking the bay not far from our camp, and near the great cache of food left by the Duke of Abruzzi, our busy



Anthony Fiala in the fall of 1905

scientists erected the astronomical observatory and set up the large vertical circle loaned by the Christiania Observatory. Near the shore line, about two hundred yards below the stable tent, Mr. Peters and his assistants built the little hut that was to serve as a magnetic observatory. On September 24th the house was completed, and the fifteen members of the Field Department and the steward of the ship moved their belongings to the quarters on land. The interior of the house had been divided into one large living-room, and a number of little rooms, just large enough for two or four bunks. Also a little kitchen was partitioned off for the steward. In the living-room a long table was erected, and over the table was hung an arc-light, connected by wire with the ship, over six thousand feet away. The dynamo aboard the ship supplied the current for lighting the incandescent lights aboard the ship as well as the arc-light ashore.

A well-tramped trail led over the ice of the Bay from the house to the ship, and on the wire imbedded in the snow that conveyed the electric current Engineer Hartt and Electrician Vedoe had cut in three incandescent lights. The lights were mounted on

bamboo poles stuck in the snow about a thousand feet apart. Another electric light burned at the gangway of the ship. On windy days when vision was obscured by the flying drift of snow, and at night, these lights served as guides between ship and shore.

The ship's officers had been busy in the meantime, and the after part of the ship was housed in with canvas, and an extra partition and door was placed before the entrance to the forecabin. The store of ship's provisions was cached on the ice not far from the ship. An electrically-lighted workshop was arranged between decks, with a stove to keep it warm. It was clean and comfortable, and work was started putting the sledges together and lashing the joints with rawhide.

The Boat Adrift and the Camp in Darkness

Teplitz Bay was a place of many storms. On October 22d a gale sprang up from the southeast, shaking the house all night with its fearful blast, the velocity of the wind increasing until it reached the maximum of seventy-two miles an hour. At half-past nine at night the arc-light suddenly



The "America" in winter quarters early in November, 1903. This photograph was made by moonlight. This was the "America's" "farthest north"

went out, and we knew that our connection with the ship was broken. We feared that something was wrong aboard the "America," but we were helpless to assist, for it would have been impossible to have found the ship in the storm or to return to the house again. All sense of direction is lost in an Arctic storm, the flying snow and the drift feel like a sand blast, and blind any one exposed to their fury. During the evening of the 23d there was a lull in the storm, and Mr. Peters and I, with lighted lanterns, ran over the wind-swept bay-ice in the darkness toward the place where the "America" had been moored.

We saw no guiding light from the ship's gangway, and when we reached the place where the ship had been, to our horror we found but a wild, black sea. We ran up and down the rough edge of the bay ice flashing our lanterns, but our ship, with over half the expedition company, had disappeared. Fierce puffs warned us of the storm's return, and we hurried back to camp fearing that our comrades aboard the ship were lost. We reached the protection of the house just as the wind started again with increased violence. We flashed a number of signal lights, and to our joy we detected a faint glow through the driving drift which indicated an answering signal. However, a sudden increase in the wind made further signaling impossible. For three long days the storm raged. On the fourth day, our eyes were gladdened in the twilight of noon by the sight of our good

ship steaming in from the north, her hull shining with ice, and slowly forcing her way through the thick slush and ice back to her old mooring place. Going aboard, we learned that the ship had broken loose during the first night of the storm and had been drifting and steering for forty hours without any knowledge of her whereabouts. The mooring lines became entangled in the blades of the propeller and men had to be lowered into the propeller well during the gale in order to cut the entangled mass from the wheel. It was a long and difficult operation. The temperature was low and the men had to be relieved frequently. The heavy port anchor with seventy fathoms of chain first dragged bottom then hung vertically, and as it could not be raised with frozen machinery, had to be sacrificed to save the ship.

Every afternoon, when weather would permit, we mounted the little Siberian ponies and trotted and galloped down the hill and over the trail toward the ship — nearly all the dogs in the pack accompanying us on our wild rides, barking and running as if mad with excitement. We were sorry when the days grew so dark that we could ride no more. All we could do was to take the ponies out of their stable for an hour each day and tie them to a long picket line, allowing them to kick and roll in the snow.

October was a stormy month. November opened clear and cold, the temperature gradually falling. The minimum thermometer registered forty-seven degrees (Fahrenheit)



THE "AMERICA'S" LAST MOORINGS

These photographs were taken a few days apart, by moonlight, during the six months night of 1904. The first shows the "America" as Fiala and his party last saw her, a gaunt, dismantled shell, crushed in the battles with pressure ice and cradled in the ridges off the shore of Teplitz Bay. A heavy storm arose, and when it had cleared the "America" had disappeared, either going under the ice or drifting away. No member of the party saw her again.





Sigfreid Myhre, who died May 16, 1904

In the hut during midwinter. The men engaged sewing furs for clothing to be used in spring sledging

below zero on the morning of the 11th. The ship froze in and seemed safe, every one was hopeful, and work for the coming spring sledge journey went on rapidly. There was a very faint twilight at noon with a low glow in the southern sky on clear days. Thereafter it grew darker each day until there was little difference between noon and midnight.

The Combat with the Floes

On the morning of November 12th I was awakened about four o'clock by the shaking and trembling of the ship. I lay for some minutes listening to the groaning of the timbers under pressure of the ice, and then "Moses," the Captain's dog, pushed his way into my cabin and put his paws on me, looking into my eyes with his great black face. I got up and, putting on a heavy coat, went out on deck. It was so dark that I could not see very far, but could distinguish the white glare of the ice in tumbling confusion, and could see the pressure ridges diagonally across the bow and stern of the ship,

with great folds in the ice off to starboard. It felt rather cold, though the temperature had risen to twenty-two degrees below zero, and I returned to my cabin to dress more warmly. While I was putting on my clothing Captain Coffin knocked at my door and told me that he had ordered all hands to be ready to leave the ship. I agreed with him that the order was necessary and again went out on deck. The good old "America" was shaking as with the ague, while the ice was piling up ahead and slowly and fearfully nearing us. Engineer Hartt got his engine together in half an hour. The sledges and sledge stock of lumber, lashing, and parts were dragged out from between decks and placed on the main hatch, and as the shocks increased and the "America" listed to starboard the stuff was lowered down onto the ice. It was a scene of wild activity with a nerve-racking accompaniment of shrieks and groans from the protesting and resisting ship.

About six o'clock the engineer reported to me that the water was above the fireroom



Loading the sledges in the shelter of a storehouse dug in the snow during the winter

plates and that he had started the pumps going. After all the sledges and material had been placed on the ice, I returned to my cabin to save some furs and records which I placed in bags and gave to two sailors who passed them over the side of the ship to their shipmates on the ice. Mr. Porter came aboard at that time. He had been working in the Magnetic Observatory, and noticing the lights at so early an hour walked over to the ship to investigate. I told him to tell Mr. Peters that should the arc-light in the house go out, he should take it as a signal for assistance, and come at once to the ship with the members of the Field Party and ponies and sledges.

Saving the Stores

About eight o'clock we received our worst squeeze. The ship was thrown over to starboard — her bow raised up on the ice. The signal for assistance was sent; and through the darkness, with flashing lanterns, the men from the camp came to our aid with ponies and sledges. The bags and equipment, piled on the ice alongside

of the ship, were first moved away to a place of safety.

Later the engineer reported that the pump was gaining on the water, and later still that the bilges were dry. The flood of water was probably caused by the bilge water running astern, as the bow of the ship was lifted up on the ice.

With the last severe pressure the ice fields became quiet, and we had an opportunity to inspect the ship. In the darkness, carrying lighted lanterns, the ship's officers and myself crawled over the walls of ice blocks, tumbled in massive confusion around the "America's" stern, and looked for the rudder and the wheel. But there was such a mass of ice piled up, tons upon tons, that nothing could be seen. The highest pressure ridges were about twenty-five yards forward of the ship's bow, and about the same distance astern. If the ship had been in either place she would have been destroyed. The edge of the heavy bay ice had been cracked in many places, and one of the pressure ridges nearly reached the cache of ship's provisions on the ice.



Trying the cook tent. The day before the departure for the north. The sledges loaded and ready

This invaluable cache, which was separated from the shore ice by a great crack, was in a dangerous position, so sending ashore for more ponies and sledges, all hands worked moving the stores to the shore side of the crack. All the coffee and some of the other stores were sledged to the cache on land.

The ship, in her new cradle of ice-blocks, seemed to be safer than before, and the reassured crew carried their blankets back to the warm and cozy quarters aboard. Days of storm with varying temperature followed the crush of November 12th, and the nights were made unpleasant by the grating of the ice in motion and the groaning and shaking of the ship under pressure.

Early in the morning of Saturday, November 21st, I was awakened by the old grinding and crunching of the ice and the

trembling of the ship. As I hurriedly dressed the "America" started to shake as if on the wave of a mighty earthquake; she shrieked like a living thing in pain; every timber seemed to be under a frightful pressure to the very limit of resistance. The first officer, then the captain and the chief engineer, came to my room while I was dressing and told me it was best to be ready to leave, as the ice was bearing down on the ship.

I went on deck in the darkness to realize that the ship was in her death agony. The whole sea of ice to starboard was in motion, sweeping down in great lines and billows of breaking blocks that rose and tumbled over each other like an army of giants determined to destroy us. Huge boulders of ice came over the starboard rail, crushing it like paper; then frightful sounds were heard

Sledge party crossing the glacier



from below as if the ship were breaking in half. The engineer reported that the water was coming in fast, that the pump had been injured by the crush. However, he succeeded in getting it to work and soon its uneven thumping resounded through the ship.

The Second Losing Battle

With the thunder of the ice fields in our ears all hands worked sending equipment, clothing, bedding, and everything of value down on the fast bay ice. A sailor was sent ashore to the men at camp, and they came over with the little ponies and sledges to move our valuables to a place of safety on land.

About 7:30 the engineer came to me and, with tears in his eyes, said that the water was entering the ash-pits, and that he could not keep up steam. Later he announced that the water had reached the grate-bars and the fires were out. The water steadily arose as the ice pressure ceased. With the failing steam, the electric lights slowly faded until they merely glowed red and dull. The donkey-pump was quiet, and a silence like death crept over the darkened ship. Under the light of a candle I was busily engaged placing small articles of value in bags, and had just filled the last one and given it to a sailor to take over the side, when a shout rose from the men on the ice — "The ice is opening!" The engineer reappeared to say that I "had better go if I did not want a bath," and together we passed by the Jacob's ladder from the fore-castle down to the ice.

But fate postponed the complete destruction of the "America." Another pressure raised her high in the cradle of ice and in that position she froze, the storms drifting her in until she seemed immovable — a black, giant skeleton marooned in the icy waste of

Teplitz Bay. Subsequent inspection revealed that the ship had been forced some distance northwest, dragging with her a 1,400 pound mooring anchor, which had torn its way through the ice. The "America" was terribly wrenched and strained. The timbers on the port side were crushed from the coal bunkers to a point thirty feet forward and about five feet below the lower deck, tremendous ice splinters still sticking through in places. Most of the upright stanchions between the mainmast and the forehatch were displaced, some of it falling into the hold. The mainmast sagged to port. The starboard rigging was loose and ragged. The ship was virtually a wreck and it brought a lump into the throat, as we clambered over the coal heaps in the hold or picked our way across the disordered deck, to view the devastation wrought on that one awful night. A lake of water in the engine-room had begun to freeze and the desolation of the whole picture was accentuated by the incessant moaning of the wind.

With the disablement of the ship arose the necessity of sledging ashore all the coal possible, and of dismantling the interior for the woodwork that would be invaluable for enlarging our house ashore. All that afternoon in a wind registering forty-eight miles an hour the men and ponies labored, moving coal and stores from the ship to camp. The galley range was hoisted out with its 1,500 pounds or more of steel, placed on a sledge, and hauled to the house on shore, where a little kitchen was built. The darkness and wind added to the distress of that memorable afternoon and evening — and at nightfall, when twenty-four homeless men had to be given a place to sleep, the cheapest, meanest Bowery lodging-house would have

on Rudolph Island, March 8, 1904





Sledge party in the rough ice north of Cape Fligely, March 26, 1904

seemed a palace compared with our little hut. Men slept on the tables and underneath them, on benches, on piles of wet baggage.

In the few intervals of calm that followed the great storm, we made sledge journeys over the mile of bay ice between ship and shore. Over two hundred bags of coal were thus sledged ashore, as well as all the interior woodwork, sails, light spars, machine tools, lathes, dynamos, and a small engine. A machine-shop was built by our Commissary and carpenter under the shelter of which a boiler was constructed by the engineer and his men from an old balloon tank left by the Duke of Abruzzi. The boiler and engine were to serve for a steam launch to be improvised from one of the whaleboats. The house was enlarged to accommodate the entire company of thirty-nine men. It was far into December before we were free from the noise of nailing and hammering. Preparations for the sledge trip were not neglected, and on Thanksgiving Day, after Divine Service, I gave to the assembled members of the expedition the provisional plan for the sledge trip in the spring.

The "America" Gives it up and Goes Under the Ice

December was a dark month. There was no difference between day and night. We

missed the cheery illumination of the electric arc, and under the light of numerous little oil lamps we labored, sewing our fur clothing for the sledge trip and making harness. In the carpenter shop, improvised from part of our storehouse, Quartermaster Rilliet, who had the assembling of the sledges in charge, toiled with the members of the crew.

Christmas and the New Year passed happily. We celebrated the anniversaries with banquets, to which our hard-working steward contributed many delicacies. A Christmas edition of the *Arctic Eagle*, our camp newspaper, was printed, Assistant Commissary Stewart making up the forms and running the press, and Seaman Montross, who had once been a printer, acting as compositor. Nearly all the members of the party contributed and considerable amusement was the result.

Storms were many, and the members of the Scientific Staff in their walks to and from the observatories, often had to face winds of high velocity with driving snow and low temperature. At the Magnetic Observatory it was generally necessary for an observer to carry a shovel and dig his way into the hut so as to free the man he relieved on watch. January was a wild month, noted for its variable and high temperature. The maximum thermometer registered thirty-one degrees

The retreat south. Sledge party leaving Camp Abruzzi



above zero on the 21st, during a storm in which the wind reached hurricane velocity. The storm continued until the morning of the 23d, when we found that the bay ice had been broken up, and that much of it had disappeared. In the dim glow of noontime, for the sun was on its return to us, we discovered that the glacier had "calved" for miles along its face. Several of the party explored the bay by jumping from cake to cake of ice, but no sign of the ship or the provision cache could be found, not even a case, barrel, or spar. The "America" had gone to her doom in the night.

The Start With the Sledges

A little after noon on March 2d, our eyes were gladdened by their first glimpse of the sun since the October of the year before.

were eleven silk pyramid tents flapping in the wind, each one numbered in flaming red and marked on all sides of its peak, the cook-tent, with its bold insignia — Cook tent No. 1 — breathing the vapor of cooking.* The sixteen ponies huddled together in a line on the icy slope, overlooking the impenetrable mist-shrouded distance of glacier and sea. Meanwhile the dogs barked and fought while the men went about their duties in their white-silk wind coats, looking like so many Red-ouins or Crusaders.

The wind went down during the night, and in the early morning we broke camp and marched for Cape Fligely. We reached there the same afternoon in a heavy, drifting wind, one man disabled by a rupture from over-exertion, another with a strained back, and three others not in a condition to go



The retreat south. A halt at Cape Fisher

In a twenty-mile wind on the morning of March 7th, we left Camp Abruzzi. The party comprised twenty-six men, sixteen pony-sledges, and thirteen dog-sledges. We reached the summit of the glacier the same afternoon, after a hard pull up the steep slope in the face of the drift and wind. Here we were obliged to camp as everything ahead was obscured by the flying drift. On the order to encamp the picket-line was stretched in the hard snow, the little ponies unharnessed, blanketed, and chained to the picket-line out on the face of the cold, wind-swept glacier.

The dogs were also unharnessed and attached to the little picket-lines that each driver carried, a line just long enough for nine dogs of a single team. Tents were raised after the animals were taken care of, and the camp was an interesting sight, though the howling wind and flying drift brought discomfort in their train. There

forward. While cooking supper two of the cooks gave out and in the howling gale it was a difficult and unpleasant task to provide for twenty-six men with a disabled cooking apparatus. The wind increased in velocity the following day and the flapping tents made a sound like many machine guns of heavy caliber in close action. Our last large cooking machine gave out just as we were making breakfast. I spent several hours in an attempt to solder the joints of the oil tanks that had opened, but the grease and cold for a time precluded success. Ultimately the tanks were made air and oil-tight by the use of some cement I had taken along for the purpose of repairing kayaks, and with joy we completed the meal for the hungry party of storm-bound men.

Turned Back by Storm and Suffering

The storm raged all of the ninth and the tenth, drifting over the sledges and partially



The arrival at Cape Flora, May 16, 1904. Putting up the tents and unbarnessing ponies and dogs

burying the little tents. The dogs burrowed deep into the snow drifts, curled up in warm balls, but the poor little ponies encountered the blast without shelter. As long as the wind blew it was impossible to give them hay to eat, and even the nose-bags of oats would be blown away unless closely watched. The poor condition of five men, the leaky cookers, and the fact that one man had torn his sleeping-bag, and that two others complained that theirs were too small, decided me to return to camp, refit, and reduce the number for another attempt north. The wind subsided the morning of March 11th, and we tramped back over the glacier, reaching camp at 4 p.m. the same day.

With the necessary preparations and revising of weights and equipment, with the reloading of sledges, also with the delay caused by storms, it was not until March 25th that we could again leave Camp Abruzzi. On the morning of that date we left, climbing the glacier once again, a party of fourteen men, nine dog-sledges, and seven pony-sledges. The weather was cold and beautiful and we ascended the steep slope of the glacier with little trouble.

At Cape Fligely, which we reached that evening, we found the sea-ice in bad condition, a ridged rubble as far as the eye could see; but the next morning we set out, with six to eight men with picks always in the van, and a man with each dog-team. Sometimes four men were necessary to help with the sledges, which continually were capsizing. During a halt of several hours to give an open lead time to freeze solid, I carefully inspected the column and found a deplorable state of affairs. The dogs and ponies were standing up well, but the sledges were badly strained and splintered.

I realized at once that, under these conditions, there was no chance of breaking the record: and, in order that the equipment might be saved, I directed a return to the camp, intending again to attempt the North the following year.

Mr. Porter, according to the original plan, after his return to camp with one of the supporting parties, was to have led a small exploring squad south, towards Cape Flora. Now he asked permission to attempt a passage towards White Land, with Assistant Engineer Anton Vedoe. I suggested that, if the

Summer at Camp Jackson. Watching for the relief ship



ice did not improve, he go south towards Kane Lodge, visit the cache at Coburg, and examine ice conditions in the vicinity of the British Channel, bidding him return by April 20th. We reached camp at 6 P.M. on March 27th.

The Search for Porter and Vedoe

Porter and Vedoe had not returned by April 19th, and I instructed Dr. Vaughan to go to Coburg Island to place a cache of pony forage for the use of the party which would soon be starting south, and to look for signs of Porter and Vedoe. Dr. Vaughan returned three days later, having found the descent from the Cape Auk glacier impossible. I was anxious for news of Porter and Vedoe, and, accompanied by Steward Spencer, with a dog-team and sledge left for Coburg Island the following day.

We reached the northwest Coburg islet at ten o'clock the night of April 23d, where we were awakened the following morning by Porter and Vedoe. It was a happy reunion. Porter brought me a valuable report on the condition of the caches and ice.

We got back to camp on the 26th, and I gave orders that those who wanted to go home should prepare for the march south. Nine silk tents, food for thirty-eight days on the trail, and ponies and dogs were told off to the party. The ponies, as their sledge loads disappeared, were to be used as food for the dogs.

Two months provisions for the use of the party at Cape Flora were carried on the eight dog-sledges with the camping equipment. In addition to seven dog-teams that were chained up to remain at Camp Abruzzi, I wished to reserve some of the better ponies for use on the sledge trip north in 1905. The veterinarian had been obliged to shoot five of the little animals as infected with the dread disease of glanders, and on the eve of departure notified me that it would be best to send all ponies south, as there were indications of the spread of the

disease, which might menace the lives of the men.

I found it necessary to lead the retreating party in person, and on the evening of April 30th, after the column was formed ready to start, in front of our quarters, I called the little band of volunteers together, those who were to stay at the northern station, and told them that I would return to them in the summer or fall, and that I would bring with me letters from home that were expected on the relief ship that year. We shook hands all around silently, and then I gave the signal to start on the backward march.

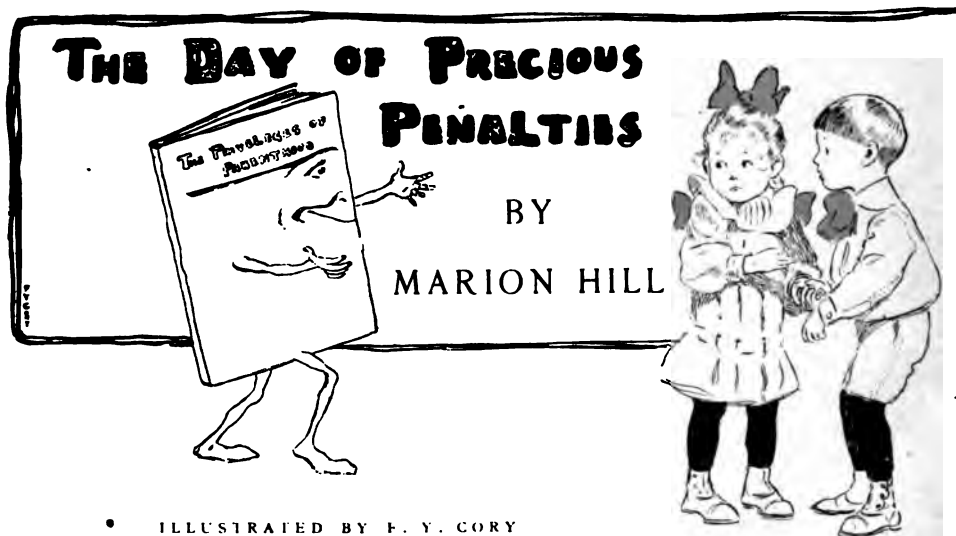
The Relief Ship Fails the Homeward Bound

The distance between Camp Abruzzi and Cape Flora, about one hundred and sixty miles, was covered in less than sixteen days. A few of the ponies played out in the early part of the trip, and the rate of march was, of necessity, very slow, always determined by the speed of the slowest man in the column.

We were favored with good weather and long stretches of smooth channel ice. Deep snow and rough ice caused us some trouble, but we reached Cape Flora at nine o'clock on the morning of May 16, 1904. The ice was chopped out of "Elmwood," the house in which Jackson spent three years, and one of the little round storehouses, both of which were made habitable for the large party of men. And then came the long wait for the relief ship. The men would climb the steep talus of the basaltic cape and look with straining eyes southward over the icy vista for signs of smoke on the horizon.

June, July, and August passed without the breaking up of the ice or a sight of the longed for relief ship, and for the homesick ones, as time passed, hope was lost. Many times the cry would be raised: "the ship!" "the ship!" but it always turned out to be either an iceberg with its shadow-side north, or a column of vapor rising out of some solitary water-hole.

[In the March number Mr. Fiala will give an account of the advance north from Cape Flora to Teplitz Bay, made in the darkness of the fall and early winter after the disappearance of the sun—a march that occupied 62 days, full of thrilling experiences. He will also give a resume of the second year's work, including the sledge trip toward the Pole, the transporting of food and supplies south, and the arrival of the Relief Ship. The article will be profusely illustrated with photographs, some of them acknowledged to be by Arctic travelers the finest pictures ever taken of the ice in the polar circle.]



• ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

WHEN the postman went, Rex Pettison bestirred his rather anemic little legs, and fairly flew up-stairs to the nursery to share his unwelcome information with his twin sister.

"Regina, the '*Privileges*' has come," he announced, not ungrammatically, either, "and mamma is already half through it."

"Oh, my good gracious! dear, oh dear!" wailed Regina, who took all things hard, and who took this thing particularly so. "What kind of trouble will we get now?"

"It won't be long before we find out," observed Rex gravely, aware that this, though true, was not comforting.

The Privileges of Parenthood was a monthly magazine devoted to the home management of children and to their intellectual and moral advancement; and by its helpful pages Mrs. Pettison was at present steering her offspring, pinning her entire faith to its utterances. To speak vulgarly, she swallowed it whole, not picking and choosing among its blessings, but practising upon the defenseless twins each and every hint held out. They knew that they were being experimented upon, and very much disliked it. They knew, too, the source of the experiments, and hated the *Privileges* from cover to cover. The day of its arrival was always one of unpleasantness.

"What was it we got last time?" demanded Regina crossly.

Her memory was short — a merciful compensation for the fact that her suffering under educational affliction was extreme.

Rex took things philosophically, but never forgot them.

"We had to walk around the block and then come home and tell what we saw."

"Oh my, yes," remembered Regina shudderingly. She would rather ruminate than talk any day. Genteel conversation, such as she was forced into by her father and mother, always brought her to hysterics.

"And," continued Rex, "we left off having cooked mush for breakfast, and had to chew hard on raw wheat — for our teeth and for our brains — and not wash it down with water, either." When he remembered, he did the job completely.

"I did n't mind that so much," confessed his sister, "it was like being chickens."

They spent some further time in reminiscence, and then a summons floated up to them.

"Rex! Regina!" called their mother, in sweet but compelling tones.

"Are my ends on?" demanded Regina gloomily, turning her back for inspection.

Rex carefully noted that her each braid was still clamped with its necessary bow of ribbon, and so informed her.

"You'd better poke *that* in," she advised morosely, pointing to his feet, and he obeyed her by attending to a dangling shoe-string.

Having thus in some measure guarded against unfavorable criticism, they apprehensively went down-stairs to their mother and the *Privileges*.

This month it contained, in addition to its usual budget of hints, two articles which

appealed to Mrs. Pettison as magnificent. These articles were, "Make Confidants of Your Children" and "Rational Punishment," and along the lines of their advisement Mrs. Pettison intended to speak at once. Indeed, wherever possible she used the exact words of the editor.

"Come, my little son and daughter," she said, starting in at once and in a high-comedy voice, as the twins laggingly approached, "let us have a friendly chat together."

It sounded ominous from the very beginning. To be "friendly" with one's mother smacked of the terrible, so the twins' eyes bulged with fear and they said nothing.

The magazine had made no prevision whatever for anything but a joyous receptiveness, and Mrs. Pettison felt as if she had somehow run off the track, but she was too full of her subject to stop.

"We all make mistakes, grown folks as well as children," she continued, modulating her voice to tender grief — as advised — "and I myself have made mistakes — sad ones, sad ones —"

She paused and waited for the sudden look of love and sympathy which she had been told would be hers, but she did not get it, nor anything like it: her humble admission then and there lowered her very many degrees in the twins' respect.

In their estimation, an infallible mother, though a bad thing, was yet bearable, whereas a mistaken mother was a decidedly disgraceful possession.

"Perhaps — to make an instance," resumed Mrs. Pettison hurriedly, feeling that each pause was lost ground, "sometimes when I have punished you I may have been arbitrary. Do you know what 'arbitrary' means?"

"Yes," said Rex promptly. And he did.

"No," said Regina, gruff with embarrassment.

"I will tell you. It means—it means—" she floundered a little, and Rex looked sorrowful, as if he expected her to slip, for now that she was "mistaken" he did not feel sure of her at any point. She braced herself. "It means 'capricious, not just.' Punishment should always be just. Moreover, it

"Come, my little son and daughter, let us have a friendly chat together"



should be rational. Rational punishment never provokes resentment. It explains itself. Perhaps I have not always been careful to have my punishments explain themselves. At times, you actually may have questioned my *right* to discipline you. Is it not so?"

Again she waited for affectionate comment, and again in vain. *Question her right?* They had never dreamed of such a thing! The ethics of infancy are simple: if you are good, you get praised; if you are naughty, you mostly get spanked. Why not? It is as plain as daylight.

"But a mistake may always be corrected," went on Mrs. Pettison, confusedly. Only a strong sense of duty kept her at it. She was not feeling fresh and happy as at the start.

The children in the magazine had made sweet little remarks, leading to an exchange of many beautiful thoughts; but the twins did nothing but awesomely gawk at her.

"I am going to try new methods of punishment. Scolding and whipping are irrational, and therefore useless. Yet wrong doing must be corrected. But how? A little patient thought will suggest the penalty, which must be the logical outcome of the wrong itself. Then it is accepted as inevitable and right even by the sufferer. Shall we try this better way?"

She smiled a winsome invitation to them to open their hearts to her, but they had no reply to make. They felt that it would be frightful to say "no" and indiscreet to lunacy to say "yes," since this last was a tacit

bid for chastisement and chastisement of an unknown nature. Silence was best.

Persisting bravely with her part, Mrs. Pettison put one arm around Rex and the other around Regina, and kissed them both. Polite though uncomprehending, Rex returned the kiss; but Regina took it flinching and with eyes shut as if she expected to get clipped, which was an action leading to false conclusions, Mrs. Pettison not having the clipping habit.

"Go now, dears, and think it over," she said, really exhausted with having nothing happen which should have happened.

According to the printed articles, the charming conversation should have hallowed a full half hour, and here it was, over as soon as commenced, after having led absolutely nowhere.

The twins skimmed from sight as soon as they decently could. Left to herself, Mrs. Pettison was honest enough to admit that she had rushed into the business without sufficient preparation, and she felt that she would have to elucidate her "talk" by a backing of consistent action.

Meanwhile, Rex and Regina curled up in chairs and brooded over the thing in the peace of the nursery. They were dazed and depressed.

"Have we been bad?" demanded the girl. She could not otherwise account for the plentiful mention of the word "punishment."

"No, I think not."

"What was the matter, then?"

"Please let me alone."

"Rex and Regina brooded over the thing in the peace of the nursery"



This satisfied Regina, for she knew that her brother never indulged in throes of thought in vain, always arriving at solution through revery, so she bided his time.

And it was not long before he roused himself, looking brilliant.

"Sister, we aren't going to get spanked any more —"

"No."

"Nor scolded —"

"No."

"But something queer is going to happen —"

"What?"

"I'm going to find out right now."

"How?"

"By being bad."

When it dawned upon her that he intended to be wilfully naughty, but nobly, for investigation's sake, she interested herself to help him out.

"What kind of bad are you going to be?"

He gazed around the room searching for inspiration to crime and not finding it, for his gentle little soul was moral to inanity. But Regina's eyes glittered hopefully.

"Up there are some things we must n't touch," she murmured in an incidental sort of way, but the guile of the serpent lurked beneath the indifferent words, and Regina's glance rested upon the mantel where stood two Chinese vases — fat, bulging things with four handles apiece.

Without so much as a comment, Rex dragged a chair to the mantel, climbed up, and pushed a vase into space.

The crash which it made as it came to pieces on the floor brought Mrs. Pettison quickly upon the scene.

If the truth is to be told, she was distinctly pleased with so opportune a chance to put her new theories into practice, and she pried not at all into causes, taking a vast deal for granted that was not so.

"My little son forgot himself and handled something he has been forbidden to touch," she said, sorrowfully. "Moreover, he was

careless as well as disobedient and let the pretty vase fall. How must we teach him to remember what he is told and make him feel vexed that he has destroyed a thing of beauty?"

After some serious consideration, she went out of the room murmuring, "wait a minute," and left the twins frightened yet diverted — like patients reading a comic paper in a dentist's ante-room.

When she came back she brought with her nothing more awful than a ball of string. A piece of this she slipped through a fragment of vase which chanced to have a handle left intact, and she tied the sinful trophy to Rex's arm, explaining

the while the significance of her punishment by telling him that the constant feel of the broken china would distress and shame him and bring him to wish that he had never touched it, while the constant sight of it would grow hateful to him and depress him with sorrow for his wanton destructiveness. With all this, she entwined very prettily the story of the "Ancient Mariner" and the slain albatross which was hung upon the destroyer's neck, symbolizing the weight of sin, and she wound up by telling him that she hoped so to develop his spiritual nature that the mere sense of guilt would soon drag him down more degradingly than any bit of porcelain tied to his arm.

It was really beautifully thought out, and would have been worth money to her if sent to the editor of *Privileges*, but the twins, knowing they were being "improved," tried to hear as little of it as possible — except that Rex was drawn to "albatross" as something new in fowls.

"How do you spell it?" he asked meekly.

"A-l-b-a-t-r-o-s-s," she spelled curtly,



"Rex dragged a chair to the mantel, climbed up, and pushed a vase into space"

and left the room to prevent the arising of any more worthless side issues.

For a short while, Rex stood rigid with stiff arm extended while he viewed his mark of crime from different angles — and with growing approval. Then he tried walking about, and his pride in it grew as it swung and dangled. He felt it to be not only a pleasantly unusual adornment for a little boy, but a highly entertaining one by reason of the thrilling sound of breaking crockery which it gave out every time that it knocked against some furniture.

He was soon trotting around the room selecting different material against which to bang his vase-portion, in order to enjoy variety of tones. He had not been so amused, so satisfied, so mentally fed and refreshed in a long while; and Regina, the Innocent, the Unpunished, the Undisgraced, sat in lonely dejection with nothing to do but watch his orgy of content.

"Why don't you come and play with me?" at last she asked angrily.

"I can't," replied Rex, in a wee, sweet voice, as from some far realm of bliss. "I'm having too much fun with the — the — the albatross." And he clinked it deliciously against the door-knob.

"I'll get an albatross, too," cried Regina, maddened by jealousy; and without a minute's hesitation, she jumped to the chair and hurled the remaining vase to the floor.

Rex's stupor of amaze, her own unfeigned horror at the actual consummation of the deed made it impossible for her mother to think this disaster anything but another "accident" — for of course Mrs. Pettison heard the second crash and came in a second time.

Consistency demanded that Regina get a bangle, too, but no poetical selection from Coleridge accompanied this seance.

"You are a very, very naughty little girl," said Mrs. Pettison sharply, and she tied some china to the culprit with quite angry jerks and with a tighter twist than was at all necessary, for the fragment was small — Regina's smash had been thorough.

"Mine's a *baby* albatross," said the smasher complacently, as soon as her mother had left the room.

Now that the children were similarly equipped, they had a lovely time together and put their novel toys to every conceivable and inconceivable test. They began to warm up tenderly to punishments.

"What shall we smash next?" asked Regina, leaning mentally in the direction of a magnificent Satsuma urn in the parlor.

"We'll — we'll be had some other way," authoritatively said Rex. He had the saner mind and realized that the limitations of smash had been reached.

All sports pall in time, and the twins gradually desisted from their exuberant cracking of furniture, and drew near each other to take hold of hands — a friendly trick of theirs when weary. The contact, bringing their bits of bric-a-brac together with a clash, flecking a splinter from each, recalled to Regina the game which is played with Easter eggs.

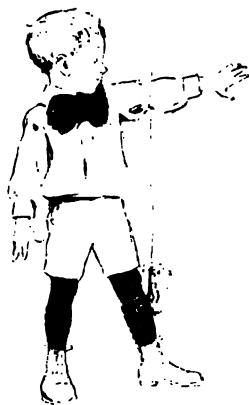
"Let's chip albatrosses," she said stoically, and sat down on the floor.

Nothing averse, Rex sat down, too, and the war was on. Clash followed clash and chips flew frantically till finally each combatant came off victorious with but a bracelet of string left.

Their mother who had entered and silently witnessed the contest, deemed it wise to take this disposal of the albatrosses as a matter of course, so she merely made the twins clear up the chips, and then she reminded them that it was time for them to go to their desks: first, to write the usual half page in their copy-books, and, second, to hear each other all the geography questions they could think of. Secretly, she was worried, for never until to-day in all their

sternly-ordered, meekly-obedient little lives had the twins shown the least trace of naughtiness. She comforted herself with the belief that the worst was now over, for the children, now sedate as dormice, went tractably to work upon their copy-books. Reassured, she left them to themselves again.

L was the letter to which they were devoting their attention, and the page was spaced thus:



"he viewed his mark of crime from different angles"

"L! Lady! Led by the right! Lady! L."

If the originator of the copy had had any hope of casting a moral glamor over his page by means of the phrase, "Led by the right," that hope was dashed in Regina's case, for

"Lakes water!" gabbled she (blot on Rex's shirt) "s'rounded b' land." (Scalloped circle.) "What's a strait?"

"A strait" — and here Rex sketched upon his sister's yoke something resembling a pair



"'Let's chip albatrosses!'"

she wrote it, "*Leg* by the right." Stems of letters appealed to her as unimportant. After she had laboriously made a round fat body, it was all one to her whether she turned it into a "d" or a "g."

Moreover, she had her own line of progress. She never went across. She went down. She made six "L's," then six "Lady's," then six "Legs," and so on, and got through in less than no time.

"What's an island?" she demanded peremptorily. As far as she was concerned, it was the hour for geography.

Rex, who did all things lovingly and well, was still writing, but he looked up kindly and humored her.

"An island is land surrounded by water," he said. Then a pained look came on his face as if he loathed the necessity, but he leaned forward, pen in hand, put a blot on Regina's waist — for the land — and drew a scalloped circle around it — for the water. He tapped the picture with his pen and repeated his definition.

It needs to be impressed that heretofore an accidental blot no bigger than a pin point had been sufficient to set them both into sobbing convulsions of fright.

As the island grew upon her, Regina had one brief, embryonic spasm, and then — she understood. Rex was again martyring himself.

"What is a lake?" he asked.

He had an apt pupil. Regina seized her pen and stirred it around in the ink bottle.

of spectacles — "is a channel of water connecting two larger bodies of water. What is a river?"

"A river" — said she, dithering with delight as she ran a zigzag streak of black lightning down his front pleat — "is water flowing through the land. *Wheel* What's a hill?"

"A hill," said he, abandoning the pen and dipping his finger in the bottle, "is a low elevation of land." Here he dabbed a cone-like smudge upon Regina's shoulder. "What is a mountain?"

"Mountain's a *high* elevator of land!" she shrieked, drunken with joy. Inking her whole hand she streaked him with an "elevator" that reached from his belt to his chin. Now was she frenzied indeed, and hissed meaningly, "What is an OCEAN?"

He took the dare even though he paled under the magnitude of the sin thrust upon him.

"The largest body of water," he said, methodically pouring the entire bottle into Regina's lap.

This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink.

"We had better see about this right away," he announced in a businesslike tone. And they sought out their mother.

They found her occupied in rereading the article on "Rational Punishment." They little knew how good a thing it was for themselves that she *was* so occupied — occupied, too, so serenely and deeply that she failed to



"This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink"

notice their approach until Rex murmured, "Mama, something has happened."

She looked up and, catching sight of their really awful condition, was literally stunned and dumb-stricken. All she could do was to wave them away from her. When speech finally returned to her, it was so far beneath the occasion that it sounded tame.

"Get out of my sight as quickly as possible," she begged, "before I say or do what I should not. Oh, do go! Later, when we are all calmer, we will talk over this frightful occurrence; for rest assured I shall demand a full explanation. Not that your punishment will wait till then — no, indeed. I shall attend to that at once and severely. Listen! *I forbid you to change those disgraceful garments.* You shall take your outing in them, you shall see visitors in them — if visitors come — you shall go to the supper-table in them, you shall wear them till bedtime, even if your hearts and mine break with the humiliation. Now go. Immediately."

When they left the room, Mrs. Pettison burst into tears over the problem. The twins did not know that, of course, and danced away perfectly happy; if there was one thing they hated worse than another it was their afternoon raiment of white piqué. The stuff was always starched as stiff as tin, and it creased if it was looked at cross-eyed. When

creased it was done for. If the twins had the ill-luck to sit on a peach-stone or kneel on a blackberry, they were in the worst sort of a fix. And to think they could wear their nice comfortable messy suits all afternoon! To think that they could actually go out in them and tell everything to all the other little boys and girls! It was too good to be true. And why should not visitors know about it? The more the merrier. And as for supper — again, why not? Was not their father going to be absent? Of course he was, thank heaven! Yes, really and really, it was too good to be true.

The ensuing hour was positively the happiest they remembered. When they were forced to go out with Catherine, the "help," it was she who suffered, not they. They strutted to the utmost, while she chased desperately to have it over and done with.

"Such a holy show!" she kept muttering.

"Why, Catherine, you're not the holy show, we are," they sweetly insisted, but all the same she hurried them home and left them to take most of their outing on the front steps. That was not so bad, either, for they could point out their adornments in dumb sign to all their passing cronies. They sat there basking in rare contentment.

When it came to be the neighborhood supper-time and the street grew dull, Rex thought out another excitement.

"Sister, I begin to see how this thing works, do you?"

"What thing works?"

"This new punishment. It works this way — when we do something bad we have to keep on doing it."

"Well?" said Regina listlessly.

"Well, we'll go now *and steal some jam.*"

Which they immediately did. It was not hard to manage, with Catherine making disappearances into the dining-room to put supper on the table. Of course, discovery was swift, but then, discovery was their aim.

"Some bad angel possesses you," cried Mrs. Pettison, despairingly, but still clinging to her ideals. "You think you want jam — I'll prove to you how mistaken you are — come to the table, and see!"

A large dish of jam was set before them, and their beef broth was removed. When they understood that they were to help themselves plentifully to jam, they wondered if they had not fallen into fairyland. Requesting bread, they were denied it.

"Nothing but jam," said Mrs. Pettison sternly, her sympathetic stomach recoiling from the fearful fate.

The twins perceptibly cheered and tucked into the jam at a great rate. They had aimed at this happiness, but the result exceeded belief. The next course would have

been sandwiches of stale bread, sparsely buttered and served with weak cocoa. This, too, they were mercifully spared.

"Help yourselves to jam," ordered their mother, in the tone of an executioner. The twins' whole beings mellowed under the affliction and they stowed away jam enough for a long winter.

This method was persevered in during the meal and at each added prohibition, the twins cheered further and took more jam. At last, Mrs. Pettison, fearing that she was becoming barbarous in her cruelty, offered them forgiveness by saying,

"The dessert is cold rice pudding; you may make your choice between it and the sickening sweet stuff I have forced upon you."

"I'll take jam," said Rex gently.

"More jam," said Regina, the greedy glimmer in her eye undimmed.

They rose from the table oozing contentment from every pore, and Mrs. Pettison wearily kept her seat to ponder upon the situation.

Out in the hall —

"Regina, didn't that jam make you thirsty?"

"Aw'fly."

"Come into the pantry and we'll open a bottle of grape juice."

But they had been overheard and pursued, and while they were trying to unscrew

"The ensuing hour was positively the happiest they remembered"



the cap of the bottle the wrath fell — and the shameless, degrading irrationality of that wrath would have pained the whole editorial staff of *Privileges*.

"Biff!" on Regina's ear, and "Baff!" on Rex's, and then they were jerked up by their collars and rattled around in the air awhile.

That these processes were dangerous to tympanums and spinal columns, Mrs. Pettison well knew. Temporarily, however, she failed to remember.

"You are a naughty — disobedient — exasperating — bad-hearted — thieving little pair!" she said, by way of making confidants of her children.

She told them so much more about themselves that they could hardly believe it. They had not leisure to listen to it all, being so very busy attempting to shelter various portions of their anatomy. Sweep! and Regina found herself balancing upon her mother's knee in a swimming

attitude, and — well, she was given a lesson.

Swoop! Rex took her place, and also received a lesson. A perfectly unpunctuated tale of accusations accompanied all this, and "arbitrary" was the last thing thought of by any of the parties.

Finally, the twins felt themselves hoisted as upon derricks and swirled along the passage to a dark room where they were inconsiderately and ungently dumped, the door being banged upon them.

"And at the next atom of trouble, I'll treat you to a double dose of this!" was the sybillic utterance which floated in to them.

When they had wept themselves almost to a pulp and their sobs came a little further apart, Rex's broken voice crept from somewhere in the darkness:

"Regina, I think we'd better be good."

"I thought it first," she hiccupped.

And since it was upon her that the chastening hand first fell, perhaps she did.

'I'll take jam,' said Rex gently"



REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

IV

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



THE King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, at first received the petitions rushing in upon him with sullen silence. He had so recently, and then so emphatically, even so defiantly, proclaimed his inflexible determination never to consent to any constitutional limitation to his kingly power, that the thought of yielding to popular pressure anything that he fancied should be only a free emanation of the royal will was well nigh inconceivable to him. But the situation became more threatening from day to day. Not only the language of the deputations arriving from various parts of the kingdom constantly grew more and more impetuous and peremptory, but the people of Berlin began to hold mass meetings counting by thousands, and to greet with thundering acclamations the political watchwords uttered by popular orators. The municipal authorities, too, were swept into the current, and entreated the King to make concessions. At last he saw the necessity of yielding something. On the 14th of March he gave a "gracious" answer to an address presented by the city council, but that answer was still evasive and too indefinite to satisfy public opinion. Meanwhile bloody collisions occurred between the police, supported by military detachments, and the multitude thronging the public squares and the streets. In one of these a merchant and a university student were killed. The bitterness of feeling caused by such events was somewhat assuaged by a rumor that the

King had resolved upon farther and more important concessions which would be publicly announced on the 18th. He had, indeed, concluded to issue an edict opening a prospect of steps to be taken in favor of national unity, and abolishing the censorship of the press.

On the afternoon of the fateful 18th of March an immense concourse of people assembled on the open square in front of the royal palace hoping to hear the authoritative announcement that the popular demands had been granted. The King appeared on the balcony and was received with enthusiastic cheers. He attempted to speak but could not be heard. In the belief, however, that he had granted all that was asked for, the people were ready for a jubilee. Then a cry arose for the removal of the bodies of troops surrounding the palace and appearing to separate the King from his subjects. It seemed to be expected that this would be granted, too, for an effort was made to open a passage for the soldiers through the dense crowd, when a roll of drums was heard. This was regarded as a signal for the departure of the soldiery, but, instead of the troops withdrawing, heavy bodies of infantry and cavalry pressed upon the multitude for the evident purpose of clearing the square. Then two shots rang from the infantry line, and the whole scene was suddenly and frightfully changed. Frantic cries arose: "We are betrayed! we are betrayed!" In an instant the mass of people who but one moment before had joyously acclaimed the King, dispersed in the adjoining streets with the angry shout:

"To arms! to arms!" In all directions the thoroughfares were soon blocked with barricades. The paving stones seemed to leap from the ground and to form themselves into bulwarks, surmounted by black-red-and-gold flags and manned by citizens, university students, tradesmen, artists, laborers, professional men, hastily armed with all sorts of weapons, from rifles and shotguns down to pikes, axes, and hammers. There was no preparation, no plan, no system in the uprising; everybody seemed to follow a common instinct. Then the troops were ordered to the assault. When after fierce fights they had taken one barricade, they were at short distances confronted by another and another. Behind the barricades women and children were busy bringing food and drink for the fighters and caring for the wounded. During the whole night the city resounded with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

The King seemed at first sternly determined to put down the insurrection at any cost; but as the street battle proceeded he became painfully conscious of its terrible character. Reports of the conflict arrived in rapid succession. He would now give an order to stop the fight and then an order to go on. Shortly after midnight he wrote, with his own hand, an address to "My dear Berliners." He began by saying that the firing of the two shots which had caused the excitement had been mere accident, and that "a band of miscreants, mostly foreigners," had taken advantage of this misunderstanding to goad many of his good subjects into this fratricidal combat. Then he promised to withdraw the troops as soon as the insurgents would remove the barricades, and he implored them "to listen to the fatherly voice of their King, to which the grievously suffering Queen joined her affectionate and tearful prayers." But the address failed to produce the desired effect. It was accompanied with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, and the fighting citizens rather resented being called "a band of miscreants."

At last on the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of March, when one of the commanders of the troops, General Möllendorf, had been captured by the citizens, the withdrawal of the soldiery was resolved upon. Peace was concluded on the understanding that the army should leave Berlin, that there should be freedom of the press, and

that Prussia should have a constitution on a broad democratic basis. When the soldiers had marched off, something happened that in dramatic force and significance has never been surpassed in the history of revolutions. From all parts of the city solemn and silent processions moved toward the royal palace. They escorted the bodies of those of the people who had been killed in the battle. The corpses of the slain were carried aloft on litters, their gaping wounds uncovered, their heads wreathed with laurel branches and immortelles. So the procession marched into the inner palace court where the litters were placed in rows in ghastly parade. Around them stood the multitude of men with pallid faces, begrimed with blood and powder smoke, many of them still carrying the weapons with which they had fought during the night; and between them women and children bewailing their dead. Then the King was loudly called for. He appeared in an open gallery, pale and dejected, by his side the weeping Queen. "Hat off!" the multitude shouted, and the King took off his hat to the dead below. Then a deep voice among the crowd intoned the old hymn, "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*,"—"Jesus, My Refuge"—in which all present joined. The chorus finished, the King silently withdrew, the corpses were lifted up again, and the procession moved away in grim solemnity.

This was a terrible humiliation to the Crown; but at the same time a pointed answer to the King's address, in which the fighters had been denounced as a band of miscreants, or as the seduced victims of such a band. Had there really been such miscreants, or persons answering our present conception of anarchists, among them, Frederick William IV would hardly have survived that terrible moment when he stood before them, alone and defenseless, and they fresh from the field of blood with guns in their hands. But at that moment their cry was not "Death to the King!" or "Down with Royalty!" but "Jesus, My Refuge!"

Nor was the history of those fateful days tainted by any act of heinous crime. Indeed, two private houses were sacked, the owners of which had been caught in the act of betraying the fighting citizens to the soldiery. But while the insurgents were in complete control of large portions of the city during the whole night, there was not a

single case of theft or of wanton destruction. Property was absolutely safe.

The "Prince of Prussia," the oldest brother of the childless King and presumptive heir to the throne — the same prince who, as Kaiser William I, was in the course of events to become the most popular monarch of his time — was reported to have given the order to fire on the people, and the popular wrath turned upon him. By order of the King the Prince left Berlin under cover of night and hurried to England. Excited crowds gathered in front of his palace on the street "*unter den Linden*." There was no military guard to protect the building. A university student put upon its front the inscription, "National property," and it was not touched. Immediately after the street battle the shops were opened again as in ordinary times.

Arms were distributed among the people from the government armories. The King declared: "I have become convinced that the peace and safety of the city cannot be better maintained than by the citizens themselves." On the 21st of March, Frederick William IV appeared again among the people, on horseback, a black-red-and-gold scarf around his arm, a black-red-and-gold flag at his request carried before him, a huge tricolor hoisted at the same moment on the royal palace. The King spoke freely to the citizens. He would "place himself at the head of the movement for a united Germany; in that united Germany Prussia would be merged." He swore that he wanted nothing but a "constitutional and united Germany." At the university he turned to the assembled students, saying: "I thank you for the glorious spirit you have shown in these days. I am proud that Germany possesses such sons." It was understood that a new and responsible ministry had been appointed, composed of members of the liberal opposition; that a constituent assembly to be elected by the Prussian people would be convoked to frame a constitution for the kingdom of Prussia; and a national Parliament would be elected by the people of all the German states, to meet at Frankfort for the purpose of uniting all Germany under a new constitutional government. The people in Berlin were in ecstasy.

"The heroes fallen in the glorious struggle for social and political liberty," as the proclamation of the municipal assembly called them, were carried for burial to the

"*Friedrichshain*" cemetery, accompanied by two hundred thousand citizens, who took the coffins past the royal palace where the King again stood with uncovered head.

Such were the great tidings the country received from Berlin. Thus the cause of liberty and national union seemed to have achieved a decisive and irreversible victory. The kings and princes themselves, foremost, the King of Prussia, had solemnly promised to serve it. The jubilation of the people was without bounds.

Since the French-German war of 1870 and the establishment of the present German Empire, it has been the fashion in Germany to scoff at the year 1848, dubbing it the "crazy year," and to ridicule the "thoughtlessness" with which at that time great political programs were made, and far-reaching movements set on foot, to be followed by cruel disappointments and catastrophes. But did the German people of 1848 deserve such ridicule? True, the men of those times did not clearly know how to deal with the existing conditions, nor to carry to the desired end the movement so victoriously and hopefully begun. It is equally true that the popular movement was disjointed, and now in retrospect appears in certain lights fantastic. But what reasonable person can wonder at this? The people, although highly developed in science, philosophy, literature, and art, had always lived under a severe guardianship in all political matters. They had never been out of leading strings. They had observed only from afar how other nations exercised their right to govern themselves and managed their active participation in the functions of the state; and those foreign nations the Germans had learned to admire and perhaps to envy. They had studied the theory of free institutions in books and had followed their workings in current newspaper reports. They had longed for the possession of like institutions and earnestly striven for their introduction in their own country. But with all this observing, learning, and longing, and striving, the larger part of the German people had been excluded by the prevailing rigid paternalism from practical experience in the exercise of political self-government. They had not been permitted practically to learn the real meaning of political liberty. They had never received or known the teachings which spring from practical experience and from the feeling of responsibility in political action.

The affairs of government lay outside of the customs and habits of their lives. Free institutions were to them mere abstract conceptions about which the educated and the seriously thinking men indulged in politico-philosophical speculations, while to the uneducated and the superficial they only furnished political catchwords, in the use of which the general discontent with existing conditions found vent.

Suddenly after a prolonged fermentation, and following an impulse from abroad, the German people rose up in their strength. The kings and princes now conceded everything that they had refused before, and the people found themselves all at once in full possession of an unaccustomed power. Is it to be wondered at that these surprising changes brought forth some confused desires and misdirected endeavors? Would it not have been more astonishing if the people had at once clearly defined and wisely limited their desires, and promptly found the right means for the attainment of the right objects? Do we expect that the beggar who suddenly becomes a millionaire will instantly know how to make the best use of his unwonted wealth? And yet it cannot be said of the large majority of the German people that, however vague their political notions may have been, they asked in the revolutionary movements of the year 1848, in the main, for anything that was unreasonable or unattainable. Much of what they at that period sought to accomplish has since been realized. The errors committed by them in 1848 were more in the means employed than in the ends proposed. And the greatest of these errors sprang from the childlike confidence with which they expected the complete fulfilment of all the promises which the kings and princes, especially the King of Prussia, had made under stress of circumstances. It is idle to indulge in speculations about that which might have been if that which was had been different. But one thing is certain: if the princes had not permitted themselves to be seduced by the machinations of the reactionary parties on the one hand, nor to be frightened by occasional popular excesses on the other, but had with unflinching fidelity and with the exertion of all their power done that which, in March 1848 they had given the people reason to expect of them, the essential objects fought for at that period would have proved themselves entirely practicable. That the

people in their enthusiastic enjoyment of what they called the "Völkerfrühling" — the People's Springtime — an enjoyment to which they gave themselves with such ingenuous elation, nourished that credulous confidence, instead of assuring themselves of the necessary guarantees against a possible reaction, was indeed not prudent; but this imprudence sprang from no ignoble source. He surely wrongs the German people who lays solely at their and their leaders' doors the responsibility for the failures of the years 1848-49.

But what should make the memory of that "springtime" especially dear to Germans, is the enthusiastic spirit of self-sacrifice for the great cause which for awhile pervaded almost every class of society with rare unanimity. It is this moral elevation which, even if sometimes it ran into fantastic exaggerations, the German people should prize and honor — of which they should certainly not be ashamed. My heart warms whenever I think of those days. In my immediate surroundings I knew many young men who were without fortune, depending upon their studies to secure for themselves and their families a decent living; devoted to their scientific callings not only from self-interest but also from inclination — but who at that time were ready at any moment to abandon and risk all for the liberty of the people and the greatness of the fatherland. I knew burghers and peasants in plenty of whom the same could be said. We ought to respect him who is willing to throw away all, even life itself, for a good and great idea. And whoever, be it an individual or people, has had in life moments of such self-sacrificing enthusiasm should hold the memory of them sacred.

Upon the occasion of a crowded public meeting of university men in the "Aula," the great university hall at Bonn, I found myself, quite unintentionally, thrust into a conspicuous position among my fellow-students. I do not remember the special purpose for which the meeting was held. Professor Ritschl, our foremost philologist, and if I recollect rightly, at that time dean of the philosophical faculty, a very highly esteemed and popular man, was in the chair. I stood among the crowd. I had thought much and formed a decided opinion of the subject which was under discussion, but did not attend the meeting with the desire or expectation of taking part in the debate.

Suddenly I heard one of the speakers say something keenly repugnant to my feelings, and following a sudden impulse, I found myself the next moment speaking to the assembly. I have never been able since to recollect what I said. I only remember that I was in a nervous condition until then entirely unknown to me; that thoughts and words came to me in an uninterrupted stream; that I spoke with vehement rapidity; and that the applause following my speech wakened me out of something like a dream. This was my first public speech. The vote that followed almost unanimously sustained my contention.

Before long I was again in the foreground. Like all other orders of society in those days, we university men had our peculiar grievances which in the "new time" were of course to be redressed. The Prussian Government kept at the universities an official, one of whose principal duties it was to watch the political tendencies of professors and students. This office had been created at the time of the "persecution of demagogues" after the notorious ministerial conferences at Carlsbad, and was, therefore, in bad odor with liberal-minded men. The officer in question was at that time Herr von Bethmann Hollweg. More on account of his duties than of his personal qualities, he was highly unpopular with the students. We thought that such an office, a product of the period of deepest degradation, did not fit the new order of things, and must speedily be abolished. A meeting of students was therefore called at the riding school, from which, our object having been bruited about, the professors prudently absented themselves. My impromptu speech in the Aula caused my election as president of this meeting. We resolved to present an address to the Academic Senate, demanding that the officer in question be at once removed. As chairman of the meeting I was charged with the duty of writing the address on the spot. This was done. It was couched in very peremptory language and consisted only of four or five lines. The meeting approved it forthwith and resolved — as in those days we loved to do things in dramatic style — to proceed in mass to the house of the Rector of the university and personally to present the paper to him. So we marched, several hundred men, in dense column to the dwelling of the Rector, and rang the bell.

The Rector, Herr van Calker, Professor of Philosophy, an oldish anxious-looking little man, appeared soon on the doorstep, and I read to him the energetic sentences of our address. For a moment he timidly looked at the crowd of students, and then told us in halting and stammering phrases, how rejoiced he was to behold the soaring spirit of German youth, and how the students could accomplish in these important days great things, and that he would be happy to submit our address to the Academic Senate and to the government for speedy consideration and adjustment. We read upon the face of the good little man, toward whom every one of us felt most kindly, that he contemplated the soaring spirit of German youth with a certain uneasiness, thanked him for his good-will, took our leave politely, and marched back to the market square. There it was reported to us — whether true or not — that during our visit to the Rector the unpopular officer in question had speedily packed his trunks and already left the town.

While the jubilation over the "Märzerrungenschaften" — the results of the revolutionary movements in March — at first seemed to be general, and even the adherents of absolutism put a good face on a bad business, soon a separation into distinct party groups began between those whose principal aim was the restoration of order and authority — the conservatives; those who favored slow and moderate progress — the constitutionalists; and those who aimed at securing the fruits of the revolution in a "constitutional government on the broadest democratic basis" — the democrats. Instinctive impulse as well as logical reasoning led me to the democratic side. There I met Kinkel again, and our friendship soon became very intimate. In the course of our common activity the formal relations between teacher and pupil yielded to a tone of familiar comradeship.

In the beginning the zealous work of agitation absorbed almost all our time and strength. Kinkel, indeed, still delivered his lectures and I also attended mine with tolerable regularity; but my heart was not in them as before. All the more eagerly I studied modern history, especially the history of the French Revolution, and read a large number of politico-philosophical works and of pamphlets and periodicals of recent date which treated of the problems of the time. In this way I endeavored to clear

my political conceptions and to fill the large gaps in my historical knowledge — a want which I felt all the more seriously as my task as an agitator was to me a sacred duty.

First we organized a democratic club, consisting of citizens and students, which found in the so-called Constitutional Club, led by Professor Loebell, a very able man, a most respectable rival. Then we founded a local organ for the democratic party, the *Bonner Zeitung*, a daily paper, the editorship of which was undertaken by Kinkel, while I, as a regular contributor, had to furnish every day one or more articles. And, finally, once or twice a week, in fact as often as we could find time, we marched out to the neighboring villages to preach to the country people the political gospel of the new time, and also to organize them into democratic associations. Undoubtedly, the nineteen-year-old journalist and speaker brought forth a great deal of undigested stuff, but he believed sincerely and warmly in his cause and would have been ready at any moment to sacrifice himself for it.

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The exigencies of magazine publication compel the omission here of an account of the further development of the reaction. The paragraphs omitted will be found in the "Reminiscences" when published in book form.

The visible developments of the reaction had the effect of producing among many of those who stood earnestly for national unity and constitutional government, a state of mind more open to radical tendencies. The rapid progress of these developments was clearly perceptible in my own surroundings. Our democratic club was composed in almost equal parts of students and citizens among whom there were many of excellent character, of some fortune and good social standing, and of moderate views, while others had worked themselves into a state of mind resembling that of the terrorists in the French Revolution. Kinkel was the recognized leader of the club, and I soon became a member of the executive committee. At first the establishment of a constitutional monarchy with universal suffrage and well-secured civil rights would have been quite satisfactory to us. But the reaction, the threatening rise of which we were observing, gradually made many of us believe that there was no safety for popular liberty except in a republic. From this belief there was only one step to the further conclusion, that in a republic, and only in a

republic, all evils of the social body could be cured, and the solution of all the political problems would be possible. The idealism which saw in the republican citizen the highest embodiment of human dignity, we had imbibed from the study of classic antiquity; and the history of the French Revolution satisfied us that a republic could be created in Germany and could maintain its existence in the European system of states. In that history we found striking proof of the possibility of accomplishing the seemingly impossible, if only the whole energy resting in a great nation were awakened and directed with unflinching boldness. Most of us indeed recoiled from the wild excesses which had stained with streams of innocent blood the national uprising in France during the Reign of Terror. But we hoped to stir up the national energies without such terrorism. At any rate the history of the French Revolution furnished to us models in plenty that mightily excited our imagination. How dangerously seductive such a play of the imagination is, we were of course then unaware. As usually happens, we tried first to imitate our models in certain external things. To emphasize the principle of equality among the members of our club, we introduced the rule that there should be for all, however different might be their rank in life, only one form of address, namely "citizen." There was to be no longer a "Herr Professor Kinkel," but only a "Citizen Kinkel," and so on through the list. We did not permit ourselves to be disturbed by the ridicule which this oddity attracted, for we were profoundly in earnest, believing in all sincerity that by the introduction of this style we could give tone to the developments which would inevitably come. Of the debates in our club my recollection is not distinct enough to say how much reason or how much unreason there was in them. At all events they were carried on with eloquent earnestness, because most of the participants spoke from genuine honesty of conviction.

In the course of the summer Kinkel and I were invited to represent the club at a congress of democratic associations in Cologne. This assembly in which I remained a shy and silent observer, became remarkable to me in bringing me into personal contact with some of the prominent men of that period, among others the leader of the Socialists, Karl Marx. He could not have been much more than thirty years old at the time, but he



“‘HAT OFF!’ THE MULTITUDE SHOUTED, AND THE KING TOOK OFF HIS HAT TO THE DEAD BELOW.”

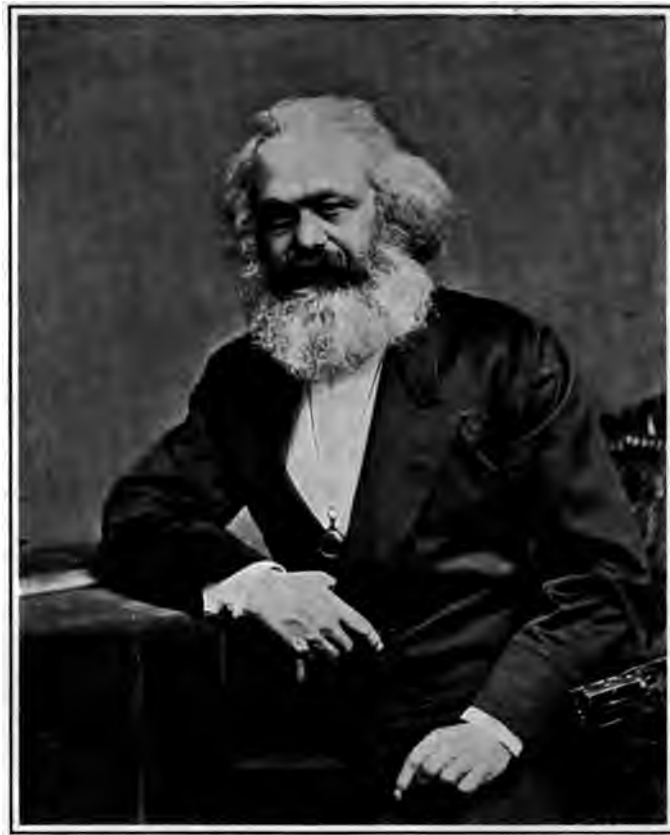


FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

After the German liberals had adopted a national constitution in 1849 they chose Frederick William IV for first emperor of United Germany. But Frederick William IV refused to carry out his earlier promises to help on the liberal movement. He and the other reactionaries would not acknowledge the constitution. The King declined the crown.

already was the recognized head of the advanced socialistic school. The somewhat thick-set man with his broad forehead, his jet black hair and beard, and his dark, sparkling eyes at once attracted general attention. He enjoyed the reputation of having acquired great learning, and as I knew very little of his socialistic discoveries and theories, I was all the more eager to gather words of wisdom from the lips of that famous man. This expectation was disappointed in a peculiar way. Marx's utterances were indeed full of meaning, logical and clear, but I have never seen a man whose bearing was so offensive and intolerable. To no opinion, which in the slightest degree differed from his, he accorded the honor of even a condescending consideration. Every one who contradicted him, he treated with the most abject contempt ;

every argument that he did not like he answered either with biting scorn at the unfathomable ignorance that had prompted it, or with opprobrious aspersions upon the motives of him who had advanced it. I remember most distinctly the cutting disdain with which he pronounced the word "bourgeois ;" and as a "bourgeois," that is as a pitiable victim of the most depraving mental and moral tendencies, he denounced every one that dared to oppose his opinions. Of course the propositions advanced or advocated by Marx in that meeting were throughout voted down because every one whose feelings had been hurt by his conduct was rather inclined to support everything that Marx did not favor. It was very evident that he not only did not win any adherents but that he repelled many who otherwise might have become his followers.



KARL MARX, FAMOUS GERMAN SOCIALIST

At the beginning of the German Revolution of 1848, Marx, already an exile from his native land, returned to Germany and founded a liberal newspaper at Cologne. In 1849 he was expelled from Prussia again. He continued his socialistic agitation until his death in London in 1883. Mr. Schurz tells of the impression Marx made on him in Cologne in 1848.

From this meeting I took home with me a very important lesson : that he who would be a leader and teacher of men, must treat the opinions of his hearers with the consideration they morally deserve ; that even the most superior mind will lose influence upon others if he seeks to humiliate those others by constant demonstrations of his superiority ; that that public man will be most successful in enlightening and winning the ignorant, who respects their standpoint, and appeals to their reason and their moral sense, not with haughty condescension but with true sympathy.

On the whole, the summer of 1848 was to me a time of work and worry. The newspaper for which I had to write articles, the agitation in clubs and popular meetings, and, besides, my studies imposed upon me a very heavy burden of labor in which — I must

confess — my studies fell into a somewhat subordinate place. What troubled me most was the visibly and constantly growing power of the reactionary forces, and the frittering away of the opportunities to create something real and durable by the National Parliament in Frankfurt and by the Assembly in Berlin. I remember well to have carried with me an oppressive consciousness of my own ignorance in political things which was the more painful, the more urgent appeared the necessity for the people to be prepared for prudent and energetic action in the decisive struggles which impended.

The contents of the paragraphs here omitted in the magazine publication are as follows : The truce of Malmö ; the insurrection in Frankfurt ; the murder of Prince Lichnowsky and Count Averswald ; a view of the National Parliament in St. Paul's Church ; the students' congress in Eisenach ; the uprising in Vienna and the Academic Legion ; "Morituri saluta-mus" ; soldiers cheer for the republic ; a sober journey home ; the Hungarian revolution ; the Prussian Constituent Assembly in Berlin expresses its sympathy and is thereupon

Such uprisings could clearly have a possibility of success only if they became general throughout the country ; and indeed it looked for a moment as if the disaffection of the members of the Landwehr in the Rhineland and Westphalia would spread and become the starting-point of a powerful general movement. But what was to be done, had to be done quickly. And in this aspect the exigencies of the moment confronted us in Bonn. Kinkel had returned from Berlin and was on the spot. The Chamber, a member of which he was, had once more urged the King to recognize the national constitution and to accept the imperial crown, whereupon the King dissolved it. Kinkel was in Bonn the recognized democratic leader. Now he had to show his ability to act promptly or to relinquish the leadership

to others in the decisive hour. He did not hesitate a moment. But what was to be done? That the Landwehr, at least the largest part thereof, did not wish to take up arms against the defenders of the national constitution, was certain. But in order to maintain this refusal, the Landwehr had practically to take up arms against the Prussian government. To make their resistance effective, immediate organization on a large scale was necessary. If the members of the Landwehr were ready for that, they could do nothing simpler and better than to take possession of the arms, which were stored in the different Landwehr-armories, and then under their own leaders make front against the Prussian government.

Such an armory was situated at Siegburg, a little town, a short distance from Bonn on the right bank of the Rhine. It contained muskets and other equipments enough to arm a considerable body of fighters, who then, joined to the insurrectionists in the manufacturing districts, might have formed a respectable power and spread the rising in all directions. This was the thought which occurred with more or less clearness to the Democrats in Bonn, and they found also a military head for the execution of the plan in the person of a late artillery lieutenant, Fritz Anneke, who came

dissolved by the King; the disarmament of the civic guard in Berlin; movement to stop the levying of taxes in Prussia in which the students of the University of Bonn participate; narrow escape from arrest and prosecution; the King of Prussia promulgates a constitution for the Kingdom and Kinkel's election to the Lower Chamber; a sentimental love story; the National Parliament at Frankfurt completes the constitution of the German Empire and elects the King of Prussia German Emperor; the King refuses to recognize the constitution and to accept the imperial crown; great excitement all over Germany; local insurrections of the people to force the King of Prussia to accept; the people of the Bavarian-Palatinate and of the Grand-duchy of Baden rise in mass; the "Landwehr" in the Prussian Rhineland is called to arms by the King of Prussia, but in various places, such as Iserlohn, Elberfeld and Düsseldorf, revolts against the order mustering them into service; attempts at revolt in sympathy with them are planned at several places on the Rhine, among others, in Bonn.—Editor.

ROLANDSECK AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

Rolandseck is on the Rhine—about fifteen miles below Bonn, and not far from Cologne and Siegburg



from Cologne. The Landwehr of the district had been summoned to Siegburg on May 11th, to be mustered into service. Thus time was pressing.

On May 10th we were to have in Bonn a meeting of Landwehr-men from the town and the immediate neighborhood. During the morning hours a large multitude assembled in a public hall. The citizen elected to preside, admonished the men to refuse obedience to the call of the Prussian government; if arms were to be taken up at all, it must be against those who wanted to rob the German people of their liberty and unity. The men received this admonition with many signs of warm assent. The meeting continued during the whole day. The number of Landwehr-men coming in increased from hour to hour. Different speakers addressed them, all in the same sense, and, as it appeared, with the same effect. It was agreed that the blow against the armory at Siegburg should be struck the following night. To this end it was necessary to hold the men together during the day so that as large a number as possible might take part in the expedition.

To keep the men together during the whole day was not an easy task. Some money had been raised to provide for their meals. But that alone was not sufficient. Kinkel, after having delivered his last lecture at the university, spoke to the meeting at 4 o'clock of the afternoon. With glowing words he inflamed the patriotic sentiments of the audience, admonishing them urgently to stay together, as now the hour of decisive action had come, and promised them at the conclusion of his speech, that he would soon be with them again, to share their fate at the moment of danger.

I spent part of the day at the meeting, and part with the executive committee of the democratic club. There we received the current reports from Elberfeld and from the democratic clubs of the neighborhood as to their readiness for action. Arrangements were made for the march to Siegburg during the coming night.

There was so much running to and fro during the whole day that many details of what happened are no longer in my memory. But I remember that as often as I appeared on the street, I was stopped by student friends with the question what was in the wind, and whether they should march along with us, whereupon I told them what I had resolved myself to do in this crisis, and that each one of them would have to determine

his conduct upon his own responsibility. Under the feverish excitement of the last days I had come to that desperate state of mind which will dare anything. It was evident to me that if the fruits of the revolution were to be saved, we must not shrink from any personal risk.

I also vividly remember how, at dusk of evening, I went home to tell my family what had happened and what I considered it my duty to do, and to bid farewell to them. Since the breaking out of the revolution my parents had taken the warmest interest in the development of events. They had always been enthusiastic in the cause of a united Germany and of free government. Our political sentiments were therefore in hearty accord. My father was a member of the democratic club and rejoiced to see me among its most active members and to hear me speak. The noble nature of my mother had always clung to what she considered to be right and just, with devoted zeal. Both had watched the course of events sufficiently to anticipate the approach of a catastrophe. The announcement I made to them did therefore not surprise them. It was not unexpected to them that I had to take part in an enterprise that was for me so full of perilous consequences. At once they recognized my honorable obligation. To be sure, their hopes for the future rested upon me. I was to be the support of the family in the struggle for existence. But without a moment's hesitation and without a word of complaint they gave up all for what they considered a duty of honor and patriotism. Like the Spartan woman or the Roman matron of whom we read, my mother went to the room where my sword hung and gave it to me with the one admonition that I should wield it with honor. And nothing could have been farther from her mind than the thought that in this act there was something heroic.

At the same hour Kinkel took leave of his wife and children, and then returned to the meeting, where he appeared on the platform armed with a musket. With impressive words he announced to his hearers what was to be done that night and what he himself was resolved to do. He urged nobody to follow him blindly. He concealed from nobody the danger of the enterprise. Only those who in the extreme need of the fatherland felt it to be their duty, he summoned to march with him in the ranks.

I had been instructed to see to it that the ferry across the Rhine should be at our disposal. It was dark when I went to my appointed place on the bank of the river. There I found a fellow student, Ludwig Meyer, with whom I crossed the river in a rowboat. On the other side we met, according to agreement, a troop of companions. At once we took possession of the ferry, the so-called flying bridge; ordered the ferryman to swing it over to Bonn; and then to take it back to the right bank of the Rhine, loaded with a crowd of armed men. This was the force that was to march to Siegburg and seize the armory. Kinkel appeared with a gun upon his shoulder. Two of our friends were on horseback, the rest on foot, most of them provided with arms of some kind, but not a great many with guns. To me was given a rifle, but without fitting ammunition.

Our commander, Anneke, mustered the crowd and divided it into sections. One of these was put under the command of Josef Gerhardt, who at a later period went to America and did good service as colonel of a Union regiment in the Civil war. Anneke found that his troop did not count over one hundred and twenty men, and could not refrain from giving bitter expression to his disappointment. Many of those who attended the meeting during the day, had in the darkness slunk away when the signal was given to march. Patriotic impulses that in the morning were fresh and warm had cooled off in the hours that elapsed between the first resolution and the moment of action.

Our column being formed in order, Anneke made a short speech in which he set forth the need of discipline and obedience, and then the march began. About half an hour after our start one of our horsemen, who had remained behind, came up at a gallop with the report that the dragoons, then garrisoned in Bonn, were at our heels, to attack us. This report should have surprised nobody, for during the day and the evening the preparations for our enterprise had been carried on so openly that it would have been astonishing had the authorities received no knowledge of it, and had they not taken measures to frustrate the expedition. Moreover we had forgotten to make the ferry behind us unserviceable. Nevertheless the announcement of the approach of the dragoons produced in our ranks considerable consternation. Anneke ordered our horsemen

to hasten back and to reconnoiter as to the nearness and strength of our pursuers. Meanwhile our march was accelerated so that we might possibly reach the river Sieg and cross it before the arrival of the dragoons, but in this we failed. Not far behind us resounded the trumpet-signal ordering the troop of dragoons to trot their horses. Anneke, who evidently was not very confident of the ability of his men to face regular soldiers in a fight, halted our column and told us that we were evidently not in a condition to offer successful resistance to regular troops; we should therefore disperse, and if we wanted to make ourselves further useful to the cause of the fatherland, we might make our way to Elberfeld or to the Palatinate where he too was ready to go. Most of the men scattered over the surrounding cornfields, while some of us, perhaps twenty, stood still by the side of the road. The dragoons quietly passed us at a trot on their way to Siegburg. There were only some thirty of them.

When the dragoons had passed by and only a handful of our people had again found themselves together on the road, a feeling of profound shame overcame us. Our enterprise had not only come to an unfortunate, but ridiculous and disgraceful end. Our column had taken to the fields before only a handful of soldiers, scarcely one-third of our number. And this after the big words with which many had pledged themselves to the cause of German liberty and unity. I looked for Kinkel, but I could not find him in the darkness. At last I discerned Ludwig Meyer and others of my nearer friends who all felt as I did, and we resolved at once to go on to see what might still be done. So we marched after the dragoons and reached the town of Siegburg shortly before daybreak. The democratic club with which we had been in communication and the leaders of which had been expecting us during the night, had its headquarters in a tavern, and there we went. About daybreak we discussed with them the question whether in spite of the miserable failure of the preceding night and the occupation of the armory by the dragoons, we might not after all take that building by assault and organize a respectable movement in aid of our friends in Düsseldorf and Elberfeld. The democrats of Siegburg could see little to encourage us. In the course of the morning a considerable multitude got together, members of the Landwehr, and their friends from the vicinity. Soon we began to

make speeches before large crowds, and the storming of the armory was repeatedly urged. A rumor came that during the day a fight had broken out between citizens and soldiers in Bonn, and I communicated that rumor to the assembled multitude; but further information having arrived, I had to my shame to confess that the rumor was not true. I was nervously eager to wash out the disgrace of the night before, and to try the utmost for our cause, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. But it was all in vain. The evening came, the crowds dispersed, and I had at last to make up my mind that the people we had before us could not be moved to do anything desperate. Meyer and I resolved to go where there was vigorous action in prospect, and set out for Elberfeld. We reached that town the next day.

There we found barricades on the streets, much noise in the taverns, only a small number of armed men, and no discipline nor united leadership. Evidently here was no chance of success. Nothing could come of this except perhaps a hopeless fight or a speedy capitulation. Meyer and I resolved therefore to go to the Palatinate. Soon we were on board a steamboat running up the Rhine. I wrote home asking my parents to send me some necessary things to our friend Nathan at St. Goarshausen, and on the evening of the same day we arrived under his hospitable roof in the shadow of the Lorelei-rock.

There I had my first quiet hours after the absorbing excitement of the last four days. When I awoke from profound sleep all that had happened appeared to me like a dismal dream, and then again as a clear, more dismal reality. The thought struck me for the first time that now, although safe enough for the time being in Nathan's house, I was a fugitive, running away from the authorities; for it was certain that they would not permit an attempt upon one of their armories to pass unpunished. This was a singularly uncomfortable feeling; but a much more hideous

thought followed that I could not be proud of the act to which I owed my outlawry, although its purpose had been patriotic. The outcome had been miserable enough to make impossible my return to my friends, until the shame of it had been wiped out. But my profoundest grief was not in regard to myself. It was the knowledge that all the insurrectionary attempts in Prussia had failed, and that the Prussian government had its hands entirely free to turn against the insurgents in Baden and the Palatinate. I tried indeed to lift myself up to the belief that so great, so just, so sacred a cause as that of German unity and free government could not possibly fail, and that undoubtedly I would still have some opportunity to contribute to its victory, be it ever so little. I have never forgotten the hours which I spent with Meyer and with Wessell (one of our friends of the Franconia, who while not compromised politically, had followed us from friendship), walking up and down, discussing these matters under the Lorelei-rock—that most dreamy nook of the Rhine valley. My friend Meyer looked at the situation in a somewhat soberer spirit than I could command. After mature consideration, in which probably the thought of his family played an important part, he concluded to return to Bonn and to take the chances of a trial for his participation in the Siegburg affair. I did not try to urge my view of the case upon my dear, brave comrade, and thus we had to part.

The leave-taking from Meyer and Wessell was very hard to me. When I pressed their hands for the last time, I felt as if I had not only to say good-by to them, but also again to my parents and sisters, to my home, to all my dear friends, to my whole past.

And now farewell to the beautiful student-life and its precious friendships, its ideal endeavors and hopes, its glorious youthful dreams! The years of apprenticeship were over; the years of wandering began. My friends journeyed down the Rhine to Bonn, and I alone up the Rhine to Mainz.

(To be continued)

THE RAILWAY YARD

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

INTO the blackness they grind
With ever slackening speed,
And out to the widening light
With the thunder of valves that are freed.
Myriad headlights,
Green lights and red lights,
A tangle of sparks and of darks;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Poured out to the city's blend;
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Sped forth to their journey's end.
Oh, neighbor, what is the end you seek?
There is none to reply, though the dead should speak.

Click of a switch, a lever's turn,
The clang of the opened gate.
Has the hour struck? Will the train be late?
One prays to his God and one curses his fate.
The lover smiles as he touches her hand, —
And the outgoing passengers wait.
It is only two who thread the throng.
A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Pass by and hurry along.

There are some who stand and never go
When the porter opens the gate:
"Good-by, good-by, come back to us soon!"
Their heart is sick with the merciless tune:
Whoot, whoot, hough, hough, zig-zig and away,
To-morrow we follow but never to-day.

A thousand lives and a thousand souls
Who have cast their lot together;
And some set out for a whole new life
And some for a change of weather.
For a dance or for death,
Yet they sit and they sleep,
Or they stare at the engine's curling breath;
They sigh or they smile
At each vanishing mile.

Oh, soul, give your neighbor greeting!
But faces are clouds
Like the flashing trees
And the dizzy houses retreating.

They are running a race, though they know it not,
With a thousand lives that have gone before;
And a thousand souls with a thousand goals
Must press through a single door.

*Oh neighbor, think, as the drive-wheel spins,
Of the gutted lamps and the torch-like sins,
Of the babes unborn and the yawning gins!
What is the Crown and Who is it that wins?*

OLD BERNSTEIN AND "DE GREAT FIDDLE"

BY

ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI



ELL? News, pleess?" The big white head of the little old man bobbed up, and his blue eyes had the twinkle which always welcomed me into his tiny workroom. "News — mit you all de time, news," he continued, smiling and talking softly down to the old brown fiddle in his apron. "Rush, bang, rub-a-dub — dot is your newspaper. I vood like a paper dot talks news like a fiddle — ch? Look out! Be careful — don't step so quick!" He watched anxiously as I took three careful steps through the fiddles to a broken chair. "Ach! Mein kind! Pleess! Pleess!" — as my overcoat nearly brushed a fiddle from its hook. Fiddles were all around him, below and above; they stood upon their sides on the floor, they lay on small tables, they nestled in cabinet shelves, and above they perched on brackets and hooks; fiddles strung and unstrung, crippled or cured; pieces of fiddles — queer shaped pieces, rough and smooth; tiny curious tools, and little pots of glue and varnish; sweet odors. A bower of fine old fiddles. And in the middle, on a stool, little Bernstein — the great fiddle surgeon, rumbled his soft white hair and smiled with relief. "Vell, mein kind — your music column dis morning vas fine." He held up the fiddle, and ran his eye lovingly along the soft, old varnish. "Fine — fine," he repeated murmuring: "Fine varnish." I watched him work. "Und your news?" he asked, remembering me at last.

"Moronsky is coming."

"Moronsky?" The fiddle dropped into his apron; he seized it and placed it carefully on the table. Then he looked up at me dazed. "Mor-onsky — coming — here?"

"Yes — the young violinist from Prague — the greatest —"

"Hush! Hush!" he held up his wrinkled hand, which was trembling now. "Yes — a vunderful boy he ees — but — wait — let me — pleess — I t'ink I remember some-t'ings. Yes! No — Ach — now am I sure?" He kept rumpling his hair faster and faster. "Yes! I am sure!" He jumped up. "It ees de great — de great fiddle! Herman — Shorty!" he cried joyously to his two young helpers in the outer room. "De great fiddle! Moronsky's Stradivarius — vill here come! Ven?" He turned to me with sparkling eyes. "Two veeks — he says two veeks! De finest fiddle in the vorld!" He sank feebly on his stool, breathing hard. A humorous wrinkle slowly appeared on each smooth, old cheek. "Ach," he gasped, "now dot — rub-a-dub paper sings — news — like a fiddle."

"Dot fiddle Moronsky plays," he soon continued, beaming. "Eees by Antonio Stradivari made, over zwei hoondert year ago in de great Cremona vorkshop. Dere Antonio learned from de master, Nicolo Amati, dere many like brudders togedder vorked, but Stradivari he vas greatest of dem all; he ninety t'ree years lived and he ninety t'ree years vorked!" Old Bernstein's face flushed, his eyes shone, his white hair stood up — for this was his favorite story.

"Dot is de great vork!" he cried. "Listen! In de beginning — de vorld of fire! De fire cooled und ve had rocks; den dirt und wasser, und from dis grew trees. Look — a big tree grew old far up in de Tyrolean forests; dot vood a t'ousand year grew fine in its grain. Den zwei hoondert year ago along a man came, he cut out a big chunk und carried it down to Cremona. Dis fine vood Stradivari took und mit it dot great fiddle

made. For zwei hoondert year fine players have made out from dot fiddle de beauty — feelings und ideas. So, out from fire und dirt und vood man makes de Idea — de Beauty — de Heaven! Und dot ees great vork!"

"De great vork" — was the ideal of old Bernstein's life. Sometimes it made him sad. "No more de great vork," he would say. "No more de great fiddles. Peoples are too busy mit gold, dey try to make too quick de fiddles, und so dey are no goot. Vere is de varnish, soft und golden, like Cremona varnish? Lost — dot ees vere it ees — lost. Ach — too much dey love de gold!" He smiled. "Ven a great fiddle here comes to be played, your rub-a-dub paper tells news like dis — 'Dot fiddle ees vurt twelve t'ousand dollars!' Such news your peoples like to read at breakfast, before dey on de trolley vaggon jump, und go downtown to rush und bang for gold.

"Dere ees some great troubles mit men," he would continue sadly. "How long vill it last? Vat can ve do? Dis can ve do — ve can for dese great fiddles take care, so dey don't be busted. Dose fiddles of Amati, Stradivari und Guarneri in Cremona — ve can make dem last maybe zwei hoondert year again, t'rough dese bad fiddle times, so at last ven mens have again de soul to stop bang for gold und make fiddles — den vill dey have dese great fiddles to vork by. Can ve dem long enough save? Ich weiss nicht. Every year some more great fiddles ees broken. Slowly dey grow few. Ach — dot is terrible!"

To keep these old fiddles alive, to nurse the few that had come to the big, dirty, American city — this was little Bernstein's work. A patient, marvelous workman, he had been for years the finest repairer for a thousand miles around. As his fame grew "de gold" piled in. But he did not change his simple living. Instead, he spent the money by hiring Shorty und Herman to work on the cheaper fiddles, and so he bought himself more leisure for finer work.

In his tiny workroom Bernstein bent intent, thoughtful, dreamy from eight in the morning till six at night. He stopped often to chat with friends, for scores of violinists came in to see the little old man they loved. He was always glad to see them, except sometimes when he had learned that some fine old fiddle had been smashed in Europe. Then for days he would be cross and gloomy. Outside his workroom old Bernstein had

chosen from the big roaring city two quiet places. One was his German boarding-house, where all were musicians, where they had collected a little music library, and where Bernstein himself played second fiddle in the evening quartettes. His two young helpers, Herman und Shorty lived with him. They called him "de old man" in a tone that meant "the great master." Bernstein's other chosen spot was a quiet old saloon, with a little garden in summer, and, in winter, a back room with a piano. Here he sat before his tall stein, puffing his long, quaintly-carved pipe which, he told me once, was "de great vork — like de fiddle, but not so great. Ach — how it makes soft und fine de ideas." These two places, and once or twice a week a downtown concert, made Bernstein's city.

In the weeks before Moronsky's coming, the little old man grew more and more eager — like a child. On one of my visits I found him working very slowly — his eyes dreaming.

"I vas remembering," he said — and after a pause for work — "ven ve see dot fiddle, ve vill find on one corner of de back two sehr fine, thin lines, und between dem a leetle new piece of vood put in. Vunce dem lines vas cracks. Who you t'ink fixed dose cracks togedder so fine? Mein grossvater in München in eighteen hoondert t'irty one. De finest piece of vork in his life! Mein vater vatched him do it. Und ven it vas done," smiled Bernstein, "und dot fiddle vas saved to live vunce more — den de great Bauerman who played dot fiddle he vept, he embraced mein grossvater und called him brudder. I will show you how dot job vas made ven de fiddle here comes. Moronsky vill bring it here right from de train! Is dot fine? I learned dis from fat Fritz." Fritz was concert meister of the City Orchestra with which Moronsky was to play. Fritz loved old Bernstein, and always brought the great violinists to the shop. "Und you know vot concerto at de concert he vill play?" demanded the delighted little man. "Mendelssohn's concerto in D! Is dot fine? Is dot de piece I like best? Ach! It vill show off de fiddle — *ganz schön — ganz schön.*"

That night he bought the concerto and sat up late reading and humming and smiling. When he went to bed he could not sleep, for the curse of insomnia had come on him in the last few years — part of his incurable nervous disease; he could not sleep at all in the next few nights, his headaches came

back, and when at last the happy day arrived, he looked haggard and white.

That morning on reaching our newspaper office I found "de rush, bang, rub-a-dub" doubled, and when I learned the cause I hurried anxiously over to Bernstein's shop.

"Ach — I vork no more !" he exclaimed. "To-day mein hand ees bad." He looked at his big silver watch. "Late — late !" he said impatiently. Then he chuckled : "Look at dem boys," he whispered, pointing to the two bending backs at the bench. "LOOK at Shorty." Shorty, by the way, was six-feet two. "Crazy — shoost crazy like a baby, vid excitement !" Then he walked nervously to the window.

"Bernstein," I said.

"Vell?" he turned smiling gaily. "News, pless?"

I looked at him a moment. "Oh, nothing. No news." He turned back to watch the noisy throng below.

"Shorty," I whispered, "what road did Moronsky come by?"

Big Shorty thought hard, scratching his tousled yellow head. "Yes — Meeshigan Central," he said. I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Vell?" said Bernstein turning. "No news? No rub-a-dub bang?"

"Smash-up on the Pennsylvania," I read. "Thirty-three lives lost — search still for —"

"Ach, mein Gott !" His voice had suddenly become a husky whisper. "De fiddle !" His face slowly turned gray.

Big Shorty looked around slowly. "I t'ought — Meeshigan Central —"

"No ! Shorty !" he shouted piteously. "No — no ! Let me read — um — ach — it hurts —" his voiced cracked. "It hurts — it hurts !"

And then began the waiting. The little man crouched shivering by the window, straining his eyes on the street.

An hour later we heard running steps on the stairs, the door flew open, fat Fritz rushed in, and behind him came a dark, Hungarian boy of sixteen, who stopped and stared at us, hugging a violin box under his arm. His slight frame swayed, his long fingers twitched, and in his dark face — now bloodless — his big eyes looked out, dazed and questioning.

Little Bernstein went to him slowly, and put his trembling hand on the box. The boy quivered and stared down a moment at the kind old face.

"Yes," said Bernstein softly. "Yes. Ve must see, mein kind — yes." Gently he took the box and felt it. The bottom was heavily dented outside. He laid it on the table and we gathered behind him. Slowly, with difficulty, for the fastenings were jammed, he unhooked and raised the lid, he lifted out a velvet bag, and from this he drew slowly and tenderly "de great fiddle."

A heavy breath of relief came from Shorty behind me, for the fiddle was unmarred on the front. The little man held it, gazing lovingly at the wondrous rich gold of the varnish. Then he turned it around. He caught his breath, and his fingers gripped hard on the fiddle's neck ; breathless, the violinists behind bent closer ; at last little Bernstein looked around, and his eyes were streaming.

The dark boy put his hands down on the old man's shoulders and sobbed wild appeals in Hungarian, but little Bernstein only stared at the fiddle.

"Mein grossvater — in eighteen hoondert t'irty-one — de same cracks," he whispered to himself. "But now — dey are vorse — ach — vorse." He paused and added : "He did it. But he vos greater — much greater — dan me."

Fritz layed his fat hand on Bernstein's shoulder. "You can," he said huskily. "You can. You must !" Still Bernstein stared at the fiddle, and across his face that old wrinkle of humor had become a deep harsh line of pain.

"I must," he whispered. "Dot ees true, I must. But can I? — Can I? — Can I?" He stared on while Fritz and the rest of us consulted by the window in low voices. The concert was Thursday night, and it was already Wednesday noon. The dark boy was half crazed ; he leaned on Fritz to decide, and Fritz was sure of Bernstein ; so at last the boy consented. Then the little old man walked into his inner room and sat down with the old fiddle in his apron. In a few moments he got up and gently closed the door.

By four o'clock the bare, outer room was half filled with violinists, who talked in low grunts and whispers. We all kept looking at the closed door. Once tall Shorty held up between thumb and finger a tiny chip of wood. We gathered solemnly around it ; one man took it to the window ; another tapped it gently on the table ; for this tiny piece was to be shaved down by Bernstein to one-eighth its size, and would then be glued

in to replace the tiny, shattered splinter between the two cracks. When Shorty took it in we looked through the open door.

Little Bernstein still sat hugging in his knees "de great fiddle," studying it. I could only see that the shattered splinter had been neatly cut out, but fat Fritz seemed to see much more; he tiptoed in — his eyes glistening, and laid a big hand on the bent old shoulder. "*Schön! Schön!*" he whispered.

The little man looked up with shining eyes. "Ach -- Shorty — let me see." He took the chip to the window.

The grunts and whispers went on. Fears were heard on every side. It was so — so delicate. A mistake by the hundredth of an inch, or a strain to other parts of the fiddle, might forever kill that world-famous tone. Little Bernstein was fast getting old, the relentless nervous disease would soon spoil his hand, and, in time, would kill him. Could he do it?

The Hungarian boy heard none of this. He sat in the open door gazing now at his fiddle, now at the intent face of the surgeon. Each time Bernstein resumed his work the boy leaned closer; his long fingers clasped and unclasped round the back of his chair; now and then he swallowed hard; and once when the elevated train roared close by the grimy window, he sprang up and came to Fritz. "In Prague," he whispered hoarsely in German, "the people would stop their wagons if we asked them. Will they not stop here?" Fritz looked quickly away. "No," he said harshly, "they will not stop."

At seven o'clock that night Fritz and I took Moronsky away.

The next morning I came back at seven. Old Bernstein was still at his stool. His face had changed; it was gray and haggard as death. Now and then he put his hand to the back of his head. "Ach," he murmured to some invisible demon. "Don't -- don't -- give me shoost two t'ree hours more -- pleess -- pleess."

I tiptoed in and turned off the drop light. He stared up. Slowly he recognized me, and for a moment the old humorous wrinkle reappeared. "News -- pleess?" he said huskily. "Vy? -- Tell me -- vy have de trains not run all day? Dey shoost began one hour ago. Before dot dey all stopped many hours. But --" he pressed his hand again to his head — "I haf trains already dot rush in mein head. Ach -- soon it vill bust. But look -- look at de fiddle."

An hour later Fritz came in with the dark boy. They leaned over little Bernstein, and then the boy's big Hungarian eyes began to shine, his breath came quickly, and Fritz had to draw him away. Little Bernstein never saw them, for his eyes were strained, and now he kept one hand pressed always to the back of his head.

Then came Shorty and Herman — and still others as the morning drew on. Each newcomer went in softly to look. Some came out proud and excited, to grunt and whisper and make swift, admiring gestures. Others came out silently and went to the window wiping their eyes. The elevated "wagons" roared on.

It was in the middle of one deafening roar that we heard a terrible cry from the inner room. The next instant the dark boy had sprung forward from his chair, just in time to seize "de great fiddle" as little Bernstein fell. The little man lay writhing on the floor and then grew still.

Late that night I came into his narrow bedroom. I had left the concert just after the Mendelssohn concerto, and I tried to tell him how the people went wild, and how the dark boy "made out from de fiddle feelings und ideas." It was useless. He only turned his gray, wrinkled face on the pillow. "Your news ees not true," he whispered. "De great fiddle — I made it fall, I made it smash, de crash I heard all t'rough mein head," he began to sob. "De great fiddle is dead — all -- all -- all dead." There was no comfort for him. In vain I told him that the fiddle was safe — marvelously cured. In vain the kind old landlady whispered comfort. "Heaven," he whispered, "vot do I want mit heaven? I only vant a fiddle. De great fiddle ees dead."

Suddenly he raised his head, tense and straining to hear. Very softly from the room below came music. It was the Hungarian boy playing for the old man the slow, tender movement from the Mendelssohn concerto.

"Listen!" the old voice rose strong for a moment. "De great fiddle — great —" The head sank back, the eyes closed, but the face grew slowly radiant, while the beautiful old melody floated up, tender, compassionate, divine.

"De great — great — de great — fiddle —" he whispered, "de fiddle's soul — has come away mit me — up here. — Ach — ach — it vill be *schön* — *schön*." His head sank back.



THE PRAYING SKIPPER

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN

1
 "BUT I'm not going to stand for this sort of thing," angrily protested young Valentine as he shoved the letter at Port Captain Graham of the Palmetto Line. "The old man may be as good a sailor as you say he is, but it's high time we set him ashore on a half-pay pension. Why, he's making our service ridiculous. Read it out to Mr. Holmes."

The Port Captain fidgeted and awkwardly wiped his glasses, for the task was unwelcome :

DEAR VALENTINE : — Congratulations on your decision to mix up in the business of the old company. It seems a hefty responsibility for so young a man, but blood will tell. By the way, here is

something for you to investigate while the new broom is sweeping the cobwebs away. I went South on your "Suwannee" a month ago, and have the honor to inform you that her captain is a venerable nuisance, and loose in his top story. He is a religious crank, clean dippy on it, held prayer-meetings until half the passengers were driven on deck, and had a lot of hysterical women flocking around him for two different services on Sunday. The "Suwannee" is a gospel ark in command of a praying skipper, and if only the sanctified are going to enjoy traveling in her, you will lose a lot of business. I reckon it's time the line had an overhauling, so good luck to you. Yours as ever, JIM.

Young Mr. Valentine explained to the surprised officials :

"The signer is an old college friend of mine, man of a great deal of influence here in New

York, and he gives the line and its biggest, newest ship, this kind of a black eye. And I have heard other rumors to the same effect. Now I want an explanation from both you gentlemen. You know all about Captain Jesse Kendrick of the 'Suwannee,' and it's your business to report such idiotic performances. If you have been shielding a childish old ass, who is unfit to go to sea any longer, the sooner the thing is sifted to the bottom, the better."

Port Captain Graham flushed and twisted his white mustache with a fist like an oaken billet. He swallowed hard as if trying to keep his rising steam under control, and replied with a catch in his deep voice:

"Mr. Valentine, I've been with the Palmetto Line going on thirty years, from the time when your father bought the first old side-wheeler that flew the house-flag. Jesse Kendrick was third under me in my first command and I know him inside out. A finer sailor and a better man never rounded Hatteras. Are you going to blackguard the ranking skipper afloat in your service because of a flimsy complaint like that, without calling the old man up to the office? Does n't he get a hearing? Why, you've just now waltzed into this company like a boy with a lot of toy steamboats to play with, after loafing abroad in a muck of luxury ever since you left your college. You've never even clapped eyes on Captain Kendrick."

Mr. Holmes, the General Manager, was speaking before Mr. Valentine could make heated reply. He was largely office bred, and less outspoken than the rugged Port Captain.

"As far as his religion goes, we know that Captain Kendrick does n't drink a drop, and that he won't ship anything but sober men. And your father had reason to send the old man a good many letters of commendation in his time. Shall I 'phone to the dock for Captain Kendrick? He sails this afternoon."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," snarled Valentine. "I'll do my own investigating this time, because you are a bunch of three old pals, do you see?"

"But you're not going to censure him right off the reel? Good God, it would break the old man's heart," exclaimed the Port Captain, leaning forward in a bluster of indignation. "I'll bet the morals of your friend, Jim What's-his-name, need investigatin' a damn sight more than the righteousness of Jesse Kendrick."

Mr. Valentine snapped back, but with weakening assurance:

"If you can't be civil, Captain Graham, there will be more than one reprimand in this day's work. I am the owner ashore, and I propose to be the boss at sea. I'll think it over, and if I want any more of your advice, I'll send for you. Good-morning."

He went into an inner office and closed the door. The Port Captain glared at the barrier, and growled as he trudged reluctantly into the outer hall, arm in arm with the General Manager:

"*That* spindle-shouldered, under-engined young cub as the make-believe boss of the Palmetto Line! What do you think of it, Holmes? Dyin' must have come hard to his dad when he took a last squint at the heir to the business. This one surely needs some of Jesse Kendrick's spare prayers."

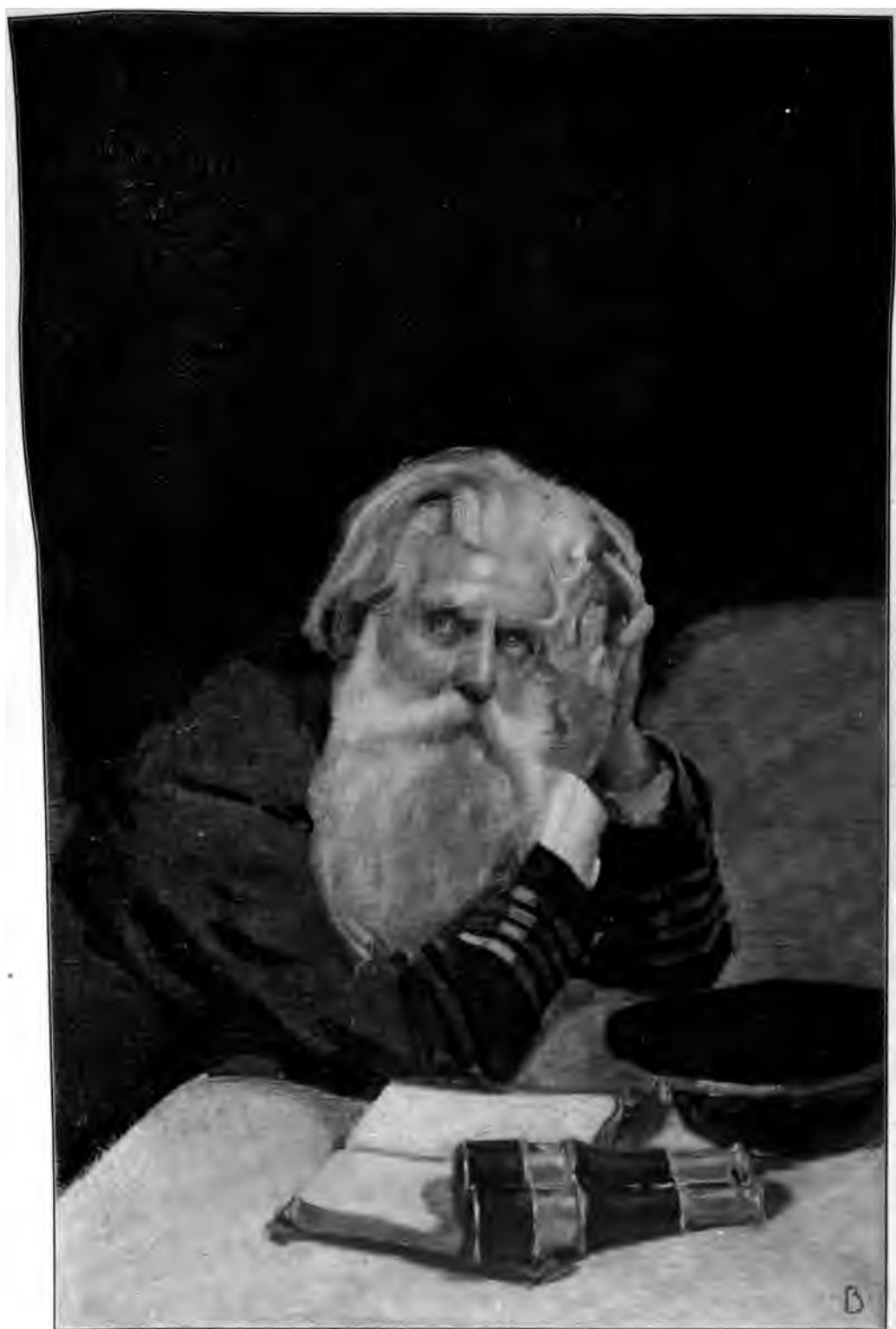
"The young Valentine is cock of the walk," said the General Manager slowly. "But the bantam was crowing to show his authority this time. Anyhow, he said he would think it over, and that means he'll cool off. Don't say anything to Kendrick about it. No use of discounting trouble that may never come."

But the two men had small acquaintance with the methods of young Mr. Valentine. Without letting go his purpose, he had appeared to give way, because he shrunk from pitting his will against this masterful Port Captain, who made him feel like a house of cards in a big wind. It was not inconceivable that this over-bearing old monster might lay him across his knee and spank him in the white heat of a dispute. When he heard the two veterans depart, the new-fledged owner turned to his stenographer:

"Please take a letter to Captain Kendrick and mail it to catch him at New Orleans. I don't want him storming in here to-day."

The gray hair of the stenographer had been a bonny brown when she entered the employ of the Palmetto Line. As her pencil chased his words down the pages of her note-book, she glanced up with undisguised amazement, and dared to comment when her task was done:

"Please pardon me, but are you sure you mean Captain Kendrick of the 'Suwannee?' You see, I have sailed with him on several vacation trips. When he leads the services on board, I think it is because the passengers like to hear him talk; such manly, honest talk about the faith he lives day by day. He reminds you of some Old Testament patriarch."



"'CAST ME NOT OFF IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE, FORSAKE ME NOT WHEN
MY STRENGTH FAILETH'"



"HIS OLD FRIENDS AMONG THE PASSENGERS WELCOMED HIS LAVISH FUND OF STORIES."

"Old Testament patriarchs are out of date," said Mr. Valentine with evident irritation. "Is there a conspiracy to boom the stock of this senile old geezer? Religion is all right for you women. I am going South in my private car next week, and by Jove, I will just come home in the 'Suwannee' and look the situation over for myself. Mum's the word. And I don't want any more of my friends to be guying me about running a marine Sunday-school with a sea-parson in charge. That letter ought to choke him off coming back."

II

A fortnight later the "Suwannee" was steaming across the sapphire Gulf. Before her bow flying-fish skittered and splashed like flights of shrapnel bullets, on deck sailors were stretching awnings fore and aft, and wind-sails bellied in the open hatches. Men in flannels and women in trim, white freshness leaned along the rail and watched the sparkling play of color overside. There was the air of a yachting cruise in these pleasant aspects of the day's routine, yet the season was the dead of winter, and the "Suwannee" was hurrying as fast as twin screws could drive her, toward bitter latitudes.

On the bridge walked to and fro, with a slightly limping gait, a man of an unusual presence. Those who looked up at him from the deck noted his uncommon height and breadth, and the white beard that swept almost to his waist. Nearer vision was needed to know the seamed yet mobile face, and the gray eye that held an eager light as of strong emotions continually burning. When he halted to speak to his first-officer, his voice was sweet and vibrant:

"I am going below for a little while, Mr. Parlin. Call me when you've run down your course."

Captain Kendrick went into his room just abaft the wheel-house, and picked up from his desk a type-written letter that showed marks of much handling. He read it slowly, and his lip quivered as it had done with each of many previous readings. Seating himself upon the edge of the couch, he said aloud little fragments of the letter, taken here and there without sequence:

"Astonishing behavior . . . guilty of annoyance . . . serious complaints . . . ridiculous religious display . . . prime of usefulness past . . . evidently ripe for retirement. . . ."

The letter fell to the floor unheeded, as there came into his eyes a look of impassioned intensity that was focused ever so far beyond the walls of this little sea-cabin. He was on his knees and his head was in his hands as he murmured:

"Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength faileth . . . Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters. . . . I said I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked are before me. . . . But it is also written that evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and He shall hear my voice. . . . They have prepared a net for my steps, my heart is bowed down. . . . But Thou hast a mighty arm, strong is Thy hand and high is Thy right hand. . . ."

While Captain Kendrick was voicing his troubles and his consolations in words wondrously framed by another strong man long ago, the purser of the "Suwannee" was sought out by Arthur Valentine, whose manner held a trace of uneasiness. He would not have confessed it, but far back in the young ship-owner's head was the glimmering notion that a terrier might be snapping at a mastiff. Was this imposing figure on the bridge the "childish ass," to whom he had smartly dashed off his first official reprimand, gloating in the chance to test the sweep of his new authority? But this suspicion now shaped itself only in a growing fear lest he be discovered in such uncomfortably close quarters with Captain Jesse Kendrick. Mr. Valentine closed the door of the purser's room and set that worthy officer's teeth on edge by remarking:

"Fine morning. I say, you need n't bother to make any special point of seating me at the captain's table. Fact is, I don't want to be bored. Just put me over at your table, will you? And please tell nobody who I am. I want to look around a bit. The captain does n't know that I'm on board, I take it, or he would have been showing me some troublesome attentions. So you need say nothing to him about it. Just see that my name is rubbed off his copy of the passenger list."

The purser disentangled himself from a staggering heap of cargo manifests, and emphasized his reply with a wave of an inky finger:

"All right, Mr. Valentine, if those are your orders, but you miss your guess if you think

our skipper is going to run after you or any other passenger. He ain't that kind. But sub rosy you go, and as far as you like, till further notice."

Slightly ruffled, Mr. Valentine sauntered on deck where he fell in with Second-Officer Peter Carr, who proved to be contrastingly voluble and cheerful. Before the passenger could ask certain questions that were in his mind, Mr. Carr flourished an arm to seaward and began:

"Passin' that bark yonder reminds me of a voyage I sailed as bos'n in the old clipper packet 'Guiding Star,' out o' Liverpool for Sydney. We was carryin' two hunderd Irish girls as immigrants, an' soon after we crossed the Line, they mutinied 'cause we refused to give 'em curlin' irons, an' let 'em waltz with the sailors every night an' twice on Sunday. Bout four bells of the middle watch, pourin' out o' the hatches they come like a consolidated female explosion. I was in th' waist, an' fust I knowed, them millions of infuriated young angels surged straight at poor Peter Carr. Sez I to myself, here 's too much of a good thing for once, an' with that I makes a flyin' scoot an' scrambles aloft like a cat with a bunch o' fire-crackers belayed to its spanker boom. Sw-o-o-o-s-h, the rustle of them billion o' skirts is like the sound of a nor'easter. Wh-e-e-e-e, them shrieks of disapp'inted rage is still ringin' in my ears. I seen the poor old skipper poke his head out o' the companionway, an' so help me, before he had time to say —"

Mr. Carr stopped abruptly and his animated countenance froze in horror as he saw Captain Kendrick wave a beckoning hand from far forward.

"He 's got me again," muttered the mate, as he obeyed the summons, and was seen to follow the cause of his panic into the captain's room.

"Sit down, Mr. Carr," said Captain Kendrick, with a menacing note in his voice. "You have broken your solemn promise made to me last voyage. Those same old gestures told me you were climbing the shrouds of the 'Guiding Star' again. How often have I got to tell you that the 'Guiding Star' packet foundered a dozen years before you went to sea. You soft-shelled coaster, you would n't know the equator if it flew up and hit you in the nose. 'When you were crossing the line,' lies, all lies!"

Peter Carr rubbed his red head and looked sheepish. "Right you are, sir. I forgot,

sir," he stammered. "But I 'm improvin'. I can feel it workin'."

"It is n't only your speech and conduct that need overhauling," commented Captain Kendrick severely, as he dug his two fists into his beard and towered over the contrite mate. "These things are signs of an inward state of spiritual rottenness, and I intend to hammer the blessed truth into you as long as we are shipmates. Look at me. Am I a worse sailor for trying to be what your mother on Cape Cod prayed you might grow into, when she used to tuck you up in bed?"

Mr. Carr was as earnest as ever in his turbulent career as he responded:

"I 'll keep in mind what you say, sir. If all the people that flies church colors was like you, a — — sight more of 'em 'ud practise what they preach. Whoa, Bill, I did n't mean to rip out them naughty words. I swear I did n't, sir."

The old man sighed:

"You're still in the mire. But I 'm not done with you. I 'll have you on your knees yet, Peter Carr."

As the mate rolled forward he muttered:

"He 's sometimes kind of wearin' but he means well. An' he 's gettin' me so tame I 'll be eatin' out of his hand before long."

Arthur Valentine was hovering within ear-shot, and he halted the solemn-faced officer with:

"Sorry you could n't finish that bully yarn of the 'Guiding Star.' Anything the matter? How did you escape from the two hundred angry ladies?"

Mr. Carr beamed with animation as he hastened to reply: "Well, as I was sayin', the poor old skipper of her stuck his head on deck, an' before he could — Oh, d — , Ouch, excuse me. I bit my tongue. I mean, well, I never did get down out of that riggin', and that 's the end of the yarn. Can 't explain. No time to talk now."

Valentine was puzzled, and laid a hand on the sleeve of the fleeing mate:

"What the dickens ails you? Why can 't you finish that yarn?"

Mr. Carr whipped round and shouted with a noble impulse:

"I ain't goin' to lie again, so help me. The captain 's been laborin' with my poor sin-streaked soul, and I passed the word to steer by his sailin' chart. I 've suffered enough without bein' keel-hauled any more about it."

"Beg pardon," smiled Valentine. "Now I see the joke. The good old man and the

wandering boy. How nice of him. Perhaps he will pray for me if I send up a card. Is he often taken that way?"

"Pretty regular," grinned the mate as he made good his retreat.

"Was I right? Well, rather," thought Valentine. "It's time I took hold of things. If we should run into a storm, the old duffer would be on his knees praying for good weather and let the ship go to pot."

Later in the day a notice posted in the "social hall" caught his roving eye:

"To-morrow (Sunday) divine service will be held in the main saloon at ten o'clock. As is customary in steamers of this line when there is no clergyman among the passengers, the captain will be in charge of this service."

III

Four bells on Sunday morning found the saloon half filled with voyagers, most of whom looked as if church-going was their custom. Sunlight flooded through the open ports and fretted the floor with dancing patterns as the steamer rolled lazily with the weight of the breathing sea. A warm wind gushed under the skylights and brought with it the thankful twitter of a little, brown land-bird blown into the rigging overnight. If ever worship were meet at sea, a singular aptness was in the peace and brightness of this place.

A hymn was sung and the captain read the morning service from the prayer-book. Then he threw back his shoulders without knowing that he did so, until the blue uniform coat stretched very taut across his bulky chest, and his corded hand gripped a small Bible that lay before him. Something in his pose told those of quick intuition that big emotions were hard held. They knew not why, but this hoary pillar of a man was tugging at their sympathies even before he began to speak, at first frowningly, then with a gathering light in his rugged face:

"From time to time, I have tried to make these shipboard services a little more than the routine calls for. It was my way of thinking that when the Lord has led a man up out of the pit, and planted his feet on the Rock, he ought not to be ashamed of it. Perhaps I have had pride in my redemption. But it seemed to me a wonderful thing that a wicked, drunken young sailor, with no mother and no home, should be brought up with a round turn, as by a miracle of grace;

that like a great light shining on the deep waters, the new hope of a better, manlier life came to him; and that he found the peace that passeth all understanding. Since then, some men and women have told me that they remembered sailing with me long after the voyage was done.

"Now I can speak no more of these things. This may be my last voyage, and if I were to talk to you out of the fulness of my heart, it would be wrong. For the Book says, 'servants obey your masters,' and I am still a servant, wearing a servant's livery, and I have been proud to wear it for a good many years. I can't say any more. Several passengers asked me to give a talk in connection with the morning's service, and I want them to know that in disappointing them, my wishes have been overruled. Let us all thank God for fair weather in a closing hymn."

Arthur Valentine left the saloon fairly well pleased with himself, but inwardly recording one objection:

"He's pretty well muzzled, but I wrote him to cut out all his religious palaver in public, and I won't stand for any more of this nonsense of playing the martyr. That goes."

While idling forward after lunch, he met the first officer coming off watch. Mischievous fortune thus brought together a young man with an ax to grind and a soured elder with a grievance.

"So the captain is ready to stay ashore," observed Valentine after a few greeting commonplaces. "Did you hear his queer speech this morning? I wonder what he was driving at? A passenger can't help being curious to know."

Mr. Parlin was a ripe and ruddy picture of a mariner, passing as heartily frank of speech except among those who knew him well. A lurking notion that he had seen this young man in New York was somehow coupled with the company's head offices, where an errand had called him before leaving that port. As he studied the passenger before replying, his glance was drawn to the gun-metal cigarette case, casually produced, whose face bore in gold outline the initials, "A. H. V." Mr. Parlin was not dull witted. These letters stood for the name of the "old man's son."

The first officer became inwardly alert as he said: "Well, Captain Kendrick is getting old, and he has n't been right since he was smashed up so bad three years ago."

"How smashed?" asked Valentine eagerly.

"Got washed into the scuppers of the 'Juanita.' They found him jammed under a boat with his timbers busted to smithereens. You may have noticed that he walks with a list to port."

"He did n't break his head, did he?" and Valentine tapped his forehead with a significant finger.

"Well, that 's not for me to say," and Mr. Parlin hesitated, with a flutter of an eyelid; "but he has his hobby, and he sets all the sail it 'll carry. You may have noticed it this morning. But he was going it very easy then."

"I 'd have had my ship long before this," continued Mr. Parlin, "if the old man had n't put a black mark on my record in the main office. Now that he talks of going out of the line, there 's no harm in my sayin' that if I 'd flopped on my knees and spouted psalms instead of sticking to my duties, it would be Captain Parlin by now. Excuse me. I have some work on."

Valentine said to himself as he watched the burly, bow-legged figure lumber toward a main-deck ladder:

"Now, *there 's* a proper sailor for you! And this captain — pshaw, he makes me sick."

At the same time Mr. Parlin was thinking:

"Neatly done. I put a nail in the old cuss's coffin."

Three days passed before Captain Kendrick made a social appearance on the after deck. His old friends among the passengers welcomed his lavish fund of stories, some of them a trifle heavy, but all delivered with beaming good nature, and such thunderous sallies of laughter as wagged the white beard until his audience joined in from sheer sympathy. Valentine hung on the outskirts for a little while and then preferred to walk the deck. He felt irritation and disgust, partly because he thought he ought to be holding the center of the stage, and regretting that expediency should force him to travel incognito. Would n't these silly folk open their eyes, if they knew how easily he, the owner, could lay this childish old nuisance of a skipper on the shelf? And he chafed the more because the poison so deftly administered by the first mate was working to confirm all his headlong suspicions.

Scowling at the jolly company as he passed them, Valentine caught a new note of

earnestness in the captain's voice and stopped to listen.

"It may not be wrong after all, now that you are all urging me, and I will cut it short. God has been very good to me, and in my poor way, I try to bear witness. And you may understand when I tell you what happened in '67 when I was battering around the fo'c'sle of a deep-water ship out of Baltimore. Never will I forget the night when —"

The words produced an extraordinary effect upon Valentine. Blind anger seized him. He could see nothing else than that the captain was defying his written order, the passengers abetting him, and the whole group making a mockery of his authoritative judgment. He brushed in among the listeners, and shouted in a gusty treble:

"This has got to stop, I tell you. What did I write you, Captain Kendrick, about all this religious tommy-rot? I 'll show you whose orders go on this ship."

The company scattered as if a bomb had lit in the midst of it as Captain Kendrick took two strides, whipped out a long arm and grasped Valentine by the shoulder:

"No man gives me orders on the deck of my ship at sea. Do you want to go below in irons? Who are —"

"My name is A. H. Valentine, and I threatened to kick you out of your berth two weeks ago, and you know it," screamed the struggling young man. "Turn me loose, I tell you. Pension be hanged. Now you can go ashore and rot. I own this ship and a dozen like her. I 'll put the first officer in command to-day, and it 's high time, too. He deserves it, and I know why he lost promotion."

"I don't care if you 're the Emperor of Chiney. Put a stopper on that tongue of yours, or —" Captain Kendrick checked his hot words and looked at the agitated young man like a pitying father. "You don't know any better, do you? We 'll talk it all over ashore. But not at sea, understand — not at sea."

Captain Kendrick walked slowly toward his room without looking back, and sent word for Mr. Parlin to come to him at once. The mate breezed in with hearty salutation, but his high color paled a little when he looked squarely at the captain's flinty face.

"Stand on your two feet like a man, Mr. Parlin, for you're before your commander. Have you been telling lies to a passenger named Valentine?"

"Did n't know Mr. Valentine was aboard, sir. Would n't know him if he was sitting there in your chair. Are you trying to insult me?"

"Could I insult a slush-bucket?" thundered the captain. "You have been talking to Mr. Valentine. Don't spit out the lie that's on the tip of your tongue. Two years ago, I found you asleep on watch. At other times you have been slack and inefficient. I reported you every time. That's why you've seen three mates go over your head and get their ships. If I'd had my way, you'd have been disrated or thrown on the beach. But you worked wires ashore, you harpooned me in the back, and you held your berth instead of being kicked out for a better man."

The mate's face was purple as he stammered:

"I haven't said anything against you, sir."

"If you're trying to work up into the wind with Mr. Valentine, you wait until you get ashore," growled the captain. "This is my ship until she docks. You can't say I ever tried to convert you to God. He does n't want jelly-fish. He wants men."

Driven into a corner, the mate tried to take the aggressive in a burst of defiance.

"I guess that what Mr. Valentine says, goes. I'll see that he hears my side of the case before sundown."

Mr. Parlin had gone too far, and he knew it before he had bitten off his empty words. Captain Kendrick jumped to his feet, and his beard was pushed within an inch of Mr. Parlin's bulbous nose:

"You're disrated now. Mr. Carr takes your berth until we make port. Get for'ard, you mutinous loafer."

"Get nothin'!" yelled Mr. Parlin. "I'm going aft to see the real boss."

Two hairy hands clamped down on his shoulders, and he was swung clear of the deck. Then his heavily shod toes beat an intermittent tattoo over the sill and along the planks, as he was hauled and shoved toward his own room. The captain shifted his burden until the mate was tucked under one arm, breathless, impotent, trickling juicy curses. He was dumped inside and heard the heavy storm-door slam and the click of a turning key before he could heave himself to

his feet and hammer the barricade in useless rage until his fists bled.

IV

Captain Kendrick had no more time to bother with such trifles as the outbreak of Valentine. Before this day had darkened, the sky turned a dirty yellow, and the weight of the wind was not enough to account for the greasy, sluggish roll of the sea. The barometer needle slid unwaveringly toward the danger point, and after some uncertain shifting, the wind hauled to the north-east and grew steadily colder. Stripped of all superfluous gear on deck, the "Suwannee" was licked into fighting trim, gaunt, streaming, and naked. The weeping drizzle that fogged the sky-line changed to sleet, and soon after dusk came blinding snow with a great fury of wind.

When the captain faced the storm on his quivering bridge, he felt as if all breath and warmth were instantly blown out of him. No fleecy snowflakes these, but hooting volleys of icy shot, incessantly delivered. He groped along the canvassed rail in a choking fight for breath until he found Mr. Carr. They gasped and flinched as they vainly tried to peer into the whirling smother.

The sea rose with incredible swiftness. Within the hour, the "Suwannee" could no longer be held on her course. Yawing wildly whenever a vicious onset of the sea smashed against her quarter and toppled on deck, the ship was brought round and hove to, dead into it. Then the racing of her screws shook her until it seemed as if the engines would tear her hull apart, and speed was slowed as much as the captain dared.

Mr. Parlin was still locked in his stateroom, and as the deep-laden "Suwannee" wrestled with the blizzard, Captain Kendrick argued in his mind whether the mutinous officer should be released at a time when all hands were sorely needed. The third officer had not been long enough promoted to shoulder any grave responsibility. In such a night as this, whose menace was hourly increasing, the vital issue was to safeguard the ship. But the captain's manhood rebelled against a compromise with his deed of clean-cut justice. And ranking in his heart was a damnable phrase, "prime of usefulness is past." It helped to give him the strength of two, now that the test had come, and he decided to fight it through with Peter Carr.

Before midnight, the cold was so benumbing and deadly without chance of respite, that freezing fast to the rail to which they clung was a fate that threatened master and mate. Each begged the other to seek a little warmth and shelter, and their indomitable wills were dead-locked time and again. At length the captain put it as a most emphatic command, and fairly hustled Peter Carr down the steps to the steam-heated wheel-house. When the mate returned, hot with coffee and protestations that the captain take a turn below, the old man refused with a passionate gesture of finality.

Although he had striven to bank the fires of resentment, his thoughts burned like coals that callow youth, sitting in judgment, should have flung aside his faith and works together, like so much trash. But never for a moment did such introspections relax his alert understanding of every symptom of the laboring tussle between ship and sea. So far she had come unhurt. Now, once, as she climbed wearily and hung for an instant like a giant see-saw, Captain Kendrick became tensely expectant as he felt through the planking, a strange jarring break, somewhere down in her vitals.

Then instead of splendidly crashing down the long slope into the hidden wrath of water, the "Suwannee" began to swing broadside as if on a pivot. The wild impulse was unchecked, even as her bow slanted into the tumbling barrier, and heaving far down to starboard, she rolled helpless and exposed, as a bewildered boxer drops the guard that shields his jaw from the knock-out blow.

"*Hard over, hard over,*" yelled the captain down the tube to an empty wheel-house, for a pallid quartermaster darted from within, and scrambled to the bridge, shouting:

"She won't steer, — her, she won't steer. The gear has carried away below."

With one look to windward, the captain crawled to the engine-room indicator and sent clamoring signals to reverse the starboard and jam full speed ahead with the port screw. But before the "Suwannee" could feel the altered drive of her engines, so huge a sea raced over her lurching quarter that the starboard side of the bridge crumpled under the attack like a wire bird-cage smashed with a club. Roaring aft, the gray flood ripped a string of boats from their lashings. It left their fragments absurdly dangling from the twisted davits, and poured through the cabin skylights, whose strength collapsed like pasteboard.

Peter Carr had seen the danger in time to shout a warning as he fled to the port end of the bridge. On top of him came the captain, washed along in a tangle of splintered oak and canvas. The mate crawled from beneath, and looked for the quartermaster. A sodden bundle of oilskins was doubled around a stanchion almost at his feet, and life was gone from the battered features. Instinctively glancing seaward, the mate noted that the "Suwannee" had responded to the send of her screws, and was veering now to starboard. He signalled to ease her, and as she headed into it again, he made a rush and dragged the skipper clear. The sleeeted beard was matted with blood, but the old man stirred and opened his eyes:

"We've got to nurse her along with the engines," he muttered brokenly. "Thank God for twin screws. Stand by the indicator. Sing down for hands to clear the wreckage, and overhaul the steering-gear. It felt to me like the rudder went at the pintles. But have 'em man the hand-wheel aft."

He wiped the blood from his eyes, and strove to get on his feet. One leg gave way, and he hauled himself up by gripping what was left of the rail.

"It's gone back on me again," he groaned, "but it was n't much of a leg at best. Lend a hand, and do as I tell ye."

Peter Carr passed a lashing around the skipper's waist, and so made him fast to the steel pillar of the engine-room indicator. Now began the infinitely wary coaxing of the ship to face the storm, now with a thrust of her port screw, again with a kick of her starboard screw. It was thus she must be steered, for word came up that there was no mending the damage this side of port. The mate was afraid to take over the task of keeping the ship headed into the storm, for this was his first experience in a twin-screw steamer, yet he was as much afraid that the skipper might die if he left him where he was.

The ship fought to wrest herself free from this shifting grip, she seemed eager to slay herself by swinging to take the seas abeam, but the man whose face and beard were dappled with blotches of crimson, held her hove to, as if his soul had pervaded her clanking depths. When Peter Carr implored him to have his hurts cared for, the captain answered with such shattered murmurings as these, for the cold and the pain were biting into his brain:

"But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. . . . Let not the

water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up. . . . Oh, spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more. . . . Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distress. . . ."

Peter Carr was a much younger man, and the violence of his exertions had so warmed his blood that he had much strength left in him. Now and then he tugged at the captain's arm, shouted in his ear, tried to lift him; and the third officer who had come from the task of mending matters on deck, joined the heroic struggle. The captain awoke to chide them as if they were impatient boys, but his eyes saw only the swirling curtain of snow ahead and the great seas he must meet in their teeth. Suddenly he tried to stand erect, and shouted as he swayed:

"Vessel dead ahead."

With the words, he sent a signal to his engine-room, and the "Suwannee" shouldered the merest trifle off to port just as a great gray mass slid past, so close that the watchers smelled a whiff of steam. The blackness was beginning to fade out of the storm, day was breaking, and they glimpsed alongside a cluster of jackies toiling in flooding seas at hawsers lashed round two great turret guns. More than ever convinced by this escape that his eyes were needed on the bridge, Captain Kendrick stayed steadfast in his purpose. The two officers felt awe as they looked at him, that he should have sensed, where their eyes could not see, the danger they had shaved by a hair's-breadth. Sometimes now his head fell forward, but the hand on the indicator lever was ever nervously alive to feel the ship and the raving seas, and he was snatching her from death, inch by inch and hour by hour.

V

In the early hours of the storm, Arthur Valentine was battering like a shuttlecock between the sides of his berth, sicker in mind than in body, for manifold terrors had come to prey upon him. Without confidence in the captain of the ship, he felt that his own cowardice was responsible for failure to act when the issue had been almost within his grasp. Through the dragging hours, as the ship cried aloud in every racking beam and rivet, or quaked as if her rearing bows had rammed a rock, Valentine convinced himself that the captain would not have dared refuse

him if he had faced it out and insisted that the first officer take command.

"Don't I own the steamer?" he groaned. "Can't a man do what he pleases with his own property? And I let myself be bluffed out like a whipped pup. Only a lunatic would have defied me. Of course he's tucked away in a corner trying to pray down a storm like this. What did Carr tell me? What did Parlin say?"

On the heels of these emotions came the dreadful instant when the "Suwannee" took aboard the sea that swept her bridge. Valentine was flung out of his berth to the floor in a bruised heap, and heard the crash of glass and the riot of water which tumbled into the saloon outside his room. Before he could get footing, his room was awash, and floating luggage knocked him this way and that. He crawled outside and collided with a half-clad man who was wringing his hands as he wailed:

"Save yourself. We're sinking. Look at the whole Atlantic Ocean in here."

"What's the matter? What's happened?" gasped Valentine.

"What's happened? I heard the captain had killed the first officer, or strung him up, or something awful. And now there surely is hell to pay. Why don't somebody come to our rescue?"

What passed with him for duty, even the high tide of heroic impulse in his whole life, impelled Valentine to struggle up the stairway to the "social hall" on the deck above. He believed that the risk of being washed overboard was very great, he was almost certain the crazy captain would knock him down or shoot him, but he was braced ready to meet these things. It was a desperate situation demanding a desperate remedy. He felt vague admiration and pity for himself, as he made ready for the plunge on deck. But a dripping sailor barred the way:

"I'm willing to run the risk," protested the hero. "It's my duty to save the ship. She belongs to me."

"So does Cape Horn an' the Statue of Liberty," returned the seaman soothingly. "But you don't want to play with 'em now. They'll keep all right. Nobody goes on deck. Them's orders. Just sit down an' play you're a train of cars. It's lots of fun, an' it's safe an' dry."

Valentine tried to pass him and was thrust back so violently that he fell upon a comatose passenger stretched on a settee.

This victim sputtered feeble protest and other voices were raised. Valentine noticed now that several men and women were huddled in this corner of the deck-house, fled from the desolation below stairs. One of them screamed above the clamor of the wind:

"The ship is all smashed to pieces and nobody knows what to do next."

"I am going to get forward somehow, and put the first officer in command, if he's alive," cried Valentine. "It's life or death for all of us, and my word must go. Does n't this fool sailor know who I am?"

Alas, these shivering refugees scented a new alarm. The poor young man had gone mad with fright, and they, too, tried to soothe him, while a woman of them sobbingly implored the sailor to take him away before he became violent. Valentine cursed them all, and clawed his way down the hand-rail to the saloon to seek some other exit. The way forward was blocked by savage men dragging tarpaulins, and they kicked him out of their path when he would argue with them. He splashed back and forth, like a rat in a trap, falling against bulkheads and furniture, or pitched clear off his feet, until, worn out, he slunk back in sullen silence up among the little company in the deck-house who waited for they knew not what.

So much of Valentine's purpose had been hammered out of him, that nausea resumed its sway, and he clung to a cushion, helpless through interminable hours. When he was able to pull himself together and make feeble effort, it seemed as if the pitching of the steamer were less terrifying, and through an after-port the daylight gleamed. He dragged himself to it, and caught a glimpse of somber sea and sky.

The blizzard had passed.

Then strong hands were thumping on the outer door, and a steward tugged at the inside fastenings. In a flurry of spray three burden-bearers staggered into the room, between them a great limp bulk in oilskins, whose face was hidden by a sou'wester. As the seamen paused to veer ever so gently around the corner of the hallway, Valentine went close to the third officer who led the way, and said with a novel timidity in his voice:

"I am Mr. Valentine, owner of the line. Can you tell me what has happened, please?"

"It's the skipper — frozen up, busted up, dyin' it looks to me, sir," was the husky

response. "He's brought her through the blow lone-handed. I never seen another man afloat as could ha' done the trick he did."

The young man trailed after the stumbling procession which turned into a large stateroom aft. Before swift hands had removed the boots and outer garments, a physician from among the passengers was busy with hot water and bandages. The Irish stewardess was weeping as she tried to help. They paid no heed to Valentine who returned to the doorway as often as he was jostled to one side.

The three seamen huddled in the passage talked softly among themselves, and Valentine heard:

"I tink he give der first mate vat vas comin' to him, eh? Und if der skipper's room vas flodded out, den Mister Parlin must been sloshin' round mit der door gelocked, most drowned. Goot enough."

"It's sure all right if the old man done it. An' him with two bum legs to start with, buckin' her through last night. Him gettin' smashed galley-west, rudder busted — Hell's Delight, what a mess! He looked as if he was all in when we pried him loose from them slings that was holdin' him up."

"Ask the doc if he can pull him through, will you?"

Valentine tiptoed in, as the doctor whispered with a warning gesture:

"I think so. His head needs a good many stitches, and there is an ankle to set and some ribs to mend. But he will take a lot of killing yet. Come, men, you must clear out of the hall. He will be coming to presently."

What Valentine heard was mightily reinforced by that which he saw with eyes that were misty and troubled. Before him lay such grim reality of duty done, as the shallows of his life had never touched. Groping in a welter of new thoughts, he made his way to the deck and went forward as far as he dared, amazed at sight of the havoc wrought overnight. Perched on his wrecked bridge, the figure of Peter Carr swung against the brightening sky. He had learned who Valentine was, and called down:

"We'll work her up to Sandy Hook without any blisterin' salvage bills, sir. There's a few of us left."

"And these are the kind of men I was going to stand on their heads," said Valentine to himself, as he clambered up and asked many eager questions. Nor was Peter Carr

at all backward in painting with vivid word and gesture, the story of the night, down to a parting shaft of crafty comment :

"And there's them that thinks the old man is a softy an' ought to be knittin' tidies in a home for derelict sea-farin' men."

Restlessly seeking the captain's state-room again and again, Valentine was denied admittance until late in the afternoon. When the doctor let him in, the old man opened his eyes and his weather-scarred face lightened with a kindly gleam of recognition. Valentine flushed and began hurried speech :

"I hope you'll forget that letter. . . . Is there anything I can do? . . . If you want to go to sea again, or if you don't, or whatever else —"

The doctor raised a silencing finger. Valentine bent over to stroke a bandaged hand which moved on the blanket just enough to pat his with a little parental caress. The doctor nudged Valentine to withdraw, as the captain whispered drowsily :

"All-I's well. . . . You did n't know any better, did you? . . . So He bring-eth them into their desired haven."

SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

BY

WALLACE IRWIN

WHEN I was young and slender, a spender, a lender,
 What gentleman adventurer was prankier than I,
 Who lustier at passes with glasses — and lasses,
 How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting by !
 (But now there's none to sigh at me as I come creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,
 A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose ;
 What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and dances,
 And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to my toes !
 (Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my toes !)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic
 Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in her eyes,
 Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.
 Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it where it lies !
 (Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted where she lies !)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble
 At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing by ?
 Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who passes,
 And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my eye.
 (How strange you cannot see it in the corner of my eye !)

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

IV

PRIVATE CARS AND THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

HOW ARMOUR MONOPOLIZED THE FRUIT TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS
OF AMERICA

Third Fisherman: . . . Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fisherman: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. . . . Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish. . . ."

PERICLES, ACT II.



EARLY in the 90's Armour took an extraordinary step in the further development of his already enormous business. He was even then the dominant factor in the beef and pork industry of North America. He owned stock-yards and packing-houses in many cities and distributed his product from scores of wholesale and retail depots scattered throughout the United States and in foreign countries. He manufactured soups, canned goods, lard, and sausages; he dealt widely in poultry, butter, and eggs. He was peculiarly the autocrat of the American breakfast table. His soap cleansed thousands of American homes, the hides he produced shod many citizens, his fertilizers added to the productivity of unnumbered farms. He owned the biggest elevators in the world, and dealt in grain by the million bushels, being the frequent dictator of the Chicago market. He was a director in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, which lies like a hand upon the Northwest. Many cattle raised in the West were thus transported over a railroad in which Armour was a vital factor, fed in Armour's stock-yards, butchered in Armour's packing-house, shipped in Armour's

refrigerator-cars, and finally sold to the consumer at Armour's store. And at each step in the process Armour drew his certain profits. In this way the packers of the beef trust touched every citizen, rich or poor, in the United States; every citizen paid money to Armour, directly or indirectly, for his food, clothing, drugs, or luxuries — and still continues to do so.

Armour, the Father, and Armour, the Son

I have already shown how the packers reached this astonishing supremacy in industry. Armour, the elder, was a man of dominant personality, forceful, original, daring; a man of big capacities and big sympathies. Armour, the son, is fully his father's equal in consuming energy; he is more than his father's equal in cold shrewdness, but he lacks the breadth, the originality, the rough sympathy of the founder of the house. In earlier days P. D. Armour was spoken of as "Phil"; his son is emphatically "J. Ogden." The present head of the house is like many sons who inherit industrial power; he is not so much the master of the profit machine as he is a part of it — an essential part, it is true, and yet driven, as much as driving. The father made money; money made the son. But both men — the first by the very impact of rude power, the second by a cold and merciless intellectuality — were well fitted to survive in that stage of industrialism which justifies any means that produces a given end, that end being cash profits. Armour, the father, lived in a halcyon time when rights were chiefly emphasized, and force was more highly prized

than justice. Armour, the son, has reached the day when the people are demanding what service rich men have done the people in return for their privileges and immunities. For it is not only that Armour's methods have grown more exacting, but that the people's ideals of social responsibility have risen to a higher plane.

Good Causes and Bad Causes of Armour's Success

As I have already shown, Armour's success and that of his associates in the beef trust was due to two causes, one good, one bad. By his genius, he developed processes of saving the parts of the carcasses of animals formerly wasted. Out of hoofs, hair, bones, blood, he manufactured useful products which made his enterprise not only profitable to himself but of genuine service to the state — although this service, it must truly be said, was made possible by the concentrating influence of the railroads. Such developments were good; and Armour is entitled to all the fortune from these sources that he earned.

But at the same time that he was devising new and valuable economies, he was also crowding his neighbors and rivals from the common highway — the railroad. He was getting special favors, rebates, concessions, discriminations, by which unfair, unjust, and positively unlawful means he built up his business. That was wholly bad. It was exactly as if he had gone out and taken possession of the street in front of his packing-houses, permitting every one to pass freely except carriers of beef and pork. Thus he and his associates in the "beef trust" ruined their rivals in the packing-house industry. So far as beef and pork were concerned, he controlled most of the railroads of America — and continues to do so even to-day.

The chief element in his power over the railroads, as I have shown lay in the possession of private refrigerator-cars in which he shipped his own product. I have shown that his net profit from the use of these cars alone is some \$3,000,000 a year — so much that he could afford to conduct his packing-house business without profit and still make an enormous income from mileage on his cars, paid to him by the railroads.

It was a mistake, of course, for which the railroads of the country have paid dear, to allow any private individual to own railroad rolling stock. Once given the whip-hand, great shippers like Armour did not stop.

Men with power never stop until they are compelled to. He had tasted the nectar of car-mileage profits, and he wanted more. Therefore he took the remarkable new step to which I have referred. *He reached out and offered his private cars for the transportation of products owned by other people.* With none of the responsibilities of a common carrier he entered upon the work of a common carrier. Armour, a private beef-butcher, became, curiously enough, a carrier of California oranges and of Georgia peaches. And that was an extraordinary development in the history of American transportation.

Origin of the Idea of Fruit Refrigeration

The shipment of fruit under refrigeration was not originally Armour's idea. Armour was exactly like Rockefeller. Many of the original ideas which contributed so much to the success of the Standard Oil Company — as the method of transporting oil long distances in pipes — were developed by Rockefeller's rivals. Rockefeller permitted them to waste their money on the new schemes until they were proved practicable; then he quietly gobbled them up.

Thus, in the fruit industry. As far back as 1868 fruit had been transported under ventilation or partially iced. Swift transported iced beef with established success in 1880, but it was not until 1888 that any one was daring enough to attempt the costly transportation of car-loads of fruit under complete refrigeration from California. The idea was laughed at by the fruit men and pooh-poohed and opposed by the railroads, for it was very much further then to California than it is now, and the fruit industry was new. But the man with a real idea is deterred by no discouragement. In 1888 several men, Hutchins of Detroit; the Thomases, father and son, of Chicago; and the Hubbard brothers, after experiments with the shipment of iced fruit in Michigan and from the South, demonstrated the practicability of a thorough iced car service from California, and the next year staked everything they had upon their idea, and induced a few growers of cherries and apricots in California to try their new cars.

In spite of every obstacle, Thomas and his associates were successful — unexpectedly so. Upon their almost forgotten efforts, indeed, rests much of the present prosperity of California. They organized the California Fruit Transportation Company, and within

three seasons, so amazing was their success, that they owned over six hundred cars — and their profits were really fabulous.

Armour Begins Swallowing His Competitors

But they quarreled with the Earl Fruit Company, one of the largest fruit shippers of California. Undeniably they themselves became greedy. Earl went to Chicago and tried to make terms with them. When he failed he approached Armour and made arrangements to rent some of his refrigerator-cars in the fruit industry. He also got hold of certain patents and organized two refrigerator-car lines of his own. Backed by Armour, whose influence with the railroads was supreme, Earl began a fierce contest for the business. He paid rebates for the first time on the California fruit business. In two seasons Thomas was utterly defeated and finally, after disastrous experiments in shipping fruit to Europe, the California Fruit Transportation Company was sold out, name, idea, business and all to Swift & Co. — and Swift & Co., of course, is a part of the "beef trust."

Armour now perceived the brilliant opportunities for profits in the fruit-shipping industry. He developed his business rapidly. For some time he worked on terms of apparent friendliness with the Earl Fruit Company. But Earl was a man of great energy and capacity, and he developed so much aggressiveness and his profits were so glittering that Armour decided to eliminate him. He apparently offered to buy him out. Earl was in the flower of success, with a good future ahead, and he did not want to sell. In business no friendship counts against profits; so Armour, as nearly as we can get at the story, began to support Earl's greatest rivals in California, the Porter Brothers Co. It should always be kept in mind that Armour's power comes from his influence with the railroads. He can say who shall and who shall not use the rail highway; therefore the business destiny of all men is in his hands. He simply shuts the public road to people who do not please him: they cannot go to market; therefore they die industrially.

We do not know all of the inside history of this contest. We do know from sworn testimony that P. D. Armour made "loans" in various sums to the amount of \$663,000 to James S. Watson, president of the Porter Brothers Company. We know that rebates were paid in large amounts on the fruit traffic.

Here is a bit of the evidence given before the Interstate Commerce Commission which will show how the thing was done:

Mr. Marchand (for the Commission): Mr. Watson testified that under his arrangement with you he was charged the full tariff rate but had a contract with you for a special rate, and that the difference between that tariff rate and the contract rate was his profit. Is that correct?

Mr. Robbins (president Armour Car Lines): Generally speaking; yes, sir.

In other words the Porter Brothers Company was given a rebate, by contract, in addition to the mysterious "loans." Quite naturally Earl was unable to stand such competition, and in 1900, he was willing to sell out, cars, fruit business and all, and Armour bought.

Earl being now disposed of, the Porter Brothers Company curiously and quickly went into bankruptcy — with the same strange, creeping malady which attacked so many of Rockefeller's rivals in the palmy early days of the Standard Oil Company. Probably Armour simply turned on them and fought them with rebates; at any rate he soon swallowed the business of the Porter Brothers Company and completed his monopoly of the California business. All this he was able to do because and only because he had more power over the public road than his competitors.

Extent of the Armour Monopoly

Having crushed his last rival, Armour rapidly broadened his activities, reaching out for more and more of the profitable fruit business of the country. To-day he owns and operates some 14,000 refrigerator-cars worth over \$14,000,000; he not only controls most of the fruit transportation of California, and therefore the destiny of the fruit-growers themselves, but he penetrates the peach-growing districts of Michigan and Georgia, and the strawberry fields of North Carolina; he brings tropical fruits from Mobile and New Orleans, melons from Indiana and Illinois, and early vegetables from Arkansas and Missouri.

On all these fruit-cars, going and coming upon the face of the continent, Armour makes a profit for every mile operated, doing the business which the people chartered the railroads to do. A man in the business of butchering cattle has thus become a powerful factor in the transportation business of

the country, so powerful that he intimidates the greatest railroads, and yet when he is attacked for his oppressive charges, he asserts that he is not a common carrier at all: he takes all the profits and privileges of a common carrier, and denies all the duties and responsibilities.

Having crushed his private-car rivals in the fruit industry, Armour now began a new and an almost inconceivably bold campaign. The railroads themselves had been buying refrigerator-cars and offering them for the shipment of fruit and dairy products. This, of course, was the plain duty of the chartered transportation agent of the people. But Armour did not like it; he saw in the spread of this movement a threat to his monopoly and a limitation of his power and profits.

How Armour Prevented Railroads From Using Their Own Cars

So he went to various railroads and proposed or demanded that they make contracts with him for the exclusive use of Armour refrigerator-cars. I showed in my last article what great power Armour had over the railroads through his ability to give or withhold his enormous shipments of freight. He pays over \$200,000 a week in freight at Chicago alone, and vast sums elsewhere. By giving his business to one railroad and taking it from another he could almost make or ruin the profits of the companies concerned. Here was the Pere Marquette Railroad, for example, over which was shipped the bulk of the fruit grown in the rich districts of western Michigan. The Pere Marquette was a weak railroad, hungry for more traffic. Armour went to the eager officers of the Pere Marquette and guaranteed to give them forty cars of meat a week, in return for which the Pere Marquette agreed to use none but Armour's cars for its fruit shipments. The Pere Marquette had a few refrigerator-cars of its own with which it had served its customers; but under the new contract *it could not supply its own cars to the people along its own line.*

It is the theory of the private car that any shipper can own cars and have them shipped over the railroad. Armour says plausibly enough to his rivals who complain:

"Why don't you get your own cars — if you want to do business on an equality with me?"

But these competitors, even if they bought cars, could not ship them over the Pere

Marquette Railroad because Armour had prevented the use of any cars but his own anywhere on that railroad. And the Pere Marquette was not the only road affected. Within the short space of three or four years Armour had forced or bargained for exclusive contracts on all the railroads in America, with two or three exceptions, which reach into the great fruit-producing or fruit-shipping localities. By an exclusive compact with the Southern Pacific, Armour seized most of the fruit business of California and the Southwest; through the Georgia Central and Atlantic Coast Line, the Seaboard Air line, the Louisville & Nashville, he absolutely controlled all the great fruit centers of the South. The Louisville & Nashville gave him a hold on the pineapples and other fruit brought from the tropics to the ports of the Gulf of Mexico.

In the Senate hearing last spring Senator Clapp asked Mr. Robbins:

"What roads, then, reaching the South Atlantic States, the fruit regions, are exempt from the exclusive contracts with your company?"

"Broadly speaking," answered Mr. Robbins, "none of them. . . . We handle all that business."

In other words, no railroad in all the great fruit country of the South was at liberty to use any refrigerator-cars except Armour's.

Similarly Armour's arrangements with railroads in parts of Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri gave him control of much of the fruit and vegetable areas of those states. And finally, he also gathered in the Michigan Central, giving him what little was left of the Michigan fruit territory. About the only fruit-originating railroad of any importance which he did not get was the Santa Fé, which does its duty by its clients by owning its own refrigerator-cars — although it charges the same icing rates as Armour and has indulged in the same methods of paying rebates. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Gould lines also own their own refrigerators and have refused to make exclusive contracts with Armour.

Armour's Really Valuable Service

There are two or three reasons why railroads should have signed such humiliating contracts, trading away the very essence of their functions as common carriers. First and foremost, of course, the punishing power of Armour as a great shipper, to which I

have already referred. But that was not all. Armour really performed a valuable service which we must acknowledge. Some roads like the Pere Marquette are weak; they found it a burden to buy and own enough refrigerator-cars to handle all the fruit business on their lines, because fruit shipments are crowded into a certain short season lasting only two or three months of the year. Now, Armour could send his cars to Florida or to California in the winter, Georgia in the spring, and Michigan in the summer and fall. He could employ all his cars all the time, which is an economic saving and therefore a service to the people. There can be no question that the Armour service — the quality of the cars, the attention given by inspectors and so on — was superior in most instances to the former inefficient, under-supplied service of weak lines like the Pere Marquette. Moreover, Armour, driving his cars with the sharp lash of his perfect system, for his profit lies in making high mileages, was likely to bring fruit shipped with him quickly to market. I talked with certain fruit growers on the Pere Marquette Railroad who regarded the coming of Armour as a real godsend. Under the former inefficient railroad management it often happened that they could not get any cars at all and they saw their fruit rot in the fields. They wanted service on any terms, and they were willing to let Armour charge anything he pleased, if only he would help them to market. Could anything reveal more clearly the pitiful dependence of the citizen upon the transportation agent or the terrible power of that agent? The very life of these hard-working Michigan farmers depended on railroad service and they were naturally willing to pay almost anything rather than to perish industrially. But can we, after all, excuse Armour on the ground that the railroad did not do its duty?

The first exclusive contract between Armour and the Pere Marquette was signed in 1902 and the next year, 1903, the Michigan Central was forced into line, placing practically every bushel of fruit in Michigan (except that shipped on the lakes) under the control of the Armour Company. By virtue of their monopoly they could charge what they liked for the service and the farmers could not escape them. One of these fruit men said to me:

"It is either let our fruit rot or pay Armour."

I have shown what tremendous profits Armour makes from mileage paid him on his refrigerator-cars. For every mile the car runs loaded or empty he forces the railroad to pay him one cent or three-quarters of a cent a mile (or six mills on the Southern Pacific). In one year from this source alone he makes in *net* profits on his 14,000 cars over \$3,000,000.

Beginnings of the Icing Extortions

But now that Armour had completed his monopoly on the fruit trade in various parts of the country this profit did not satisfy him — big as it was. He wanted more, and this is the way he got it: When he made the exclusive contract with the Pere Marquette in 1902, he found that the railroad was billing a cost-charge for ice supplied in refrigerating cars. At first the railroad had iced refrigerator-cars and made no additional charge beyond the freight-rate, but as business increased the cost of ice was added to the bill.

In 1902, before Armour came, for example, that icing charge from Mattawan, Michigan, to Duluth, Minnesota, was \$7.50 — the actual cost of the ice and the service. The next year, after Armour came, the icing service jumped to \$45 — or over 500 per cent. This represented the *net profit* of monopoly on a single carload of fruit.

From Paw Paw, Michigan, to Dubuque, Iowa, the icing charge before Armour's reign was \$10 on the average. After Armour got possession it increased to \$37.50. To Boston from Grand Rapids, before Armour, icing cost \$20 a car; after Armour, \$55. Other advances, not only in Michigan, but nearly everywhere else were made in similar proportions — rarely less than 100 per cent, often 500 per cent.

No monopoly even in this patient country ever before, perhaps, put on the screws so suddenly and with such utter cold-bloodedness. Most monopolies have the patience of cunning; this one apparently could not restrain its greed for a single season.

Do not forget that each one of these refrigerator-cars, constantly rushed by the iron-system of Armour, was making huge profits — twenty per cent at least — on mileage. To this they now added perfectly enormous icing profits. Ice cost no more after the Armour contract was signed than before. Indeed, in many cases the railroads continued to supply the ice exactly as they had in the past, out of their own

ice-houses, but instead of charging the cost to the shipper they charged it to Armour and let Armour collect the huge extra profits of monopoly.

Pleas for Relief by Fruit Growers

A shipper told me how he went down to Grand Rapids and tried to reason with Armour's representative there. He explained how unreasonable and unfair such charges were; how, in the end, they would serve to limit the fruit production of Michigan and therefore reduce the business of the Armour car line itself, let alone that of the railroads. When he had finished speaking Armour's man looked up and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

One fruit grower, W. C. Wildey of Paw Paw, Michigan, gave sworn evidence of how he pleaded with the Armour Company to let him get out to market on reasonable terms with his fruit. He said (Interstate Commerce hearings):

"I made the Armour people an offer of \$10 a car if they would stay out of the country and let us use some other car, and let me ice it from start to finish, and give them \$10 if they would keep out of the country. I can offer to do that and make \$15."

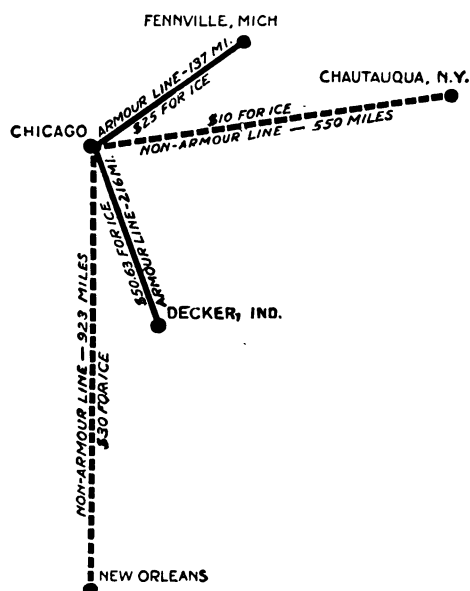
These high charges did, indeed, decrease by just so much, the range of the market for Michigan fruit. Thirty dollars a car extra cost for transportation means that a car cannot be shipped so far with profit. Indeed, the Iowa markets, which had been profitable to Michigan growers, were almost entirely closed after 1902. Read this letter from the Jewett Fruit & Fish Company of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to W. C. Wildey dated September 9, 1903:

Your two wires of even date quoting Concords at fifteen cents and at fourteen cents received. We have not accepted, however, for the reason that we can lay them down at a lower cost from Iowa points. Refrigeration charge of \$40 per car from Paw Paw practically prohibits touching Michigan grapes, except on a considerably lower basis of first cost than from Iowa points.

Hopeless Conditions in California

But conditions in Michigan, bad as they were, cannot be compared for downright hopelessness with that of the fruit growers of California. For the longer the distance shipped, the more dependent the shipper becomes. I have n't space at this time to go into the story fully. I hope to later. To defend themselves the growers have, from time

to time, formed co-operative associations. In these small democracies, as in our political parties, bosses developed, and some of these bosses became grafters and sold out the interests of their people to Armour or to the railroad companies. This year nearly 30,000 car-loads of refrigerated fruit will be shipped from California eastward. Careful estimates show that the *profits* on icing charges paid mostly to Armour, but partly to the Sante Fé Railroad, by the California fruit growers



Comparative icing rates per car on fruit over railroads bound to Armour and railroads free from Armour. The charge of \$50.63 from Decker, Ind., was on a car of melons consigned to J. C. & C. R. Scales of Chicago.

will be from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. And this does not, of course, include the mileage profits, which, because of the long, continuous haul from California, are unusually large. The result has been that in the past many of the fruit growers of California, between the Armour Company and the "bosses" of the co-operative associations, have not only made no money, but in innumerable cases have seen their crops swallowed up by freight and icing charges, leaving them nothing at all. I know of many cases in which fruit growers, after spending time and money for a whole season on their fruit, have shipped it and sold it for *less* than the freight and icing charges, leaving them a *loss* which they were compelled to make up

at the end of the year. High prices in the Eastern market, due to high transportation rates, have, of course, tended to reduce the consumption of California fruit and thereby added to the woes of over-production.

Thus the farmers of Michigan, California, Georgia, North Carolina paid dear for Armour's enterprises — and they could not help themselves. For it is a principle, as clear as clear can be, that he who controls transportation controls the destiny of every citizen. At present that control in this country rests with irresponsible, private individuals — not only the railroad managers, but men like Armour and Rockefeller and Havemeyer who are permitted by weak railroad men to take from the people under cloak of their charters.

In one of the hearings Commissioner Prouty tried to find out why the Pere Marquette Railroad, after paying a shamefully high mileage on his cars, then allowed Armour to exact a big second profit direct from the shipper. Here is a fine bit of testimony :

Commissioner Prouty : You have already paid the Armour Company compensation for that (the use of their cars) and why should the Armour Company exact it a second time from the shipper ?

Mr. Patriarche (of the Pere Marquette) : Well, that is the question. I can not answer that.

Is it any wonder in view of this confessed weakness and irresponsibility that there should be a demand for an impartial governmental tribunal to regulate the railroads ? Is n't it wonderful that that demand should not be stronger ?

Two conflicting agents in transportation have made trouble in other ways. When there are complaints by shippers Armour will sometimes blame the railroad and then the railroad will shoulder the charges back upon Armour ; between the two the poor shipper gets no redress at all. In one instance I know of, Armour refused to pay damages for a car that arrived at its destination without ice. His agents claimed that the car had been properly iced at each station, and blamed the railroad for the delay in arrival. Result : the shipper lost all his fruit.

But the fruit men, though in reality bearing the brunt of the burden, did not realize the exactions of Armour's monopoly as sharply as the dealers in fruit and the

commission men in various parts of the country.

Insurrection Against Armour is Begun

When Armour began to practise these sudden extortions, many fruit dealers paid the icing bills, charged the cost up to the farmers or added it to the price to the consumer, and said nothing. But a few of them met the demands in exactly the spirit of our Boston forefathers who refused to pay the British stamp and tea taxes. Only in this case it was the tomato and cantaloupe and peach taxes that were resisted. There is something, after all, admirable in the way that the American, pushed to the wall, will finally fight for his rights, fight alone or fight in company. They resolved, no matter what happened, not to submit to such impositions. And it was serious business for them. They were dependent on the railroads for their very existence, and Armour absolutely controlled the railroads in so far as the particular commodity in which they dealt was concerned. And Armour could and did punish, as I shall show.

E. G. Davies, a fighting Welshman, was one of the early insurgents. For a long time he had shipped fruit over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad from points in lower Indiana and had had no trouble. From Decker, Indiana, previous to the appearance of Armour and his exclusive contract with the C. & E. I. Road, the icing charge was \$27.50. On August 11, 1904, Mr. Davies received a car on which the icing charge was \$45. Now Decker is only 247 miles from Chicago ; if the refrigerator-car had been shipped from New Orleans, which is 923 miles from Chicago over the Illinois Central Railroad (which is not an Armour line), the icing charge would have been only \$30.

He refused to pay. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois demanded that he settle his bill. He said he would pay a reasonable charge but he would not be robbed. When he asked the railroad company how it was that they were trying to collect an Armour charge, which had nothing to do with the freight, and when he still refused to pay, they threatened to cut off his credit — which meant, practically, that he must go out of business over that line of railroad. All this was brought out in sworn testimony.

"The next thing I heard," he said, "was that my shipments were under embargo on

the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad. A circular had been issued by Mr. Hillman, general freight agent, saying that no business consigned to Edward G. Davies could be accepted unless the charges were prepaid."

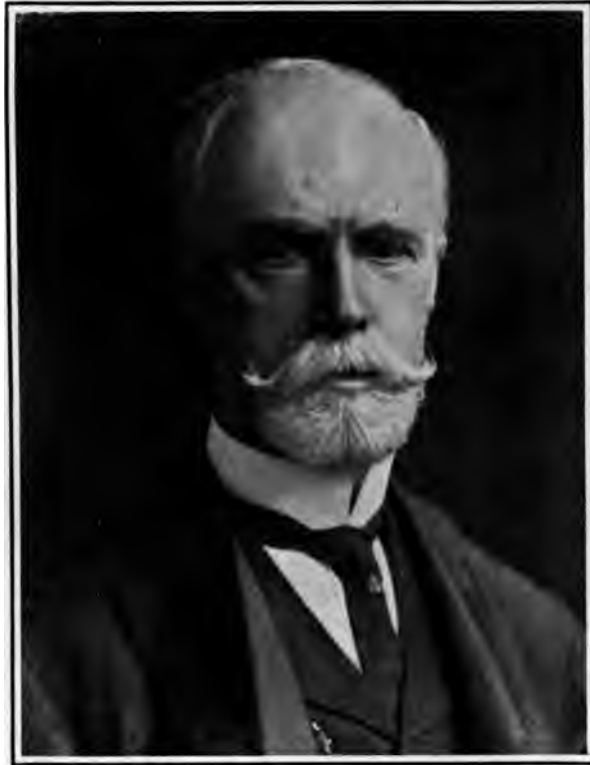
This shows how Armour even forces the railroads to do the "dirty work" of collecting extortionate icing charges.

Still Mr. Davies refused to pay. Finally one day he received a visit from Mr. Union

still hanging over my head on the Evansville and Terre Haute and these bills are hung up until your honorable Commission or some competent court shall pass on the question whether \$45 is a reasonable charge for icing that can be performed for \$12.50."

Story of a Car of Tomatoes

Another insurgent was W. J. Ellis of Chicago. He bought a car of tomatoes in



J. W. MIDGLEY OF CHICAGO

Agent of the combined railroads, made a thorough investigation of the private car evil, and has done great service in bringing the abuses to the public attention. He said in his testimony: "They (the private-car owners) are the largest shippers, the most arbitrary, the most remorseless that have ever been known."

and an associate, attorneys for the Armour car lines.

"I did not know what they wanted," said Mr. Davies in his testimony, "he (Mr. Union) gave me practically a notice to get out of business; that I could never have any more refrigeration done. I said, 'Gentlemen, I will have you to understand here and now that I never knew Armour and do not want to know him now. He has nothing to do with the movement of interstate traffic.' He left me, but the embargo is

Gibson, Tennessee, on July 11. Gibson is only 522 miles from Chicago, but the Armour icing charges were no less than \$73.92, while the freight itself was only \$111.57. This was also on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. If the car had come from Memphis, Tennessee, practically the same distance from Chicago as Gibson, over an Armour-free railroad (the Illinois Central) the charge would have been only \$15—about one-fifth as much, while it could have been brought from New Orleans, nearly twice as far from Chicago,



LEADERS OF THE REVOLT AGAINST ARMOUR'S

E. G. DAVIES

Fruit receiver of Chicago, an early insurgent against Armour. He was punished by having his credit stopped by the railroad through Armour.

GEORGE F. MEAD

of Boston, president of the National League of Commission Merchants. "We feel," he testified, "that Armour can make or break communities at will."

W. C. WILDEY

Fruit-grower of Michigan, who testified against Armour. "I made the Armour people an offer of \$10 a car," he said, "if they would stay out of the country."

for only \$30 or less than half the Gibson charge. Is it any wonder that these dealers revolted against Armour?

But what could they do? Armour had his monopoly fastened upon the Eastern Illinois, and he made the officials of that road jump attendance to him.

When Ellis refused to pay he, like Davies, was threatened by both Armour's men and the railroad company, and finally punished by being refused credit — which cut him off from further business in that direction. The National League of Commission Merchants, now thoroughly aroused, came to his assistance and subscribed money to take the cases into court. So far there has been no result; and what, indeed, can be expected in a fight against an entrenched monopoly like Armour's, with unlimited money, unlimited legal talent, unlimited power.

Men Who Led the Fight Against Armour

These two stories are illustrations of what happened in many instances. If a man dared to dispute Armour's exactions he was severely punished and often involved in costly law suits. Among the men who took a prominent part in the fight were E. M. Ferguson, of Duluth; J. C. Scales, of Chicago, who made one of the first exposures of Armour's methods in an address before the National League of Commission Merchants; George F. Mead, of Boston; J. A. Leverone, of

Cincinnati; and others. Excellent work was done by H. L. Preston by giving publicity to Armour's methods in the *Fruit and Produce News*. E. M. Ferguson of Duluth, president of the Western Fruit Jobbers Association, has been one of the most vigorous and uncompromising of the fighters. No witness in the numerous hearings has testified on the private-car evil with more real effectiveness than he.

So much for Armour's methods of extortion in icing charges and car-mileage. One would think that profits of from 100 to 500 per cent over cost of ice — to say nothing of mileage — would satisfy even Armour. But they did n't. Monopolies don't stop; they keep on gaping like Shakspeare's whale until they have swallowed the whole parish. It seems positively painful to these men to see any one else making money — even a little. They want it all so much themselves.

There was yet one step to be taken in the complete absorption of the fruit industry, and Armour was now ready to take it.

Through his influence with the railroads he now controlled the transportation of fruit and vegetables from many parts of the country. He also had over seventy beef depots and stores, besides many local and traveling agents. Why not sell the fruit and vegetables which he transported? It was a tremendous chance for additional profits at no great outlay. In the beef industry he



METHODS IN THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

JOHN C. SCALES

His address before the National League of Commission Merchants led to the defeat of Armour's plan to seize the produce and marketing business of the country.

H. L. PRESTON

of New York, Editor of the Fruit and Produce News, whose publication of the facts regarding Armour's monopoly has done much to arouse the present protest.

E. M. FERGUSON

of Duluth, president of the Western Fruit Jobbers Association, the ablest witness against Armour in the various congressional hearings.

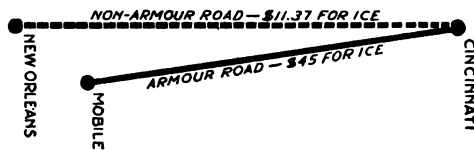
transported only for himself. In fruit and vegetables he offered his cars as common carriers to all alike, and he now proposed to sell such products in competition with his clients.

In Duluth, for example, Armour has a branch beef store. He began to sell produce in competition with the commission men for whom, at the time, he was shipping produce. The greedy presumption of such a scheme can hardly be conceived. Armour was earning twenty per cent on mileage, from 100 to 500 per cent on icing, and possibly getting additional rebates or "commissions" on all the produce shipped — and then offering to go into the market and sell these same products in competition with the very men from whom he was extorting these profits! Think of it! If such a course had been continued every commission man in the country would have been driven to the wall in a few months. Armour could have afforded to sell fruit and sell it all the time below the cost to his competitors. For his profits on transportation would have supported the business until he had crushed the commission men. Then think how he would have served the producer and consumer!

The Revolt of a Pineapple Merchant

Let us see how the new idea worked out in a practical case. J. A. Leverone of Cincinnati made two shipments of pineapples, one of

fourteen cars from Mobile over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad which had an Armour contract, the other of ten cars from New Orleans by the Illinois Central which had no Armour contract. The distance from New Orleans to Cincinnati is greater than from



Pineapples shipped from New Orleans to Cincinnati on the Illinois Central, an Armour-free railroad, were iced at \$11.37, while from Mobile over the Louisville & Nashville, which was bound by an Armour contract, the rate was \$45. New Orleans is slightly further from Cincinnati than Mobile.

Mobile to Cincinnati. On the Armour cars the icing charge was \$45 each, on the Illinois Central cars the charge was only \$11.37 each — one-fourth as much. In other words Armour made 300 per cent on the ice used for the fourteen cars from Mobile. At the same time Armour shipped pineapples and sold them at his own branch stores in Cincinnati in competition with his client, Leverone. And he sold for \$35 a car *cheaper* than Leverone — or just about the profit which he made out of Leverone on ice. What chance could there be for a shipper against Armour under such circumstances?

Of course, Mr. Leverone objected; his very business existence was threatened. He refused to pay the charges. The officials of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad threatened him — for they were Armour's cat's-paws in making collections — and told him that they would stop his credits. Still he would not pay and finally Brent Arnold, general freight agent, settled with him, refunding the icing charges. Then the Louisville

could be given than the cipher code used in transacting his business. Honest men need no ciphers of this peculiar sort to conceal their operations. A copy of the code was given in testimony at Chicago in May, 1905. It was stolen from the Armour Company by a stenographer. A cursory examination of some of the words will show that Armour is provided with all the machinery for instructing his agents to pay rebates and for warning



"On all fruit-cars, going and coming upon the face of the continent, Armour makes a profit for every mile operated, doing the business which the people chartered the railroads to do. A man in the business of butchering cattle has thus become a powerful factor in the transportation business of the country, so powerful that he intimidates the greatest railroads, and yet when he is attacked for his oppressive charges, he asserts that he is not a common carrier at all; he takes all the profits and privileges of a common carrier, and denies all the duties and responsibilities."

& Nashville issued an order withdrawing the high Armour rates from Mobile to meet the Illinois Central competition at New Orleans. But the poor fruit growers on parts of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, who had no other railroad to help them out, were still wholly at the mercy of the Armour monopoly — and are to-day.

Armour's Machinery for Breaking the Law

Armour possesses complete machinery for breaking the law, for paying rebates and the like. No better or more significant illustration of the secret workings of a monopoly

them that the officers of the law are after them. He even has code-words for each of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners! Following are the Armour code-words for the various members of the Interstate Commerce Commission :

IMPRINT — Martin A. Knapp, chairman.
 IMPRINTED — Judson C. Clements.
 IMPRINTING — James D. Yeomans.
 IMPRISON — C. A. Prouty.
 IMPROBITAS — Joseph W. Fifer.
 IMPROBITY — Edward A. Moseley, secretary.

Other significant words relate to rebates and discriminations; and rebates are, of course, criminal :

JEREMY — Figure get lowest beef rate.
 KINSLEY — Shade rates a little rather than lose business.
 LAUGHSOME — Rebate.
 LAUNCH — Better arrange rebate there.
 LAUNCHED — Burning the stick at both ends.
 LAUNCHING — Can make rebate.
 LAUNDRY — Force payment of higher rebate.
 LAURA — Handle rebate matter very carefully.
 LAURUS — Pay rebates.
 LAVA — Pay rebates from cash on hand.
 LAVELLO — Rebate must be confidential.
 LAVISHMENT — Working for rebate on—.
 JEWELRY — Rates being cut by all lines.
 JOCULARIS — Divide rate.
 JUDICIARY — Keep your rates below all others.
 JUNIOR — Rates must be made which will secure the business.
 JUNK — If necessary to secure the shipment, can you make the rate to ——.
 JUSTIFIED — Have agreement with — maintain rates.
 JUSTIFY — Maintain rates per agreement.
 JUVENAL — Maintain rates unless others cut.
 KADMASTER — Manipulate rates so as to —.
 KALAND — Meet rate by voucher.
 KALATMA — Meet any rate offered.
 KASHGAR — If this rate will not secure, advise what is necessary.

The same witness who furnished this code told of how Armour gave rebates and how he had two different scales of rebates. To especially favored shippers he sometimes refunded as high as sixty per cent of the icing charges. Think how little chance any shipper who fought Armour had to survive under such favoritism. A sixty per cent rebate to his competitor would drive him to the wall in one season. And Armour could pay sixty-per cent from his icing charges and still make a profit. Here is a bit of testimony from the case which will show how the rebates were paid:

Exactly How Armour Pays Rebates

"How were the rebates made?" asked Attorney Marchand of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"In all cases," replied the witness, Streyckmans, "the full tariff charges were collected, and then allowance statements were made up and the rebates paid upon them."

"What are the allowance statements?"

"They are statements showing the number of cars shipped by the various shippers and the amount that was to be rebated."

"Do you know personally of any shipper getting rebates?"

"Yes. At the very time that Lieutenant-Governor Alden Anderson of California was declaring in the newspapers that he was not getting rebates I was making out his

rebate statements, which showed that he got rebates amounting to about fifty-five per cent of tariff charges."

"Do you know of any rebates greater than that?"

"I do. And, in fact, the rebates were sometimes larger than they seemed. Many times cars are started under ventilation and are only put under refrigeration after many miles. In such cases the charge was always for full icing over the entire route."

The witness said he wrote letters to all agents instructing them that whenever cars were held at any point to add \$5 to the icing charges, and in this manner the company secured an additional profit.

If this testimony is true, why did the lieutenant-governor of California get rebates from the Armour Company? That question I cannot answer.

Storm of Indignation Breaks at Last

At last, however, the conditions of wholesale extortion, lawless rebates, and so on grew so utterly unbearable that the storm of public indignation broke. It came from all directions at once. The railroads themselves, long forced to do the bidding of Armour, even at a loss, secretly employed J. W. Midgley of Chicago, a former railroad official of great experience, to make a thorough investigation of the private-car system, with the purpose of throwing off Armour's yoke. The commission merchants of the country, both independently and through their organizations, led by Mr. Ferguson of Duluth, Mr. Scales and Mr. Davies of Chicago, and Mr. Mead of Boston, began to clamor for relief. A similar agitation, though less pronounced, was begun by the fruit-growers. It is significant that the producers of fruit and the consumers of fruit who, in reality, paid the extortionate charges of Armour, were the least aroused. And that is one of the chief dangers of monopoly. The public is so big and busy that an additional charge can be levied upon commodities of common use — a cent on a pound of beef, a few cents on a dozen oranges, and it is hardly felt — and yet in the aggregate it builds up the dangerously great fortunes which to-day threaten the integrity of our democratic institutions.

Private car evils had already received some attention from the Interstate Commerce Commission. They had been touched upon in a hearing in 1899 and were mentioned in

the report of 1902, but it was not until the agitation begun by Mr. Midgley and the commission men that a special hearing was ordered in June, 1904. That hearing furnished the general public with the first news of how Armour was taking the country. Another hearing was held in October, 1904, and two in 1905, besides inquiries by the committees of Congress. The exterior facts have been pretty thoroughly brought out, although Armour has resisted every attempt to probe the real secrets of his business. He has defied both the Interstate Commission and the Congressional Committee, claiming that he was not a common carrier and therefore not amenable to the laws governing common carriers.

It took boldness to appear against Armour in these cases. At the first hearing in Chicago a few fruit-growers and dealers reluctantly came over from Michigan to testify. One of them was Mr. Maynard of Grand Rapids. After he had given his testimony and stepped into the back of the courtroom he was approached and threatened by F. E. Wolcott, local manager for the Armour Car Lines at Grand Rapids. He subsequently told on the witness-stand what passed, as follows :

Mr. Orton (attorney for the fruit shippers) : What did Mr. Wolcott say to you ?

Mr. Maynard : He said, "You fellows had better stayed at Grand Rapids ; we will make it warm for you here. We will give you the hot end of the stick."

Mr. Orton : What did you say to him ?

Mr. Maynard : I said we expected that of them, and to go ahead and do his worst.

Mr. Orton : What else did he say ?

Mr. Maynard : That Grand Rapids had had favors in shipments and "we got you last year just where we wanted you."

On the other hand it was shown in testimony that some of the fruit-growers who came to the same hearing to testify in favor of Armour had all their expenses paid by the Armour Company and that they were even taken to the theater to keep them amused ! Here is the testimony :

Mr. Orton : You are one of the men who have your expenses paid to Chicago ?

Mr. Wylie : You can guess it.

Mr. Orton : Were you in the theater party last night ?

Mr. Wylie : I guess so.

Of course, all witnesses who appeared

against Armour had to pay their own expenses.

One of the chief arguments used by Armour's attorneys against the witnesses who appeared to tell of extortionate charges was that they were small shippers.

Mr. Ferguson said to the Senate Committee :

"An effort was made by Mr. Union (Armour's attorney) and others to impress the committee with the relative non-importance of my protest, upon the theory that my shipments were so light as to be of no consequence."

And then Mr. Ferguson asked a question that struck at the very heart of the whole question :

"Does the size of a man's business indicate the degree of justice he is entitled to?"

Is not this, after all, the essence of the problem — justice as between great and small ?

Again Mr. Ferguson said :

"It is against this system that robs us of the reward of our industry that I am protesting. And because of this protest the car-line people have been before the Committee claiming that we are 'radicals,' 'irresponsible commission men' — and all because we do not propose to submit tamely to their domination."

What has been the result of all this furor of investigation ?

Meager Results of the Agitation

After the first Interstate Commerce hearing in June, 1904, so confident were the Armour people in their power, they complacently, if not impudently, issued a new tariff of charges exactly identical with the old. But one result *was* accomplished. They withdrew from the last step they had made — that of entering into the produce business as dealers in competition with their own clients. The following notice issued by them shows not so much that they really recognized the evil of their course, but that they began to feel the pressure of public indignation :

Aug. 22, 1904.

To All Branch Houses :

We have concluded to discontinue the fruit and produce business, as there seems to have grown up recently some opposition to us on the part of fruit and produce commission merchants. This feeling was particularly brought to our attention by remarks made at a recent convention of the National League of Commission Merchants in

Louisville. We have, therefore, concluded to discontinue the handling of all produce of this description, and it has been decided that hereafter when the Armour Car Lines are employed in the transportation of fruits and other produce, the contents of these cars will be owned by others and not by Armour & Company.

(Signed) Yours truly,
ARMOUR & COMPANY.
E. Wilson.

It was not until a year after the first hearing, however, that any substantial changes were made in their extortionate charges. At that time, threatened with further investigation, the Michigan Central Railroad withdrew from its exclusive contracts with Armour, and Armour reduced somewhat the icing charges on the Pere Marquette Railroad — though they are still extortionately high, several times what they were before Armour reached Michigan. Since this change, we have the following significant condition: Fruit from Michigan points to Boston by the Michigan Central, no longer

an Armour road, is charged from \$13 to \$25 per car for ice (cost), whereas if it goes by the Pere Marquette, where Armour's contract still holds, the charge is \$45 — over twice as much. In other parts of the country Armour's monopoly is still supreme, still taxing the public the huge charges of monopoly.

This is all that has been accomplished after years of investigation, with the Interstate Commerce Commission doing everything in its power to bring about remedies. In the last hearing at Washington in September, the Armour Company was still bold enough to deny that they were subject, in any way, to the Interstate Commerce Commission; in short, that they were outside of the law — and proposed to stay there.

And yet there are those who assert that we have enough law; that the railroads are all right; that the men who now manage them are the best judges of what the people need!

A QUESTION

BY

MABEL MAHIN

I STUDY the faces of old women
And ask myself a question, new and strange,
To my own features will there come that change?
That look of meek submission? Am I, then,
No different from the others? And again,
I ask, have I no power to arrange
The course of mine own life? Must I exchange
My outlook on this world for theirs? What gain

If I aspire and hope? Perchance they, too,
Have hoped and seen their dreams fade in the air;
Perchance they, too, have loved as now I do,
And lost that love which seemed to them so fair.
Shall I at last, when all my struggles cease,
Wear not a crown but just a mask of peace?

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

II

WINDY BILL'S YARN: THE EMIGRANT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

AFTER the rain that had held us holed up at the Double R over one day, we discussed what we should do next.

"The flats will be too boggy for riding, and anyway the cattle will be in the high country," the Cattleman summed up the situation. "We'd bog down the chuck-wagon if we tried to get back to the J. H. But now after the rain the weather ought to be beautiful. What shall we do?"

"Was you ever in the Jackson country?" asked Uncle Jim. "It's the wildest part of Arizona. It's a big country and rough, and no one lives there, and there's lots of deer and mountain lions and bear. Here's my dogs. We might have a hunt."

"Good!" said we.

We skirmished around and found a condemned army pack saddle with aparejos, and a saw-buck saddle with kyacks. On these we managed to condense our grub and utensils. There were plenty of horses, so our bedding we bound flat about their naked barrels by means of the squaw-hitch. Then we started.

That day furnished us with a demonstration of what Arizona horses can do. Our way led first through a cañon-bed filled with rounded boulders and rocks, slippery and unstable. Big cottonwoods and oaks grew so thick as partially to conceal the cliffs on either side of us. The rim-rock was mysterious with caves; beautiful with hanging gardens of tree ferns and grasses growing thick in long transverse crevices; wonderful in color and shape. We passed the little cañons fenced off by the rustlers as corrals into

which to shunt from the herds their choice of beeves.

"Many a man has come from Texas and established a herd with no other asset than a couple of horses and a branding-iron," said the Cattleman.

Then we worked up gradually to a divide, whence we could see a range of wild and rugged mountains on our right. They rose by slopes and ledges, steep and rough, and at last ended in the thousand foot cliffs of the buttes, running sheer and unbroken for many miles. During all the rest of our trip they were to be our companions, the only constant factors in the tumult of lesser peaks, precipitous cañons, and twisted systems in which we were constantly involved.

The sky was sun-and-shadow after the rain. Each and every Arizonian predicted clearing.

"Why, it almost never rains in Arizona," said Jed Parker. "And when it does it quits before it begins."

Nevertheless, about noon a thick cloud gathered about the tops of the Galiuros above us. Almost immediately it was dissipated by the wind, but when the peaks again showed, we stared with astonishment to see that they were white with snow. It was as though a magician had passed a sheet before them the brief instant necessary to work his great transformation. Shortly the sky thickened, and it began to rain.

Travel had been precarious before; but now its difficulties were infinitely increased. The clay substructure to the rubble turned slippery and adhesive. On the sides of the

mountains it was almost impossible to keep a footing. We speedily became wet, our hands puffed and purple, our boots sodden with the water that had trickled from our clothing into them.

"Over the next ridge," Uncle Jim promised us, "is an old shack that I fixed up seven years ago. We can all make out to get in it."

Over the next ridge, therefore, we slipped and slid, thanking the god of luck for each ten feet gained. It was growing cold. The cliffs and palisades near at hand showed dimly behind the falling rain; beyond them waved and eddied the storm mists through which the mountains revealed and concealed proportions exaggerated into unearthly grandeur. Deep in the clefts of the box cañons the streams were filling. The roar of their rapids echoed from innumerable precipices. A soft swish of water usurped the world of sound.

Nothing more uncomfortable or more magnificent could be imagined. We rode shivering. Each said to himself, "I can stand this — right now — at the present moment. Very well; I will do so, and I will refuse to look forward even five minutes to what I may have to stand," which is the true philosophy of tough times and the only effective way to endure discomfort.

By luck we reached the bottom of that cañon without a fall. It was wide, well grown with oak trees, and belly deep in rich horse feed — an ideal place to camp were it not for the fact that a thin sheet of water a quarter of an inch deep was flowing over the entire surface of the ground. We spurred on desperately, thinking of a warm fire and a chance to steam.

The roof of the shack had fallen in, and the floor was six inches deep in adobe mud.

We did not dismount — that would have wet our saddles — but sat on our horses taking in the details. Finally Uncle Jim came to the front with a suggestion.

"I know of a cave," said he, "close under a butte. It's a big cave, but it has such a steep floor that I don't know as we could stay in it; and it's back the other side of that ridge."

"I don't know how the ridge is to get back over — it was slippery enough coming this way — and the cave may shoot us out into space, but I'd like to look at a dry place anyway," replied the Cattleman.

We all felt the same about it, so back over the ridge we went. About half way down

the other side Uncle Jim turned sharp to the right, and as the "hog back" dropped behind us, we found ourselves out on the steep side of a mountain, the perpendicular cliff over us to the right, the river roaring savagely far down below our left, and sheets of water glazing the footing we could find among the boulders and debris. Hardly could the ponies keep from slipping sideways on the slope, so as we proceeded farther and farther from the solidity of the ridge behind us, we experienced the illusion of venturing out on a tight rope over abysses of space. Even the feeling of danger was only an illusion, however, composite of the falling rain, the deepening twilight, and the night that had already enveloped the plunge of the cañon below.

Finally Uncle Jim stopped just within the drip from the cliffs.

"Here she is," said he.

We descended eagerly. A deer bounded away from the base of the buttes. The cave ran steep, in the manner of an inclined tunnel; far up into the dimness. We had to dig our toes in and scramble to make way up it at all, but we found it dry, and after a little search discovered a foot-ledge of earth sufficiently broad for a seat.

"That's all right," quoth Jed Parker. "Now for sleeping places."

We scattered. Uncle Jim and Charley promptly annexed the slight overhang of the cliff whence the deer had jumped. It was dry at the moment, but we uttered pessimistic predictions if the wind should change. Tom Rich and Jim Lester had a little tent, and insisted on descending to the cañon bed.

"Got to cook there, anyways," said they, and departed with the two pack mules and their bed horse.

That left the Cattleman, Windy Bill, Jed Parker, and me. In a moment Windy Bill came up to us whispering and mysterious.

"Get your cavallos and follow me," said he.

We did so. He led us two hundred yards to another cave, twenty feet high, fifteen feet in diameter, level as a floor.

"How's that?" he cried in triumph. "Found her just now while I was rustling nigger-heads for a fire."

We unpacked our beds with chuckles of joy, and spread them carefully within the shelter of the cave. Except for the very edges, which did not much matter, our blankets and "so-guns," protected by the canvas

"tarp," were reasonably dry. Every once in a while a spasm of conscience would seize one or the other of us.

"It seems sort of mean on the other fellows," ruminated Jed Parker.

"They had their first choice," cried we all.

"Uncle Jim's an old man," the Cattleman pointed out.

But Windy Bill had thought of that. "I told him of this yere cave first. But he allowed he was plumb satisfied."

We finished laying out our blankets. The result looked good to us. We all burst out laughing.

"Well, I'm sorry for those fellows," cried the Cattleman.

We hobbled our horses and descended to the gleam of the fire, like guilty conspirators. There we ate hastily of meat, bread and coffee, merely for the sake of sustenance. It certainly amounted to little in the way of pleasure. The water from the direct rain, the shivering trees, and our hat brims accumulated in our plates faster than we could bail it out. The dishes were thrust under a canvas. Rich and Lester decided to remain with their tent, and so we saw them no more until morning.

We broke off back-loads of mesquite and toiled up the hill, tasting thickly the high altitude in the severe labor. At the big cave we dumped down our burdens, transported our fuel piecemeal to the vicinity of the narrow ledge, built a good fire, sat in a row, and lit our pipes. In a few moments the blaze was burning high, and our bodies had ceased shivering. Fantastically the firelight revealed the knobs and crevices, the ledges and the arching walls. Their shadows leaped, following the flames, receding and advancing like playful beasts. Far above us was a single tiny opening through which the smoke was sucked as through a chimney. The glow ruddied the men's features. Outside was thick darkness, and the swish and rush and roar of rising waters. Listening, Windy Bill was reminded of a story. We leaned back comfortably against the sloping walls of the cave, thrust our feet toward the blaze, smoked, and hearkened to the tale of Windy Bill.

There's a tur'ble lot of water running loose here, but I've seen the time and place where even what is in that drip would be worth a gold mine. That was in the emigrant days. They used to come over south

of here, through what they called Emigrant Pass, on their way to Californy. I was a kid then, about eighteen year old, and what I did n't know about Injins and Agency cattle was n't a patch of alkali. I had a kid outfit of h'ar bridle, lots of silver and such, and I used to ride over and be the handsome boy before such outfits as happened along.

They were queer people, most of 'em from Missouri and such-like southern sea-ports, and they were tur'ble sick of travel by the time they come in sight of Emigrant Pass. Up to Santa Fé they mostly hiked along any old way, but once there they herded up together in bunches of twenty wagons or so, 'count of our old friends Geronimo and Loco. A good many of 'em had horned cattle to their wagons, and they crawled along about two miles an hour, hotter 'n h — with the blower on, nothin' to look at but a mountain a week away, chuck full of alkali, plenty of sage brush and rattlesnakes — but mighty little water.

Why, you boys know that country down there. Between the Chiricahui Mountains and Emigrant Pass it's maybe a three or four days journey for these yere bull-skinners.

Mostly they filled up their bellies and their kegs hopin' to last through, but they sure found it drier than cork legs, and generally long before they hit the Springs their tongues was hangin' out a foot. You see, for all their plumb nerve in comin' so far, the most of them did n't know sic 'em. They were plumb innocent in regard to savin' their water, and Injins, and such; and the long-haired buckskin fakes they picked up at Santa Fé for guides was n't much better.

That was where Texas Pete made his killin'.

Texas Pete was a tough citizen from the Lone Star. He was about as broad as he was long, and wore all sorts of big whiskers and big eyebrows. His heart was very bad. You never *could* tell where Texas Pete was goin' to jump next. He was a sidewinder and a diamond-back and a little black rattlesnake all rolled into one. I believe that Texas Pete person cared about as little for killin' a man as for takin' a drink — and he surely drank without an effort. Peaceable citizens just spoke soft and minded their own business; onpeaceable citizens Texas Pete used to plant out in the sage-brush.

Now this Texas Pete happened to discover a water-hole right out in the plumb middle of the desert. He promptly annexed

said water-hole, digs her out, timbers her up, and lays for emigrants. He charged two bits a head — man or beast — and nobody got a mouthful till he paid up in hard coin. Think of the wads he raked in! I used to figure it up, just for the joy of envyin' him, I reckon. An average twenty wagon outfit, first and last, would bring him in somewheres about fifty dollars — and besides he had forty-rod at four bits a glass. And outfits at that time were thicker 'n splatter.

We used all to go down sometimes to watch them come in. When they see that little canvas shack and that well, they begun to cheer up and move fast. And when they see that sign, "Water, to bits a head," their eyes stuck out like two raw oysters.

Then come the kicks. What a howl they did raise, surely. But it did n't do no manner of good. Texas Pete did n't do nothin' but sit there and smoke, with a kind of sulky gleam in one corner of his eye. He did n't even take the trouble to answer, but his Winchester lay across his lap. There was n't no humor in the situation for him.

"How much is your water for humans?" asks one emigrant.

"Can't you read that sign?" Texas Pete asks him.

"But you don't mean two bits a head for humans!" yells the man. "Why you can get whisky for that!"

"You can read the sign, can't you?" insists Texas Pete.

"I can read it all right?" says the man, tryin' a new deal, "but they tell me not to believe more 'n half I read."

But that don't go; and Mr. Emigrant shells out with the rest.

I did n't blame them for raisin' their howl. Why, at that time the regular water-holes was chargin' five cents a head from the government freighters, and the motto was always "Hold up Uncle Sam," at that. Once in a while some outfit would get mad and go chargin' off dry; but it was a long, long way to the Springs, and mighty hot and dusty. Texas Pete and his one lonesome water-hole surely did a big business.

Late one afternoon me and Gentleman Tim was joggin' along above Texas Pete's place. It was a tur'ble hot day — you had to prime yourself to spit — and we was just gettin' back from drivin' some beef up to the troops at Fort Huachuca. We was due to cross the Emigrant Trail — she's wore in tur'ble deep — you can see the ruts to-day.

When we topped the rise we see a little old outfit just makin' out to drag along.

It was one little schooner all by herself, drug along by two poor old cavallos that could n't have pulled my hat off. Their tongues was out, and every once in a while they'd stick in a chuck-hole. Then a man would get down and put his shoulder to the wheel, and everybody 'd take a heave, and up they'd come, all a-trembling and weak.

Tim and I rode down just to take a look at the curiosity.

A thin-lookin' man was drivin', all humped up.

"Hullo, stranger," says I, "ain't you 'fraid of Injins?"

"Yes," says he.

"Then why are you travelin' through an Injin country all alone?"

"Could n't keep up," says he. "Can I get water here?"

"I reckon," I answers.

He drove up to the water trough there at Texas Pete's; me and Gentleman Tim followin' along because our trail led that way. But he had n't more 'n stopped before Texas Pete was out.

"Cost you four bits to water them hosses," says he.

The man looked up kind of bewildered.

"I'm sorry," says he, "I ain't got no four bits. I got my roll lifted off 'n me."

"No water, then," growls Texas Pete back at him.

The man looked about him helpless.

"How far is it to the next water?" he asks me.

"Twenty mile," I tells him.

"My God!" he says, to himself-like.

Then he shrugged his shoulders very tired.

"All right. It's gettin' the cool of the evenin'; we'll make it." He turns into the inside of that old schooner. "Gi' me the cup, Sue."

A white-faced woman who looked mighty good to us alkalis opened the flaps and gave out a tin cup, which the man pointed out to fill.

"How many of you is they?" asks Texas Pete.

"Three," replies the man, wondering.

"Well, six bits, then," says Texas Pete, "cash down."

At that the man straightens up a little.

"I ain't askin' for no water for my stock," says he, "but my wife and baby has been out

in this sun all day without a drop of water. Our cask slipped a hoop and bust just this side of Dos Cabezos. The poor kid is plumb dry."

"Two bits a head," says Texas Pete.

At that the woman comes out, a little bit of a baby in her arms. The kid had fuzzy yellow hair, and its face was now flushed red and shiny.

"Surely you won't refuse a sick child a drink of water, sir," says she.

But Texas Pete had some sort of a special grouch; I guess he was just beginning to get his snowshoes off after a fight with his own forty-rod.

"What the h—— are you-all doin' on the trail without no money at all?" he growls, "and how do you expect to get along? Such plumb tenderfeet drive me weary."

"Well," says the man, still reasonable, "I ain't got no money, but I'll give you six bits' worth of flour or trade or an'thin' I got."

"I don't run no truck store," snaps Texas Pete, and turns square on his heel and goes back to his chair.

"Got six bits about you?" whispers Gentleman Tim to me.

"Not a red," I answers.

Gentleman Tim turns to Texas Pete.

"Let 'em have a drink, Pete. I'll pay you next time I come down."

"Cash down," growls Pete.

"You're the meanest man I ever see," observes Tim. "I would n't speak to you if I met you in h—— carryin' of a lump of ice in your hand."

"You're the softest I ever see," sneers Pete. "Don't they have any genooine Texans down your way?"

"Not enough to make it disagreeable," says Tim.

"That lets you out," growls Pete, gettin' hostile and handlin' of his rifle.

Which the man had been standin' there bewildered, the cup hangin' from his finger. At last, looking pretty desperate, he stooped down to dip up a little of the wet from an overflow puddle lyin' at his feet. At the same time the hosses, left sort of to themselves, and bein' drier than a covered bridge, drug forward and stuck their noses in the trough.

Gentleman Tim and me was sittin' there on our hosses, a little to one side. We saw Texas Pete jump up from his chair, take a quick aim, and cut loose with his rifle. It was plumb unexpected to us. We had n't

thought of any shootin', and our six-shooters was tied in, 'count of the jumpy country we'd been drivin' the steers over. But Gentleman Tim, who had unslung his rope, aimin' to help the hosses out of the chuck hole, snatched her off the horn, and with one of the prettiest twenty-foot flip throws I ever see done he snaked old Texas Pete right out of his wicky-up, gun and all. The old renegade did his best to twist around for a shot at us; but it was no go; and I never enjoyed hog-tying a critter more in my life than I enjoyed hog-tying Texas Pete. Then we turned to see what damage had been done.

We were some relieved to find the family all right, but Texas Pete had bored one of them poor old crow-bait hosses plumb through the head.

"It's lucky for you you don't get the old man," says Gentleman Tim very quiet and polite.

Which Gentleman Tim was an Irishman, and I'd been on the range long enough with him to know that when he got quiet and polite it was time to dodge behind something.

"I hope, sir," says he to the stranger, "that you will give your wife and baby a satisfying drink. As for your hoss, pray do not be under any apprehension. Our friend, Mr. Texas Pete, here, has kindly consented to make good any deficiencies from his own corral."

Tim could talk high, wide, and handsome when he set out to.

The man started to say something; but I managed to herd him to one side.

"Let him alone," I whispers. "When he talks that way, he's mad; and when he's mad, it's better to leave nature to supply the lightnin' rods."

He seemed to sabe all right, so we built us a little fire and started some grub, while Gentleman Tim walked up and down very grand and fierce.

By and by he seemed to make up his mind. He went over and untied Texas Pete.

"Stand up, you hound," says he. "Now listen to me. If you make a break to get away, or if you refuse to do just as I tell you, I won't shoot you, but I'll march you up country and see that Geronimo gets you."

He sorted out a shovel and pick, made Texas Pete carry them right along the trail a quarter, and started him to diggin' a hole.

Texas Pete started in hard enough, Tim sittin' over him on his hoss, his six-shooter loose, and his rope free. The man and I



"OVER THE NEXT RIDGE, THEREFORE, WE SLIPPED AND SLID, THANKING
THE GOD OF LUCK FOR EACH INCH LEFT GAINED."



“HE SNAKED OLD TEXAS PETE RIGHT OUT OF HIS WICKY-UP, GUN AND ALL”

Y. K. H. -

stood by, not darin' to say a word. After a minute or so Texas Pete began to work slower and slower. By and by he stopped.

"Look here," says he, "is this here thing my grave?"

"I am goin' to see that you give the gentleman's hoss decent interment," says Gentleman Tim very polite.

"Bury a hoss!" growls Texas Pete.

But he did n't say any more. Tim cocked his six-shooter.

"Perhaps you 'd better quit panting and sweat a little," says he.

Texas Pete worked hard for a while, for Tim's quietness was beginning to scare him up the worst way. By and by he had got down maybe four or five feet, and Tim got off his hoss.

"I think that will do," says he. "You may come out. Billy, my son, cover him. Now, Mr. Texas Pete," he says cold as steel, "there is the grave. We will place the hoss in it. Then I intend to shoot you and put you in with the hoss, and write you an epitaph that will be a comfort to such travelers of the Trail as are honest, and a warnin' to such as are not. I 'd as soon kill you now as an hour from now, so you may make a break for it if you feel like it."

He stooped over to look in the hole. I thought he looked an extra long time, but when he raised his head his face had changed complete.

"March!" says he very brisk.

We all went back to the shack. From the corral Tim took Texas Pete's best team and hitched her to the old schooner.

"There," says he to the man. "Now you 'd better hit the trail. Take that whiskey keg there for water. Good-by."

We sat there without sayin' a word for some time after the schooner had pulled out. Then Tim says very abrupt:

"I 've changed my mind."

He got up.

"Come on, Billy," says he to me. "We 'll just leave our friend tied up. I 'll be

back to-morrow to turn you loose. In the meantime it won't hurt you a bit to be a little uncomfortable, and hungry — and thirsty."

We rode off just about sundown, leavin' Texas Pete lashed tight.

Now all this knocked me h — west and crooked, and I said so, but I could n't get a word out of Gentleman Tim. All the answer I could get was just little laughs.

We drew into the ranch near midnight, but next mornin' Tim had a long talk with the boss, and the result was that the whole outfit was instructed to arm up with a pick or a shovel apiece, and to get set for Texas Pete's. We got there a little after noon, turned the old boy out — without firearms — and then began to dig at a place Tim told us to, near that grave of Texas Pete's. In three hours we had the finest water-hole developed you ever want to see. Then the boss stuck up a sign that said:

PUBLIC WATER-HOLE. WATER FREE.

"Now you old skin," says he to Texas Pete, "charge all you want to on your own property. But if I ever hear of your layin' claim to this other hole, I 'll sure make you hard to catch."

Then we rode off home.

You see, when Gentleman Tim inspected that grave, he noted indications of water; and it struck him that runnin' the old renegade out of business was a neater way of gettin' even than merely killin' him.

Somebody threw a fresh mesquite on the fire. The flames leaped up again, showing a thin trickle of water running down the other side of the cave. The steady down-pour again made itself prominent through the re-established silence.

"What did Texas Pete do after that?" asked the Cattleman.

"Texas Pete?" chuckled Windy Bill. "Well, he put in a heap of his spare time lettin' Tim alone."

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE CATTLEMAN'S YARN,
THE REMITTANCE MAN STORY"



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

EVERETT COLBY OF NEW JERSEY

A RICH YOUNG MAN . . . ONE OF THE NEW KIND OF
POLITICAL LEADERS DEVELOPING OUT OF THE
FALL OF THE BOSSES

“THE GENTLEMAN FROM ESSEX”

THE STORY OF EVERETT COLBY, A RICH YOUNG MAN
IN POLITICS; WHAT HE DISCOVERED FROM THE
INSIDE; AND WHAT HE DID ABOUT IT

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF “THE SHAME OF THE CITIES,” ETC.



AMONG the new political leaders whom a reviving democracy is raising up to beat the bosses (and perhaps the real rulers) of the Republic, the youngest is Everett Colby, the state senator from Essex County, New Jersey. Born in 1874, he is only thirty-two years old, yet he has “busted” his boss; he shows what a young man can do. The son of Charles L. Colby, builder of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, he inherited wealth and the associations of big business; he shows what a rich young man may do if he rises above his class. And the gentleman from Essex was brought up in a class.

Imperial Kipling has raged at the “flanneled fools” of England. Did you know we had them? We have. There is a constantly growing class of rich men’s sons who can throw as much strength, nerve, and concentrated intelligence into sport as their fathers put into the game of life; but, having been brought up only to play, they can’t work — “can’t,” not “won’t.” They don’t know how; they don’t know anything but games, and they cannot learn. Everett Colby was headed straight for this fate when a man got hold of him — J. A. Browning, a teacher who teaches. He took a small class of boys who had busy fathers and loving mothers; Harold and Stanley McCormick, Percy and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Everett Colby. Everett Colby was in the worst condition. The boy could only play. “He played hard,” says Mr. Browning, “but it was sport, not work. He could n’t read till he was fifteen; he couldn’t fix his attention. I got into his mind through his hands. He liked to play

with tools. I let him. It was play till once I set him to making a bookcase for his mother. He finished it, and it was good, and it was work.”

Young Colby was prepared for Brown, where he went to college with young John D. He still “played hard.” He was a splendid young male when he entered; he went in for all the sports; tennis, golf, baseball; and, making the team, was captain in his senior year of the best football eleven Brown ever put into the field. But he worked, too, and he was graduated with his class, ’97. In the next year, after the death of his father, he made a tour around the world; then he studied law and played polo; then he married and settled down in Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey. He did n’t mean to stay there, but he got into politics. He became a Wall Street broker, but it was politics that saved Everett Colby.

Now, young Colby meant to go into politics. As a “little shaver” he used to go along with his father who campaigned in Wisconsin as a railroad man. He dreamed that when he grew up he would be a politician, and because the dream persisted he went in for debating in college and afterwards for the law. But it was the scenic side of the game that appealed to him, the crowd and the excitement, the fighting and the speaking and the cheers. He says so himself. He was after glory, and maybe that is all he is after now. He does n’t pretend to know. But there lies the peculiar significance of the career of this rich young gentleman in politics. He simply wanted to go into politics; not to accomplish anything in particular; not to reform politics; not even with the thought of being practical in politics. He

went in on the machine side, and he served "the party"; he put in his money; he took orders; and he obeyed the boss till—he saw what politics meant. Even then he did n't revolt right away; he objected as a gentleman to doing things a gentleman could n't do, but he "went along" till he discovered as an insider what we have discovered from the outside, that the evils of politics, so-called, were all parts of one system which is perverting our government from a representative democracy to a plutocratic tyranny. When this was beaten into his head, Everett Colby fought like a citizen and a man. Wherefore his experiences are not only the story of a new political leader, but an inside view of the System in action.

When young Colby spoke of going into politics, somebody advised him to see Carl Lentz. This German-American was the Republican boss of Essex County. Bosses were as natural to our young American as the north wind or the road to Newark, and he went to Newark and he saw Carl Lentz. He says the boss talked to him a long while. Colby does n't recall what was said, but I can hear the boss drawing out and smacking his lips over an attractive young man of means; free with his money and therefore "useful;" the son of a railroad magnate and therefore "safe;" attractive and honest, therefore promising as a "good man" candidate. And all the boy wanted was to "make speeches"; he thought politics was oratory.

"He let me speak," Colby says. "Small meetings for a while, then I held the crowd at larger meetings. I spoke till the advertised speaker came when, amid the shouts for him, I sat down unnoticed, but well satisfied with myself."

He was in politics, and having got in as many another fool young American has got in, he was taken up and taken in, as the rest are. Lentz flattered Colby; then he passed him on to Governor Voorhees, who flattered him. "Seeing the Governor" was honor enough for the year 1901, but when the Governor asked him if he wanted to get into politics and the young man said he did and the Governor offered to appoint him to an office, the novice was overwhelmed with gratitude and modesty. He did n't know that to be a Commissioner on the State Board of Education was simply to be put to harmless test—by the machine. Colby thought of his education and worried about his fitness, but he

took the place and he did very well, very well indeed. Then Boss Lentz made him chairman of the executive committee of the Republican organization of West Orange.

"I thought Lentz was a great fellow," he says now, "a great man." Lentz loomed as large to Colby probably as Durham looked to a Philadelphian or Cox to a Cincinnati Republican before the last election. The bosses live on the images we create of them, out of our own silliness.

The chairmanship—"actual, practical politics, with great responsibility"—came in 1902. Of course, young Colby had to spend some of his own money, and he did. He was all right, Colby was. In the next year Lentz offered him the senatorship from Essex. That was too much. The young man, modest now, was sure then that he could not be a senator. In the first place he was under the constitutional age. That did n't matter. Lentz could "have that fixed in the Manual," where the statistics of legislators are kept. This sounded a little queer, like a rather unusual north wind or a bad road to Newark, noticeable, but still a perfectly natural phenomenon. Colby refused to go to the Senate; but he consented to go to the Assembly, so Lentz had him nominated, and elected, an assemblyman from Essex.

The education of this young legislator was begun promptly, and it resembled very closely the course of his education as a boy. He saw things with his eyes long before he saw them with his mind; he saw facts separately but failed to combine them into the truth. He failed, as so many of us fail, for want of imagination, and his story is the story of thousands of young men who go into politics and go along till some day they wake up and find that they are part of a corrupted government. One day, early in the session, Sam Dickinson asked Assemblyman Colby to introduce certain excise bills. Dickinson was Secretary of State and Republican boss of Hudson County, a "great fellow" like Lentz. And like Lentz, Dickinson probably saw at once the uses of a fine up-standing young gentleman to "stand for" a piece of dubious excise legislation. Colby looked over the bills; they seemed to him to be merely a weapon to help the Republican machine take away from the Democrats the control of Democratic Hudson County. He hesitated. He went to see the Governor about it. Governor Murphy was a gentleman and the father of a friend of Colby's. The young

Assemblyman did n't know that governors are usually mere figureheads for the System; he felt only that he could trust the Hon. Franklin Murphy. And when the Hon. Franklin Murphy pronounced the bills "all right," Colby was reassured. He introduced them in the House.

Colby's own pet measure — for every legislator thinks he must put some new law upon the books — was a normal school bill. Then Essex County wanted to have passed a bill providing for the purification of the Passaic River; of course, an Essex Assemblyman was for that. But you have to have votes to pass bills, and Colby's two bills lacked a majority. How could some more votes be got for them? Colby and some others of his delegation went to the Democratic Assemblymen from Hudson. Would they help? They would — if Colby and his crowd would withdraw his excise bill. Colby would see. He saw the Governor, the Governor saw Dickinson, and Dickinson consented to the dropping of the excise bills. A bargain was struck; Colby's and Essex County's bills were passed with the help of Democratic votes. And then Dickinson asked Colby to reintroduce his excise bills. The young legislator was astonished. He had given his word and he would n't break it. Dickinson had somebody else do it, and when Colby threatened to fight, a caucus was called to bind him to it as a "party measure." Colby appealed to the Governor, and the Governor spoke to Dickinson, but in vain. The caucus was held. Colby protested that the party was bound by its bargain; not he alone, but the accredited Republican leaders had given their word to the Democrats. "Your word to a Democrat does n't mean anything," they told him in those very terms. His did, he answered. There was a scene, and amid cries of "Down with the traitor; up with the flag," Colby bolted the caucus. The party jammed through the excise bills, but Colby voted against them. He did n't see the iniquitous part the caucus plays in the perversion of representative government; he saw only his own honor, but that was enough for a gentleman. Wherefore the word of the gentleman from Essex is good with both parties in Jersey politics.

The boy disappointed his own boss, too, in that first year. George L. Record, the man behind Mayor Fagan, of Jersey City, was in Trenton with a primary election bill. This piece of legislation was to play a decisive

part in a crisis of young Colby's career, but Colby did n't know that, of course. He was for it, as Edward C. Stokes was, because his instincts were right. Stokes, though the Pennsylvania Railroad man at Trenton, took charge of the bill and to him, next to Record, belongs the credit for its enactment. Some of the other ring men saw the danger to the System that lurked in the measure; Lentz especially was aroused; he could n't make Stokes see it, but he ordered his own delegation to fight it. And to his young protégé he gave his orders personally.

"Colby," he said, "you're going to vote against that bill."

"No, Major," said Colby, "it's a good bill, and I shall vote for it."

The Major repeated his command, but the young assemblyman laid down the limitation of his subserviency.

"Major," he said, "you must not interfere with me on any but political bills."

As if a primary bill was n't political! Bosses have their troubles; it takes time and patience to knock all the decency — or rather, all the popcock out of a promising young man. Lentz had to stand by and see Colby vote for the primary bill, and that bill became a law. But the honest young legislator, troublesome as he was, had his uses. For example, they won him easily to the support of a bill to require the consent of twenty per cent of the stock of a Jersey corporation to bring a stockholder's suit. "It was an awful bill," he says now. "It was introduced in the interest of the U. S. Steel Company, and I knew that. But I was told what a great business this was, the steel trust, and how 'strike suits' were being brought against it. Strike suits were bad but that bill was worse. It was so bad, indeed, that even I saw my mistake before the session was over." It was so bad they could n't raise a majority for it and it was killed that year.

By the close of the session, young Mr. Colby had few friends among the leaders in his own party; they would n't speak to him and one might have supposed that his political career was over. But this was all part of the game. Since the young man was rich, they could n't buy him with money, so they were applying a little discipline "just to show him." If they could keep him under for a while, they would get him by and by through his ambition; he should have office and honors. And as a foretaste of what was

in store for him, in the next session the Hon. Everett Colby was made floor leader of the Republican majority in the House.

This was taking a big chance on the boy. This was making him responsible for all the dirty party work of the system, but they counted on "pride" and his "sporting blood" to see him through with it. And they handled him very carefully. They did n't tell him everything and they did n't give him his orders harshly. They approached him through men he liked.

For instance, early in this session (1904) Percy Rockefeller came to Colby with the U. S. Steel's same old "twenty per cent consent" bill which had failed in disgrace the year before. We must n't blame Percy Rockefeller: he seems not to have known what the bill meant. Indeed, the shocking thought is that he was innocent, and that some of his elders in Wall Street had got this boy to go to his boy friend, Everett, to ask him to introduce this bill which was so bad that even Francis Lynde Stetson, the great corporations' greatest counsel, told Colby afterwards that he did right to keep clear of it. The System will sacrifice its own children to have its dirty work done! Everett Colby, fortunately, was "wise" enough to the purposes of the bill to explain them to Percy Rockefeller, and he sent his chum back to those who had sent him with the message that not only would he not father the thing, he would do his best to kill it if anybody else introduced it. And somebody else did introduce it, and when Colby, the leader, opposed it, the System sent its other messengers to him, not boys this time. No, Governor Murphy and ex-Senator (now Governor) Stokes, "the Penn's man." The Governor called Colby a "Puritan" for his scruples; he said the great corporations threatened to leave the state unless they were "treated fairly." And Stokes, backing up the Governor, said he, Stokes, would be willing to go on the stump and advocate a fifty per cent law!

This opened a little the eyes of the young legislator. He did n't see the System yet, but he was learning to. These were the leading men of his state and of his party, and the young Assemblyman had great respect for them.

"But," he says, "I saw then that they all were corporation men and that they represented in politics the interests of corporations." Seeing that, he opposed and he helped to beat this particular bill, but he said

nothing. "What could a fellow say?" He went on and his education went on.

This was the session when the present issues of New Jersey politics were raised in their present form. Mark Fagan, the Mayor of Jersey City, raised them. The Christian Mayor went to Trenton with his corporation counsel, George L. Record, to ask in the name of his people for relief from the unendurable burden thrown upon them by the railroads. The railroads, with all the best (terminal, water-front) property in the city, paid practically no taxes to the city, only to the state, and then, on a valuation fixed by their own state board, at rates lower than the rates on other property. Record had drawn a bill to tax railroad property locally and at local rates. They were Republicans, Fagan and Record, and their party was in control of the state, absolutely; so they applied to the leaders of their party, among them, of course, to the Hon. Everett Colby. He liked Mayor Fagan, he says; he did n't like Record, but Mark Fagan, the "man of the people," intent only upon the needs of his city, walked straight into the heart of the rich young gentleman, who so far as he knew was bent only upon a political career for personal glory. "I liked that man," he says, "and the condition of Jersey City appealed to me. I wanted to help them and I couldn't; at least I did n't."

"Why?" he said, repeating my question thoughtfully. Then he looked me straight in the eye. "I don't know that I can tell you, exactly. I will try to explain, if you will understand that I'm not apologizing for myself. There was no more excuse for what I did in this matter than there was for other things I did and did n't do. The bill was bad; it was crudely drawn."

"Record admits that," I interjected. "Record says that at that time he had never heard of the main stem and had no right understanding of the situation at all."

"Nor had I," said Colby. "But that does n't let me out. It served me as an excuse at the time. The big leaders, seeing my bent toward the bill, told me it was badly drawn, and I grasped at this reason, as at a straw. But why should n't I, the House Leader, have amended that bill? The need of the legislation was plain. Why did n't I fix the bill? I could n't. You understand? I, a law maker, had n't the ability to draw a good bill. Why, then, did n't I have some other, older legislator make the bad bill

good? There was n't a man in that House who could have drawn a sound tax bill to meet the most notorious need of the state. We were incompetent. Perhaps some of us might, once upon a time, have been legislators; but boss rule was so old there that we did n't, we could n't think for ourselves. We had lost the art of independent thought and work. We were dummies. We took orders, we waited for orders, we depended upon orders. Dummy legislators, that's what we were.

"Oh, I was unhappy. I saw all this, but only dimly; I would n't let myself see it clearly. You know how a man jollies himself along with lies to save his face. The Democrats drew a better bill, still not good, and Fagan and Record accepted that; they had no pride in their pet measure; and they did n't care whether the Democrats or the Republicans got the credit of authorship. They wanted an income from railroad property in Jersey City. But the bill was buried in committee and I, the leader, should have got it out. I could n't have got it out. And when the Mayor came to me and asked me why I did n't have it reported, I told him the truth. "I can't," I told him. I was n't really a leader. I was the real leaders' dummy.

"You understand that the crime was not that we would n't pass the bill, but that we would n't consider it. I was willing to vote against it, if there were good reasons. I was n't against corporations. But why could n't we have the bill out and debate it? That's what Mayor Fagan could n't understand, and that's what I asked in the caucus. We had orders; that was all; no reasons, except the one I remember they gave me in caucus a year later on a similar bill. When I asked why not take it out and beat it in the open—if it's so bad, they answered, in awed tones, "Why, the Penn would raise hell." There was the reason, the real reason."

There, too, was the truth about Jersey. When the Mayor who represented the people of the second city in the state asked that legislature to consider a bill in their interest, that Jersey legislature could n't because it represented "the Penn," a foreign corporation. "The Penn" ruled that state, and the ruler would "raise hell."

Colby did n't see this. "I did n't want to see it," he says. But Mark Fagan saw it, and he made Everett Colby see it; made him grasp with his mind what his eyes reflected. Mark, the gentle Mayor, raised

hell. Defeated, with eyes wide open and ears alert, he took in the truth. The thing for a practical politician to do was to "take his medicine" and go home and tell his people the lies he heard told to the public. But Mark Fagan had made promises, not only on the stump; he had gone about from house to house and had made his promises man to man and for keeps. He could n't go back home to his people with lies. He put the truth to Governor Murphy in an open letter, and this letter was read aloud to the House of Assembly. It was a silent House; the representatives had read in their newspapers what this meek Mayor, a Republican himself, had written to the Republican governor about their party and themselves. But they listened again. Colby says he sat low sunk in his seat and each separate sentence, as the Democratic leader read it, fell like a whip upon him.

The letter said that the writer spoke "as Mayor of Jersey City, and also as a member of the Republican party," . . . "The present session is drawing to a close," he said. "Its record is . . . disgraceful. Its control by corporation interests, in the Assembly at least, has been absolute." And those men knew this was true. "For that condition the Republican party is responsible." Everett Colby, Leader, knew this was true. And as the letter took up the legislation, bill by bill, to show how every one that was against a corporation failed, the party leader of the House could recall the orders he had got to make them fail. He heard again Governor Murphy's comforting arguments and the bosses' tactful orders. He saw Major Lentz watching in the lobby. What did it mean? Fagan asked that in his letter to Governor Murphy. "What is the meaning of all this?" And the letter gave the answer and it is the answer we all must hear as those legislators heard it, writhing. "The answer is plain! A Republican legislature is controlled by the railroad, trolley, and water corporations." So this honest Republican mayor wrote; but he did n't stop there. "And the interests of the people are being betrayed."

After the reading silence hung on that assembly. "I sat where I was," says Colby, "stunned. It was my duty to reply. I was the leader. The others were waiting for me. And I? I could n't say a word. It was all true, every bit of it. Nobody moved for a dreadful space of time. Then Tom Hillory got up, and he defended us, all of us. I felt

mean. I was sore, sore at myself, you understand; not at the Governor, not at the Penn; not at anybody else. I was sore at myself. It was true. We were dummies; we betrayed the people who elected us."

"Do legislators commonly understand that?" I asked.

"They must. I don't know. They must and yet, how can they? It is n't easy to explain. A fellow is moved by a lot of mixed-up considerations. Take my case. I saw it as Mark Fagan described it. I had more facts than he had, knew it better than he, but I did n't go right out and fight. Neither did he. Why did n't we? We both supported the Republican party that fall and the party was not changed. The truth, falling like that, did n't kill, did n't even change things essentially."

The Governor appointed a commission to investigate taxes, and the platform promised some reform, if reform should prove necessary. But the Republican nominee for Governor was "the Penn's man," Edward C. Stokes. And Colby and Fagan supported the ticket; they were "loyal to the party" which one said and the other admitted, "represented corporations" and "betrayed the people." Why did they do it? Why do men like John C. Spooner and Edward C. Stokes "go along"? They know and, their friends say, grieve themselves sick. Why did Mayor Weaver "go along" so long? Everett Colby says he had excuses for the world, and some for himself. "The commission was to investigate and report," and he meanwhile threw himself into a study of taxation. He broke away finally; like Mayor Weaver and Mark Fagan, he made a stand in the end. And why did he do that? And why did Mayor Weaver and Mark Fagan do it?

The way Everett Colby will try, when you ask him, to lay bare his motives is one of the convincing traits of the man. He is instinctively honest, and his candor is obvious.

"You 'll hear," he told me, "that I wanted to be speaker, and that my defeat made me turn. There is something in that. I think you understand that I don't want to think that that was all, and, as I recall it, I don't think it was decisive, nor just that alone. That was only one of a score of things that made me see—and drove me to act. I simply don't know the exact weight of any one thing."

All he knows is, that from seeing things separately with his eyes he came to see them

all together with his mind. His friends put into his head the idea of the speakership in the next session (1905). "I did n't care much," he said. "I felt I had n't done very well, and I was willing to wait." But he wrote to "the boys," and enough of the leaders promised him their support to elect him. When Major Lentz got wind of it, he told Colby he could n't have the speakership. This was the System at work; the House leader had n't "made good"; he was not yet "safe"; but that is n't what the boss said. Lentz said Colby must n't run because he could n't be elected. With those letters in his pocket, Colby knew it was n't his colleagues that would make it impossible to elect him. He did n't mention to Lentz the pledges he had; but neither did he bow to the boss as bosses like to be bowed to. Now political bosses are not really bosses; they are the agents of the real bosses who are business men, and when Colby got a telephone message to come to the Newark office of U. S. Senator Dryden, the young man, his eyes wide open now, realized that he was to see one of the men who are the sovereign interests of his state. Senator Dryden, the president of the Prudential Life, was there, and with him was Lentz. The U. S. Senator is the financial head of the Public Service Corporation in New Jersey; not the president; Thomas C. McCarter is that. Dryden is the man back of McCarter as he is the man back of Lentz; and that is why he is our U. S. Senator; he represents one of the two great sources of the corruption of the state. He told Mr. Colby that he could n't be speaker. Dryden is a pleasant-spoken man, and he appealed to "his young friend's" good feeling, explaining that since he could n't get the votes, it would weaken the prestige of their (Essex) delegation to run and fail. But Colby said he could get the votes. How did he know he could? He knew it because he had them in his pocket; and he tapped those letters. This was unexpected and the Senator exclaimed:

"But Tom McCarter says it won't do."

That settled it. Tom McCarter spoke for the trolley business.

Colby consented not to run: he told them it was "all right." "But I could be elected if I could have the support of my county."

Major Lentz approved, as they went away, the obedience of his young protégé. "That's the way to talk," he said. Colby was "mad." He hated the fraud of it all.

"Why did n't they give their real reasons? Why did n't they say they feared that as speaker I might not represent their trolleys?"

The next session was to be crucial. Colby made up his mind to be a free lance. The speakership denied him, he would decline the leadership also. Without knowing what he meant to do, he was going to be free to act as he might find it right to act.

If Colby had begun his career at the bottom, in local politics, he would have known of two or three separate reform movements that had long been going on in his county, and he could have gone to these, combined and led them against the machine. He does lead them now, but he did n't go to them; they came to him. One of these movements was in Newark, the metropolis of the state. This city belonged absolutely to the business interest grouped about the Prudential Life, the Fidelity Trust Co., and the Public Service Corporation, which, ruling through Major Lentz, gave the city pretty good government, except that these special interests came first, the common interest of the city second. The Democratic machine stood in with the Republican ring. Now and then, when James Smith, Jr., the Democratic business boss, had business differences with the Republican business grafters, there was a political fight. But all the opposition that counted at all came from a few young men, with William P. Martin at their head, who, mostly Republicans, got into councils and opposed steadfastly the public utility grabs. Their story is a story by itself, and a good one; suffice it for the present to say these fellows were battling against the enemies of their city, the public service interest, all the while Colby was trying to get along with his party.

Several other movements were under way in the suburbs of Newark — Bloomfield, the Oranges, etc. These were "good government," "good men for office" reforms till Tom McCarter aroused these "communities" to opposition to the real cause of all their troubles. Tom McCarter is a fiery, red-headed politician, who, as president of the Public Service, believes honestly that anything that helps his business is right. He was extending his trolley system, and, desiring to go through parks and resident streets, needed franchises. Of course he must have them, and of course he must have them for nothing and forever. Frederick W. Kelsey, a park commissioner, opposed

him till public sentiment was formed and then McCarter undertook, by the methods characteristic of privilege-seekers, to get what he wanted anyhow. There was scandal and mass-meetings. The New England Society took up Kelsey's old fight against business graft. Could the fight have gone on locally, with McCarter's franchises for issues, it might have developed good citizenship in the Oranges. But both sides appealed to the state. Tom McCarter, finding that the local council, though corrupt enough and willing, lacked the nerve to vote him what he wanted in the face of "mobs" made up of good citizens.

He decided to appeal to the legislature; and his plan was to create a Greater Newark, taking into the city which he could control the suburbs which were giving the trolley "so much trouble." And the men of Orange, finding that their representatives in the local council did not represent them, (except when watched), determined not to reform themselves and their voters and their counsel, but to go also to the legislature. Their petition was a very modest one; they wanted "their" state to forbid "their" council to grant any franchise for a period longer than twenty-five years.

The average Jerseyman thinks his state is well governed. His local government is bad, but politicians run that and he sees the results with his own eyes. The state is a government by lawyers, whom he knows by reputation at least; these lawyers are counsel for business men, like Senators Dryden and Kean, ex-Governor Murphy, and Tom McCarter — the kind of men he knows as good business men, and they tell him the state is all right. When the good men of Orange, finding that Tom McCarter was back of the politicians who misrepresented Orange, set about getting their good state government to check Tom's chicaneries in Orange, the average Jerseyman learned why Senator Dryden and Governor Murphy and Tom McCarter called the state government "all right." The state government also represented "business," and it did not represent the average citizen of Jersey.

The men of Orange must approach the state legislature through members of that body, and naturally they applied to their own Essex County legislators. What was their surprise to find that their own representatives would n't, nay could n't, represent them! One by one they sounded them

only to *see* that no representative of theirs dared touch their bill. Why?

Everett Colby was learning why. The men of Orange decided to ask him to take up their bill, and the Newark fighters were to support them. Would Colby do it? He did n't know. Before his fellow citizens asked him, he heard of their intentions and he was n't sure what he should do. He was aware of the feeling between the corporations and the people not only in Orange but everywhere, and his disposition was not to take a side, but to listen to both sides, study the subject, and do the fair thing. One evening ex-Governor Murphy gave a dinner. "Everybody" was there, all the business and political leaders and others, quite a crowd. When they rose from the table Colby went up to Tom McCarter to get the trolley side of the franchise question. He heard, he said, that the New England Society of Orange had a limited franchise bill to offer to the legislature, and would n't McCarter like to talk it over with him (Colby)? "Now, you know," said Colby to me, "they could have fooled me easily. If they had had any tact, and had given me any reasonable argument, I think, in my ignorance, I would have been taken in. But, no; they ruled and they ruled, not by reason, but by command."

Tom McCarter did not want to talk it over with Colby. Irascible and dictatorial, the trolley boss bent his head forward at the young legislator and slapping his hands insultingly in his face, he said that anything but perpetual franchises in Jersey was "talk," "child's play"; and, raising his voice so that all in the room turned to hear, he cried: "We would n't touch anything else with a ten-foot pole!" With that he turned his back on Colby and walked off.

"It was n't a question," Mr. Colby explained to me, as he recalled this scene, "it was n't a question of right and wrong as between two interests; it was, and it is, a question of who rules here."

Colby listened to his neighbors. He explained to them how difficult it would be for them to get any relief from their legislature, how little he could do; but they were agreeing on plans when McCarter drove home the lesson Colby was learning. This time it was at a luncheon at Trenton. The legislature had met, and again all the rulers of the state were present, the rulers and their dummies, the office-holders and legislators. This time Tom McCarter went to Colby; that is to

say the business boss beckoned the assemblyman to him.

"Colby," he said "what's this I hear about you introducing a limited franchise bill?" He did n't wait for an answer. Raising his voice as before, so that all could hear, he laid down the law of the land for legislators. "You introduce that bill," he bawled, in his mad rage, "and you'll lose every friend you have in Essex County."

What did Tom McCarter mean? His brother made that clearer. The financial rings that rule Jersey often have to smooth over the troubles their quick-tempered trolley president causes with his "honest grafter" blunders. Uzel McCarter, Tom's big brother and the head of the trust company through which (like the Big Three) the Prudential Life Insurance crowd finances its trolley and other schemes — Uzel, a diplomat, joined Colby that day on a train. He talked pleasantly, even flatteringly, to the young man. By and by the franchise subject happened to come up, and that led, naturally, to Colby's connection with the bill to limit trolley grants. Most unfortunate connection that. "We," said the banker, "we think you have a political future before you, and we don't want to see you throw it away."

There was more, but that was the point. Uzel McCarter was taking the young man who could n't be bribed with money, or browbeaten by the bosses, up on the mountain to see the cities of the earth, and the young man understood it. "It was a promise," says Colby, "and — a threat."

Undaunted, uncorrupted, the young man came down from the mountain to a study of the situation. He knew a limited franchise bill could not be passed, so he hit upon the idea of introducing a resolution to put the legislature on record. He drew one. He spoke of it to no one except Edward Duffield, the House Leader, to whom Colby, as an ex-Leader, owed that courtesy. Just before he rose he turned to Duffield and said:

"Now, Ed, don't be surprised, but watch. And look out that you don't make the mistake of your life."

And Colby offered a resolution to the effect that it was the sense of this house that perpetual grants of monopolies to corporations should not be made. Everybody looked to the leader. He sat still. The speaker hesitated, then, with all eyes on the mute leader, he put the motion. Colby says, and I've

heard men in other states who know legislatures well, say, that if a body of elected Americans are not interfered with by business corruption they will do right nearly every time. That House that night, having no orders from the System and getting no sign from "Ed," adopted that resolution with not one negative vote!

But before the Speaker declared the resolution carried, the lobby woke up. Governor Stokes's Pennsylvania man came rushing in out of breath; wanted to know what the — thing meant anyhow? "Can't you give us time?" he begged. Colby knew that A. J. Cassatt would call down Stokes, and that Stokes would call down his man, and that the Public Service lobbyists and legislators would catch it; and besides, he did n't want to join in a fluke, so he said: "Surely, we'll make it a special order for Thursday."

The next day a telephone message summoned him to one of the business-political leaders of the state, a man who usually had been able to "handle Colby." "Everett," said this man, "our friends are awfully upset by this resolution of yours." Of course, he said, it had gone too far to be absolutely withdrawn — by Colby, but "our friends will fix up an amendment," and "if you accept this amendment, they'll let it pass." "They'll let it pass!"

"You don't mean to tell me," Colby exclaimed, "that they are to determine what bills shall pass!"

"Now, Everett," said this gentleman, "you ought to know by this time how all these things are."

The amendments were absurd, ridiculous, impossible. Colby refused to accept them, and he meanwhile had been busy seeing his colleagues. The Speaker and four-fifths of the members were for the resolution. Yet, when it came up again on Thursday, only ten men voted "yes!"

This was only a preliminary skirmish in the long fight of this session of 1905. It was a defeat, but it was better than a victory since it aroused public interest and attracted to Trenton citizens and committees of citizens to take object lessons in a "good business government" in action. The Orange men — on hand in force, insisted upon having their limited franchise bill introduced, and Colby presented it. It went to committee for burial, but there were hearings on it, and Colby says the sight of citizens delivering carefully prepared arguments to a committee of legislators

whom he knew to be dummies with no will of their own, no minds of their own, no ears for anything but the orders which they already had received to "hang onto that bill" — this spectacle, common as it was, and typical of all our legislatures from the youngest state to Congress itself, the humiliation of it struck deep into the growing intelligence of the young legislator. And evidently it made an impression on Jersey men; the papers described the scene mercilessly and the rumble of popular indignation finally scared the rings. Major Lentz is said to have told Governor Stokes that if some bill was n't reported, "that fellow Colby would make a lot of trouble" for him (Lentz) in Essex. So the Pennsylvania Railroad threw over the Public Service Corporation. Stokes gave orders. A substitute bill was drawn — a bill to appoint a commission to investigate; that was all, but just before final adjournment this old device to gain time was reported and rushed through. And, even then, Tom McCarter told the Governor he had no right to let such a thing happen when "our great interests were against it." And Governor Stokes did not sign it for weeks; and then he appointed a commission typified by ex-Governor Murphy, the chairman.

A railroad tax bill, promised in the Republican platform, was introduced with the permission (as I happen to know), of Mr. Cassatt of Philadelphia, but it was in the form prescribed by "the road." It taxed second-class property (buildings and ordinary real estate) at local rates, but not the "main stem" (the roadbed). This would relieve Jersey City somewhat, but it would n't satisfy Mayor Fagan or any other citizen who believed in "equal taxation."

And after it was passed, another bill was run out and jammed through, prescribing that the first bill should not materially increase the total tax of the railroads. This was made "the Governor's bill," but Colby opposed it and introduced another to tax the main stem like any other real estate. Of course, Colby's bill was beaten, but its defeat left equal taxation an issue in Jersey politics.

Another fight that showed things as they are was over a bill to promote Tom McCarter's scheme to bring into a Greater Newark all the suburbs which did not respond to trolley corruption. Bloomfield was one of these. The people there had held the trolleys at bay; annexation had been

proposed to them and they had voted it down. In this session of 1905 some "leading citizens" of Bloomfield applied to the legislature for another referendum on annexation, and the trolley pretended to have nothing to do with it. But it had. Those leading citizens were stockholders and friends of stockholders in McCarter's company; Major Lentz "steered" them; and for more direct evidence, there was the story of a friend of Colby. This man had been in the employ of the Public Service. He was against the bill, and "they" sent for him. This was their bill, they told him. They wrote it, and they needed it as a step in their plan to absorb into Newark all the troublesome suburbs about the city; their employee must get out of the way. Their employee told them he was out of their employ and, being therefore free, would continue to fight them with this added information to spur him on.

It was this bill that finally brought about the declaration of war between Boss Lentz and Assemblyman Colby. One day, when Lentz was steering his "citizens committee" about the Capitol, he introduced Colby to its members. And he told Colby in their presence that he must work for their bill. "They contribute to the campaign fund;" that was the reason he gave, and it was bad enough, but Colby knew that the real reason was that Tom McCarter and Senator Dryden wanted to control through Newark the destinies of Bloomfield and the Oranges against the will of the inhabitants of those places.

David Baird came along as they were talking. Baird is the Republican boss of Camden, and the agent there of the Penn and the Public Service.

"David," said Lentz, after introducing him, "I want you to get your boys in line for that bill."

"All right, Major," said David, "I will."

Colby was n't so agreeable." He did n't say much, but Lentz suspected him and his suspicions were promptly confirmed. Colby happened to meet about noon that day the chairman of the committee which had the Bloomfield bill in charge, and they went together to lunch. When they entered the restaurant there sat the Major with his citizens. The boss seemed gradually to work himself into a rage, for after staring angrily at Colby a few moments, he got up, stalked over, and "putting his head in between ours," Colby says, "and spluttering in my face, he demanded to know if I was opposing him in

this." So far as Colby can recall, he and the chairman had n't mentioned the bill, but he *was* opposing Lentz "in this," and he said so.

"That settles it," said the Major.

Not only that, but everything settled it between Colby and his boss and the bosses of the boss. Tom McCarter had said Colby would lose every friend he had in Essex; Uzel had warned him to take heed for his political future. "It was fight," says Colby now. "I went home from that session burning hot with indignation. But I did n't think about *my* political future. That had sunk into a small detail of a situation which was bigger than the political ambition of any man. I saw that the legislature, yes, and the government in nearly all of its branches was ruled absolutely by our Jersey corporations. And despotically, unscrupulously, too; in the interest of their business, they were corrupting all of us. Had n't they nearly corrupted me?"

The question was what to do. Colby did n't know what to do. He asked me what I would have done, and I pass it on to you who read this: What would you have done? And I ask the question to bring home to you the quandary of this young legislator and of his friends and of the citizens of Orange and of Newark and of Jersey who wanted to fight. Lentz said Colby should not be renominated for the Assembly, and some of his friends proposed a fight in the party for the county committee. But Colby did n't want to run for boss of Essex; he wanted to make his appeal more to the people. This was an instinct, a democratic instinct which this rich railroad magnate's son has well developed in him. He proposed running an older man for senator, but the older man would n't run and the Newark, Bloomfield, and Orange men wanted Colby to lead their common fight. He was in doubt. He wanted to make the fight impersonal, and they adopted his principle to fight the boss, not Lentz, not personally, but the boss as an institution, as an agent of a corrupt oligarchy. But how?

"Then," said Colby, as he told me the story, "then came Record."

There's a good deal of feeling against George L. Record in Jersey. He is the man who came to Mark Fagan when the kindly Mayor of Jersey City was at the first crisis of his administration, and Record helped Mark Fagan. From suspecting him, Mayor Mark came to lean upon him for his economic

policy and they and their Jersey City cabinet have influenced Jersey politics and the Jersey legislature more and more healthfully than any other one force in the state. Yet, while none denies the perfect honesty of Mark Fagan, many men distrust George L. Record. And you may recall that Colby, two years before, when he took to Fagan, "disliked" Record. But when "Record came," he told Colby just what to do and how to do it. Colby is very handsome in his acknowledgment of the service Record rendered them in Essex, and his friends confess, though more grudgingly, that Record is a man of resources. But nobody can see what Record gets out of it for Record. They think he wants to go to the United States Senate. I hope he does; this long, lean, thinking Yankee from Jersey City might accomplish something even in the United States Senate. But Record is another story, and it does n't matter now "what Record is after."

When he came to Colby, he came suggesting that since Colby had made one good fight at Trenton, he should make another; and since he personified all the discontent that opposed the control of the state by the corrupt corporation of the state, he, Colby, was the man to run for Senator. How? There was the primary law. Record, the father of that law, suggested the use of it to beat the Republican boss in his own party. "But," he said, "don't stop there. Adopt a platform. Promise specific things and go to the people with these definite promises. And put up a full ticket, senator and assemblyman and county officers — everything."

Mark Fagan has in Jersey City a "group plan" of government. A picked lot of fellows get together, discuss, and agree upon policies and plans. Colby took that idea, and he accepted also the suggestion to join issue with fighters in other counties. So two groups, one from Essex and the other from Hudson, came together and out of their deliberations grew a platform.

They adopted Colby's Orange issue: limited franchises; Record's: franchise taxation; Fagan's: equal taxation; and Colby, Record and others added one new one: an expression at legislative elections of a popular choice for United States Senators.

It is n't necessary to follow the campaigns, for there were two — the first a fight at the primaries for the nomination for state senator, the second the general election at the polls. Both were anti-boss fights.

Colby opened with an announcement of his candidacy, backed by a statement of his program. The boss and the ringsters laughed. They laughed till the first mass-meeting was held. That was expected to fall flat, but the opera house was filled to overflowing and Fagan, Record, Colby, and Martin aroused the crowd to tremendous enthusiasm. But the best thing Colby did was to adopt Fagan's method of meeting the voters face to face. Fagan told him how to do it. Colby asked him. The young club man thought there was some mystery about talking to working-men, so he invited Mayor Mark to luncheon to get his secret. The Mayor was puzzled.

"Why, Mr. Colby," he said, "I can't tell you how to do that. I can tell you when you will find working-men at liberty to listen, and I can tell you how they feel about some of these great questions. But I can't tell you what to say to them. You must say just what you think, and, Mr. Colby, if you don't feel from the bottom of your heart a real interest in people you might just as well stay at home."

"And that," says Colby, "is about the best advice I ever got. The instant he said it I knew it was right. After that I went out to my noon-day meetings and I did n't try to find out what they thought. I told them what I thought about things."

Colby's class suffers from class consciousness, as much, if not more, than labor does. If he had gone forth as a rich man to the poor, or as a capitalist to labor, or as a business man offering a good business administration to a people incompetent for self-government, he would have had to buy votes or be beaten. But going as he did, as a man to men, and promising things that were directed at the reform, not of politicians, and the police, and dirty streets, etc., etc., but of the grosser vices of his own class, even though he did not mention class, those people sized up "this rich young club fellow" as they sized up the ex-gilder and undertaker, Mark Fagan, and they put their faith in him as the Missourians did in Folk, as the people of Wisconsin did in La Follette, and as the people of New York did in Jerome. The American people seem not to know the difference between clean streets and dirty streets, but they do know the difference between hypocrisy and sincerity, between plutocracy and democracy. They'll help you beat the boss if you'll show that you see

as plainly as they do who is back of the boss.

The machine blundered. The bosses always blunder when, as they put it, "they go up against a new game," and this was a new game. Colby made use of Record's primary law to print his name, as candidate for the senate, after the names of his delegates. Lentz would n't do that. He wanted to elect his delegates, then dictate as of old all the candidates to be nominated by the convention. Governor Stokes warned Lentz. Colby thought he saw signs of the governor's interference against him and he went to Mr. Stokes to ask that "he keep his hands off."

"Why," said the Governor, "all I have done was to tell Lentz that if he did n't name a man against you, you'd beat him."

Colby's crowd worked early and late. As time went on and the excitement grew, men who never had taken part in politics joined in what they agreed was the "greatest game they ever sat in at," the great game of politics. Everybody was welcome, and everybody was happy. It was a popular election, every man's election, and they won. Won? The completeness of their victory at the primaries astonished them. They carried everything. The next morning Major Lentz told Colby the Convention was his, Colby's, and Colby might "run it" to suit himself. Very gracious indeed was this defeated boss, but he hoped (and he hopes) to be boss again.

"I've been thinking," he said to the victor, "that maybe I ought to resign. What do you think, Colby?"

"I think you might as well, Major," said Colby, who thought Lentz meant what he said. But Lentz did n't mean anything of the kind.

"Well, I won't," he answered in a huff. "I did n't mean resign the chairmanship of the county committee. I meant as manager of the campaign."

Colby said he and his crowd nearly went to pieces on this very point. They held their convention, and they nominated the whole legislative and county ticket. That had all been planned in advance. But what next? What about managing the campaign? Lentz had the county committee, and the county committee usually ran county campaigns. Colby and his group meant to have their fight made by a joint committee, but their plans were indefinite. "We had n't thought it out," Colby says, "and we made a bad

blunder." The county committee was to have a meeting, and it was the custom for candidates to go and be presented. Colby left town intending not to recognize the committee, but he was telephoned for by some of his best friends. As a victor he must not show ill-will, etc., etc. So Colby went to the meeting. In the course of the formalities, Lentz said something about the campaign being run as usual, and, Colby says, "I should have jumped up then and there to declare that it would not be run as usual. I did n't. Don't know why I did n't, but I did n't. I just had n't my wits about me and I let it pass."

The next day the papers were full of the "Love Feast," "Colby and the boss were together." Colby thinks this was a very "bad break" and so do some of his friends, but mistakes don't count in these criminal days, and he corrected his promptly. He came out with a letter demanding that his own, not the county, committee should run the campaign. This was a repudiation of the organization. Lentz refused to give up, so he ran one campaign, and Colby's committee, with William P. Martin for chairman, ran the other. The machine men cut Colby at the polls, but he won in spite of them. The normal Republican majority in Essex County ranges from ten to twelve thousand, Colby's was 19,986 and some of the other men on his ticket ran a few hundred ahead of him.

The election of Everett Colby and his ticket ranked in significance with the victories last fall of Jerome in New York, of Weaver's ticket in Philadelphia, of Judge Dempsy's for Mayor of Cincinnati, of Tom Johnson in Cleveland, of Brand Whitlock in Toledo, of Pattison in Ohio, etc. They all were anti-boss fights; some of them, like Pattison's and Dempsy's, were minority party fights against the majority party boss; some like Jerome's and Whitlock's were against "both the bosses" and "all parties"; Colby's, like La Follette's and Folk's, was within the majority party. No matter how made, these fights were all against the boss, and the boss fell. What next?

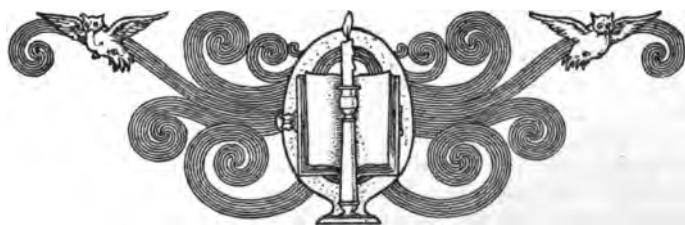
The political boss is nothing but an agent of the business bosses back of him. Some of these anti-boss leaders know this; some do not. Those that do may get somewhere; the others won't. Colby is one of those that can see beyond the boss, that is one reason why he would not make his campaign a

personal fight against Carl Lentz. He saw, and he sees and some of the men with him see the powers behind Lentz, and he is proceeding now, deliberately and intelligently against them, the real enemies of the state, its active rulers, the class which corrupts it, and its officials, and its people for the sake of the privileges obtained or to be obtained from the state. Look at their program of bills again. In themselves they might not interest you and me very much, but look behind those bills. To "limit franchises" and "to tax them" — these will bring these new Jersey leaders in direct, open conflict with the Prudential-Fidelity Trust — Public Service interests. To "tax the road-bed of railroads" like any other real estate is to challenge a most profitable privilege of the Pennsylvania and other railroads. To let the voters pledge their legislators to candidates for the U. S. Senate,—that is to make the U. S. Senate represent the people. All the resources of the railroads, trolleys, and other public utilities, and of all the "protected" businesses of Jersey and of the United States will be called into play to defeat this kind of reform; for this is real reform. It is not a little tap at superficial evils; it is a stab at the source of all evil in all our politics. It aims at democracy, at the restoration of truly representative government. It is "radical;" it is "dangerous." If the corporations do to Colby in Jersey what they have done to La Follette in Wisconsin, they will stir up envy and hatred against him; they will befool his followers with false arguments or buy them with money or office or "business"; and they will embitter his life, public and private, too, with misrepresentation and slander. The rings are preparing, as I write, false bills pretending to do what Colby and Mark Fagan and Record propose

really to do. If the fight is fought to a finish, every trick known to expert manipulators of legislatures and public opinion will be tried, but the rings don't believe it will be fought to a finish. Can you guess why? One of them told me what their faith was founded upon.

"We'll get Colby," he said. "We'll get him before the session is over. He wants something. Every man wants something. It's all a matter of finding out what he wants. He may not know what it is himself, but we'll find out; and he'll get it and we'll get him — or his crowd, or both."

There is no conceit about Colby, no bluster, and when I told him this, he did not clench his fist and set his jaw. He wondered whether they would. He knows the tremendous power and the infinite ingenuity of the interests that will oppose him, so he wonders, as you or I may, what is going to happen to him. He is as open-minded to the truth about himself as he is to the truth about corruption, and because he is open-minded and because he can confess his mistakes when he sees them; because he takes fences as he comes to them, and because he says he "will go any length to put a stop to the corruption of men and government," it is certain that the Gentleman from Essex will fight to a finish. What the end will be in Jersey, Jerseymen must decide; they will have to watch the struggle and choose between those representatives who represent them and those who do not. But the rest of us should watch, too. Everett Colby is a national leader; he is leading a national fight. His arena is local, but others are making the same fight elsewhere, the fight we all must make, sooner or later, — the fight to restore the government of the people to the people.



WILD WATERS

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "LOVE, THE FIDDLER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



THINGS had been dull in Apia before the arrival of Captain Satterlee in the "Southern Belle." Not business alone, which was, of course, only to be expected — what with the civil war being just over and the kanakas driven to eat their cocoanuts instead of selling them to traders in the form of coprah — but socially speaking the little capital of the Samoan group had been next door to dead. Picnics had been few; a heavy dust had settled on the floor of the Public Hall — a galvanized-iron barn which social leaders could rent for six Chile dollars a night, lights included; the butcher's wedding, contrary to all expectation, had been strictly private, and might almost have slipped by unnoticed had it not been for a friendly editorial in the *Samoa Weekly Times*; and with the exception of an auction, a funeral, and a billiard tournament at the International Hotel, a general lethargy had overtaken Apia and the handful of whites who made it their home.

As Mr. Skiddy, the boyish American Consul, expressed himself: "You can't get anybody to do anything these days!"

Possibly this long spell of monotony contributed to Captain Satterlee's pronounced and instant success. The topsails of the "Southern Belle" had hardly more than appeared over the horizon when people began to wake up and realize that stagnation had too long held them in its thrall. Satterlee was not at all the ordinary kind of sea-captain to which the Beach (as Apia always alluded to itself) was more than well acquainted. Gin had no attractions for Captain Satterlee, nor did he surround himself with dusky impropriety. He played a straight social game and lived up to the rules, even to party calls

and finger-bowls on his cabin table. He was a tall, thin American of about forty-five, with floor-walker manners, greyish mutton-chop whiskers, and a roving eye. The general verdict of Apia was that he was "very superior." His superiority was apparent in his gentlemanly baldness, his open-work socks, his well-turned references to current events, his kindly and indulgent attitude towards all things Samoan. He deplored the rivalry of the three contending nationalities, German, English, and American, whose official representatives quarreled fiercely amongst themselves and mismanaged the affairs of this unfortunate little South Sea kingdom, and whose unofficial representatives sold guns and cartridges indiscriminately to the warring native factions. Satterlee let it be inferred that the rôle of peacemaker had informally settled upon himself.

"We ought to try and pull together," he would say, his bland tolerance falling like balm from heaven; and he would clinch the remark by passing round forty-cent cigars.

The "Southern Belle" was a showy little vessel of about ninety tons, with the usual trade-room in the after part of the ship, where the captain himself would wait on you behind a counter, and sell you anything from a bottle of trade scent to a keg of dynamite. He never was so charming as when engaged in this exchange of commodities for coin, and it accorded so piquantly with his evident superiority that the purchaser had a pleasant sense of doing business with a gentleman.

"Of course, I might run her as a yacht, and play the heavy swell," he would remark. "But candidly, I like this kind of thing; it puts me on a level with the others, you know; and then it's handy for buying supplies, and keeping one in touch with the people!"

With this he would give you such a warming smile, and perhaps throw in free a handful of fish-hooks, or a packet of safety-matches, or a tooth-brush. Indeed, apart from this invariable prodigality, his scale of prices was ridiculously low, and if you were a lady you could buy out the ship at half price. As for young Skiddy, the American Consul, the bars in his case were lowered even more, and he

of twenty-six should have been entrusted with the welfare of so considerable a section of Samoa's white population. The roll of the consulate bore the names of thirty-eight Americans — not to speak of the thirty-ninth who was soon expected — over whom the young consul possessed extraordinary powers withheld from far higher posts in far more important countries. Young Skiddy, on a



"Things had been dull in Apia"

was just asked to help himself — which young Skiddy did, though sparingly. Captain Satterlee took an immense fancy to this youthful representative of their common country, and treated him with an engaging mixture of respect and paternalism; and Skiddy, not to be behindhand, and dazzled besides by his elder's marked regard and friendship, threw wide the consular door, and constantly pressed on Satterlee the hospitality of a cot on the back veranda.

The captain professed to find it remarkable — which, indeed, it was — that a boy

modest salary of two hundred dollars a month and a house rent-free, was supposed, if need be, to marry you, divorce you, try you for crimes and misdemeanors, and in extreme cases might even dangle you from the flagstaff in his front yard.

He had been very seldom called upon, however, to use these extensive powers. In three years he had married as many couples, helped to baptize a half-caste baby, held an inquest on a dead sailor, bullied a Samoan army off his front grass, and had settled a disputed inheritance involving five acres of

cocoanuts. This, of course, left him with some spare time on his hands, which on the whole he managed to get through with very tolerable enjoyment. But until the date of Captain Satterlee's arrival he had never had a friend — or at least so it seemed to him now in the retrospect. His official colleagues were out of the question — the stand-offish Englishman, the sullen German, the grotesque Swede who held the highest judicial office. No, there was not the little finger of a friend in the whole galaxy. And elsewhere? Not a soul to whom one could give intimacy without the danger, almost the certainty, of its being abused. No wonder, then, that he turned to Satterlee, and grasped the hand of fellowship so warmly extended to him.

The little consul had never known such a man; he had never heard such talk; he had never before realized the extent and splendor of the world. Sitting in the cabin of the "Southern Belle," often far into the night, he would give a rapt attention to this extraordinary being who had done everything and seen everything. Paris, London, Constantinople, New York — all were as familiar to Satterlee as the palm of his hand, and he had the story-telling gift that can throw a glamor over the humblest incident. Not that his incidents were often humble. On the contrary, in his mysterious, suggestive fashion, he let it be inferred that his bygone part had been a great one. He would offer dazzling little peeps, and then shut the slide; a chance reference that would make his hearer gasp; the adroit use of a mighty name, checked by a sudden: "Oh, hold on, I'm saying more than I ought to!" You felt somehow that to have roused the interest of this wonderful personage was to insure your own career. With a turn of his hand he was capable of gratifying your wildest ambition.

He had remarked your unusual capacity, and had quietly determined it should be given proper scope. When and where and how were to be settled later. These questions you left confidently to Satterlee. It was enough that you were informed, in those fine shades of which he was a master, that your day would surely come. On leaving Satterlee you walked on air without knowing exactly why — or rather Skiddy did — for by "you" I mean the little consul.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that it is so easily deceived. A glib tongue, an attractive manner, a few hundred dollars thrown carelessly about — and presto! you have the counterfeit of a Cecil Rhodes! We are not only willing to take people at their own valuation, but are ever ready to multiply that valuation by ten. Obtrude romance — rich, palpitating romance — into the lives of commonplace people, and they instantly lose their heads. Romance more than cupidity is what attracts the gold-brick investor.

Of course Satterlee was a poser, a fraud, a liar; the highest type of liar; the day-dreaming, well-read, genuinely inventive, highly imaginative, loving-it-for-its-own-sake liar. But to Skiddy every word he said was Gospel-true. He never doubted the captain for an instant. Life grew richer to him, stranger and more wonderful. It was like a personal distinction — a medal or the thanks of Congress — that Satterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was un-

bounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was brimming over.

Let not his credulity be counted against him. After all, he was not the only admirer of the captain. Did he not see Satterlee lionized by the Chief Justice and the rest of his brother officials; publicly honored by the head of the great German company; called to the bosom of both the missionary

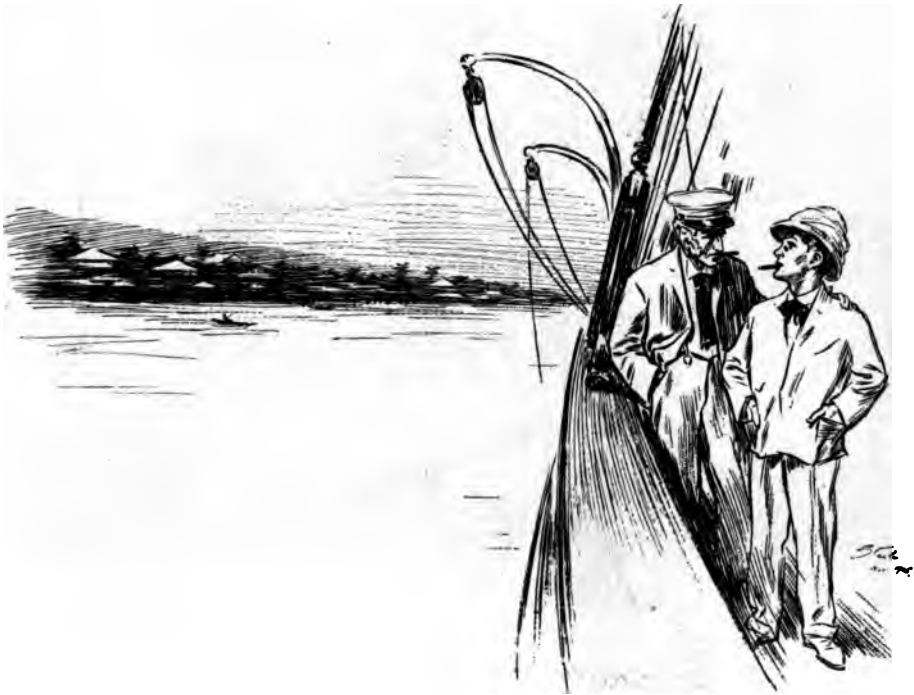


"would clinch the remark by passing around forty-cent cigars"

denominations? Was not all Apia, in fact, regardless of sex, creed, or nationality, acclaiming Satterlee to the skies, and vying amongst themselves for the privilege of entertaining him?

Never, indeed, were there so many picnics, so many parties, such a constant succession of dances at the Public Hall. Even

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco, Satterlee got restless and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great bargain day on board the "Southern Belle," where sandwiches and bottled beer were served to all comers, and goods changed hands at astonishing prices; coal-oil at one-seventy-five a case; hundred



"he never doubted the Captain for an instant"

the King was galvanized into action, and to the surprise of every one gave a sort of At Home, where Satterlee was the guest of honor and received the second kava cup. A half-caste couple, who before had barely held up their heads, sprang into social prominence by getting married under the direct patronage of the popular captain, and thus rallying to their visiting list all the rank, fashion, and beauty of Apia.

It was a delirious month. There was an event for almost every night of it. The strain on the half-caste band was something awful. Miss Potter's millinery establishment worked night and day. Of a morning you could n't find a lady on the front veranda who was n't stitching and sewing and basting and cutting out. And the men! Why, in the social whirl few of them had time to sober up, and the sale of Leonard's soda-water was unprecedented.

pound kegs of beef at four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six cents a yard; square-face at thirty cents a bottle; and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no Customs House in those days, and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. A matter of eighty tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade-room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the main-hold made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department store.

At any rate there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it — the change — in the form of jews'-harps, screw-eyes, or anything small and



"Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government"

handy that happened to be near by. It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way as though it was the best joke in the world and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found thee basking in the sunshine of woman's favor instead of on thy four-inch deck! The pilot signaled the mail; Skiddy put forth in his consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass, and receiving

(on his head) his own especial government bag. The proximity of the "Southern Belle" and the likelihood of Satterlee being at home caused Skiddy to board the ship, and open the bag on her quarter-deck. One stout, blue, and important-looking envelope at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue, and important-looking letter, and —!

There were no white men in the crew of the "Southern Belle." They were all Rotumah boys with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. This amiable individual was singing over his pots and pans when he was

suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the galley door. The little consul was deathly pale, and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"Come out of here," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with two hundred dollars in hard cash, together with a twenty dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry, and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had besides some dim conception of State's evidence. Skiddy made the conception clearer, and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts, and confirmed the stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Satterlee came off on a shore-boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy — not Skiddy the friend — but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Satterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you!"

It was a horrible thing to say — to be forced to say — and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Satterlee gave him a quick, blank, panicky look, and then, with a pitiful brava-do, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a shaky, fawning voice, and wanting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little consul was adamant. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Satterlee preceded him into the boat. The consul followed and took the yoke lines.

They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funereal pull, and it was a relief to every one when at last they grounded in the shingle off the consulate.

Skiddy had a busy day of it. Leaving the captain at the consulate under guard, and sending off Asi, the chief of Vaiala, together with ten warriors armed with rifles and axes to take charge of the "Southern Belle" and her crew, he walked into Apia to make arrangements to meet the painful situation. Single-handed he had to rear the structure of a whole judicial system, including United States' marshals, a clerk of court, four assessor judges, and a jail. His first steps were directed toward a little cottage on the Motootua Road, the residence of Mr. Scoville Purdy, a goaty, elderly, unwashed individual who formed the more respectable half of the Samoan bar. Mr. Purdy was forthwith retained by the United States Government, and the papers of the case left in his hands. Skiddy next sought out Mr. Thacher, the other half of the bar, and directed him to defend the prisoner. Then he bent his mind to the consideration of jails, of which Samoa boasted two.

The municipal jail was a two-roomed wooden shed, sparingly furnished with a couple of tin pails. Humanity forbidding the incarceration of Captain Satterlee in such a hovel, the little consul passed on to Mulinuu, where the general Samoan Government held sway. The jail here was on a more pretentious scale. It consisted of a rectangular enclosure, perhaps sixty feet by forty, formed by four eight-foot walls of galvanized iron, and containing within five or six small huts of the kind that shipwrecked seamen might build on a desert island. In fact that was just about what they were, and as foul and repulsive as the real article. Owing to financial stringency the Samoan Government was unable to house or feed its prisoners, who, for both those reasons, might well be described as castaways.

These unfortunates were absent at the time of Skiddy's visit, employing a very languid leisure on the improvement of the roads; and the consul could not have penetrated the jail at all had it not been for the

King, who, on being appealed to, was obliging enough to lend the diplomat his spare key. Skiddy stood and regarded the place with an immense depression. It would not do at all. It was no better than a cattle-pen. He was about to turn away when the two Scanlons appeared on the scene, their keen noses having scented out a job. The Scanlons were burly half-castes, of a muddy, sweaty complexion, whose trustworthiness and intelligence were distinctly above the average. The Scanlon brothers, to any one in a difficult position, could be relied upon as pillars of strength. There was nothing a Scanlon brother would n't do — and do well — for two dollars and fifty cents a day. Mind and muscle were both yours — Scanlon mind and muscle — for this paltry and insignificant sum; and the consul, in a quandary, welcomed the stout bristly-haired pair as though they were angels from heaven.

In less time than it takes to write, Alfred Scanlon was appointed a United States' marshal, Charles Scanlon an assistant United States' marshal, and the arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Captain Satterlee during the trial. He was to live in their cottage, have his meals served from the International Hotel, and while carefully guarded night and day, was to be treated "first-class" throughout.

"The law of the United States," boomed out little Skiddy, "assumes that a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. I want both of you to remember that!"

The Scanlons did n't understand a word of what he said, but they saluted and looked very much impressed. When you bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you addressed him. It was the Scanlon way of recognizing that you were paying, and the Scanlon receiving, two dollars and fifty cents a day!

At the head of his two satellites, who kept pace respectfully behind him, Skiddy next directed himself to find Dillon. Dillon was a variety of white Scanlon, though of an infinitely lower human type, who kept a tiny store and cobbled shoes near the Mulivae bridge: and who, from some assumed knowledge of legal procedure, invariably acted as Clerk of the Court — any court — American, English, or the Samoan High. You associated his heavy, bloated, grog-blossomed face and black-dyed whiskers as an inevitable part of the course of justice. It was his

custom to take longhand notes of all court proceedings, as, of course, stenographers were unknown in Apia; and at times it would seem as though all Samoan justice boiled down to dictating to Dillon. As a witness you never looked at the judge; you looked at Dillon, and wondered whether he was taking you down right. A careful witness always went slowly, and used the words that Dillon was likely to understand.

Dillon having been found and engaged, the next procedure was to appoint the assessor judges, of whom the Consular Instructions insisted on there being four. This weighty matter seemed to require the co-operation of the vice-consul, Mr. Beaver, a highly respected quack doctor, whose principal nostrum was faith cure plus hot water.

After arguing away your existence, which he always could do with extraordinary fluency, he would plunge you into a boiling bath till your imaginary skin turned a deep imaginary scarlet, and then send you home with some microscopic doses of aconite. The best that could be said of him was that he never really harmed anybody, scalded the poor for nothing, and was willing (and even pressing) to turn over serious cases to the regular practitioner, Dr. Funk.

There were twenty-seven American citizens on the consular roll of male sex, sound mind, and above twenty-one years of age. Four of them lived far from Apia, and were therefore unavailable. Two more, as known deserters from the United States navy, were considered unworthy of the judgment seat. Forged or suspected naturalization papers threw out another five. This reduced the residuum to sixteen, whose names were written on slips of paper, thrown into a pith helmet, and tumbled together. The first four withdrawn constituted the assessor judges, who were at once warned by messenger to be in attendance at the consulate at ten the next morning, or be punished for contempt.

What a stir was made in the little town as the news went round! Satterlee, the cherished, the entertained, the eagerly sought after — Satterlee had been discovered to be a pirate! The "Southern Belle" was no "Southern Belle" at all, but the "James H. Peabody"! He had shipped as supercargo, putting in a thousand dollars of his own to lull Mr. Crawford's suspicions, and then had marooned the captain and mate on Ebon Island, and levanted with the ship!

Heavens, what cackle, what excitement, what a furious flow of beer in every saloon along the beach! It was rumored that the great bargain-day sales might be canceled — that the goods might have to be returned — that not a penny of compensation would be paid to the unlucky purchasers. Then what a rubbing off of marks took place, what a breaking up of tell-tale cases, what a soaking off of tags! The whole eighty tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even confess to a packet of pins!

The trial took place in the large office-room of the consulate. The big front doors stood open to the sea, where a mile away the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept shut to keep out the meaner noises of domesticity, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate grinding of the consular coffee, the chasing of consular chickens, the counting of the consular wash, shrill arguments over the price of fish — a grotesque juxtaposition that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings.

The consul, in well-starched white clothes and pipe-clayed shoes, sat on a dais beneath the crossed flags of his country, giving the effect of an elegant and patriotic wax-work. Below him were the four assessors, sunburned, commonish, sea-faring men, with enormous hands that they did not know what to do with, who moved uneasily in their chairs and looked about for places to spit — and then did n't dare to. One, whose brawny arms far exceeded the shrunken sleeves of his jumper, unbared to view on his hairy skin the tattooed form of a naked mermaid. A table stood in the center of the uncarpeted room, with a lawyer on either side — Purdy, the goat-haired, dirty, elderly man, half-blind, sharp-voiced, rasping out his case. Opposite him, Thacher — a slinky, mean-looking

young man, who was reputed to have left New Zealand under a cloud. He looked what he was, a cheap lawyer's clerk, of the pinched, hungry variety one sees in gloomy ante-rooms. At the head of the table was Dillon, the everlasting dictatee, his dyed black whiskers drooping in the heat, who raised a fat hand from time to time as a

brake on outstripping tongues. And there the Captain, the cause of all this singular assembly, tilting back in his chair, or occasionally leaning over to whisper into his counsel's ear — spare, angular, careworn — with his grim mouth and resolute air, as though the soul within him refused to be cowed by such droning tomfoolery.

Beside the front door was a shabby, basket-work sofa, where members of the public were entitled to sit. They would tiptoe in, these members of the public, furtively, as

though expecting to be shot on sight, the bolder ones perhaps exchanging a whisper, the weaker brethren silent and trembling if they caught an official eye. Outside, on the steps of the broad veranda, the brothers Scanlon lolled and slumbered, with pewter stars on their sweaty bosoms, enjoying the deep contentment that comes with two dollars and fifty cents a day.

The trial lasted two days, but judgment was held over for the third. The case against Satterlee was complete. The San Francisco affidavits, properly made out by competent hands, were confirmed by the confession of Ah Foy, the cook, who (besides Satterlee) was the only present member of the original crew. Satterlee set up the lame defence that he had purchased the vessel from Crawford, and was, therefore, her actual owner. He was sworn, and gave evidence accordingly, but Purdy's cross-examination left him without a leg to stand on. He cut a pitiful figure as he floundered and lied and



"Dillon . . . Clerk of the Court—any court"

contradicted himself under the lash of that relentless tongue, miring himself ever deeper with explanations that did not explain, and agitated references to a "conspiracy" whose object it was to ruin him. No, the only thing to be considered was the degree of punishment that would adequately offset his crime.

On the reassembling of the court on the morning of the third day, little Skiddy, from the majesty of the dais, summed up the case at length. It covered nine sheets of foolscap, and had cost him hours of agonizing toil. Beginning with a general rhetorical statement about the "policy of nations," and the "security of the high seas," he descended by degrees to the crime of barratry — or, in plain English, the theft of ships. He looked at barratry from every side, and the more he looked the less he seemed to like it. It was the cradle of piracy; it destroyed the confidence of owners; barratry, if frequently repeated, would shake the whole commercial structure. A person who committed barratry would commit anything. In this manner he went on and on, reviewing the evidence of the case, destroying the whole fabric of the defence, dwelling at length on the enormity of the entire transaction. The "James H. Peabody" had been deliberately seized. The prisoner had lawlessly converted her, the property of another, to his own base uses. He had broken into the cargo and shamelessly sold it as his own. He could plead neither the extenuation of youth, nor ignorance, nor the urging of others. He had conceived the crime, and had carried it out, single-handed. The court could not accept the contention that Ah Foy, the Chinaman, had been in any sense a confederate or an accomplice. The court dismissed the charge against Ah Foy. But after mature deliberation its unanimous judgment was that John Forster, alias Satterlee, was *guilty*. The court sentenced John Forster, alias Satterlee, to *ten years' penal servitude*.

Purdy popped up with some question as to the scale of court fees. Thatcher winked at Dillon, and began to roll up his papers. Skiddy descended from the dais, and became an ordinary human being again. The Captain, leaning forward in his chair, gazed absently out to sea. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the

authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar, and forthwith departed.

The President was kind, the Chief Justice urbane. The income of the kingdom barely sufficed for their two salaries, and they judged it incumbent (as they could do nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American Consul. But jails? Oh, no, they could n't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it was n't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a hog pen. The President retorted that the King's allowance was eight months in arrears, and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails lost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage, and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life?

They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The Chief Justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Satterlee in the stockade, and force him to mix with the dregs of the native population. Surely Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment? Mr. Skiddy wanted to know, then, what the deuce he was to do? The Chief Justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The President murmured sauvely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut-tax, and the suppression of the rebellion, the Government might see its way to —

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I'm to do NOW!"

The two high officials gazed at him sadly. It was a great pity, they observed (with an air of gentle complaint) that Mr. Skiddy should have embarrassed the Government at a time when its whole position was precarious. Had he not better refer the matter to Washington? Doubtless Washington, recognizing the fact that — Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail, and liked it even less than before. Faugh, it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Satterlee into it. He returned to the consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Satterlee the best room in their cottage, and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre cocoanut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to forty dollars a month for custodianship and fifteen dollars for the

He put a captain and crew on board the "James H. Peabody" and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the State Department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Satterlee's imprisonment, and the expense it had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due.



"Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison"

room and the transport of Satterlee's food from the International Hotel — fifty-five dollars in all. Thirty dollars a month for the hotel raised the grand total to eighty-five dollars. Skiddy wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever indorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he could n't see that he had any other choice. He would simply *make* Washington indorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the Captain's departure from a corner of his bedroom window, and felt that, for the moment at least, he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

The consular salary was two hundred dollars a month, and if the eighty-five dollars for Satterlee was disallowed, the sum was indubitably bound to sink to one hundred and fifteen dollars. Deducting a further fifty, which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the Department's reply!

In the course of weeks it came.

Skiddy U S consul apia samoa satterlee case the department authorizes charge for food, but

none for custody or lodging. bronson assistant secretary.

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at ninety-five dollars! He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the Department, inclosing snap-shot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts, and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply, in which he was bidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the despatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Satterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the Department insisted that it should be at his, Skiddy's, expense. The Department itself advocated the jail. If the situation was as disgraceful as he had described it, ought not the onus be put on the Samoan Government, "and thus place the Department in a position to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Satterlee?" returned the consul in official language across six thousand miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous despatch," retorted the Department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Satterlee should become ill, you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there is n't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The Department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in despatch No. 214 B!"

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut

down his cigars, sold his riding horse, and generally economized. A regret stole over him that he had n't sentenced Satterlee to a shorter term, and he looked up the Consular Instructions to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the Department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "that by so doing you would stultify your previous

action and impugn the finding of the consular court. The Department would view with grave displeasure, etc.——!"

Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which

he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch, and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These untutored souls had no proper conception of barratry. They could n't see any crime in running away with a schooner. They pitied the Captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty — and the hand is never empty of a gift. Bananas, pineapples, taro, sugar-cane, *palisami*, sucking-pigs, chickens, eggs, *valo* — all descended on Satterlee in wholesale lots. Girls brought him *leis* of flowers to wear round his neck;



"Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains"

anonymous friends stole milk for his refreshment; pigeon-hunters, returning singing from the mountains, deferentially laid their best at his feet. He was consulted, and his advice taken on intricate and perplexing subjects, medical, legal, nautical, and military. No one could pass his door without a chat.

On Sundays Skiddy paid the Captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers if there were any — or a novel or two from his scanty stock. Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually arisen on the ashes of the old. Skiddy had no more illusions in respect to this romantic-minded humbug and semi-pirate; but the man was likable, tremendously likable — and in spite of himself, the little consul could not forbear suffering some of the pangs of remorse. The world was so big, so wide, with such a sufficiency of room for all (even romantic-minded humbugs and semi-pirates), and it was hard that Providence should have singled him out to clip this eagle's wings! There was something, too, very pathetic in Satterlee's contentment. He confided to Skiddy that he had never been so happy. With glistening eyes he would discourse on "these simple people" — "these good hearts" — "this lovely and uncontaminated paradise where evil seems never to have set its hand" — and expatiate generally on the beauty, charm, and tranquillity of Samoan life. He dreaded the time, he said, when a ruthless civilization would sweep it all away.

Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Satterlee was a convict and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance besides (which they might otherwise have presented) of two friends spending a happy day together in the country! A Scanlon brother stood for the United States Government and the majesty of law, and propriety demanded his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing cocoanut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little consul, represented an unavoidable monthly outlay of fifty-five

dollars. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets somewhat used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his by-gone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a consular income, and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the Department? No! But from Satterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, deprecatingly coughed his way into the bedroom, and handed the consul a letter. It was written on pale pink note paper, of the kind Samoans like best, with two lavender love-birds embossed in the corner. It was from Satterlee.

"DEAR FRIEND," it ran, "when this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, nor that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our pleasant relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heart-felt friendship. I loved the simple people amongst whom my lot was cast, and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully amongst them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows, I have never seen but its ugliest side, and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and if you would do me a last favor, buy a little rocking-horse that there is at Edward's store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant god-daughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my warmest and sincerest gratitude; and for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN SATTERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg barque that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him until that great, hulking creature shook like jelly and his round black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there; swore him on the consular Bible; and made him dictate a statement which was signed in the presence of the cook. This accomplished, Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the consul went out on the back veranda, and sat there in his pajamas, to think the matter over.

It seemed a pity to rouse the Department. The Department's interest in Satterlee could at no time have been called brisk, and it had now ebbed to a negligible quantity. But it would be just like the Department to get suddenly galvanized and hysterically head Satterlee off at Hamburg. This would mean his ultimate return to Samoa, and a perpet-

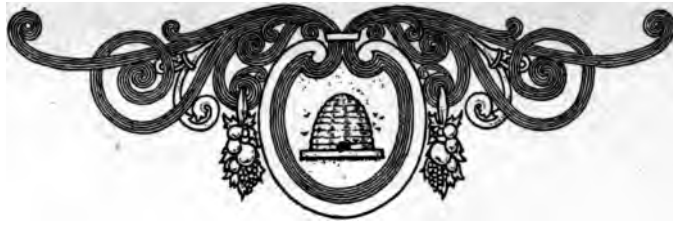
ual further outlay of fifty-five dollars from a hard-earned salary! No, he would n't worry the Department . . . Let sleeping dogs lie. There were better ways of spending fifty-five dollars a month than . . .

That night the consul had champagne at dinner, and drank a silent toast.

"Good luck to him, poor old devil!"



"Of course, Skiddy blew that Scanlon up"



EDITORIAL

"The truth shall make you free." — JOHN VIII. 32

"JUDGE NOT"

JUDGE not that ye be not judged." It is a counsel of charity, it is a word of authority, but it may be misapplied. As a maxim of social intercourse between man and man it softens asperities and lubricates friction. For the regulation of our personal relations we need to keep it always in mind.

Plainly, however, it is not a rule of universal application. For the magistrate in the seat of authority, for the jurist upon the bench, for the jurymen in the box it will not do at all. It is the business of these men to judge the conduct of their fellow men; that responsibility rests upon them; the security of society depends on the honesty and fearlessness with which they discharge it.

To this proposition all except the theoretical anarchists readily agree. And even such theoretical anarchists as Tolstoy, while they condemn the use of physical force in the execution of judgment, are not at all slow to judge, and to pronounce judgments of the most terrible severity upon those whose conduct seems to them worthy of reprobation. There seems, it must be allowed, some inconsistency in the practise of such anarchists who reprobate only physical violence, and reserve for themselves the utmost violence of speech.

The duty of magistrates to judge, and even to punish, is not seriously questioned by many sane men. But is the magistrate the only one who is to judge and condemn the evil doer? Is his attitude of mind toward those who offend against the commonwealth to be radically unlike that which his neighbors out of office maintain? Is his soul the only soul in the community to be filled with indignation at the evil deed? Is his voice the only voice to be raised in condemnation of the evil doer? Is the magistrate to be on the one side, censuring, condemning and punishing the guilty person while all the rest of the community is on the other side complacent or indifferent?

If such is the situation the judgment and the punishment of the magistrate will have very little effect upon the malefactor. The disapproval which is merely official will not greatly disturb him. Nor is the mere physical punishment for which the law provides — even when it extends to incarceration — anything very serious if no disgrace goes with it. The prisoner who could truly say: "It is only the officers of the law who disapprove of what I have done; the rest of the people do not care; I have lost nothing in their estimation," would not suffer a very severe punishment. It is only because the judgment and condemnation of the court is believed to represent the judgment and condemnation of the community that its stroke is degrading.

The truth is, of course, that the magistrate in his verdict and sentence expresses the moral feeling of his fellow-citizens. He is their representative. He has no right to judge but that which they have conferred upon him. What makes his judgment effective is the fact that although they hold their judgment in suspense while he is finding out the facts, they are ready to add the entire weight of it to his judgment when sentence is pronounced. They have not divested themselves of this power or the right of judging; they have simply sought to make their judgment clear by a fair investigation.

In truth the right and power of judging are attributes of which no enfranchised citizen of a republic can divest himself. They belong to the very elements of responsible citizenship. It is the citizen's primary business to judge, and not only to judge measures, but to judge men. His judgment of men is a great deal more important than his judgment of measures. The best of measures in the hands of cranks or rascals will be warped or thwarted. And it is the citizen's first business to judge strictly and sternly, with fearless intelligence, the men who present themselves for his

suffrages; to have an opinion about them and to express that opinion so that it shall influence his neighbors. If they are not fit for office, he ought not merely to think so, he ought to say so. The maxim "Judge not," if it were laid down here, would be grievously applied.

It is equally his business to judge the men in office, as to the manner in which they perform their duties. They are his representatives, and he ought to know whether they are performing the duties assigned to them. He ought not to be hasty and careless in such judgments, but he is bound to judge — not merely principles and policies, but men in office. When they do well he ought to praise them; when they do ill he ought to condemn them. It is the clear judgments of intelligent men upon the conduct of public affairs that constitute the public opinion which is the motive power of good government. To bid them judge not is to stifle the living breath of freedom.

Nor is the citizen's sphere of judgment confined to candidates or officials. Wherever in the conduct of men he discovers agencies at work which tend to bring harm to the commonwealth it is his duty to expose them and reprove them. When he discovers men obtaining, through the bribery of officials, or by any other corruption, franchises which enable them to practise extortion upon the inhabitants of a city; when he sees them gaining the power to exploit, through iniquitous railroad rates, the earnings of a continent; when he finds them appropriating to their own uses trust funds belonging to widows and orphans, it is time for him to form clear judgments and to utter them without fear. He must not wait until the law has overtaken the transgressors before he expresses his judgment of such unsocial conduct; it is the voice

of public opinion, it is the sum of the individual judgments of honest men, that makes the law efficient to suppress such plunderers — this and nothing else.

It is clear, therefore, that this maxim "Judge not" is greatly limited in its application. In our purely domestic and personal relations it is a good rule; in the higher realm of our political and civil responsibilities it is wholly out of place.

For it must not be forgotten that in a republic every enfranchised citizen sustains a dual relation. He is a subject, and he is also a sovereign. He is under the law, and he is also a maker and administrator of law. Certain maxims which apply to him in one of these relations do not apply to him in the other. The same great principles of conduct govern both realms, but particular rules are pertinent in one and not in the other. It may be difficult for us to adjust these differences; to learn in what places we must be tolerant and charitable, and in what places we must be strict and stern, but this is one of the lessons we must master.

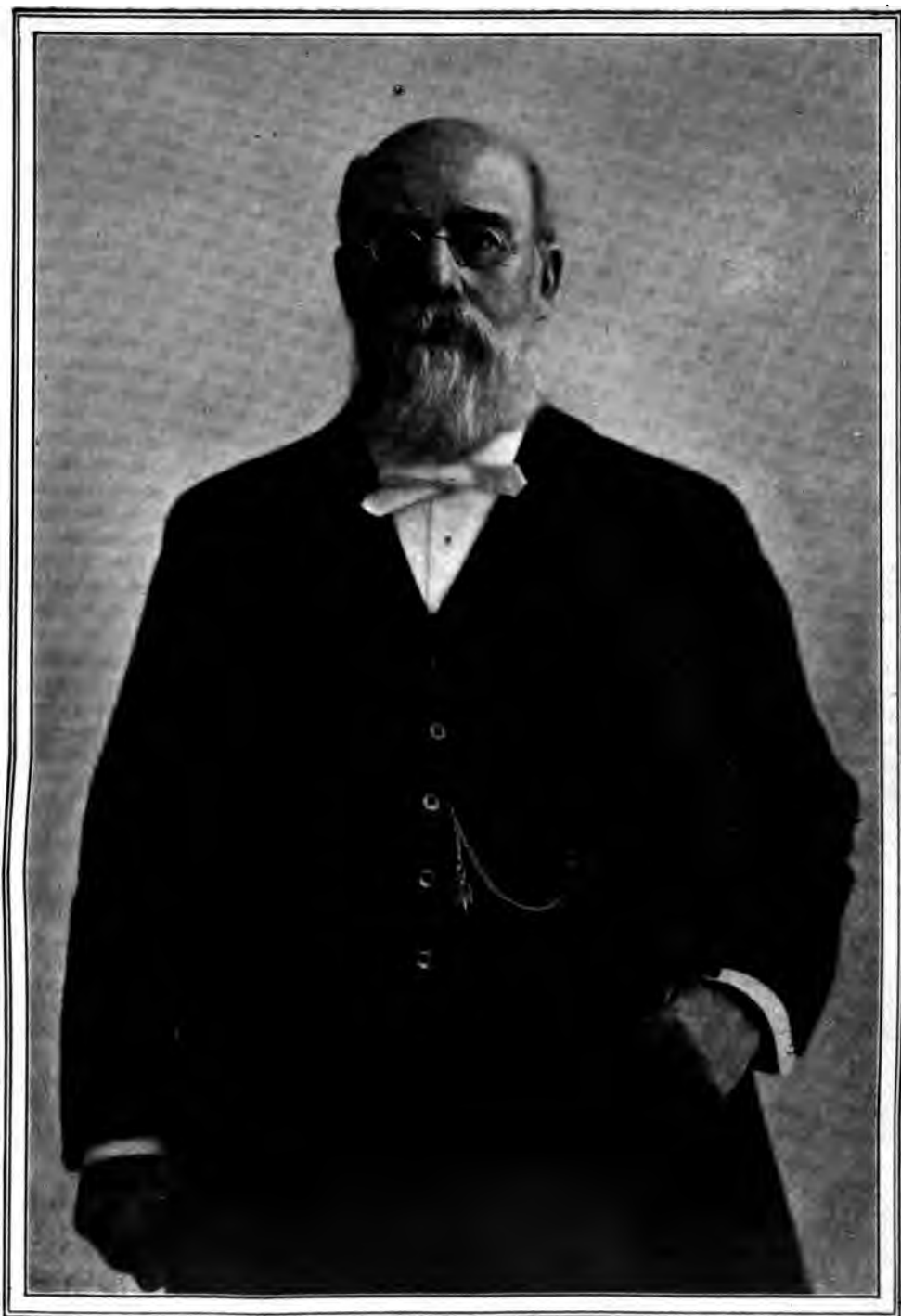
There is but one kind of retribution which has any valuable deterrent effect upon those worst enemies of society who are yet out of jail. The threat of mere physical punishment, with no moral disapproval behind it, would not be effectual; they might hope to evade that; but discovery that the community at large held their deeds in abhorrence would mightily restrain them. The only thing that will cure these worst social mischiefs is the formation and the utterance of a clear moral judgment concerning them — a judgment which shall reverberate through the length and breadth of the land.

To furnish the grounds for such a judgment has been and will be the purpose of this magazine.

AN APOSTLE OF APPLIED CHRISTIANITY

IT is a fine thing for a man to come to seventy years of age and find the convictions of his youth undimmed, the causes he has espoused still worth fighting for, his ideals still without tarnish. It is the record of the Rev. Washington Gladden who, on February 11th, celebrates his seventieth birthday. For nearly fifty years an active pastor in the Congregational Church, Dr. Gladden for thirty years has been known to the general public as a bold and able advocate of the application of Christianity to the every-day activities of human life. He first attracted attention by a little book demanding that the Golden Rule be

used in the relations of workmen and employers. It was many years ago when such a doctrine was pretty generally considered outside of a preacher's business and Dr Gladden was criticised for establishing a "dangerous precedent." From that he went on making more and more frequent applications of Christianity to political, social, and industrial situations. He preached that Christianity has something to say about economics until he was called a Socialist. He denounced the bigotry of the American Protective Association until he was called a Jesuit. He called the trusts to order for their illegal and brutal treatment of rivals and



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THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN

consumers until he was denounced as an agitator. But all this left him unmoved. As he saw it, all parts of life must be brought under the religious motive or Christianity is a failure. He was really working for that "integration of the Christian conscience" which, as the newly appointed Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, Rev. Charles D. Williams, pointed out in this magazine for December, "is the deepest ethical need of this generation."

Where man is as aggressive and persistent in awakening thought as Dr. Gladden has been, he is almost sure to be regarded by the great comfort-loving, satisfied part of the world as one-sided and morose. Dr. Gladden is anything but that. If one will read the sermons in a recent collection, "Where the Sky Begins," along with his latest

book, "The New Idolatry," one will find that the warrior is a wise, serene Catholic Christian who never forgets the sky, however hot the battle. And this is logical enough. There is no man who can be so serene as he who stands on absolute right. His mind is not torn by efforts to twist and color and evade, his soul is not tortured by self-accusation or fear. He walks in the light and is free to see the sky, to look men in the eye, to take openly joy and good wherever he finds it. It is possible for such a man and only such a man to do as Dr. Gladden has done; live a long life without disillusion, without loss of courage or of temper, to deal his heaviest blows at subtle and unacknowledged wrongs at seventy and at seventy to have more sky in his landscape than ever before.

MANUFACTURING PUBLIC OPINION

THERE has long been a suspicion amounting, in many quarters, to a certainty that our great corporations included in their advertising bureaus well-equipped, secret departments for manufacturing public opinion favorable to themselves. It is one of their vaunted "economies" which, for "the good of the business," they took care to keep to themselves. As a rule, all that a restive public could do under this suspicion was to accuse. It could not prove. One of the many substantial public services rendered by the admirable life insurance investigation which has been going on in New York City last fall and this winter was to contribute a clear demonstration of the way the publicity bureau worked in the Mutual Life Company at least. It is probably a fair example of what all our great corporations support.

That a great life insurance company, like the Mutual, should do a large amount of advertising goes without saying, but as the investigation showed, there is something else beside straightforward advertising of itself done by the concern; and this is the way it's worked. In the employ of the Mutual for the last eighteen years has been a certain Mr. Charles J. Smith. His business has been that of managing a species of literary bureau. In ordinary times his activities have been general and rather unimportant, but in time of emergency they are enlarged; for instance, last September, when the investigation began, he turned all his strength to preparing articles calculated to counteract the reports of the investigations sent out

through the regular news channels. He did not send out these articles from the office of the Mutual. He turned them over to an institution handled by a Mr. Allan Forman, called the Telegraphic News Bureau. The Mutual paid Mr. Forman \$1 a line for every issue of Mr. Smith's articles which he secured in a reputable newspaper. For one item supplied to about 100 different papers in October, the Mutual Life paid between \$5,000 and \$6,000. On October 25th they had paid out for six articles which Mr. Forman had handled in that month something like \$11,000, and many of the bills had not yet come in. As stated, Mr. Forman received \$1 a line from the Mutual Life for handling this matter. What the newspapers received for publishing did not appear. Mr. Smith said that some of the newspapers charged \$5, some \$1.50, and some \$2 a line. Now, this large sum was paid because the matter was published as regular telegraphic news or reading articles, that is because the newspapers gave no indication that they were really publishing advertising matter for which they were receiving pay. Mr. Smith mentioned several reputable papers in which his articles had appeared as reading matter.

So much for the kind of work Mr. Smith's department has been doing, but this is not all of the Mutual's advertising on the quiet. There is a regular advertising department outside of Mr. Smith's. This is managed by a Mr. W. S. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan buys space in magazines and in some of the newspapers, direct advertising of which nobody can complain, but he also sends out what his

account books call "Telegraphic Readers." Mr. Sullivan claimed to Mr. Hughes that these telegraphic readers were sent out *at the solicitation largely of the newspapers themselves.*

"All the large daily newspapers," he explained, "have representatives, or most of them have representatives, in this city. The trade name is a "special advertising agent." These men, of course, come to see us in the course of business, they come to see all general advertisers, and this telegraphic news item is a matter that appears on a great many of their rate cards, and we have never, to my knowledge, sent out to any paper that had not already filed with us their rate, so that we understood what we were to pay for the service." These notices, Mr. Sullivan went on to say, were printed, as a rule, without any distinguishing marks. However, some of them, he said, made a practice of disguising the matter in what he called "a very subtle way," such as a cut-off rule, a star, a different form of type than the body of the paper.

It all amounts to this, that the Mutual Life Insurance Company has been able to arrange for a price with a lot of reputable newspapers to print as reading articles or as matter of news, material which was incontestably devised to deceive public opinion. The ethics of the press on the matter of paid space are perfectly simple. Whatever is printed and paid for must appear as advertising. To print an article as news, as reading matter, or as editorial comment and receive pay for it — is to deceive the reader. It is entirely analogous to selling a vote — quite as debasing to the person who does it and as unfair to the public whom he serves. Certainly newspapers that will consent to allow such a use of their columns are more to be blamed than the corporations which employ them.

The Mutual Life's news department, so far as revealed, is not nearly so complete as that which other corporations, notably the Standard Oil Company, has supported among its other curious "economies." For instance, in Ohio that concern employed at one time a distributing agency known as the Jennings Advertising Agency, which distributed articles, prepared especially for the concern, to the newspapers, and paid for them on condition that they appeared as news or editorials. In one of the examinations conducted by the Ohio Attorney-General, Frank S. Monnett, in 1898 — he brought out a contract with the newspaper made by this agency of which the following is a fragment:

"The publisher agrees to reprint on news or editorial pages of said newspaper such notices, set in the body type of said paper and bearing no

mark to indicate advertising, as are furnished from time to time by said Jennings Agency at the rate of — per line, and to furnish such agency extra copies of paper containing such notes at four cents per copy." Specimens of the articles published under this contract were offered in the testimony — all of them defenses or laudations of the Standard.

In the last year the Standard has done a large amount of similar publishing in Kansas. During the "oil war" of the spring of 1905, articles three and four columns in length, bristling with tables and calculations which had no bearing on the real points at issue in the oil trouble in the state, but which were admirably calculated to bewilder and mislead a public knowing little or nothing of the real facts of the situation, were offered the Kansas papers at their own figure. These articles were worth anywhere from five hundred dollars to one thousand to the papers, and when one remembers that the prosperous newspaper in the Kansas towns clears probably not over \$2,500 a year, the temptation in the plum is obvious. But there were papers clean enough on the ethics of the matter to refuse the fruit. The *Emporia Gazette* refused it, so did Governor Hoch's newspaper, but there were more which looked and ate!

The Standard, it is well known, has always had a subsidized press of its own, the leading representative of which is the *Oil City Derrick* — a very able paper in its legitimate oil news and a vituperative and amusing advocate in matters of controversy. For many years, too, the Standard Oil Company subsidized *Gunton's Magazine* to the tune of \$15,000 to \$25,000 a year. This periodical, which flickered out last year, began as a strong and able expositor of the principles of combination and co-operation in commerce, but it suffered the intellectual dry-rot which overtakes most subsidized concerns, and at its death had become an ineffective and rather querulous defender of corporations in general and the Standard Oil Company in particular.

Another method of manufacturing opinion largely employed by the Standard is anonymous or misleading circularization of pamphlets or books. It was this method which the concern took to meet Miss Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company. That it was their right — even their duty to the public — to answer openly the arguments and facts of that work is evident, but they did little openly. Secretly, however, the publicity bureau was not idle. For instance, a little volume called "The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company" appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers in the spring of 1903. It explained the rise of the great trust as the almost automatic working of

the law of combination, it overlooked conveniently any evidence of unusual railroad manipulations or brutal forcing of rivals out of business, and it was as innocent of an ethical notion as a newborn babe. Immediately after its publication this magazine began to receive letters from librarians, colleges, ministers, and teachers all over the country, saying that they had received the book with a slip bearing the printed legend, "Compliments of Harper & Brothers," and suggesting with more or less indignation that this was a Standard Oil method of meeting criticism, as it undoubtedly was. Publishers are not given to gratuitous distribution to that extent. Nobody could rightly criticize the open circulation of the book by the Standard Oil Company. If they believed it a putting of their case which it would be wise to circulate, there was no reason they should not have sent it to whomsoever they wished, with their own compliments on every volume of the thousands they scattered. But that is not the way this company sees things.

At the present writing the amount of indirect and distorted advertising which the railroads are doing in opposition to the rate regulation bill before Congress is becoming apparent to the initiated. Mr. Baker, whose series of articles on the railroads began in our November number, has gathered many facts about the way in which public opinion is being manufactured, and we hope soon to be able to publish an article by him on the subject. Mr. Baker finds that there is in operation an extensive press bureau, supported liberally by a combination of leading railroads. This bureau has its headquarters in Boston and has branch offices in New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, and Topeka, Kansas, with many local and traveling agents elsewhere. Like the press bureau of the Mutual Life Company it sends out prepared articles which are published in the newspapers as regular reading matter. The bureau

put numerous lecturers in the fields last summer following up Governor La Follette, President Roosevelt and others who had spoken in favor of railroad rate regulation. It also operates powerfully on conventions of shippers, and even succeeded in splitting the important Interstate Commerce Law Convention held in Chicago in October.

As far as the publishing by the newspapers of these paid articles as reading matter is concerned, we believe that it is only necessary to put the facts plainly to cause a revolt on the part of all respectable newspapers against the practice. It is a pernicious business, as no one of them will probably dispute. They have fallen easily into it because it paid. As long as nobody called attention to it, the returns kept their consciences quiet. The situation is indeed a good deal like that in regard to advertising injurious patent medicines. They paid well, and as long as nobody complained, the publisher's mind was easy. But the agitation so ably conducted recently by *Collier's Weekly* has set many newspapers to thinking and on all sides we hear of the canceling — or refusing the renewal — of contracts for patent medicine advertisements. It is another of the many signs of the general awakening of the public conscience.

As for other indirect methods of influencing opinion practised by corporations, nothing will ever cure them but to convince business men themselves that they don't pay — that the popular contempt for underhand work of this kind is too costly to make it wise. There is no reason why the Mutual Life Company, the Standard Oil Company, anybody and everybody in this country should not openly give their side of every converted point which concerns them, no reason why they should not fight for their side — insist that it be heard. All that the public asks is that they come into the open to do this, that they sign their articles, put their own signature on the newspapers they support — their own compliments on the books and circulars they distribute.



MARCH, 1906

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M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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That's it exactly."*

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as he feels,
And a woman is as
old as she looks"—

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keeps one young both
in feeling and looks.

It induces life and beauty,
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fresh under skin to appear. **Be fair to your skin,
and it will be fair to you—and to others.**

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed
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becomes apparent. The constant use of Hand Sapolio
produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin
that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

HAND SAPOLIO IS

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the
skin of the most delicate beauty.

SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with
beneficial results.

SO EFFICACIOUS as to almost bring the small boy into a
state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.



'AN ALMIGHTY EXCITING RACE'

'ARIZONA NIGHTS.' PAGE 516

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No. 5

COMMERCIAL MACHIAVELLIANISM

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," "LIFE OF LINCOLN," ETC.



SOME four hundred years ago there was living quietly in a little villa not far from the City of Florence, Italy, a man about forty-five years old, Niccolo Machiavelli by name. His serious occupation — followed at night after a day spent in superintending his estate and drinking wine with his rustic neighbors — was writing a treatise explaining how, in his judgment, the then existing government of Florence could bring that city back to a power and glory which it had lost. Signor Machiavelli was very well fitted for his task. He was not a scholar, in the strict sense of the term, but he was a man thoroughly familiar with his world. He knew its literature and its history. He was an able writer, perhaps the first prose writer Italy had ever produced. He was a man of large experience in politics, diplomacy, society. For fifteen years before taking to his little villa he had been the private secretary and confidential agent of that most powerful factor in the Florentine Republic — the Council of Ten, and in this position he had seen from the inside some of the most extraordinary events of the period. He had been with Cesare Borgia when that crafty general, having lured a large number of his enemies to a conference to discuss terms of peace, cut off their heads — for the good of his country! He had passed months at the court of Francis I, one of the greatest of French Mediaeval sovereigns, begging men and money to help

Florence keep off her enemies. He had matched cunning with cunning; deceit with deceit; bullying with bullying; logic with logic in the leading diplomatic circles of Europe. He was a man of his world, too, always in the thick of the cleverest circle of his city, gossiping, carousing, agitating. He could run an enemy through with a sword, if need be; he could play the gallant with the best of them; he could turn a sonnet to suit the critical taste of his day; and he could write a pamphlet or a screed for the city gate as no other man in Florence. In short, Machiavelli was a versatile, brilliant, learned man of his times — but he was something more than most of such gentlemen, of whom Florence had many. He had a mind of extraordinary analytical power, a genius for construction, a warm devotion to his native city, and a patriotic passion for her glory.

Signor Machiavelli was altogether too young and too much in love with life and action to be spending his nights in writing a treatise on government if he could have helped himself. But he could not. He had lost his office by the overthrow of the Republic of Florence and the restoration of the old despotic power of the Medici. Machiavelli saw no chance for a restoration of the republic. But he believed he did see the way for an able Despot to make Florence all powerful in Italy. He decided to explain his views to the Medici. The world has always been divided as to why Machiavelli, a Republican and practically an exile because of his principles, should have attempted to teach a

Despot how to make himself impregnable and his state glorious. There are those who say it was that he might be restored to place — and certainly Machiavelli, when he came to offer his treatise to the Medici, offered his services along with it, pleading that the work itself proved his fitness to serve a Despot,— which it certainly did ; but there was a great deal more than a desire for a position in Machiavelli's mind. He loved his Florence — ardently, passionately desired her glory. He saw no chance for the success of a Republic. He believed a powerful and wise Despot could make a state glorious and it mattered little to him how Florence became a stable power if she only achieved the end, and so Machiavelli wrote his *Prince* — a work destined to become one of the few treatises which have crystallized a political theory into permanent form, a work that fits any age and will continue to fit any so long as human nature remains what it is.

And what was this theory that Signor Machiavelli worked out so well ? (So direct, so lucid, so comprehensive, and so frank is the *Prince* that a very brief analysis makes it clear. It opens with a definition of "the business of a Prince," which, says Machiavelli, "is to make his state great and to extend its borders." In Machiavelli's day the Prince so generally came into power by force or by adventurous brigandage that it was this class of rulers alone which he seriously considered in his treatise. Obviously the first requirement of a Prince who has secured power is an army, his chief art is the art of war. Even the prophets themselves stood or fell by their power to back up their teachings by force, Machiavelli claimed. Thus Moses succeeded because he had an army to back up his laws. Savonarola failed because "when the multitude ceased to have faith in him he was destitute of the means either to compel faith or to inspire confidence." It was a Mediaeval application of the more modern saying, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." But while Machiavelli places full stress on the necessity of making war in the most scientific and approved manner, he by no means limits his Prince's duties to raising and disciplining troops and to conducting aggressive campaigns. In his judgment there is another and no less important field of action for every Prince. It is that of secret intrigue and treachery, the place in which states are most surely undermined and destroyed. The chief

weapons in this field are lying, treachery, cruelty ; and Machiavelli calmly advises the use of each, always supporting his contention with ample historical illustrations.

Lying, in his opinion, is a sacred necessity. "A prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word," he says, "except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted his engagement still exist." Craftiness is to be cultivated sedulously. Indeed, Machiavelli impresses it upon his Prince that the fox is a worthy example to emulate. "As a Prince must learn how to act the part of a beast sometimes, he should make the fox and the lion his patterns, but the fox often wins when the lion would fail : I could give numerous proofs of this and those who have enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs."

Nor should he be afraid of cruelty. Like lying and treachery it is often necessary. In an army it is useful in helping keep troops in order. In governing a city it prevents uprisings.

These are hard practices and evidently make a man feared and hated. Machiavelli calls attention to this fact and argues it out logically : "It has sometimes been asked," he says, "whether it is better to be loved than feared, to which I answer that one should wish to be both, but that is a hard matter to be accomplished and I think if it is necessary to make a selection it is safer to be *feared* than to be loved. . . . Men are generally more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to one who merely strives to be beloved ; and the reason is obvious, for friendship of this kind being a mere moral tie, a species of duty resulting from a benefit, cannot endure against the calculations of interest ; whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence."

As a general rule, Machiavelli lays it down that hatred is as easily incurred by good actions as by evil — and that when the strongest party is corrupt the Prince must comply with their disposition and content them. "He must renounce good or it will prove his ruin."

It is not a high notion of humanity that such doctrines as these presupposes. Machiavelli admits this frankly. Indeed, throughout his treatise he repeatedly claims that it is only possible to practice the methods he

advises because men are generally so cowardly, so treacherous, and so selfish. For instance, in explaining the wisdom of not keeping promises he says, "I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good; but as the generality of mankind are wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part." And again in cautioning his Prince against having any pride in being considered just and good he says, "The manner in which men live is so different from that in which they ought to live, that he who deviates from the common course of practice and endeavors to act as duty dictates necessarily insures his own destruction. A Prince who wishes to maintain his power ought therefore to learn that he should not be always good."

It is thus by force, craft, and treachery, and by a wholesale application of the principle that every man has his price that the great Italian taught that power is to be secured. But this means enemies, for, whereas, a man beaten in an open contest waged according to the rules of war, may become a friend, he who has been stripped of his possessions by craft and treachery combined with force rarely, if ever, can be trusted.

How shall he deal with them? It is simple in Machiavelli's judgment. "Either make a man your friend or put it out of his power to be your enemy," he says. That is, take him into partnership or crush him. "He may revenge a slight injury, but a great one deprives him of his power to avenge. Hence the injury should be of such magnitude that the Prince shall have nothing to dread from his vengeance." That is, the only safe way to deal with a conquered enemy is to destroy him, and particularly is this true if that enemy has ever known freedom. Not only must you destroy all those you conquer, but under no circumstances should you help a rival power in any of its enterprises, even if those enterprises be quite foreign to those in which you are interested — nothing in which as far as you can foresee you ever will be interested, for the prince who contributes to the advancement of another power runs the risk of ruining his own. The rival may, through the help given him, so advance in power that it may one day ruin the Prince himself — that is, never help in any way anybody outside of your domain.

But while Machiavelli lays down forcibly and clearly the above rules as essential to securing and increasing worldly power, he repeatedly advises against the unguarded use of them. For instance, cruelty must always be "well applied" — that is, only exercised when it is absolutely necessary. Again, although a Prince must do evil when required to preserve and strengthen his domain, he must, above all, preserve an appearance of always doing good. "A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, *but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient.*"

"I maintain that a Prince, and especially a new Prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may, from time to time, surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course. He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety; this last quality is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart."

These, briefly, are the famous principles of Machiavelli. In a word, it is the doctrine that the end justifies the means, that whatever is necessary in order to secure the glory of your country is right. Men should love their country more than their souls.)

Machiavelli gave the *Prince* to the Florentine Despot, but he did not get his reward. Whether the treatise was too strong for the stomach of Lorenzo or not, we do not know. It was only after Machiavelli's death that the work was published, and no sooner was it out than a storm of indignation broke over it. Impious, infernal — no adjective was too strong to describe the popular judgment. The Republicans called him traitor because he sought to teach a tyrant how to become impregnable. The Despots hated him

because he showed their hand. The church, outraged by his frank accounts of the discrepancies between her practices and principles, put the Prince under its ban and burnt Machiavelli in effigy. (And yet Machiavelli had not invented Machiavellianism. He simply described as clearly and succinctly as he could the methods which his observation and study had taught him to be the most successful in ruling Italian cities. He had considered not at all the morality of methods — no despot who won glory did that. He had considered not at all that a man might lose his soul, might drive other men to destroy their souls, by these practices. The glory of the state — that in Machiavelli's mind was the end of all political action. If it cost men their souls why still the glory of the state justified the price. Italy had taught him this, yet Italy, when she saw her own theory stated in black and white, turned on the man who had analyzed her so plainly, and called him traitor. The world took up the cry and from that day to this has characterized the theory that the end justifies the means with the opprobrious title of Machiavellian. It has made an adjective of reproach of the great Florentine's name, as if he had let loose the evils inherent in the theory which bears his name. As a matter of fact, all that Machiavelli did was to work out the formula for worldly success followed by the ablest rulers of his own time. His crime in the eyes of Florence was that he revealed the formula.

But though the world repudiated the Machiavellian theory as soon as it saw the light, it by no means abandoned it. Again and again since the *Prince* first was written, four hundred years ago, its principles have been in as active operation as in the age of despots. Again and again those who hated and feared the theory have risen to overthrow it. What was the Reformation in essence but a revolt against Machiavellianism in the church. What was the French Revolution? Every age, indeed, has seen this theory intrude itself in Church or State, and has seen an attack upon it. Every country has had repeated struggles with it, so has every institution; indeed, so does every individual who aspires.

There has always been a trace of Machiavellianism in American life, but never in the history of our country has the formula been applied and openly defended, until the last two decades. To-day, however, one

could easily reconstruct out of the mouths of our captains of industry a modern edition of the *Prince* which would serve quite as well as a text-book for the aspirant to financial power as the Prince of Machiavelli would have served Lorenzo Medici if he had had the brains, the daring, and the dexterity to apply it. The object of this modern treatise, like that of the Mediaeval one, would be to instruct in the art of acquiring and extending power; but while four hundred years ago it was acquiring power in order to make a state rich and glorious, to-day it is acquiring power in order to make oneself rich and glorious. Four hundred years ago it was a state which the Prince aspired to control, to-day it is a great business — a natural product like iron or coal or oil, a great food product like beef, a great interstate transportation line like the railroad, a great deposit for the savings of the poor like a life insurance company. These are the Kingdoms for which the modern man sighs. They do not come to him as an inheritance any more than in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Italian cities came to Despots by inheritance. They come by force, and to-day, as in Machiavelli's time, the chief art of the would-be captain of industry is war, the end of which is to acquire that which other men now control. It matters not at all that the man who owns the enterprise desired to extend the captain's power may have been a pioneer in the industry, may have been one of the first in the country to make sugar, or produce oil, raise cattle, or ice cars; it matters very little that he has developed his own markets, invented his own processes and machines; his property is wanted and he cannot be allowed to live free any more than in Machiavelli's judgment Cesare Borgia should have allowed the Italian princes whose domain skirted his and who were weaker than he to live free. Business is war then, not a peaceful pursuit.

And this commercial warfare has been developed by our modern captains to a science as perfect as the militarism of the nations. Its tactics are as admirable, its plans of campaign as clear and able. You want to control beef, for instance — an excellent kingdom to master, so steady and sure are its resources in a prosperous land. But how can you do it? It is an industry as old as the nation. It has been built up and is owned and managed by ten thousand cattlemen on a thousand hills and plains, by hundreds upon

hundreds of dealers in the numberless cities and villages and country-sides of the land, by scores upon scores of railroads and steamship lines which compete to carry its products. Where is the central position which, controlled, will bring them all, cattle-raiser, transporter, marketman, under your direction or, if you prefer, drive them from the industry? Any modern captain will tell you it is in transportation. If you can, by any means, so control the railroads and steamships which ship the cattle first and the dressed meat later as to obtain better rates than anybody else, you can control ranchmen and dealers. For if you can ship what you buy cheaper than your competitors, you can afford to sell cheaper. The world buys where it can buy cheapest. In time the world's market is yours and when it is yours you can pay the ranchman your own price for cattle. There is nobody to offer him another. You can make your own rate for the transportation; you are the only shipper. You can demand of the consumer the highest price. There is nobody to offer him one lower.

Secure the special favor of the railroad then and the rest will be easy, as it is in all great military campaigns where the key to the position has been found and where all resources have been concentrated on its capture. And this favor secured, go after the dealer. If you are courageous and plausible person, tell him frankly that his business belongs to you, and he had better sell at once. But he does not wish to sell. He has queer ideas about the business being his. He stands on what he calls his rights and a fight is as inevitable as it was in Machiavelli's time when some little Italian town accustomed to governing itself refused to turn over its keys to a big neighbor. And it is beautifully clear from the revelations of our captains of industry during the last thirty years of investigation on what plans the fight will be fought. Cut off his supply of meat. If he has none he sells none. But cattlemen cannot be prevented from selling. No, but if it costs the obstinate dealer more to get that meat to his market than it does you to get it to yours, he cannot sell at the price at which you sell. And here enters the railroad rebate — the modern battering-ram for crushing those who fight to save their own. Crushing them by preventing them getting the supply on which they feed at livable rates of transportation. We all understand it. For nearly forty years we have had it illustrated constantly

before our eyes. Recently we have had it *ad nauseam*. Small dealers in oil and coal, and lumber and salt, and a hundred other things forced into combination, into bankruptcy, or into new lines of business — because they could not get a rate which enabled them to ship; the big shipper forcing the discrimination until his rival succumbed like a wall weakened by incessant battering.

But the besieging captain of to-day has other weapons than his formidable special rate. Have you ever watched, month after month, an attack on a recalcitrant business by some great leader? It is quite as interesting in its way as the study of the siege of Toulon, of Vicksburg, or of Port Arthur. Mines are run under the man's credit and exploded at the moment when they will cause the most confusion, abatis are constructed around his markets until whenever he would enter them he falls into entanglements which mean retreat or death, a system of incessant, deft sharp-shooting is kept up, picking off a bit of raw product here, delaying a car-load there; securing the countermand of an order at this point, bullying or wheedling into underselling at that, trumping up lawsuits, securing vexatious laws. For fertility of invention in harassing manœuvres I recommend the campaign of a modern captain of industry as far superior to the annoyances of the famous guerrilla warfare of the Spaniards.

Now we will all admit that under the competitive system, in a sense, business is war; that is, men are each rightfully seeking to make his own venture as big and as powerful as his ability and energy permit, but in all war, even that of four hundred years ago, there are rules. Compare the use of the ancient battering-ram with the use of the modern one — the rebate. The former was recognized as a legitimate instrument, and the latter has always been declared illegitimate. That is, when an Italian Despot sallied forth to knock down the walls of a city he wanted to add to his domain he used an instrument which the laws allowed — but our modern captain uses as his principal weapon of conquest an instrument forbidden by all the laws of the game. As far as weapons of war are concerned, he really goes the Italian Despot one better. Not only that; he equals him easily in those practices which have always been supposed to be an Italian specialty, and which, as has already been pointed out, form the backbone of Machiavellianism as it is

developed in the *Prince*. Consider the parallel. Our modern captain, like our mediaeval tyrant, must be prepared for cruelty. If he cannot win over a man and make him a convert to his scheme; or if he does not want him in his aggregation — he must put it out of his power to be his enemy — that is, he must crush him. Machiavelli suavely advises to do him an injury of such magnitude that the Prince shall have nothing to dread from his rival's vengeance. This will make you feared, of course, but the consoling observation Machiavelli offers to those who may gulp a bit at wholesale slaughter is that it is safer to be feared than loved. What is to-day half the power of a half-dozen of our leading captains of industry? It is that they are *feared* by thousands of men. What is it that drives many a railroad president to grant rebates — a crime in the eyes of the law for which he knows that if the government does its duty he will be fined and imprisoned? Fear of a warfare on his freight, his bonds, his stocks. Why do so many men with righteous causes of complaint throw up their hands at the approach of the captain of their particular industry? Because they know that resistance almost inevitably has ended in failure. Every one who knows Wall Street — the railroad business, the copper-steel, oil, beef business — knows that half the popular stock in trade of the leaders is that they have intelligently and persistently cultivated Machiavelli's counsel that it is safer to be feared than loved.

It is not only cruelty which is necessary in modern businesses. It is lying. Follow the testimony in the great insurance investigations of the past fall and compare it with the investigations of other years, and perjury sticks out at every corner, perjury so obvious in many cases that it is laughable. Follow the testimony of the leader of the great oil trust — that of many railroad men. When it is necessary they lie. No Borgia or Medici ever followed more wisely and carefully than our captains Machiavelli's great rule — "A prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word except when he can do it without injury to himself."

But while the Machiavellian rule that a Prince should do evil or good according as the one or other serves his interests can be shown by a multitude of documents to be followed faithfully and intelligently by the modern captain of industry, he is no less scrupulous in obeying Machiavelli's injunction not to do

evil unnecessarily, that is to do it only when it is necessary to attain the end. Our modern captains of industry rarely lie or break the laws, bribe or practice cruelty, save for the sake of the end; that is they do not do these things for the sake of doing them as a Caligula or a Nero would have done. They do them for the good of the business. Listen to one of our railroad officials who, recently on the stand, testified to granting a rebate. "We knew it was illegal but it was the only way we could get our share of the business;" that is, the law is less important than the share of business.

In one great concern where for nearly forty years there is an unbroken record of law-breaking and of spying and of hard dealings, the repeated explanation has been that it was for the good of the business. Not long ago a Western Senator of the United States was found guilty of stealing public lands. A former colleague openly justified him on the ground that by this robbery the land had been opened up more quickly than it otherwise would have been. Wherever a case comes to the surface it is promptly justified as necessary to keep up the dividends, expand trade, meet competition, get your share of the business, stimulate commerce. That is, in the minds of our commercial leaders the end justifies the means as much as it ever did in the mind of Cesare Borgia, the monks of the Spanish Inquisition, of Napoleon Bonaparte, or of Count Metternich.

Probably at no period of the world's history where the Machiavellian formula has been the chief working one of a great social institution has its crowning principle — to give the whole fabric the color of charity — been so universally practised as it is to-day by our captains of industry. Cesare Borgia, Machiavelli's great model and that incredible villain, his father, Pope Alexander VI, troubled themselves precious little about screening their deeds with clemency and charity — their failure to do so was a chief cause of their final failure. Machiavelli realized this and it was his reason for repeatedly putting emphasis on the necessity of posing as a saint, however great a devil you may be. To-day there is hardly to be found in American industry a leader, however Machiavellian in practice, who does not seek to justify himself in the eyes of the public by some form of benefit to society. He may cultivate the arts, he may establish lectureships, he may endow colleges, he may

build hospitals, but whoever he is — however truly a commercial brigand he is, he follows Machiavelli in appearing a social benefactor. It is instinct with him primarily — not calculation. There are few men, whatever their practices, who do not instinctively desire to be called honorable and generous, and to be considered gentlemen. The world has so advanced since Machiavelli's days, too, that few men are so unconscious of the social obligations that they do not try to square themselves with God and man for what they take contrary to the legal or the moral code. But what may be instinct at first inevitably becomes a calculation as they grow in brigandage. They see it pays to be known as public benefactors. That such a reputation will keep the public silent longer than any other. That a great gift may often head off a legislative investigation. It is an application of Napoleon's wisdom: When the people are restive, "gild a dome," that is, give them something new to see and talk about, distract their attention; that done, their sense of injustice is soon asleep.

Now this parallel between our modern industrial code and that of the *Prince* is not a mere fanciful one. It is a legitimate historical parallel easily reinforced by a multitude of documents as every one must admit who knows the industrial records of the United States for the last forty years. Commercial Machiavellianism is the accepted industrial formula. It is not only accepted and defended as necessary to our national prosperity and our happiness by those who practice it and profit by it, but the Nation, as a whole, winks at it. How often do we hear from the lips of eminently respectable citizens the words: "Business is business"? How often in justification of lying. "Everybody lies"? How often in defense of bribery the words of the Missouri judge, "Bribery at worst is merely a conventional crime"? How often the words of Tim Campbell of New York, "What's the Constitution betw en friends"? That is, the public as a whole is coming to admit Machiavellianism as a business necessity and to justify it by the end.

Now looked at a little more closely, what is the business end our captains of industry seek? It certainly is not — never has been — except in rare cases, the mere accumulation of private wealth, the mere winning of personal power. These men who control the industrial world to-day are, as a rule, men

of great imagination — men who have looked over a vast field of scattered forces and seen how they might bring them into harmony and direct them to definite ends, how in thus combining and organizing they might not only build in their own land one great and splendid industry in the place of the thousands of little ones now doing the work, but they might extend this great creation into foreign lands, thus enlarging American empire, piling up American power, enriching the American people. Our captains of industry are poets in their ways — poets who rhyme in steel and iron and coal, whose verses are great ships and railways and factories and shops. They create that the world may have more food and light and shelter and joy. They create for the joy of it — for the sake of feeling themselves grow, for the sake of doing for those they love. This, to a degree, is the vision of them all. These are noble ends, but they can only be kept so by noble means. Yet, almost immediately comes the realization that this dream of universal empire cannot be reached by the means which human law and justice prescribe. What of it? The man, hot with his vision, sees his end as greater than truth, than righteousness, than justice. He gradually, and perhaps unconsciously at first, works out a modern version of the half-pagan formula of Machiavelli to apply to a modern and Christian situation, and the world, dazzled by the magnificence of his achievement, justifies him as he does himself.

Now, is he right? Are we right? Is the Machiavellian system to-day so firmly implanted justified by its results as we see them to-day? What are the results? Take the material ones. Is there a great monopolistic trust in existence to-day which has carried out its avowed purpose of better and cheaper products, because of combination? In my judgment not one. The whole history of the trust aiming at monopoly has been that it never gave a pound of beef or a gallon of oil of any better quality or cheaper price than it is forced to do by competition. And why should we expect it to? Suppose that a trust builder started out honestly, fired by the vision of a world-wide machine — a benefit to man and a glory to his nation — and to accomplish this end he breaks laws, crushes rivals, lies, is cruel, treacherous, unscrupulous. How long will his vision resist his evil doing? Let us who have seen our visions fade by the hardening of our hearts

answer. The ultimate end of public good, which let us grant that the man may have had at the start, is killed by the wrong doing necessary to secure his end. A selfish greed of power and gold replaces it. It cannot be otherwise. The ideal must deteriorate if the means used to realize it are vicious. Look at the history of the Life Insurance Companies as revealed recently. The men at their heads have wrought their own ruin by deliberately doing evil — doing evil because of their unbridled, increasing greed. Yet, no doubt, the day was when many of the men foremost in these scandals were fired by the nobility and the sacredness of their business, and looked with pride and exultation on the amount of the return they could by careful and devoted management, make to the thousands upon thousands of the poor who saved and denied themselves and struggled to provide for dependant wife or child. And yet these men came to struggle to secure for themselves and their families and friends the bulk of all the earnings coming from the money of those who had trusted them. Never, indeed, have we had a more perfect examples of the ultimate result of the Machiavellian formula — and that is the moral downfall of the man who practices it.

But the formula not only ruins the men who practice it — what does it do for the great body of young men who, as employes of a great corporation, must, of necessity, know the meaning of the practices? Take the matter of bribing clerks in railroad freight offices to turn over information concerning the shipments of rival concerns. In at least one great trust this practice is so extensive as to have become a matter of elaborate book-keeping. No clerk can be so stupid as not to know he is doing a wrong and harmful act when he betrays private information. He knows the money paid him for the information is a bribe. Yet the money comes from a great and powerful corporation. Even if he wants to refuse it he dares not lest he lose his position. His honor is sullied — his manhood shaken — his soul corrupted. There can be no estimation of the corruption of manliness which this practice alone has caused. There can be no condemnation too bitter of the men who have devised the system. They are corrupters of youth.

Think again of what must be the effect on a great body of young men employed by a trust, when they know their president has lied deliberately on the witness stand, has

lied for the good of the business. There are plenty of such cases revealed in our commercial investigations. The young man loyal to his employer and yet trained to honor the truth must almost inevitably come to the conclusion that lying is one of the necessary implements in successful business — and as time goes on he probably will conclude that it is all right if it will aid in getting you anything you want. If the good of the business justifies lying, it justifies all other things — law-breaking, cruelty, treachery; unconsciously the young man becomes a Machiavellian in his theory of the relation of honor to business.

Not only does he come to defend these practices to himself; he soon will be adept in defending them to others. Let us suppose that the private secretary of some great captain of industry of to-day — a man who, for the good of the business, has found it necessary to put into practice the methods we have been considering — suppose this man's confidential secretary to be a man of keen and analytical mind, of clear power of expression, of an ardent enthusiasm for business, loving the particular industry whose captain he serves as Machiavelli loved Florence; ambitious to see it all-powerful as Machiavelli was ambitious to see his beautiful Florence powerful; and let it come to a point in his career, as it came in Machiavelli's when he was about forty-five years old, that his industry, after the loss of its first powerful head, retrogrades from a first to a second or a third place in the order of business industries — that it is in danger of falling still lower. The secretary sees the reason — the new management has loosened its grip. It no longer fights for the privileges the law forbids — no longer tracks its competitors in secret and in secret undermines them, no longer bribes or lies. Can you not imagine this secretary reared to believe that these things are essential in business and that business success is a paramount duty; can you not imagine him sitting down to frame for the guidance of those who, in his judgment, are ruining the business — the code which alone in his experience and judgment can make a business great? That is, our young men the country over are not only learning the essentials of commercial Machiavellianism and accepting them, but they are becoming their defenders. And when they reach this point clear thinking and unselfish actions will be as impossible to them as recent

revelations show that they have become to an appalling number of our financial leaders. They are men lost to society — men lost to the state. There is but one name for this and that is treason. Indeed, I doubt if this trust question has a more serious phase than this corrupting of the minds and the hearts of youths.

But this Machiavellian formula affects more than our industrial life to-day. It is, to an alarming degree, the working formula of our political parties. It has reduced at least one great sport to a degradation which is a national scandal. It crops out in every art and profession. It has invaded even the field whose teachings are most fundamentally antagonistic to it — the field of the Christian religion. What are the scandals of our political life but the gross application of the great Italian's principles. We buy votes that our party may succeed. It is illegal, it is corrupt; but the success of the party is a higher law, to which we must sacrifice our common creed of morals. We stuff ballot boxes, run in repeaters, vote in blocks of five, juggle the returns, all for the glory of the party. We take the funds of corporations whose only object we know to be to provide a future protection and favor for themselves, we do it though it is in many places contrary to law, and everywhere contrary to sound morals. We tolerate, even support, in their aspirations unspeakable politicians like Addicks of Delaware, Depew of New York, Quay of Pennsylvania. The good of the party requires it. If by any chance scandals occur, bribery is too flagrant, the alliance between the Campaign Committee and the Corporations too obvious, the activities of the politicians too pernicious, we do our best not to force out the truth that we may correct the wrongs; we cover them with plausible explanations, condone them with scriptural quotations on the sin of judging our fellow man — as if the whole basis of government by the people was not judging him — protect them with the pious challenge "let him who is without sin cast the first stone," silence all critics by a bluster of righteous indignation as to the impossibility of people whose aims and words are so noble doing these vile things. It is the Machiavellian game of affirming you are virtuous whatever your practices. It is a great game, and, well played, it works a long time.

But it is impossible in a nation where

business and politics are the two absorbing interests that the dominating creed of those interests should not influence all departments of life. It is inevitable that our art and our literature should not escape the Machiavellian hand which rules us. We see it in the overweening respect that we have for the "best-sellers" among books, the big prices of the artists. Quantity and price, not the integrity, sincerity, and freshness of the product, are unquestionable, powerful motives in artistic life to-day.

Most deplorable of all is the influence these doctrines have on the Church. In a poem published not long ago in a leading religious journal this line is found, "The Union right or *wrong*, still this will be my song." It is nothing but a new version of the Middle Age theory that for the glory of a country a man should be willing to sell his soul. And could anything be more brutally Machiavellian than the arguments recently brought to bear upon one great captain of industry by certain of those who were trying to induce him to contribute to foreign missions, that quite apart from the persons converted the mere commercial result of missionary effort to our land is worth a thousandfold every year of what is spent on missions!

It is this threatening saturation of all our active ties with commercial Machiavellianism which is the most alarming phase of American life to-day. Unless it is checked it means a general demoralization of the sense of fair play, a general lowering of our intellectual honesty. Our indifference to it up to this point has, perhaps, been natural enough. The nation, as a whole, has been dazzled by its material success. There is no one of us with blood in his veins, with the love of great games and great fights in his heart, that is not stirred by the sight of growth, of expansion, of the piling up of wealth and power. These mammoth enterprises of ours, extending around the earth, fill us with exultant pride. We are an achieving people, we say. We recall, too, that these great material successes mean other things. They mean endowments for our colleges, buildings and equipment for our hospitals, fresh funds for our missions, parks in our cities, pictures in our museum. It is, perhaps, natural that in our pride at the magnificence of our results we should overlook the integrity of the means by which they are achieved, should fail to ask ourselves whether clear thinking, honest living, aspiring ideals, unselfish

devotion to unselfish ends are growing as fast as endowments and buildings. It is certainly easy enough for any one to persuade himself for a time at least that material growth is its own justification, particularly when that success contributes to one's pet enterprises. At all events for many years warning against the corruption inherent in our illegal and immoral business practices have been received by the majority of those to whom our public morals are entrusted with silence or apology. "Judge not lest ye be judged," "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," they tell us. Can there be greater blasphemy than to apply these noble Christian counsels to men convicted repeatedly of betraying their trusts, of perjuring themselves for business sake, of breaking and evading laws for greed. Even the continued revelations of these practices and the awful results in destroying character which are and have been coming to us daily this Fall have not been sufficient to disturb the complacency of many a smooth-tongued teacher. We still hear "wait—judge not lest ye be judged" uttered by eminent mouths as proof after proof is laid before us of the ruin of character which has been wrought by our long indifference to how a man made his money if he only made it and gave it to the church or college or city. This is no advocacy of hasty condemnation. To accuse without proof is a crime, but to excuse when you have proof is likewise a crime.

The issue is coming to be too distinct to evade. We must either declare for or against the Machiavellian theory. I am told that it is useless to trouble ourselves, that it will right itself. And that is true. It will right itself in the long run. We all of us may accept, root and branch, the Machiavellian theory, accept it, practice it in our business, in our homes, in society. We may make this country as truly Machiavellian as was the Age of Despots, but that will not defeat the ultimate triumph of eternal justice. The Good is the stronger principle. It finally prevails. All that we can do is temporarily to accelerate or to delay the stream of righteousness. We can help make our age Machiavellian, but all of the men of the earth combined cannot entrench that theory so firmly that a future age will not destroy our work. We cannot build so gloriously with it that a future age will not condemn us as we do the Despots of Italy.

The question is whether we are going to throw our weight for or against the present system -- whether we are going as a nation to tolerate it and let the future overthrow it, or whether we are going to try to take care of it ourselves.

There are many signs that we are choosing to do our own house-cleaning, that we have no intention of going down to history along with Cesare Borgia and Alexander VI, the Monks of the Inquisition and Count Metternich; that we are recognizing frankly that commercial Machiavellianism is our great present-day problem.

And if so, what is there to do about it? The first and most effective work is to air the formula, drag it out into the light, put it down in black and white, state it exactly as it is and as our captains practice it. How many of the very men who practice the Machiavellian formula would be willing to stand by it in the open if it were put to them in its bald truth? How many of them would openly put their names to the following creed?

"Success is the paramount duty. It can be attained in the highest degree only by force. At times it requires violence, cruelty, falsehood, perjury, treachery. Do not hesitate at these practices, only be sure they are necessary for the good of the business and be very careful to insist upon them always as wise and kind and that they work together for the greatest good of the greatest number." We all know that there is scarcely one of them so hardened that he would not pale at the thought of signing that creed and yet it is constructed substantially out of their own words as spoken at one time or another on the witness-stand.

The truth is the Machiavellian formula carries its own death potion with it. It cannot stand the light. It is only strong when it is out of sight -- when it is unuttered. To-day, as four hundred years ago, state it bluntly and men disown it. Why was Machiavelli repudiated by Italy as soon as the *Prince* was published? Why has his name remained to this day in all nations an adjective of reproach? Because he set forth uncondemned a system which demands that men sell their souls for worldly glory. And never in any age, blind and hard and temporizing as men may have been, have they been willing to admit aloud that it pays to buy wealth or power or glory at the cost of the soul. They are willing to practice the formula so long as they can avoid hearing it;

those who profited by their success have been willing to support them so long as they could deaden their intellects by repeating "judge not lest ye be judged," but when it came to defending the Machiavellian creed aloud, they dared not do it. And herein lies our safety. The truth, nothing but the truth, ugly and cruel and relentless as it may be, is the cure for commercial Machiavellianism.

THE CROCUS

BY

HERBERT TRENCH

ON mountains the crocus
 Ere hollows be clear
 In the bed of the snowdrift
 Will rise and appear ;
 Aloft the pure crocus
 Born under the snow
 In the sun is left trembling,
 All bare to his glow,
 Like the heart of the woman who listens
 to love in the forests below :

*'O light-born, how oft
 Shall I drink in, like wine,
 Thy body cloud-soft
 Earth's marvel, yet mine ?
 How oft shall I dare
 Unabsolved by death
 In the flood of thy hair
 And the flame of thy breath ?
 From the incense-boat Sun hast thou wandered,
 a dream from a time beyond death ?'*

And she yearns to respond
 To that strain out of reach,
 To the glowing and subtle
 Stream-spirit of speech ;
 But she weeps, — ah, too childish
 For love is the span
 Of the half-bestrung lyre
 Of the language of man ;
 So she breathes the sun-song of the crocus, —
 reveal it, repeat it, who can !



THE EXILES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

AUTHOR OF "TEN TOWERS' MEETING," "THE STEADY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARLY

THE street was a narrow lane of asphalt between two walls of brownstone house-fronts; and these two walls were so exactly alike that each seemed to be staring, with all its shutterless windows, across the roadway at the other, in the dumb amazement of a man meeting his double. Both were ruled lengthwise in the same four rows of windows. Each window was like all its fellows. All were arranged as regularly in line as the inch-marks on a yardstick;

and at every third window in the lowest row, a house was marked off—as if it were a foot on the rule—by the projection of a brownstone stoop, from which a flight of steps led down to the sidewalk.

It had once been a street of homes; and, in its prosperous days, its stiff monotony must have realized the ideal of the lives that were lived there then according to the strictest conventions of respectability. But now it had fallen into shabbiness and disrepair, and

its set, methodical air seemed only proper to such a street of boarding-houses where the conduct of life was chiefly an affair of subdividing identical days into sleeping, waking, and eating joylessly, by the clock.

It was to this street that the dining-room maid in Mrs. Henry's boarding-house had to look for entertainment whenever she was tired of her round of cooking, serving, and washing-up. She was an Irish girl; and her name was Annie Freely; and her cheeks were still as fresh as pinks from the breezes of Donegal. She had the physique of a milkmaid and a rustic gracefulness of good health that was almost beautiful by contrast with the background of Mrs. Henry's faded dining-room — a background of rusty steel engravings in tarnished gilt frames, hung on a yellowed wall-paper that made the whole room look as if the innumerable meals that had been served there had given it the complexion of a dyspeptic.

She was sitting beside the grated basement window, peeling potatoes into a dish-pan, but she kept an eye on the "area" and the street; and whenever the wheels of a wagon sounded on the pavement, she stopped her work to watch it pass behind the fat, stone spindles of the area balustrade. The thermometer on the window frame marked 92°, and her face was wet. There were heat rings under her eyes; and her eyebrows were drawn in a frown that made no wrinkle on a forehead that had never been broken to worry. Whenever she looked away from the window, she glanced anxiously at the clock; it marked a quarter past eleven, and the groceries had not come.

She let her hand fall idle into the cool water of the pan, and stared at the dust floating in the sunlight.

The cook called hoarsely from the kitchen: "Annie!"

She started. "Yis?"

"What 're ye at?"

"Peelin' pitaties."

"What 's makin' ye so noisy?"

Annie looked down at her hands without answering.

"Why don't ye sing no more these days?"

The voice was querulous.

Annie poised a potato to her knife and blushed to the tops of her ears. "It 's too warm," she said.

A pan banged in the kitchen. "Warm, d'ye call it? I call it drippin' danged hot!"

The girl did not reply; and the cook, after grumbling to herself for a while, resigned herself to a stifled silence.

A delivery wagon came clattering up the street, swung into the gutter, and pulled up with a jerk; and Annie dropped her potato and watched eagerly. When she saw a strange man climb down the wheel, she put her dish-pan on the deep window-sill and stood back from the light to regard him with a look of distress. He bustled down into the area and threw all his weight on a tug at the bell.

"Glory be!" the cook cried to her. "What 's that?"

She did not answer. She went to the door and took the basket without raising her eyes from it.

"The grocery man!" the cook greeted her in the kitchen. "Does he want to pluck the bell out be the root! That 's not Jawn?"

Annie shook her head. "No," she said vacantly, and turned to empty the basket on the serving table.

The cook studied a moment on the tone of that "No;" and then, taking up the chopper, she attacked the meat in the wooden chopping-bowl with vicious blows. She had the arm of a butcher — short but powerful — and a body of the same build; her hair was a greasy grey; her face was the flat-nosed type of slant-jawed Irish, that is so pathetically like an ape's.

Annie went out with the empty basket, but this time she met the man's eyes with a look of inquiry that held him until she could ask: "Where 's Mister Boland now?"

He grinned. "Jack? Oh, he's quit. He's got married. I don't know where he is."

She released her hold of the basket, her face as blank as a bewildered child's.

"Jack 'd sooner marry than work," he laughed. He added over his shoulder as he went, "Hot, ain't it?"

She shut the basement door, and stood for a long time with her fingers in the iron lattice, gazing out at the area with set eyes. When she turned back to the dining-room, she groped her way blindly through the dark hall. And when she sat down to her work again, her hands went about it mechanically under the fixed mask of her face.

"Is 't the heat that 's worryin' ye?" the cook asked at their luncheon. "Sure I know it is," she persisted, at the girl's listless denial. "It 's bad weather fer young blood."

Me own ould skull 's splittin' like the shell of a hard-boiled egg. Phew! Go in an' lay yersilf down, that's a good child. It's out 'n the fields y' ought to be, stackin' hay, 'stid of stewin' in a kitchen here. Go on, Annie, gurl, an' rest yersilf."

Annie went. In the little bedroom that opened off the kitchen, she stretched herself flat on her back and lay stiff. The pillow was hot to her head. She put her cold hand on her burning forehead, and her eyes settled in a wild stare on a picture of Christ that was tacked on the wall at the foot of the bed, with the heart in the open breast flaming red in a yellow aureole.

The cook muttered over her work: "Please God 't will let up a bit t' night. . . . What's happened that boy Jawn, I wonder. The young thief! She's been lookin' fer 'm fer a week past. . . . Phew, but it's hot! . . . If he's playin' games with her, I'll break his back."

The city baked its bricks and stones in a scorching sunlight all the afternoon, till the streets were as hot and dry as a kiln. Then with the slanting of the sun, a mist as warm as steam began to gather in from the Bay; the faint breeze that had been fluttering along on the housetops feebly, fell among the chimneys; the plumes of steam rose from the elevator buildings straight in the still air. The thick dusk closed down smothering all.

Annie came white from her room. She blundered from pan to pan in the fat-smoke of the kitchen, helping the cook. Dazed and stupid, in the glare of the dining-room, she served greasy food to the tables and poured ice-water in a dream. Swaying over the pan of steaming dishes — at the sink where the roaches gathered to the sound of trickling water — she washed a thousand glasses, cups and saucers, plates and spoons, knives, forks, pans and pots, deaf to the kindly garrulity of the cook who helped her. When it was done, she went back to her bed again. "Ah, go away, Mary," she said wearily. "Go away an' let be."

Mary took the kitchen rocking-chair and carried it out resolutely to the area. "As sure 's my name 's Mary McShane," she promised herself, "I'll break the back o' that boy, Jawn! Here 's Saturda' night, an' no sight of 'm since this day week. Let 'm come now. Let 'm come. I'll give 'm a piece o' me mind." And she sat down with her arms crossed to wait for him.

There was a fluttering of white skirts here and there on the porches across the road, where some boarders were sitting out; men dragged past with their straw hats in their hands and their coats on their arms; the clang of trolley gongs and the iron hum of trains on the elevated railroad came to her drowsily. She relaxed to an easier posture and began to fan herself with her apron as she rocked. Both motions ceased together. She closed her eyes.

She was awakened by an insistent "I say, cook! Cook!" and started up to see the young man whom she knew as "Mr. Beatty of the top-floor rear," leaning over her. He said: "What's wrong with Annie?"

"Annie?" she gasped, wide awake. "Saints in Hiven —"

"Oh, it's nothing," he laughed. "She seemed to be acting rather strangely. Anything wrong?"

She put her hands up to rub her eyes in a pretense of sleepiness. "Ye scart the heart out o' me," she evaded him. "I was dreamin'."

He waited.

"Annie?" she said. "Sure, she's worried, poor gurl, be the heat. She's not well. She's not well, at all."

"Well," he replied, "she seemed cool enough just now. She went out in a heavy jacket. . . . She asked me to answer the door bell for her. I was sitting on the steps there, having a smoke."

"Gone out? Gone out, is she? Ay, indeed, thin!" She settled back in her chair. "She must 've gone out to meet that Jawn of hers. To be sure! That's it, to be sure. I thought 'twas sick she was. How 're ye standin' the heat yersilf?"

Her voice was transparent, sly. He sat down on the window sill, amused. "Not so bad. But this is hotter than Ireland, cook."

"Ireland?" She made an exaggerated gesture of despair. "Ireland!" She folded her hands in an eloquent resignation. "I was just dreamin' I was back to it. Aw, dear, dear! Will I never ferget it?"

He laughed. He asked in a bantering tone: "Would you like to go back?"

"Me?" she cried sharply. "Sure, what fer? What's to go back to? Naw, naw. Whin ye 're ould there 's no goin' back to the young days — excipt while ye sleep. An' it's the sorry wakin' ye have."

"That's true," he said, to humor her.

"It is," she replied, unmollified, "but little enough ye know of it. Ye 'll learn whin ye 're a dodderin' ould man with no teeth to grip yer pipe to." She nodded at a memory of her own grandfather, drowsing before the peat fire of an evening, under the soot-blackened beams of the kitchen, with his pipe upside down in his mouth.

Beatty smiled. The talk of this old woman of the basement's underworld — with her plaintive Irish intonation and her comic Irish face and her amusing Irish "touchiness" — was as good as a play to him. "How long have you been out?" he asked.

"Long enough to learn better. Fourty year an' more."

"Well, why did you come then?"

She turned on him. "God knows! Why did I? Why did Annie gurl? Well may ye ask!" She tossed her head resentfully. "Beca'se roasted pitaties an' good butter-milk were too poor fer proud stummicks. Beca'se we wud be rich, as they tol' us we wud, here in Ameriky. An' what are we? The naygurs o' the town, livin' in cellars, servin' thim that pays us in the money that we came fer, an' gettin' none o' the fair words an' kindness we left behind. Sure at home they 're more neighborly to the brute beasts than y' are here to the humans." She looked out at the stifling street. "We 're strangers in a strange land, as Father Tierney says. We 're a joke to yez, an' that 's the best ye 'll iver make of us."

He sobered guiltily and looked down at his feet.

"An' Annie!" she broke out, "the simple creature, ust to big gossoons o' boys that swally their tongues whin they go coortin' an' have niver a word to say — what 's she to make o' this grinnin' jaw of hers with all his blether? I know him. He 's the mate of a lad that came acrost me the first year I was out, with his hat on the corner of his head an' the divil in 's eye. An' he talked with me an' walked with me an' called me candy names, till there was nuthin' but the sound of his voice in me ears, an' the look of his smile in me eye the whole livelong day till he came again of an evenin'." Her voice broke. "Faith, the time he kissed me first — at the gate that was — I ran into the house trimblin' an' blushin' wi' the fear an' the delight of it, me hans shakin' so I cud scarce get me clo's off me to git into me bed, an' layin' a-wake weepin' an' smilin' tegither all night long to think of it. That 's the

sort of fool I was. Th' angils jus' come to Hiven were no happier. . . . I was come to th' ither place before I was done with him. . . . Poor Annie! Poor gurl!"

He looked at her, silenced and ashamed. She wiped her cheeks with her apron and sighed under a load of anxiety for Annie. He tried to think of something to say in apology and reassurance; and glancing from her, at a loss, he saw a dark figure climbing the stone steps, silhouetted against a street light. "There!" he whispered. "Is n't that — Yes it is. She 's coming back. She has n't met him. . . . That 's all right now. You must n't let her go out again."

"Thank Hiven," the cook said fervently. "I been keepin' her from goin' out with him any night these four weeks. She 's a mere child, raised in innocency. 'Twas not like her to steal out so."

"There must be something wrong with her," he suggested.

"There is that," she said. "There 's somethin' wantin' to her an' she 'll niver find it in this town, though she seek it iver so. A home of her own back o' the boor-trees — an' a dip o' bog fer to plant her pitaty slips in — an' a scraw fer her fire an' her man toastin' his big feet at it, an' the baby crawlin' between the legs of his chair, an' the neighbors droppin' in to gossip an' spit in the blaze — she 'll niver find it here! Niver, if she has my luck! An' it 's powerful small satisfaction she 'll get of writin' home to thim that has it, tellin' thim the big wages she earns an' sendin' thim money to Christmas — powerful small!"

While she had been talking, Beatty had seen a policeman stop to look up at the door and then saunter back toward his street corner. And Beatty was still frowning watchfully at the steps when he heard the cook say, "Whur 've ye been to, Annie?" He turned to see the girl standing behind the grated basement door.

In a thick, blurred voice, fumbling slowly over her words, she replied: "Is that — is that — Jaw?" And Beatty's pipe clicked suddenly on his teeth.

"No, 'tis not," the cook answered. "Go back to yer bed. He 'll not come t' night now. 'Tis too late."

"Is it?" she asked, in the simple tones of a child. "Is it too late, Mary?"

"It is that. Go to bed, gurl. Ye 're tired out."

"Oh?" she said softly. "It's too late;" and she disappeared in the darkness.

Beatty caught a quick breath. "W-what is it? What's the matter with her?"

The cook answered wearily: "I've told ye, sor, but ye 'll not understan'."

"But there's something wrong with her," he said huskily. "That's not her natural voice."

"Let be, boy," she replied. "Her trouble's come to her. We can do naught fer her now." She added, more gently: "We're like a cat with our sores, sor. 'Tis best to let us go off be ourselves an' lick thim. . . . She 'll be quiet now. . . . It must 've been hot down town this day."

"Yes," he sighed. "I thought — I thought perhaps the heat had affected her. The papers are full of deaths and prostrations."

She nodded and nodded. After a silence, she said: "No doubt. The heat, too. Are y' a Noo Yorker born?"

He cleared his throat to answer: "No. A Canadian. An exile, like yourself."

"Ay," she said. "This is a great town fer young men. Ye get yer chanc't here."

He did not reply, and she did not speak again. For a long time, they sat silent. Then they began to talk in low tones of anything but the thoughts that were in both their minds, until a stealthy rustle at the basement door brought them around with a start to see Annie, all in white, fumbling at the latch. She got the door open and drifted out into the light, bare-footed. Beatty stiffened at the sight of her face. The cook started up and caught her by the arm. She swung unsteadily. "That's me money," she said tonelessly; and Beatty heard the ring of coins on the area paving.

"Annie! Annie!" the cook cried.

"An'that's me purse," she said, dropping it.

The cook threw her arms about her. "Annie! Annie dear! What's this fer? What ails ye, gurl?"

She put a hand down to loosen the cook's arm from her side. "'Twill burn ye," she said. "Me heart's all afire there, like the pi'ture." A bit of silver fell from her sleeve and tinkled at her feet. She looked down at it. "I put it by fer Jawn . . . What's become of Jawn? Jawn?"

The cook backed her to the rocking-chair and forced her to sit down. "Dang yer Jawn!" she cried. "Will ye drive us all daft?"

It was then, for the first time, she got the light on the girl's face — a face set like stone, while the eyes shifted and wept — and she wailed: "Ach, Annie darlin'," and dropped on her knees beside her. "Is it come to this, gurl? Dear Lord, what've they been doin' to ye? Look at me. Look at me, child."

Annie was staring at Beatty, and he was sitting cold with horror on the window-sill. "Who's that?" she said. "Good evenin' sir," she smiled. "Ye're late with the groceries." She got no answer. "Look at 'm, Mary," she said fearfully, and put her hand up to her eyes, and peered at him through her fingers. "He glowers at me so."

"Aw, now," the cook pleaded. "Aw now, Annie gurl. Don't be takin' on. 'Tis Mister Beatty from the top floor, an' what 'll he be thinkin' of ye, talkin' such like foolishness." She whispered: "Have wit, child. Put down yer hands. Listen to me. Listen. They 'll be takin' ye away. They 'll shut y' up in Bellevue fer mad. Have ye no sinse lift?"

Beatty had risen heavy-kneed and stumbled to the basement door. "I 'll bring — I 'll bring the doctor," he stammered, and ran in for his hat.

The cook had not heard him, but when she looked around she knew what had happened, and she jumped up in a panic. "Quick! Quick," she cried. "They're comin'!" and fell on her knees to gather up the scattered money in her apron. "Go to bed, gurl! Ach, Annie, Annie," she cried despairingly.

Annie was rocking in the chair, crooning and talking to herself. The cook caught her by the arm, pulled her to her feet and hurried her indoors. "Whist! Whist!" she pleaded. "Quit yer nonsense, Annie. Ah, quit it — quit it! Wud ye let yerself be taken to the madhouse? Ah, God ha' mercy —"

She dragged the girl back to the kitchen, and had her in bed and frightened into silence when Beatty returned with the doctor from next door. "She's better now," she said suavely, meeting them in the dining-room. "'Twas but a touch o' the sun, doctor."

He looked at her. She stood blinking and shifting her small eyes. "What did you do for her?"

She began to stammer: "W-what did I do fer her? Why, to be sure, I — I —"

"Take me to her," he ordered.



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She gave Beatty a look of hate and despair and led into the kitchen.

Beatty did not follow. He steadied himself against the old marble mantle of the dining-room, and mopped his face and neck weakly with his handkerchief.

When the doctor reappeared, he ordered: "Call an ambulance. Bellevue Hospital. Be quick, now! Be quick!"

Beatty edged slowly to the door. "I won't!" he gasped, and ran up-stairs and locked himself in his room.

"You'll have to get your breakfast at a restaurant, Mr. Beatty," Mrs Henry, the boarding-house mistress told him next morning. "My cook has left me."

"What for?" he asked guiltily.

She shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "The maid that waits on the table took ill last night. She was delirious — out of her mind — positively violent when the

ambulance came for her. The doctor ordered it. I could n't keep her here. How could I? Who's to look after her here? The work has to be done, and —"

"How is she?" he interrupted.

"She had a sunstroke or I don't know what. I was too upset last night — We had a terrible time with her. I don't know what it was. It must 've been a sunstroke. We had an awful scene."

"How is she?"

"Well," she said, in a sort of defiance, "she died early this morning in the hospital. . . . And Mary," she cried, "accuses me of murdering her. And she packed up her trunk and left at six o'clock this morning, without even waiting for her wages. I never heard of such a thing. It's the most absurd" — She laughed brokenly. "These Irish servant girls —"

He looked away with a sickly smile. "I know," he said. "I know."

BEYOND THE SPECTRUM

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WE cannot look beyond
The spectrum's mystic bar.

Beyond the violet light

Aye, other lights there are,

And waves that touch us not

Voyaging far.

Vast ordered forces,

Invisible, unfelt,

Their language less than sound,

Their name unspelt.

Suns cannot brighten them,

Nor white heat melt.

We chip an eye-hole through

(Swedenborg, Roentgen, Hertz),

Into that walled land

Glimpsed as by candle-spurts.

Our naked ignorance

It hurts, it hurts!

Or, in the clammy dark

We dig, as dwarfs for coal.

Yet one Mind fashioned it

And Us, a luminous whole,

As, lastly, thou shalt see,

Thou, O my soul.



TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC

BY

ANTHONY FIALA

II

THE ADVANCE NORTH IN THE DARKNESS

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

OUR arrival at Cape Flora was marked by an event, one of the saddest for me of the two years spent in the North. The ponies which had served us so faithfully, and which, as their last hard task, had dragged from Teplitz Bay the heavily loaded sledges, were condemned to be shot. The veterinarian had found that all save two were infected with glanders and farcy. The dead animals, however, made excellent food for our hungry dogs.

The relief ship had been expected early in August, which meant a long wait for which on our sledges we had two months' supplies for the entire party of twenty-five men, besides the pemmican brought down as dog food. But as there is nothing certain above the ice-line in the Arctic it was necessary to extend our preparations to provide for a stay through the winter should the relief ship not arrive. The officers and crew of the lost "America" therefore labored industriously to remove from their icy envelopes the barrels and cases of food left at Cape Flora by the Jackson-Harmsworth, the Abruzzi, and the Andree expeditions. The larger proportion of the food thus obtained was secured from the cache of the Duke of Abruzzi. This yielded eight months' provisions of bread, butter, meat, and vegetables for twenty men. All of it was in good condition, having been cached

in a portable house. This little house was cleared of its stores and the eight members of the field department were quartered there. An abandoned cooking-range was found in the snow and repaired, Fireman Hovelick manufacturing stove pipe from old petroleum tanks, working on an anvil improvised from a packing-case and an iron grate bar. Elmwood, Jackson's little house, was cleared of the accumulations of years and bunks were built to accommodate seventeen officers and men. By May 24th the entire party was housed and the little silk tents were taken down and stored away.

Two men who had elected to remain at Camp Abruzzi surprised us by coming in on July 5th. They made no secret of the fact that they had grown discouraged with the outlook and had joined Mr. Porter's exploring party which they had left at the northern extremity of Northhood Island, where Porter had halted to make observations. He joined us two days later.

Now the days of waiting palled. The men would gaze to the southward for hours. I kept some of them interested for a time hunting for polar bears. Fresh meat, I knew, would be invaluable should we all have to spend the long dark winter in that ice-bound land. But they soon wearied of this tame sport. Even at the end of July

the sea stretched to the horizon, a sullen sheet of ice.

Hope of Relief at Last Abandoned

I felt the necessity for action, and with one seaman made a sledge trip to Cape Barentz to see if it would be possible for the relief ship to reach that point, and to leave a message in case it should. The hard ice made it a two-days' journey, and when we gained the summit of the rocky promontory there was no encouragement to reward our pains; but we erected a signal post and cached our message at its foot. On our return to camp, Assistant Engineer Vedoe told me he had discovered a rich vein of coal, which would guarantee our warmth for many months.

Chief Scientist Peters with his party joined us on August 31st. He had left Camp Abruzzi three months before, but had been delayed at Eaton Island on account of the bad ice in De Bruyne Sound. He was anxious to start north and left us after a few days. I had abandoned all hope of relief that year, so I set about my preparations for the return to Teplitz Bay. I was leaving food and coal in plenty, but the spirit of the men who were to remain at Camp Flora had bent under the disappointment. No word from home; none of the anticipations of success of the first winter; no hope of escape until the cold, six-months' night had passed; no relief from the deadening monotony of camp life — all these things had combined to discourage them.

Of course, it is human nature to blame those in charge for troubles. Though I had hoped for a measure of success the following spring, it did seem as if my resources were sadly crippled. In my diary for September 19th, I put down:

Sometimes I think I would like to write just as I feel, but then again the thought comes to me that in the shifting atmosphere of time there is much that would be recorded in unchanging black and

white for which some one would suffer later on, whose spirit by that time had passed through trials and become chastened and humble; so much I could write at times in bitterness of spirit, but I know all will be well and that time will correct the careless work and thoughtless haste, and bring harmony out of this orchestra at last, though it does seem as though there were a few who play as if they had no soul for music.

The Beginning of a Hard Journey

On September 27th, accompanied by Assistant Scientist Porter, Assistant Surgeon Seitz, Steward Spencer, Quarter-master Rilliet, Seaman Duffy, and Cabin-boy Dean, I left Cape Flora on the march north to Camp Abruzzi.

We carried our camping equipment and seventeen days' food for men and dogs on four sledges drawn by thirty-two dogs. A canoe was also taken along and two canvas



The grave at the summit of Cape Saulen, where Fireman Myhre, the only member of the party who did not return, was buried. The relief ship more than a year later brought news of the death of his wife in Norway.

kayaks. We arrived at Camp Point, the northern extremity of Northbrook Island, the same evening and camped in the darkness. A heavy storm from the southwest arose at night and continued through the following day. The wind was so violent that we were obliged to take the pole out of the tent and tie the collapsed fabric together in a great knot to prevent its being torn. We spent an uncomfortable time in the restricted space in our sleeping bags, drifting snow walling us in.

A message from Mr. Peters was found, in which he stated that he had been delayed by the impassable condition of the channel, but that he had left to cross De Bruyne Sound on the morning of the 27th. The storm gave me reason to be anxious for his safety. De Bruyne Sound had been opened in a number of places by the high wind of the 28th. On the morning of the 29th we attempted to cross the Sound, but were forced to return by a wide stream of broken ice and mush in a rapid current — impassable either for boats or sledges.

Two other attempts were made to cross the Sound, one on September 30th, the other

on October 11th, but we were obliged to return each time to Camp Point. Each attempt to cross was followed by a rise in temperature and high southerly winds, accompanied by the breaking up of the ice and the opening of the channel. As the days passed by our stores diminished, and our poor dogs chained out in the snow gave vent to their craving for food in long-drawn howls.

We built two little igloos of snow blocks, connected by a passage, in the side of the glacier and for a time all lived together in the "Tombs," as the igloos were called. On Sunday, October 9th, we held a service in the "Tombs," where I read from the sixth chapter of Matthew words which seemed at the time to be particularly suited to us: "Take no thought of the morrow, of what ye shall eat or drink." The steward and I had just returned to our tent, when, sitting together in the cold, I expressed the wish for a bear, which would mean food and fuel. A quick, short bark sounded outside, and looking through the flap of the tent, the steward exclaimed: "A bear! A bear!" We both ran out. A bear was making up the glacier, a heavy snowfall rendering his progress difficult. Our best bear-dog, Little Wyckoff,

was loose, and he bothered bruin by biting his heels, so delaying the beast that I was able to get within about one hundred and fifty yards. With an anxiety that cannot be expressed, I fired, bringing down the animal. He was sledged in triumph to the Tombs, and that day we had the luxury of fried bear steak. Our hungry dogs, too, got a full meal of fresh meat. The bear was very fat and all the blubber was carefully cut and preserved for fuel for cooking.

The Escape Across Broken and Drifting Ice

The sun was rapidly sinking, and, considering the rough and treacherous character of the ice in De Bruyne Sound, I realized it would be impossible to cross the wide channel in one march, that at least one of the long October nights would have to be spent encamped on the ice in the Sound. With every storm the ice would break up and drift, and as storms came often and without warning, we would have to be prepared to take to the boats in an emergency. The frail kayaks could not be depended upon in the current of the channel when it was filled with grinding ice fragments. The canoe alone was

Canned and salted holiday cheer — Thanksgiving Day dinner at Camp Abruzzi, 1904





Busy days in the workshop at Abruzzi: preparing for the last struggle to reach the Pole

deemed to be reliable. But as the canoe was not large enough to hold the entire party I determined to send two members back to Cape Flora with one sledge to obtain a supply of provisions to enable us to reach Camp Ziegler, where we could replenish. The poor dogs had been living on quarter and half rations, but for them I could ask no food, their salvation depending on our reaching Camp Ziegler in time.

Under the circumstances I thought it best to send Assistant Scientist Porter back to Cape Flora with Cabin-Boy Dean, placing him, as third in command of the expedition, in charge of the party at Cape Flora.

The temperature fell from twenty-six degrees above zero on the 18th to one degree below on the night of the 21st. On the morning of October 22d, the day the sun disappeared for the winter, we prepared to leave Camp Point, the party comprising Assistant Surgeon Seitz, Quartermaster Rilliet, Steward Spencer, and Seaman Duffy, with three dog-teams (twenty-seven dogs), three sledges, one canoe, and one kayak.

We left the land at nine A.M. in the dim twilight and made our way over considerable rough ice curving toward the north, as I noticed a heavy pressure on from that direction, the ice apparently being jammed between Old Depot on Hooker

Island and Camp Point on Northbrook Island, but opening out and drifting seaward south of those two points. We passed one open lead by means of canoe and kayak, at the cost of an hour and the life of one dog. While picking out a path through the moving ice cakes, one of the party climbed to the top of a small pressure ridge that gave way beneath him. He was in the water some minutes before his absence was noticed, and he had the unpleasant experience of disrobing on an ice cake, and putting on a complete change of dry clothing. Fortunately, the temperature was not low — only four degrees below zero.

After crossing considerable broken ice mixed with rubble and young ice, we reached a large cake of old ice that seemed to be fixed. As it was difficult to see ahead in the gathering darkness, and being uncertain of reaching another large ice-cake before night, I gave orders to encamp. The following day we reached Old Depot on Hooker Island, crossing rough ice and wide stretches of young salt ice just thick enough to bear the men and sledges, one sledge — the one bearing the heavy canoe — partially breaking through while nearing Old Depot.

Descent into the Crevasse and the Rescue

While the party was crossing the ice cap on Hooker Island, October 26th, the snow

suddenly gave way beneath my feet and I hung over a deep crevasse. Spencer jumped from his sledge to save me. He had just touched my hand when a frightful descent began and I knew no more. On recovering consciousness I found myself wedged between two curves in the walls of the crevasse, the convex surfaces narrowing sufficiently to hold me between the breast and back, my left arm, bent over my breast and jamming, having prevented me from falling through the neck of the funnel. Beneath was a great cavern in which I could move my legs without finding the walls. Had I stepped three feet further to the right I would have dropped to depths unfathomable.

The darkness was intense, but far above me shone a faint halo of blue iridescence with rays of light that came part way along

a face of black, glassy ice. This told me where the men were. The glimmer seemed hundreds of feet above. I heard the sound of a voice calling, and answered, asking for a rope, and requesting haste, as I thought I would slip through. They asked me how deep I had fallen. I shouted that I was about one hundred and fifty feet down, for so it seemed to me. Just then I heard an awful sound in the crevasse. It appeared to come from below. My first thought was that a pack of dogs had fallen in with me. Soon the noise turned into articulate speech, and I learned that Steward Spencer, who had tried to save me, had fallen in too. I called to him. He answered, telling me that he was dying, that his head was cut open, and that he was bleeding to death. I told him to trust in God and we would get out, though, I must



THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY
AT CAMP ZIEGLER

The upper photograph shows Assistant Scientist Porter taking a time sight with the vertical circle pointed at the north star; the lower, the exterior of the little building, lashed to the snow-covered rocks, where the scientists spent most of their time, making valuable observations, during the last spring





The return of the sun; dogs basking on the roof of the hut at Camp Abruzzi at the end of the long night in 1905

confess, at that moment help seemed very far off. To add to our discomfort pieces of ice became detached from above and thundered down the abyss, the echoes reaching us until annihilated by the awful depth. It need not be told what would have happened if either Spencer or myself had been in the path of those falling ice fragments.

At last I saw above me the end of a rope which gradually neared as I shouted directions to those above. My right arm was free and at last the precious line was in my hand. I painfully made a bowline in the end of the rope, the fingers of my left hand being, fortunately, free. Slipping the noose over my right foot, I called to those above to haul away. Soon I was swinging like a pendulum in free space. I called to them to move the rope to the right and then to lower me, and after considerable difficulty in the dense darkness I discovered the steward, but could

not rescue him on account of a projection of ice that interfered. However, I could pass him a foot and a hand, and so helped him from his prone position to standing-room on a cake of ice that had broken off when he had fallen and jammed, saving him from death. Unable to give him any more help, I told him it would be best for the men to haul me up and then send the rope down again for him, to which he agreed. I was drawn to the surface just in time. I fainted on reaching the top. The steward was hauled up next. A tent was pitched, and within its shelter Doctor Seitz examined us. No bones were broken, but a cut on the steward's face required stitching. Then we were helped into our sleeping bags, as the temperature had fallen to twenty-seven degrees below zero.

On measuring the rope, Seaman Duffy found we had fallen to the depth of seventy feet into the crevasse; a providential escape,

Sledge party breaking camp at 82° N. Lat., during the dangerous retreat from the ice fields after abandoning the advance north



for if we had fallen a short distance further to the north, where the crevasse widened, we would have descended beyond the reach of help. It was only by quick work that we were saved from slipping further down, as below our feet the almost perpendicular walls sloped away from each other.

A Respite at Camp Ziegler

Camp was established near the crevasse, and the following morning the steward in his sleeping bag was lashed to a sledge, and we fought our way over the bad ice of Allen Young Sound, the short period of twilight and prevalent fogs making the journey a memorable one to those who took part in it. We reached Camp Ziegler at 4:50 P. M. October 29th in the darkness. On reaching West Camp on Alger Island we were fortunate to have light enough to disclose fresh sledge tracks leading toward Camp Ziegler, which our dogs followed on a brisk trot over good, hard snow and ice to the station.

We found Mr. Peters and party there, he having been delayed on Hooker Island by open water in Allen Young Sound. He reported a narrow escape from being carried to sea on the ice in De Bruyne Sound, drifting in the storm from near Eaton Island to a point off Old Depot, and escaping with his party and equipment by a rush over moving ice to Hooker Island. He was preparing to winter at Camp Ziegler, as Seaman Mackiernan had a number of toes on both feet frost-bitten and could not travel. We were delayed by a bad storm at Camp Ziegler until November 5th, 1904.

Dr. Seitz reporting to me that there was no danger to be apprehended in regard to Mackiernan's frost-bitten toes, but that he would be unable to travel and needed rest. Spencer having recovered from the effects of the fall in the crevasse sufficiently to travel, I requested Rilliet and Mackiernan to remain in Camp Ziegler for the winter, placing the former in charge of the station, and providing the two men with a team of five dogs, a rifle and a shotgun. Ammunition and food in plenty were stored at Camp Ziegler.

On the morning of November 5th we left Camp Ziegler to continue our march north, a party of six men, Peters, Vedoe, Seitz, Spencer, Duffy, and myself. We had four dog teams and sledges and one kayak. The channels seemed at last to be frozen over and I left the two heavy canoes behind, as we would have to travel fast, for the periods of

twilight were very short and each day there was less light. In an almost lightless night we rounded a large water-hole at the entrance of Collision Channel and reached the shelter of Kane Lodge on Greeley Island, November 7th. Our troubles increased from Kane Lodge to Hohenlohe Island on account of water-holes, rough ice, and the darkness. We reached Hohenlohe Island November 14th. There we were storm-bound five days in



Fiala taking a time sight with sextant at Abruzzi

the crowded confines of our little tents, with the temperature from twenty-eight to thirty-six degrees below, our sleeping bags frozen, our clothing water-soaked, and everything either frozen or damp. In those five days the last glow of the faint noon twilight left us and we were obliged to wait for the moon, which appeared when the storm ceased. On November 19th at 7 P.M. we marched once again towards our goal, Camp Abruzzi.

At Abruzzi Again

We cut our way through great ridges of ice at Cape Brorok, reaching Crown Prince Rudolf Island before midnight. After rounding Cape Brorok, we climbed the glacier to the summit of Cape Auk, and through a misty moonlight directed our way toward Camp Abruzzi, getting in at 3:10 A.M. Sunday, November 20th, a light that was kept



Difficulties met by the sledge party, fighting step by step towards the Pole. The sledges are and sledges, across

burning on the roof of the house in hopes of our return guiding us down the steep descent from the glacier.

The journey from Camp Ziegler to Camp Abruzzi will probably never be forgotten by the members of the party, particularly our experience after leaving Stoliczka Island, where the rough sea-ice had to be crossed in thick darkness. Time and time again

men and dogs would fall into holes and crevices in the ice and would run up against the walls of the pressure ridges. The men in the lead could not see where to place their feet.

We found the party at Camp Abruzzi in good health, but without poor Fireman Myhre, whose body had been laid to rest on the summit of the ridge between Teplitz Bay

The party halted by an open water lead. The dogs are resting while the explorers construct which turned





bidden by the uneven field. The men in the van are breaking a trail, practicable for dogs the flinty ice

and Cape Saulen in a great mound of rock surmounted by a large cross.

I was pleased to find everything in good condition, with thoughtful provision made for the winter. Mr. Hartt reported that after Mr. Peter's departure he attempted to reach me at Cape Flora with the steam launch he had constructed, but that he had nearly lost the boat and was forced to return, being

forced to throw over the boiler in a tight place to save the launch. Seaman Perry accompanied him. After my arrival at Camp Abruzzi the party was allowed about a week's rest, then work was started in preparation for the contemplated sledge trip in the early spring of 1905.

Never was a Thanksgiving dinner enjoyed more than by our little party in

with blocks of ice a bridge across the open water. This is a sample of the conditions Fiala back





Struggling over the summit of pressure ice shortly before the

November, 1904. The days of the winter were some of the pleasantest experienced on the expedition; the party was congenial and the little hut comfortable and cozy.

Preparing for Another Effort to Reach the Pole

I decided to leave early in March, 1905, with one companion and three dog teams and sledges in an effort to reach the Pole, a supporting column of three small detachments to accompany me. The third support, comprising four men, two dog teams and sledges, was to accompany me seven days' march forward; the second support, comprising two men and one dog team, was to go two days forward; and the first support, including two men and one dog team, one day forward. The first support was to have a lightly loaded sledge drawn by such dogs as were left after the other teams had been chosen.

As my companion on the poleward journey I chose Seaman Duffy, who accompanied me on the trip in August, 1904, to Cape Barentz and who was of my party from Cape Flora to Camp Abruzzi in the autumn of 1904. He had also volunteered to return with me from Camp Flora in June, 1904. I arranged for Mr. Peters to accompany me north in charge of the third supporting party, and on his return to camp to remain in command of the expedition until my return from the field. Several men at Camp Abruzzi were directed to leave for Camp Ziegler after the return of the supporting column, and to spend the time from the latter part of March to the end of May or June in sledging supplies from Camp Abruzzi and Coburg Island to Kane Lodge and from there to Camp

Ziegler, to provide food in the event of the relief ship not reaching that point in the summer of 1905. The teams as they returned to camp from the north were to be divided by Mr. Peters so as to provide one team of dogs for each two men.

The month of February, 1905, will be remembered for the number of storms; the return of the sun brought no respite from the high drifting winds that continued to blow almost daily through the early part of March.

I waited anxiously for Mr. Porter to arrive from Cape Flora with news of the parties at Camps Jackson and Ziegler, but the bad weather and high temperature that prevented our advancing north also delayed his coming to rejoin us. At last, on March 16th, the weather cleared and the temperature dropped. We left that morning for the ice pack to the north, climbing the glacier in

Ploughing through deep snow. Heavy snow the heavy





party gave up the attempt

the direction of Cape Rath. Though newly formed, smooth salt-ice seemed to stretch from the summit of Cape Germania north and northwest to the horizon, the continual movement and breaking of the ice, and the prevalent open water to the westward decided me to advance from the east of the island in order to insure the safety of my supporting parties on their return. Engineer H. P. Hartt volunteered to remain at camp alone until the return of the first supporting party. Every other man took part in the advance north.

As we left camp that cold March morning, climbing north over the glacier, we could discern, on looking back, the solitary figure of the engineer. The only other sign of life on that desolate ice waste in our rear was a three-legged dog, barking and whining disconsolately because he was

not permitted to follow his companions yoked in the sledge teams.

How Bad Ice Spoiled the Second Year's Work

At 6:15 that evening we reached the point of the glacier near Cape Rath where Steward Spencer and I had descended to the channel ice in April, 1904. We found that the glacier had calved since then, and that a descent was impracticable. I ordered camp for the night and the next morning sent back the first support. At 8 A.M. Dr. Seitz and Perry left me with their dog team and sledge, ascending the glacier on their return to Teplitz Bay, while we directed our course along the edge of the glacier toward Cape Habermann, where a descent to the channel ice was possible. We were obliged to go a short distance eastward to round a mass of bergs, and then set our faces northward (Magnetic), camping that night on heavy ice that seemed to be fast to the land and close to a pressure ridge that separated us from the moving sea ice.

The next morning we cut our way through a mass of pressure ridges, reaching an expanse of young ice, broken and under pressure. From that point I ordered the second support to return and Steward Spencer and Seaman Myers left at 3:30 o'clock that afternoon, retiring over the trail that we had cut going out. An odometer brought from camp for measuring distances traveled was destroyed in the rough ice on the outward march that day and abandoned.

Four more days we held our way northward, the trail bending more to the east as

falls increased the dangers of the advance, and often made it nearly impossible for the dogs to draw sledges





Fiala as he looked when the rescuing party met him and his men on the way to Cape Dillon



Mr. Ziegler's secretary, W. S. Champ, who found the expedition and brought its members home

we advanced. The ice was very rough, worse than in 1904, and very slow progress was made, as all the men in charge of the sledges were obliged first to labor at cutting the trail and then to return and assist the teams and sledges one by one over the rough road. We seemed to be in an immense river of broken ice that moved under the influence of the wind. Our trail was from ice-cake to ice-cake, while we crossed the separating water by means of ice-bridges laboriously constructed at the narrowest points with our ice-picks. In other places we traversed monster pressure ridges that splintered and thundered under our feet, scaring the dogs until they whined and whimpered in their terror. It was difficult to find a cake of ice large enough for our small party to camp on. Deep snow and numerous water lanes, with a high temperature and attendant fog, also impeded our advance.

On the evening of March 22d Mr. Peters and I freely discussed the outlook. I had told him I purposed pressing north with Duffy after he (Peters) had returned to camp with his supporting party. Mr. Peters did not believe anything could be accomplished by going on, that it was an impossibility to break the record in such ice. He pointed out that if six men and five sledges could hardly make three miles a day, two men and

three sledges would make still less, as the ice was growing worse as we advanced. He thought our best course would be to return to Camp Abruzzi, for should the relief ship not arrive that year, the three teams of good dogs that I would take north would be seriously missed and their loss might result gravely to the parties at Cape Flora and Camp Ziegler.

The Final Surrender

I spent the night sleeplessly, revolving in my mind the arguments for and against continuing the advance. It was a bitter disappointment to acknowledge retreat as inevitable, but I was compelled to admit the cogency of Mr. Peters's opinion and to admit the possibility of peril to the expedition party at Cape Flora if unsuccored by the relief ship and deprived of the dogs needed to haul supplies. Therefore, with our equipment still in perfect condition and with men and dogs in the best of health, we reluctantly set our faces toward the south.

The return occupied ten days. Two days and three nights were spent on a small, floating ice-cake, surrounded by water and broken ice, impassable to boats or sledges. The temperature meanwhile rose to thirty-four degrees above zero. Our position was made the more perilous by huge pressure ridges

that sprang up with the frightful sound of breaking ice fields, threatening to sweep over and engulf our little camping ground. Once the cake divided, a broad lane opening within two feet of us, and the following night, with a report like that of a small cannon, a crack appeared directly beneath one of the tents. Fortunately it did not split the cake asunder, though, of course, we lost no time in moving the tent to a more secure location. Finally, with a lowering temperature that went steadily down from thirty-four above to forty-five below, we made land in the teeth of a piercing wind.

We reached Camp Abruzzi April 1st. I was pleased to find that both supporting parties had returned in safety, and that Mr. Porter was at camp to greet me with Seaman Mackiernan, having arrived at Camp Abruzzi on the 17th of March, the day after I had left for the north. Mr. Porter had a thrilling experience in his march north, bad weather, with the loss of his sledge and part of his equipment in a snowdrift, delaying his progress and preventing his reaching me in time to take part in the sledge trip.

He gave me the good news that every one was alive and doing well at Cape Flora and Camp Ziegler, and that the winter had passed without unusual incident.

The work of exploration and survey had not been completed the year before, and a magnetic and an astronomical observatory were constructed at Camp Ziegler, and the large vertical circle loaned by the Christiania observatory was installed. Mr. Porter spent some time exploring Zichy Island. I

kept many of the men in the field transporting food to Camp Ziegler, to which we retreated when we realized that we might again turn to the south with hope of relief.

On July 16th I sent Dr. Seitz with Mr. Stewart and Fireman Butland to Cape Dillon with an Indian canoe, sledges and three weeks' food to keep watch for the expected ship and to hunt for game to prepare for the winter should we again be disappointed. On the following day I sent Seamen Duffy, Perry, and Mackiernan to Cape Dillon to assist Dr. Seitz in the hunting of game. The last party was equipped with an old-folding boat found at Camp Ziegler, two dog teams and sledges, and three weeks' food.

Then suddenly the long awaited news broke into the monotonous routine into which we had fallen. Seitz and his companions came back; it was shortly after noon on Sunday, July 30th. Their cheer as they swung over the ice told us that we were going home. Seitz said that the "Terra Nova," with Mr. W. S. Champ on board, had touched at Cape Dillon, had then headed for Cape Flora to pick up the party there, and would return to Cape Dillon for us. But there was little excitement; we accepted these vital tidings much as a matter of course, and stoically prepared to turn our backs on this white land of sturdy effort and harsh disappointment. The five sledges were loaded for the last journey; a boat or a kayak was placed on each, as Seitz had reported open leads and surface water; all of the provisions were carried from the hill and were stored in the stable and the house; then doors

In touch with the world again—The relief ship "Terra Nova" off Cape Dillon in July, 1905



and windows were boarded over and we left these odd little buildings alone again to their frozen, lifeless world.

After passing Cape B, we were obliged to boat across a lead which we crossed with the entire party of sixteen men, five sledges, and about fifty dogs in twenty minutes. We were overjoyed to meet Mr. Champ a short distance on the other side of the lead. He was accompanied by Surgeon Mount and a party of Norwegian sailors with two sledges and a small boat from the relief ship.

After the exuberant greetings came the anxious queries for news from home and of the great outside world. We learned all at once of the war between Russia and Japan; of the result of the yacht race in 1904; and of two years' disasters on land and water. But what touched every one of us most deeply, casting the spell of silence over us, was Mr. Champ's announcement of the death of Mr. Ziegler and his account of how he had died thinking of us, providing for our rescue, and of how his last spoken words had been a wish that we would be found.

We traveled in company to the "Terra Nova," reaching the ship at 8 p.m., a dense fog concealing the ship until we were within

a very short distance of her. The trail broken through the young ice on surface water by the relief party proved of much assistance to us and saved us considerable time, for the dogs could move faster without danger of cutting their feet.

Aboard the relief ship we learned of the efforts made by Mr. Champ to reach us in 1904; he and Captain Kjeldsen had hammered away at the ice in the steamer "Frithjof" until her bow plates had loosened and fallen off, and, after nearly all the coal had disappeared, a return was made to Norway for more. At the end of the season still another and more dangerous effort was made to reach us, the "Frithjof" returning only when the water began to freeze on the approach of winter. The ice in 1905 was bad, and at times the powerful "Terra Nova" was helpless. It was only after weeks of patient, courageous, and hard work that we were reached in the last days of July. We found letters from home, the accumulation of two years, and all their news seemed to be good. Those great bags of mail contained but one letter of sorrow and mourning. It was never delivered. Fireman Myhre, to whom it was addressed, was asleep in his tomb on Cape Saülen's height when his wife died in Norway.

The last march



A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE SUBSTITUTE," "THE FLYING DEATH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

VERY early in life, Heiny, child of the Bowery and waif of the world, devised a code of conduct. It was simple, practical, and based on pure empiricism. Briefly stated, its cardinal principle was this: you did a thing; if nobody kicked you it was all right; if the kick was forthcoming you must not do it again, or you must contrive a different method. There were few spots on Heiny's small body undecorated by a lesson of this nature, well conned and wisely constructed. So, by the time he was ten years old, he was an able practitioner of life, capable of meeting any emergency which might confront him on or about New York's great East Side.

Profession or trade, Heiny had none. Odd jobs of a light and airy nature, such as running errands, he would do at inclination rather than upon the compulsion of necessity. Gambling at craps netted him a wavering income when he chanced to have the capital for an original "fade," without which the crap-shooter finds no game open to him on the sidewalks of New York. He had been known to sell

"extrys," and once, at least, had applied for and held a job, until, at the end of four days the pettiness of unchanging to-morrows had so wrought upon his soul, that he forsook the grocery-store régime and was seen in that environment no more. Mostly,

he lived an innocently parasitic life. He was not beautiful to look upon, being short, squat, and unduly flattened of visage. But Mother Nature (the only mother he had ever known) had blessed him with a smile of winning expansiveness which glowed in old-gold glory from every one of his thousand-odd freckles, and commended him to the friendly offices of the world at large by its irresistible earnest of good-nature and good-fellowship. To such as knew him, he was further certified by an inborn and anchored loyalty toward whomsoever he accepted in his general scheme of comradeship.

"You're my friend," said Heiny's eyes and Heiny's smile to you, and thereafter he would fight, lie, beg, lend, or even risk capture at the hands of the dreaded



HEINY

"Child of the Bowery and waif of the world"

"kid-grabbers" (*i. e.*, the Gerry Society) for your need.

Such was Heiny as one autumn evening he drifted down the Bowery current into the dark pool of dubious traffic which officially styles itself Chatham Square, and became part thereof through the agency of Dutch Gus. The introduction took place under circumstances of possible embarrassment to a less finished worldliness than Heiny's. Dutch Gus was in a hurry at the time. He was, in fact, a fugitive, if not from justice, at least from the arm and implement thereof, for a policeman with a club at the ready was in hot and somewhat unsteady pursuit. Arrest was no part of Officer Donovan's program. He wanted Dutch Gus for purely personal reasons. He aspired (in the words of his own threat) to "knock the block off" Gus because of a slight matter of rivalry in the affections of one of Chinatown's adopted daughters. Having had a number of drinks, he had neglected the wise policeman's precaution of discarding his uniform before going out to settle a personal grudge. The fugitive passed close to Heiny, at that moment engaged in redeeming a "snipe" which some extravagant smoker had cast in fiery flight from an L train.

For the better knowledge of such readers as have never lived on the Bowery or its tributaries, I may state that, in that section, to obstruct the police is to acquire merit. Heiny was not slow of seizing his opportunity.

"Me dime! Oh, me dime!" he wailed.

Hands and knees a-scramble, he shot across the sidewalk like a chunky insect. There ensued a spectacle of subverted law and the sound of language as Donovan plunged and skidded toward the gutter. Heiny rolled over, gave a moan, quivered, and lay still. Speechless with rage the policeman got to his feet, rushed upon Heiny and booted him savagely. The boy did not move. Hauling him up, the half-drunken officer cuffed him ~~once~~ and was drawing back for a harder blow, when a snarl from behind arrested his hand.

"Ahr-r-r, ye murderer! D'ye want to kill the kid?"

Two women were moving up on him. For the protest of the male citizen the New York policeman cares nothing; "interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty" disposes of such. But the revolt of the Chatham Square harpy is all too likely to be borne out

by furrowing nail and deep-sunk tooth. Donovan saw, beneath the paint on the women's faces, a murderous hate working; might have seen, had his eye possessed the vision, a glimmer of submerged womanhood's noble pity for the unfortunate. Hesitant, he loosed his hold on the boy. The little body slumped to the sidewalk like an empty bag.

"You've done him," cried the younger of the two women. "An' him no more than a baby."

"What is it to *you*?" growled the policeman.

"You drunken brute," said the weazened girl, glaring at him. "If the Cap gets onto you being full again and murdering a kid —"

"Take care of the mutt, then," interrupted the officer, glancing around uneasily, for the drink was dying out of him and he began to be afraid (Heiny lay flaccid as a corpse). "I never touched him."

He slunk away, and the women bent over the still form.

"Are you much hurted, dearie?" asked the older.

Heiny opened one eye. "Where's the cop?" he counter-questioned.

"Gone."

"Nah; he did n't hurt me — much," said Heiny rubbing himself. Then, brushing up his manners: "How's things, Lib?" he politely inquired of the older woman, and of the younger, "Business good, Peaches?"

"You've got us down pretty pat," said the one last addressed.

"Sure. Seen you around the concert halls. I been on this beat longer'n you."

"You've cut your eye-teeth, all right," said the girl he had called Peaches, with a mirthless laugh. "You chuck a dummy (*i. e.*, feign epilepsy or unconsciousness) like a hospital grafter. Did you get your dime?"

Now that dime was a figment of fancy, a theatrical property conjured for the needs of the moment with the gamin's ready inventiveness. The same inventiveness suggested to Heiny the possibility of making that imaginary dime a reality, from the charity of the little crowd which had gathered.

"Nah," he replied in answer to the question. "It was fer me ~~hope~~ (night's lodging). It must have rolled away. I'll have to bunk on the town."

He set about minutely inspecting the sidewalk, aided by several of the onlookers, some

of whom displayed suspicious eagerness. Presently Heiny straightened up with a doleful shake of his head. Inwardly he was hoping that some one in the crowd would "come up." But the gathering melted away. It was the woman called Lib who finally produced two nickels, with obvious pangs of parting.

"Here," she said. "G'wan to your rope. Tell Dutch Gus I give it to ye when you see him. Maybe he'll square it."

"Sure. I thought some of the bunch o rubbernecks might give up. I ain't takin' *your* dough."

Shamefacedly, but with the magic of his smile sunning over his homely little features, he dropped the coins into the hand of the giver.

"Well, whadda yeh think of that!" said Lib, less in query than as an expression of otherwise inexpressible amazement.

"Run him up against Gus," advised the



"Heiny rolled over, gave a moan, quivered, and lay still"

"Who's he?" asked Heiny.

"Why, the man Drunken Donovan was after. Don't you know him?"

"That guy? Never seen him before."

"Then you just butted in on general principles?" said Peaches. "You *are* a game kid."

Heiny glanced at her, then at Lib, and finally at the two nickels in his hand. They looked large and they felt warm — but, some way, it would n't do. Not for Heiny.

"Say," he blurted out. "I do want these. I never lost no dime."

"No?" queried Lib incredulously. "Was it all a bluff?"

other. "Maybe he could use a kid as fly as this one."

Between them they led Heiny beneath a glare of lights outlining the legend "Lone Pine Pool-Room; Pool 2½ Cts. a Cue," through the smoke-blue atmosphere of a large room crowded with dilapidated tables and no less dilapidated players, whose accuracy of game was equaled only by the intensity of earnestness they evinced at it, and upon a raised platform where men and women sat drinking at small tables to the desperate music of a battered piano, manipulated by a still more battered pianist. Hither came Dutch Gus presently, and



"Between them they led Heiny beneath a glare of lights"

after a moment's talk with Lib, who intercepted him, glanced sharply at Heiny and took a table for all of them. At nearer sight he revealed himself as a powerfully built young German with a handsome face and an uneasy eye.

"So, t'at's t'e kid," he said in a soft, mannerly voice, which nevertheless gave Heiny an unpleasant shivery feeling. "Haf a beer? No; you're too yong." The boy bridled. "Better not," advised Gus. "Try t'is instead."

He slipped over a quarter of a dollar. Heiny clutched it. Rich in the unexpected windfall, he would have slipped away, but the German detained him.

"Where you come from?" he asked.

"I belong on the Bowery," said the boy, giving the best reply he could.

"Where's your fader?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Your mutter?"

"You win," said Heiny cheerfully. "Try me on a easier one."

"Who takes care of you?"

"What's the matter wit' meself?" demanded the boy promptly.

The German looked him over meditatively. "Yess," he ruminated; "I might give t'e kid a try-out. Sinz yong Karl got to be a light-weight scrapper in t'e ring, t'ere ain't none fly enough. Vell," he added to Heiny, "you stay here and vatch."

"I'll go you," said the boy. He had n't the faintest idea what might be the prospect opening before him, but if it was work, he could always exchange it for something easier. So he turned his best smile on his new patron.

"T'at's all right," said Gus with quick satisfaction. The smile had impressed him. Not that it had in the least won on him; sentiment had no place in the cold-hearted German; but he estimated its quality of fellowship as a future asset to the Lone Pine's main industry. Of the nature of that industry the boy was soon to have an inkling.

Heiny stayed and watched. He saw a number of men who were drinking heavily; sailors, some of them, others evidently from the country districts (jays he labeled them mentally), and he noticed also other men who seemed to be drinking heavily, but never showed the slightest effects of it. These were

Germans, much of Dutch Gus's type. Later he came to know them all; Dolph Kleiner, who had served two terms in state's prison for swindling poor girls out of their savings; Fritz Bertels, a reputed graduate of Heidelberg who, as a bogus count, had lived for two months gloriously on credit at a swell club uptown; Bull Schild, the wrestler; and poor "Solo," the piano player, who had once sung minor rôles in grand opera. Then there were the women, haggard, wan, and dissipated, whose high-pitched merriment lent an air of determined gaiety to the place. Just now Heiny's interest centered in Crazy Meg, so called because if one whispered in her ear, "There's the man that stole your little sister" she would go murderous-mad and, with whatever weapon came nearest to hand, seek revenge blindly for the black tragedy that had made her what she was.

There was "something doing" at Meg's table. The keen-witted boy gathered so much from the whispers of Lib and Peaches and the covert attention of Gus. The man with Meg was drinking heavily and paying from a sizeable roll of bills. Presently Gus strolled over; there was a formula of introduction, and, sitting down, he ordered a round of beers. For a moment after it came the German's bulk hid the stranger's glass from Heiny; but it seemed to the boy that if any one leaned over *his* glass that way with shifting hand — well, he would be wary in tasting the drink. Not so the stranger. He swallowed the last drop.

"He's took it," whispered Peaches to Lib.

"Sure. There he goes," assented the older woman.

The man's head rolled. He half rose, then fell forward. His forehead struck the table with a startling thump. Instantly, as if on signal, Dolph Kleiner, Bertels, Bull the wrestler, and two or three others gathered around him.

"Out in t'e side hall," ordered Dutch Gus. "He's full, already."

If it was drunkenness it was a type unfamiliar to the experienced Heiny. But he asked no questions, neither then nor later that night when he went home with Gus on the German's invitation, nor on many other nights when, from his nook behind the benches, he saw the same sordid drama oft repeated, and came in for a quarter or half a dollar as his share of the booty. Indeed, he needed to ask no questions, for one night the police, who were always considerate (for a

consideration), had summoned an ambulance for one of the "drunks," and Heiny had heard the boyish surgeon snort and say, "Another case of knock-out drops." After that he knew what he had strongly suspected from the first. But what business of his was it that men were lured to the Lone Pine to be drugged and robbed? The work was easy; "dead easy," said Heiny to himself with increasing satisfaction, and he had money enough to shoot craps with the best of the Grand Street experts now. All that he was expected to do for his pay was to bear an occasional, unimportant-sounding message to some obscure person or other, generally to be found in the back room of a saloon, such as:

"The fireworks are off for to-night," or, "Look for a cold spell the rest of the week."

By and by came his admission to the full fellowship of the gang. Dutch Gus was his sponsor.

"Heiny," said he. "You know what is a peter-player?"

"Nah," said the boy innocently. "Do they have it in the orchestra?"

"I am a peter-player," said Gus. "It is my business."

Heiny waited in silence.

"You understand t'at? T'e Lone Pine business?"

"Nah; I ain't on," lied Heiny smoothly.

"All t'ose fellers an' t'e girls; t'ey are part of it. T'ey are t'e gang. You know what t'ey do?"

"They're bakers," said Heiny. He had heard Dolph tell a stranger that once. Dutch Gus smiled.

"When a man comes in with money, too much money, he gets a little someding in his drink. Like t'is." He showed the boy a small vial concealed in the palm of his muscular hand, and made a swift motion as of emptying it. "T'en he goes asleep an' we carry him out."

"Oh, that's her, is it?" said Heiny calmly.

Gus nodded. "T'at is peter. I tell you t'is because you are in t'e game now. We need you. See?"

Heiny permitted himself his first and last question as to the ethics of the profession. "What you got ag'in' the guys you give the stuff to?"

Gus stared at him. "We need t'e money," he said softly. Then with a swift, savage change of tone: "Don't you get any fool t'oughts in t'e head. You stick by t'e gang.

T'at's all you haf to do. You be on t'e square with t'e gang, and t'e gang is on t'e square with you. Not — and you get killed. See?"

Heiny saw. He became a ready pupil in the mysteries of "peter." He learned the patter of the trade, and how to deal at certain obscure drug and herb stores deep in the heart of the East Side, and what formulæ to use in so dealing, and how to tell a "fly-cop" by his feet, and many another lesson in this school of crime. By virtue of which he became duly accredited messenger to the peter-gang of the Lone Pine Pool Room.

He acquired also a new article in his code of ethics; to be "on the square" with the gang. Hitherto he had been loyal to individuals; now he began dimly to see that there was a principle involved. That which in all of us reaches out toward some higher course of conduct than mere personal convenience and expediency, twined itself from Heiny's growing spirit around this new standard. That the pursuit he abetted was unlawful, weighed nothing. To him it was a natural livelihood. He preyed as prey the scavenger insects that follow the feast of the slayer. And yet he had his occasional misgivings, such as he expressed in the one question to Dutch Gus. Some of the victims of the peter-players were pleasant-faced, kindly-seeming fellows. Why should they suffer the loss of their "rolls," he vaguely wondered, and be thrust forth, despoiled and senseless, upon the mercies of the authorities? Not infrequently he felt uneasily sorry for them. But in evil case and good he was staunch with a waxing loyalty to the Lone Pine fellowship.

Evil case and good varied with the peter-players. For a time came many fish to their net. Then, some three months after Heiny joined the gang, the Powers that mete out destiny to the police department and through that medium to all the criminal industry of the mighty city, sent a "straight man" to rule over that precinct which gathers rich tribute from Chatham Square. And the straight man's orders were to knock out the knock-out industry. Captain Cortright was not in the business of collecting tribute. Within a week after his advent, business was woefully slack in the Lone Pine. Within two weeks, half of the "bakers" were under arrest. Within a month, hard times were pressing sorely upon the remainder, the girls

came but seldom, the peter itself was hard to come at, and Dutch Gus, driven by a desperate need, was avid for a "killing." Early one evening he called Heiny out of his cozy corner.

"T'e girls have put me onto a fellow for t'is evening," he said. "We must have t'e stuff here in a hour."

"Schilpen's is out. The cops are watching Rosenstein's, and the new guy at Schenck's won't touch the business," said the wise Heiny.

"Teufels!" cried Gus savagely. "Don't I know? Take t'is dollar. Go to the address on t'e paper. Come back in a hour or I skin your hide."

It was a silver dollar. Heiny had no reliable pocket. So he looked at the address, wrapped the coin in the paper, clenched it in his right hand, and plunged out of the warm, brilliant room into the whirl of a savage, snow-bearing southeaster. Up Division Street he went at a trot and at the corner of Allen ran into two boys, one of his own size, the other a little larger. The smaller boy he knew not; the other he knew as Skinny — and nothing further. But they were not of his gang and they were two to one.

"Who yer buntin'?" demanded Skinny advancing in an unmistakable manner.

"Lemme be. I'm goin' fer a doctor," whined Heiny, using the plea which avails where all else fails on the East Side. Here it fell on stony ground.

"Soak him, Skinny," exhorted Skinny's companion.

Flight was out of the question; they had him cornered. There was nothing for it but battle. Now, when you fight with one opponent you may drop back the right foot, prance, feint, and cradle your fists in true prize-ring style. But when two enemies confront you the conventions of fistic warfare are 'as naught, and the Marquis of Queensbury might as well never have been born. Heiny rushed upon the elongated Skinny with flailing arms, then suddenly ducked and butted him in the stomach. Skinny sighed sadly, toppled over on the foe and embraced him. At the same moment his confederate pulled Heiny's legs out from under him and all three went down together. Followed then a wild thresh of juvenility all over the sidewalk. Comparative quiet ensued only when Skinny sat triumphantly astride the victim's chest while the ally



"Up Division Street he went at a trot"

gagged Heiny and punched at his face. Suddenly Skinny cried :

"Look out. He's got a knife."

The ally investigated cautiously. "Naw," he shrilled in high excitement. "It's a plunker."

Straightway he began to hammer at the clenched hand. Heiny gripped with the clasp of desperation. It was the gang's money. Without it he could not get the peter and the game must fall through. They'd have to kill him before he'd give up. Futilely he twisted his head. If he could but set his teeth in that hand that was beating at his! Something warm trickled along his fingers. The sooty snow splotched pink. With a convulsive effort Heiny writhed his body half over, and suddenly found it easy to turn. The weight lifted from his chest, his lacerated hand was freed, and he got dizzily to his feet.

A bearded man in sailor garb with the word "Texas" on his cap was holding his assailants, one in each hand. The man's simple face was beaming with good-nature; he seemed to find it all vastly amusing.

"Two to one's no fair game, my hearties," he said. "What's the row?"

"They picked on me," whined Heiny.

"Take your turn then. Hold hard. What's that in your hand? The steel? Oh, that's no good. Give it here."

"Lemme go," wailed Heiny. "I'm goin' fer —"

"Give it here," repeated the man sternly. "You won't?"

A quick twist wrenched the boy's hand open. "Oh, a dollar. It's all right. You'll get it back — after the scrap. Now, which first?"

Something in the sailor's hearty bearing inspired trust. Heiny smiled up in his face, and the man patted his back. "Go in. I'll bet on you," he said.

With a long breath of mingled preparation and satisfaction Heiny said, "It's up to Skinny," and pitched in.

Heart was lacking in Skinny; perhaps wind, too, from that first well-planted butt. In two minutes he was whining for mercy. To the lesser antagonist the battle-warmed Heiny turned, but that astute youngling, after squaring off as if on business bent, flipped around the corner with such speed that pursuit was useless.

"Haw-haw-haw!" bellowed the sailor in deep-chested mirth. "Purty cute, that feller. Here's your dollar, son."

"Thanks," said Heiny and then wondered where he had learned the word.

The sailor chuckled. "You ought to join the navy," he said. "You'll make a scrapper. 'It's up to Skinny,' says you. An' in you boned. Haw-haw-haw!"

A sharp curiosity beset the urchin. "What did you do it fer?" he asked with unaccustomed timidity.

"Do what? Oh. Well, you was one an'-an'-an' they was two an'-an' one of 'em was bigger"—the sailor stumbled about for expression. "You'd help a feller that was gettin' the worst of it, would n't you?" he asked triumphantly.

"I dunno," said Heiny, considering the proposition dubiously. Many a man he had seen get "the worst of it" with no particular thought of help.

"Course you would," said the rescuer earnestly. "If I come along here an' a couple o' coves pulled a gun on me you'd jump in." He spoke simply, as one man to another.

And as one man to another: "You're all right, Texas," said Heiny with one of his friend-making smiles, and was off.

The sailor's deep laughter followed him as he sped on his errand:

"Texas! Haw-haw-haw! An' me from Ohyer."

Revolving strange things in his troubled mind, the boy dodged through the thickening

tenement region until he turned up into Ludlow Street and finally slipped into a little drug store. Had he felt less weight of problem on his mind he would have carefully looked about him before entering. As it was, he failed to see two heavy-booted men in a dark doorway opposite. A learned-looking young clerk with eye-glasses peered at him from behind the counter of the little herb-scented store.

"Don't look as if he knew the patter," thought Heiny, and produced the bit of paper. It was torn and bloody. The clerk looked at it and then suspiciously at the bearer.

"What do you want, my young friend?" he asked.

"The stuff," answered Heiny boldly. He showed the dollar. "Eighth of an ounce."

"Was ist das was du mir eben sagen willst?" cried the clerk angrily, casting little nervous glances at a woman who had just entered.

"Ah-h-h, nix comeraus," retorted the gamin scornfully. "Sprecker nit Dutch. I want the stuff for my grandfather."

"In two minutes he was whining for mercy"



The clerk's face cleared a little. "Who is your grandfather?"

"Peter Schmidt." It might have been Peter Stein or Peter Gans or Peter Kelly; the test word was the "Peter."

"Yes" — with nodding head — "And he wants it for —"

"To make him sleep," said Heiny, following the formula perfectly.

"You have brought the money?"

"One dollar."

"The same as the last," said the clerk, handing him a very small vial, such as one might hide in the palm of a hand. "Good-night. Behüte!"

The exclamation brought Heiny up, all standing. But it was too late. He had fairly run into the two burly men who had crossed over from the dark doorway opposite. One of them snatched at his hand. But Heiny's education had prepared him for any emergency. The vial dropped, and smashed in a thousand pieces on the stone coping, while a wail of anguish went up from Heiny's wide-spread face.

"Me cough-dope fer me kid brother! He'll croak, he will. I got no more money. An' the old woman'll kill me fer losin' it."

So well was it done that it fairly baffled the detectives. But not beyond a working suspicion. They let the sorrowing boy go in again — and waited. Now, had there been time to spare, Heiny would have tried every other place known to him rather than have run further risk there. But no other place was open; and the hour pressed. So he suggested another vial on credit. The clerk refused. Heiny pressed him. More vehemently the clerk refused; but now the boy noticed that with each refusal there was a twitching movement of the thumb toward the rear. Out went the messenger, torn with sobs, to meditate upon the twitching thumb. His intimate knowledge of the East Side came to his aid in this manner of reasoning:

"This block is full of back tenements. There must be one behind this store. I can get to it by going through the hallway of the house on the next street. That's what the guy means with his finger-wiggling."

Shrewdly estimating the distance, Heiny successfully negotiated the dark passage of the hallway from the next street over, crawled through a black and foul rear-tenement, scaled a ruinous fence, and in five minutes was receiving from the rear exit

of the store a second vial, sweetened to his uses by the praises of the eye-glassed clerk. Delicately carrying the treasure he made his swift return to the pool room.

Dutch Gus stood scowling in the doorway. It was a quarter past the hour set by him, and he only growled when Heiny came up, breathless, and, without looking at his sponsor, dropped the peter lightly in his pocket, whispering as he passed:

"All right."

On he hurried to his accustomed corner, behind the benches. To what went on about him, for once, he paid little heed. He heard the cracked voice of Crazy Meg exhorting her comrade and catch of the evening to "keep the drinks moving lively, Bill," and the wearier tones of Lib and Peaches who had just seated themselves at a table near him; but beyond subconsciously noting that they were there, he gave them not a thought. A new problem was in his mind, set to running amuck there by the simple creed of his friend in necessity, the sailor. He must help a fellow who was getting the worst of it. Yet he must be on the square with the gang. And if the gang was n't on the square with other people, could he be on the square with the world at large? The matter seemed woefully confused. How would it be if — his troubled little brain trailed off into a maze of speculations. His head buzzed. He was striving to adjust an interloping element in his scheme of the universe which had hitherto been so delightfully straightforward; he was struggling with his private phase of the everlasting riddle, to which the wisest have found so many and various answers. Then abruptly the muddled enigma reduced itself to a specific and sharply personal basis.

Up the steps to the drinking platform came Dutch Gus, followed by a man whose figure and face the bulky German screened from the boy, but whose sailor cap bore the legend "Texas." As he came there rang out in appreciation of some joke of Gus's a full-toned, bellowing "Haw-haw-haw!" that drove the last hopeful doubt shivering from Heiny's mind.

The German's smooth voice, inspired of hospitality, suggested a drink, and the two seated themselves at the table with Lib and Peaches. Heiny, helpless in his corner, thought of the mirthful figures he had seen come in there only to go out sodden, limp, and despoiled. Some of them he knew

went to the police station ; some went direct to the hospital ; some — he remembered the silent departure of the clan one night when Dolph came in with a scared face, bearing a newspaper clipping — and he shuddered.

Meantime, "Here's your health," said Dutch Gus to the sailor.

"Your health," repeated the two women.

"Your-very-good-health," said the sailor with an obvious effort at deliberation.

By that Heiny knew that he must act

sailor's attention for a moment. In that moment Gus's hand, the thumb stoppering the little vial, rose over the table's edge, and passed above the stranger's glass. There was a spirt of colorless liquid, and the terrible chloral hydrate lost itself invisibly, imperceptibly, in the beer.

"To t'e best ship in t'e navy, t'e Texas," proposed Gus.

At the same moment Heiny, half-rising behind Crazy Meg, whispered in her ear :



"With a clean blow he knocked Dolph headlong"

quickly if he were going to act at all, for the man was already half drunk, and the next round of drinks might well be the one selected for the drugging. But why should he act ? "You'd help a feller that was gettin' the worst of it, would n't you ?" said the sailor's confident voice to his memory.

"I've got to," answered something within Heiny that was new to himself ; and the decision was made. With it came inspiration.

Cautiously getting to his hands and knees Heiny crept along under the benches until he was behind Crazy Meg. From there he could see the whole action at Gus's table. The fresh beer came. Lib diverted the

"There's the man that stole your little sister."

"Where?" shrieked the unhappy woman struggling to her feet.

"Drinking with you now," said the boy, and scurried back along the benches to Gus's table.

The crash came before he got there. Crazy Meg, possessed of her insane fury, had beaten down her unsuspecting drinking companion with the heavy glass. Instantly there was confusion.

Gus, the sailor, and the two women at their table rose and hurried forward. Heiny rose, too. Unnoticed in the confusion,

he leaned over the table that Gus and his party had just deserted. There was a swift passage of his hands, and he was back in his corner before Meg, raving and howling for vengeance, was dragged out.

When quiet was finally restored: "To t'e best ship in any navy, t'e Texas," pledged Gus, improving on his original toast.

"Right you are," cried the sailor. "I'll drink all there is to that."

Both set their glasses down empty. The sailor started in upon a song. Dutch Gus glared at him with starting eyes.

"Was ist?" he cried. "T'e drink! T'ey have changed—I feel—" He stopped short, having caught sight of Heiny's terrified face raised above the benches.

"Get out, Texas! Skin fer your life!" cried the boy.

"T'at boy. T'at devil. He have changed t'e glasses. To-to-t'e Texas, t'e-Texas-t'e best-b-b-bo —"

Dutch Gus lurched forward and sprawled over the table. With a rush, Dolph Kleiner, Schild the wrestler, and two others made for the spot.

"Run, Heiny; they'll kill you!" shrieked Lib. And as the boy scurried through the side hall into the safety of the night, the voice of Peaches calling after him, "Oh, Heiny, what made you turn on the gang?" struck a tang to his heart.

Meantime the rush was upon the sailor. He had come suddenly sober, as men will when their peril is upon them. With a clean blow he knocked Dolph headlong, slashed the outstretched arm of the wrestler with a ready knife from his belt, and made his way through the fleeing crowd of pool-players to the street. At the corner he met Heiny.

"Are you all right?" cried the boy eagerly. "Are you all right, Texas?"

"Ah, it was you, was it, matey?" said the man. "You done your part. Just as I knowed you would. We're square now. I'm for the ship. Here's to remember me by. So long, matey."

He thrust a dollar into the boy's hand. Stupidly Heiny fumbled the bill. It was wealth to him, but what is wealth to one beneath whose feet the accustomed world has crumbled? Heiny had turned his back on the ideal of his life; he had forsaken the only standard that he knew. The voice of Peaches rang with dismal reproach in his ears. No longer was he "on the square."

Without one glance of farewell, he turned his back on the glittering lights of the Lone Pine and fared forth, an outcast, disgraced, confounded, remorseful, friendless, and inspired of a high, incredulous elation, to battle with a new existence.

THE MARIONETTES

BY

WITTER BYNNER

A BOY with face like some Greek coin
Leans in the second row,
To help each mimic hero join
Against the Moslem foe.

The gas reflecting in his eyes,
That swerve not left nor right
Burns, every time a pagan dies,
With freshness of delight.

These are but dolls of brass and wood
Whose destinies begun
He watches till the end is good
And victory is won.

Is there an eye of endless light
For what we do and dare?
Or are we playing to the night
With nobody to care?

LOOKING BACKWARD

WHEN, IN MY HUNT FOR A LEADING MAN FOR
MR. DALY, I FIRST SAW COGHLAN AND IRVING

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," ETC.

WHEN the late Mr. Augustin Daly bestowed even a modicum of his confidence, his friendship, upon man or woman, the person so honored found the circulation of his blood well maintained by the frequent and generally unexpected demands for his presence, his unwavering attention and sympathetic comprehension. As with the royal invitation that is a command, only death positive or threatening could excuse non-attendance; and though his friendship was in truth a liberal education, the position of even the humblest confidante was no sinecure, for the plans he loved to describe and discuss were not confined to that day and season, but were long, daring looks ahead; great coups for the distant, unborn years.

The season had closed on Saturday. Monday I was to sail for England, and early that morning the housemaid watched for the carriage. My landlady was growing quivery about the chin, because I had to cross alone to join Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, who had gone ahead. My mother was gay with a soft of crippled hilarity that deceived no one, as she prepared to go with me to say good-by at the dock, while little Ned, the son of the house, proudly gathered together rug, umbrella, hand-bag, books, etc., ready to go down with us and escort my mother back home — when a cab whirled to the door and stopped.

"Good heaven!" I cried, "what a blunder! I ordered a carriage; we can't all crowd into that thing!"

Then a boy was before me, holding out one of those familiar summoning half-sheets, with a line or two of the jetty-black, impishly-tiny, Daly scrawls—and I read: "Must see you one minute at office. Cabby will race you down. Have your carriage follow and pick you up here. Don't fail! A. DALY."

Ah, well! A. Daly — he who must be obeyed—had me in good training. I flung one hand to the mistress, the other to the maid

in farewell, pitched headlong into the cab, and went whirling down Sixth Avenue and across to the theater stage-door, then upstairs to the morsel of space called by courtesy the private office.

Mr. Daly nonchalantly held out his hand, looked me over, and said: "That's a very pretty dress — becoming too — but is it not too easily soiled? Salt water you know is —"

"Oh," I broke in, "it's for general street wear — my traveling will be done in night-dress, I fancy."

"Ah, bad sailor, eh?" he asked, as I stood trembling with impatience.

"The worst! But you did not send for me to talk dress or about my sailing qualities?"

"My dear," he said sauvally, "your temper is positively rabid." Then he glanced at the clock on his desk and his manner changed. He said swiftly and curtly: "Miss Morris, I want you to go to every theater in London, and —"

"But I can't!" I interrupted, "I have not money enough for that and my name is not known over there!"

He frowned and waved his hand impatiently. "Use my name, then, or ask courtesy from E. A. Sothorn. He crosses with you and you know him. But mind, go to every reputable theater, and," impressively, "report to me at once if you see any leading man with exceptional ability of any kind."

I gasped. It seemed to me I heard the leaden fall of my heart. "But Mr. Daly, what a responsibility! How on earth could I judge an actor for you?"

He held up an imperative hand. "You think more after my own manner than any other person I know of. You are sensitive, responsive, quick to acknowledge another's ability, and so are fitted to study London's leading men for me!"

I was aghast, frightened to the point of

approaching tears! Suddenly I bethought me. "I'll tell Mr. Lewis. He is there already you know, and let him judge for you."

"Lewis? Good Lord! He has no independence! He'd see in an actor just what he thought I wanted him to see! I tell you, I want *you* to sort over London's leading men, and, if you see anything exceptional, secure name and theater and report to me. Heaven knows, two long years have not only taught me that you have opinions, but the courage of them!"

Racing steps came up the stairs, and little Ned's voice called: "Miss Clara. Miss Clara. We are here!"

I turned to Mr. Daly and said mournfully: "You have ruined the pleasure of my trip."

"Miss Morris, that's the first untruth you ever told me. Here, please—" and he handed me a packet of new books.

"Thanks!" I cried and then flew down the stairs. Glancing up, I saw him looking earnestly after me. "Did you speak?" I asked hurriedly.

"That gown fits well — don't spoil it with sea-water!"

And half-laughing, half-vexed, but wholly frightened at the charge laid upon me, I sprang into the carriage, to hold hands with mother all the way down to the crowded dock.

One day I received in London this note from Mr. Augustin Daly:

"MY DEAR MISS MORRIS:— I find no letter here— impatiently,
A. D."

And straightway I answered:

"MY DEAR MR. DALY:— I find no actor here— afflictedly,
C. M."

And lo, on my very last night in London, after our return from Paris, I found the exceptional leading man.

Ten days later, on a hot September morning, I was hurling myself upon my mother in all the joy of home-coming, when I saw leaning against the clock on the mantel the unmistakable envelope, bearing the impious black scriggle that generally meant a summons. I opened it and read: "Cleaners in full possession here — look out for soap and pails, and report directly at box-office — don't fail! A. DALY."

I confess I was angry, for I was so tired and the motion of the steamer was still with me, and besides my own small affairs were of more interest to me just then than the greater

ones of the manager. However, my two years of training held good. In an hour I was picking my way across wet floors, among mops and pails toward the sanity and dry comfort of Mr. Daly's office. He held my hands closely for a moment, then broke out complainingly: "You've behaved nicely, have n't you? Not a single line sent to tell what you were seeing, doing, thinking?"

"I beg your pardon — I distinctly remember sending you a line." He scowled blackly. I went on: "I thought your note to me was meant as a model, so I copied it carefully."

Formerly this sort of thing had kept us at daggers drawn, but now he only laughed, and shaking his hand impatiently to and fro, said: "Stop it! oh, stop it! So you could not find even one leading man worth while, eh?"

"Yes — just one!"

"Then why on earth did n't you write me?"

"Could n't — I only found him on our last night in London."

Mr. Daly's face was alight in a moment. He caught up a scrap of paper and a pencil, and, after the manner of the inexperienced interviewer, began: "What's he like?"

"Tall, flat-backed, square-shouldered, free-moving, and wears a long dress-coat — that shibboleth of a gentleman — as if that had been his custom ever since he left his mother's knee."

Mr. Daly ejaculated "good!" at each clause, and scribbled his impish small scribble on the bit of paper which rested on his palm.

"What did he do?" he asked eagerly.

"He did n't do," I answered lucidly.

"What do you mean, Miss Morris?"

"What I say, Mr. Daly."

"But if the man does n't do anything, what is there remarkable about him?"

"Why, just that. It was what he did n't do that produced the effect."

"A-a-ah," said Mr. Daly, with long-drawn satisfaction, scribbling rapidly. "I understand, and you thought, Miss, that you could not judge an actor for me! What was the play?"

"Bulwer's 'Money,' and Marie Wilton was superb as —"

"Never mind Marie Wilton," he interrupted impatiently, writing, "but Alfred Evelyn is such an awful prig."

"Is n't he?" I acquiesced, "but this actor made him human. You see, Mr. Daly, most Evelyns are like a bottle of gas-charged water: forcibly restrained for a time, then there's a pop and a bang, and in wild

freedom the water is foaming thinly over everything in sight. This man did n't kowtow in the early acts, but was curt, cold, showing signs of rebellion more than once, and in the big scene, well — !"

"Yes?" asked Mr. Daly eagerly.

"Well, that was where he did n't do. He did n't bang nor rave nor work himself up to a wild burst of tears!" ("Thank God!" murmured Mr. Daly and scribbled fast.) "He told the story of his past sometimes rapidly, sometimes making a short, absolute pause. When he reached the part referring to his dead mother, his voice fell two tones, his words grew slower, more difficult, and finally stopped. He left some of his lines out entirely — actually forcing the people to do his work in picturing for themselves his sorrow and his loss — while he sat staring helplessly at the floor, his closed fingers slowly tightening, trying vainly to moisten his dry lips. And when the unconsciously sniffing audience broke suddenly into applause, he swiftly turned his head aside, and with the knuckle of his forefinger brushed away two tears. Ah, but that knuckle was clever! His fingertips would have been girly-girly or actory, but the knuckle was the movement of a man, who still retained something of his boyhood about him."

Mr. Daly's gray, dark-lashed eyes were almost black with pleased excitement as he asked: "What's his name?"

"Coghlan — Charles Coghlan."

"Why, he's Irish?"

"So are you — Irish-American," I answered defensively, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Well, you ought to be Irish yourself!" he said sternly.

"I did my best," I answered modestly.

"I was born on St. Patrick's Day!"

"In the mornin'?" he asked.

"The very top of it, sor!"

"More power to you then!" at which we both laughed, and I rose to go.

As I picked up my sunshade, I remarked casually: "Ah, but I was glad to have seen, for once at least, England's great actor."

"This Coghlan?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"What, there is another, and you have not mentioned him — after my asking you to report any exceptional actor you saw?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You asked me to report every exceptional leading man. This actor's leading man's days are past. He

is a star by the grace of God's great gifts to him, and his own hard work."

"Well!" snapped Mr. Daly, "even a star will play where money enough is offered him, will he not?"

"There's a legend to that effect, I believe."

"Will you favor me, Miss Morris, with this actor's name?"

"Certainly. He is billed as Mr. Henry Irving."

Mr. Daly looked up from his scribbling. "Irving? Irving? Is not he the actor that old man Bateman secured as support for his daughters?"

"Yes, that was the old gentleman's mistaken belief; but the public thought differently, and labored with Papa Bateman till it convinced him that his daughters were by way of supporting Mr. Irving."

A grim smile came upon the managerial lips as he asked, "What does he look like?"

"Well, as a general thing, I think he will look wonderfully like the character he is playing. Oh, don't frown so! He — well, he is not beautiful, neither can I imagine him a pantaloon actor, but his face will adapt itself splendidly to any strong character make-up, whether noble or villainous." Mr. Daly was looking pleased again. I went on: "He aspires, I hear, to Shakspeare, but there is one thing of which I am sure. He is the mightiest man in melodrama to-day!"

"How long did it take to convince you of that, Miss Morris? One act — two — the whole five acts?"

"His first five minutes on the stage, sir. His business wins applause without the aid of words, and you know what that means."

Again that elongated "A-a-ah!" Then, "Tell me of that five minutes," and he thrust a chair toward me.

"Oh," I cried, despairingly, "that will take so long, and will only bore you."

"Understand, please, nothing under heaven that is connected with the stage can ever bore me." Which statement was unalloyed truth.

"But, indeed," I feebly insisted, only to be brought up short with the words, "Kindly allow me to judge for myself."

To which I beamingly made answer: "Did I not beg you to do that months ago?" But he was growing vexed, and curtly commanded: "I want those first five minutes — what he did, and how he did it, and what the effect was, and then" — speaking dreamily — "I shall know — I shall know."

Now at Mr. Daly's last long-drawn-out "A-a-ah," anent Mr. Irving's winning applause without words, I believed an idea, new and novel, had sprung into his mind, while his present rapt manner would tell anyone familiar with his ways that the idea was rapidly becoming a plan. I was wondering what it could be, when a sharp "Weil?" startled me into swift and beautiful obedience.

"You see, Mr. Daly, I knew absolutely nothing of the story of the play that night. 'The Bells' were, I supposed, church-bells. In the first act the people were rustic — the season winter — snow flying in every time the door opened. The absent husband and father was spoken of by mother and daughter, lover and neighbor. Then there were sleigh-bells heard, whose jingle stopped suddenly. The door opened — *Matthias* entered, and for the first time winter was made truly manifest to us, and one drew himself together instinctively, for the tall, gaunt man at the door was cold — chilled, just to the very marrow of his bones. Then, after general greetings had been exchanged, he seated himself in a chair directly in the center of the stage, a mere trifle in advance of others in the scene, and proceeded to remove his long leggings. He drew a great colored handkerchief and brushed away some clinging snow; then leaning forward, with slightly tremulous fingers, he began to unfasten a top buckle. Suddenly the trembling ceased, the fingers clenched hard upon the buckle, the whole body became still, then rigid — it seemed not to breathe! The one sign of life in the man was the agonizingly strained sense of hearing! His tortured eyes saw nothing. Utterly without speech, without feeling he listened — breathlessly listened! A cold chill crept stealthily about the roots of my hair. I clenched my hands hard and whispered to myself: 'Will it come, good God, will it come, the thing he listens for?' When with a wild bound, as if every nerve and muscle had been rent by an electric shock, he was upon his feet; and I was answered even before that suffocating cry of terror — 'The bells! the bells!' — and under cover of the applause that followed I said: 'Haunted! Innocent or guilty, this man is haunted!' And Mr. Daly, I bowed my head to a great actor, for though fine things followed, you know the old saying, that 'no chain is stronger than its weakest link.' Well I always feel that no actor is greater than his carefulest bit of detail."

Mr. Daly's pale face had acquired a faint flush of color: "Thank you!" he said, with real cordiality, and I was delighted to have pleased him, and also to see the end of my troubles, and once more took up the sunshade.

"I think an actor like that could win any public, don't you?"

"I don't know," I lightly answered. "He is generally regarded as an acquired taste."

"What do you mean?" came the sharp return.

"Why, you must have heard that Mr. Irving's eccentricities are not to be counted upon the fingers of both hands?"

Mr. Daly lifted his brows and smiled a contented smile: "Indeed? And pray, what are these peculiarities?"

"Oh, some are of the figure, some of movement, and some of delivery. A lady told me over there that he could walk like each and every animal of a Noah's ark; and people lay wagers as to whether London will force him to abandon his elocutionary freaks, or he will force London to accept them. I am inclined to back Mr. Irving, myself."

"What! What's that you say? That this fine actor you have described has a marked peculiarity of delivery — of speech?"

"Marked peculiarities? Why, they are murderous! His strange inflections, his many mannerisms are very trying at first, but he conquers before —"

A cry stopped me — a cry of utter disappointment and anger! Mr. Daly stood staring at his notes a moment, then he exclaimed violently: "D——n! d——n!! oh, d——n!!!" and savagely tore his scribbled-on paper into bits and flung them on the floor.

Startled at his vexation, convulsed with suppressed laughter at the infantile quality of his profanity, I ventured, in a shaking voice, "I think I'd better go?"

"I think you had!" he agreed curtly; but as I reached the door he said in his most managerial tone: "Miss Morris, it would be better for you to begin with people's faults next time —"

But with the door already open I made bold to reply: "*Excuse me, Mr. Daly, but there is n't going to be any next time for me!*"

And I turned and fled, wondering all the way home, as I have often wondered since, what was the plan that went so utterly aglaze that day? Mr. Coghlan he engaged after failing in his first effort, but that other, greater plan; what was it?

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

V

THE ESCAPE FROM RASTATT

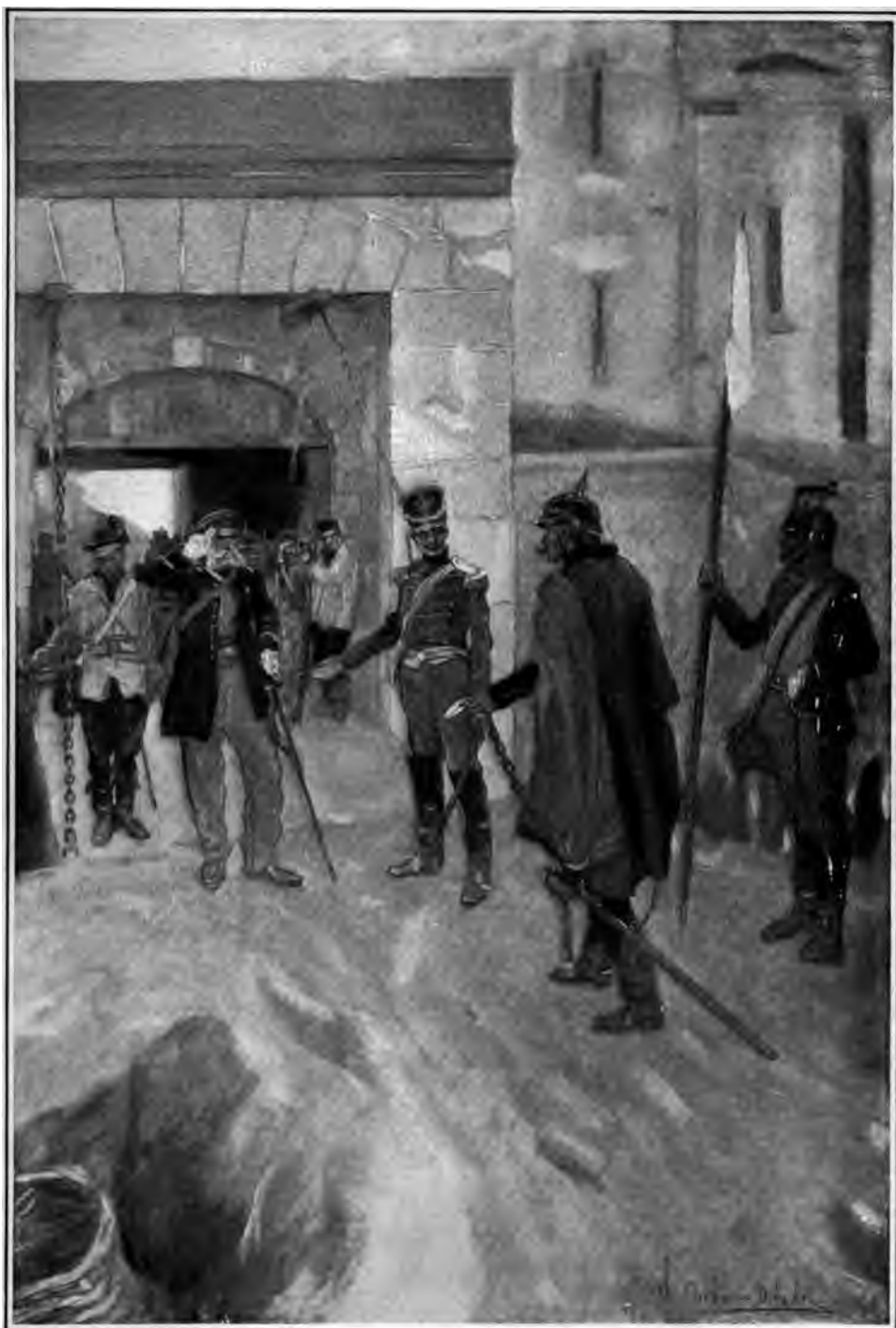
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

While the attempts to win the "Landwehr" in Rhenish Prussia for the cause of the national constitution miscarried, the insurrectionary movement for the same purpose in the Bavarian Palatinate and in the Grand-duchy of Baden showed considerable strength. In the Bavarian Palatinate a provisional government was established which took the control of the province from the hands of the Bavarian officials and began the organization of an army in support of the national cause. The Grand-duchy of Baden also organized its provisional government, almost the whole army of that little state, together with the fortress of Rastatt putting themselves at its disposition, and the Grand-duke with his court and a few cavalry troops taking to flight. Mr. Schurz went to the Palatinate to offer his services to the provisional government and found there his friends, Kinkel and Anneke. Anneke who was charged with the command of the Palatinate artillery made him his aide-de-camp. The military forces of the Palatinate were still in a very imperfect state of organization and equipment when a strong Prussian army corps under the command of the Prince of Prussia invaded the country. The Palatinate forces yielding to vastly superior power crossed the Rhine and joined the army of Baden. But united they were still largely outmatched by the invading Prussians, and after various unsuccessful engagements in some of which Mr. Schurz, as the aide-de-camp of Colonel Anneke, took part, made their last stand near Rastatt on the line of the River Murg. At the close of this battle Mr. Schurz's narrative is resumed. — THE EDITOR.



ON the line of the Murg River, the left wing leaning on the fortress of Rastatt, the united corps of the revolutionists of Baden and the Palatinate fought their last defensive fight on the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth of June, 1849, in part very gallantly, although without success. On the evening of June thirtieth Lieutenant-Colonel Anneke sent me with an instruction concerning artillery ammunition into the fortress of Rastatt, where I was to wait for him in a certain fortification from which we could overlook a large part of the battle-field. There he would call for me. I discharged my order and then went to the place indicated to me by my chief, tied my horse to

a gun-carriage, and sat down on the rampart, where, after having watched the fight outside for a little while, I fell asleep from sheer fatigue, in spite of the roaring of the cannon. When I awoke the sun was about to set. I inquired among the artillery men standing around for Colonel Anneke, but nobody had seen him. I became restless and mounted my horse to look for my chief outside of the town. When I arrived at the gate the officer on duty informed me that I could not get out; that our army was pressed back toward the south; and that the fortress was completely surrounded by the Prussians. I galloped to the headquarters of the commander of the fortress and received there the confirmation of what I had heard. The prospect of remaining in the city, as in a mouse-trap, with the Prussians



"A PRUSSIAN OFFICER, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE . . . WITH A SUMMONS
TO SURRENDER"

all around, and this not in obedience to orders but by mere accident, struck me as an exceedingly undesirable one. I could not resign myself to it, and inquired again and again whether there was no way out, until at last an officer standing near the gatesaid to me: "I feel just as you do. I do not belong here, and have tried all possible points where I thought I might slip through, but all in vain. We have to submit and remain." Of Anneke I found no trace.

Having given up all hope of escape, I reported myself to the governor of the fortress, Colonel Tiedemann, a son of a distinguished professor of medicine at the University of Heidelberg—a man of fine military presence, tall, slender, and stately. He had been an officer in the army of Greece, and had, after his return to Germany, joined the popular cause, much to the disgust of his father, who was a rigid old conservative. The Governor received me kindly, listened to my report, and attached me to his staff. As to my duties, I was to report to him the next morning. I was billeted for quarter upon the house of a confectioner by the name of Nusser. My host and his good wife, kind-hearted, sympathetic and well-mannered people, welcomed me heartily, and put at my disposal a pleasant room and a seat at their table. Also my servant, Adam, a young soldier from the Palatinate, who, fortunately, had followed me into the fortress, found room in the house.

All this looked pleasant enough. But when my host and Adam had left me alone, and I could, in the silence of my room, think over the new situation, my heart became very heavy. There we were shut up in a fortress surrounded by the Prussians. A stubborn defense of the fortress could no longer serve our cause—only in so much as it might prove that a popular army could also possess courage and maintain its military honor.—But under all circumstances the fortress could resist only a very limited time. And then? Capitulation. And then? We would fall into the hands of the Prussians. A most dismal prospect indeed.

The duties assigned to me by the Governor were not onerous. I had to spend certain hours on the highest gallery of the tower of the castle, armed with a telescope, to observe the enemy and to make report of what I might see. Then I had, periodically, to visit certain bastions and gates, and to

inspect the watches, and in addition to do such other things as the Governor might from time to time see proper to entrust to me.

One morning, shortly after break of day, I was awakened by a violent explosion on the street immediately under my window. As I jumped out of bed the thought struck me that the Prussians might, during the night, have penetrated into the city, and that there was now a street fight going on. A second explosion, immediately above the house, and the rattling noise of heavy objects that fell upon the roof, taught me that the fortress was being bombarded, and that a shell had knocked down the chimney of my house. One such explosion followed after another, and the guns of our fortress boomed in response. As quickly as possible I hurried to headquarters in the castle and there I beheld a heartrending spectacle. I found the court of the castle was crowded with citizens who had rushed in terror from their houses; among them many women and children who had instinctively sought near the commander protection against the threatening catastrophe. Most of the grown-up people, and even some of the children carried beds or boxes or other sorts of household goods, on their heads or under their arms. As often as a shell rushed over the castle yard or exploded near-by, the poor people, overcome by terror, threw down all they were carrying and ran toward shelter, screaming and wringing their hands. Then during a moment of silence they gathered up their goods and chattels from the ground; but as soon as another shell came along, the same scene repeated itself. We staff-officers did our utmost in trying to quiet the people, and, as far as possible, to place them in safety in the bomb-proof casemates of the fortress. Meantime the bells of the church began to peal, and a multitude, women with their children, and not a few men, ran across the market-place to the church where, with loud lamentations, they prayed God to save them.

The bombardment, however, was not very serious. It lasted only a few hours, and did very little damage. A few fires caused by it were speedily extinguished. The Prussians probably intended only to let us know that the surrender of the fortress must not be too long delayed, if we would avoid greater discomfort.

The duty which most interested me was that of the "look-out" from the height of the

castle tower. From there I had a magnificent view—toward the east the mountains in which Baden-Baden is nestled; toward the north the smiling Rhine valley with its rich fields and vineyards, its shady forests, and the church steeples of many villages peeping from among the fruit trees; to the south, the Black Forest; to the west, Alsatia on the opposite side of the Rhine with far-away blue mountain lines. How beautiful was all this! How benevolent Nature in her rich lavish goodness! And over there, in these apparently peaceful surroundings, lay "The Enemy," who had us firmly in his grasp. There I saw the outposts regularly relieved, and the patrols of horsemen busily moving to and fro, keeping a sharp eye upon us so that not a soul of us should escape; the batteries of the enemy ready to hurl destruction and death at us; their camps teeming with human beings, many of whom, aye, perhaps a large majority, thought as we thought and desired what we desired—possibly among them children of neighbors in my native village—and yet, all prepared at the command of their superiors, to fire the deadly bullet into our breasts. And over all this there streamed down in those summer days the beautiful sunlight of heaven, so warm and so peaceably radiant, as if there were nothing but harmony and happiness in the world. All this so cruelly unnatural, and yet so cruelly true!

A strange life that was in the besieged fortress. With the exception of one sortie there being no further fighting excitement, we soldiers did our routine service day after day with mechanical precision, and the burghers pursued what occupation there still remained to them, all in a state of strained expectation, waiting for the fate that could not be averted. The world outside lay far, far away from us in unmeasurable distance. There we sat within our ramparts, excluded from all humanity, as if we did not belong to it. Not a sound of it penetrated to us except a far-away rolling of the drum or the trumpet signals of the enemy besieging us. From time to time mysterious rumors arose, of which nobody knew whence they came. Our troops, it was once said, had won a great victory in the upper country and driven the Prussians before them. Then a fresh revolution had broken out in France and all Germany was in new commotion; then the Hungarians had disastrously defeated the united Austrians and Russians, and were ready to

send their victorious forces to the aid of the German revolutionists. Once the higher officers of the garrison rushed up to me on the observation tower because somebody had actually heard, in the direction of the upper country, a long continuing thunder of cannon, which constantly approached nearer; and now they had come to see the clouds of dust raised by the columns advancing to our relief. But the imagined thunder of artillery was inaudible to us, all remained still, and we sank back into our dull hopelessness. Sometimes we tried to amuse ourselves with frolics in the wine houses—for the town was still well provided with wine. Then there was occasionally an effort at gaiety, but it was little more than an effort, for everybody felt that behind his chair stood the dark specter of the approaching catastrophe.

At last one day—it was in the third week of the siege—a Prussian officer, under a flag of truce, came into the fortress with a summons to surrender, bringing the news that the revolutionary army had long since passed the Swiss frontier, and had therefore ceased to exist; that not a single armed insurgent remained on German soil, and that the Prussian commander would consent to permit any man whom the garrison of Rastatt might entrust with such a mission, to convince himself of these facts with his own eyes, and to this end would give him safe conduct wherever he might wish to go. This caused tremendous excitement. At once the Governor called a general council of war in the great hall of the castle. The council, if I remember rightly, was to consist of all officers of the garrison from captain upward. After a stormy discussion it was resolved that the offer of the Prussian commander should be accepted, and Lieutenant-Colonel Corvin received the commission to explore the condition of things outside; and in case he found it to be as the Prussian flag of truce had represented, to negotiate for a capitulation on conditions as favorable as could be obtained.

In the gray dawn of the second morning after Corvin's departure, I lay down upon a sofa, in the great hall of the castle for a short rest. Soon I was awakened by the noise of heavy steps, rattling sabers, and a confusion of voices. From what I saw and heard I concluded that Corvin had returned from his mission and that the council of war was reassembling. The Governor entered, demanded silence, and asked Corvin, who



GOTTFRIED KINKEL AND CARL SCHURZ.

After young Schurz had escaped from Rastatt he learned that his fellow-patriot Kinkel had been captured by the Prussians and imprisoned in the fortress there. This news destroyed Schurz's joy over his own safety, and inspired him to undertake a daring expedition back into Germany

stood at his side, to make his report to the whole assembly. Corvin then told us that, accompanied by a Prussian officer, he had traveled down to the Swiss frontier and had convinced himself on the spot that the revolutionary army had crossed into Switzerland, surrendered its arms, and dissolved. He had also satisfied himself from the newspapers that in the rest of Germany there was not the slightest vestige of a revolutionary movement left. Everywhere submission and quiet. The Hungarians, too, had suffered great defeats in consequence of the Russian intervention and would undoubtedly soon succumb. In short, the garrison of Rastatt was entirely forsaken, and could not hope for any relief; and finally, Corvin added, he had been informed at Prussian headquarters that the commander of the besieging forces would insist upon a surrender of the fortress at discretion, without conditions of any kind.

Deep silence followed this speech. Everyone of the hearers felt that Corvin had told the truth. Finally somebody — I do not remember who — asked to be allowed to put some questions. Then there was an eruption of high-sounding exclamations about dying in "the last ditch" and similar talk, and then the Governor gave the floor to a former Prussian soldier, who had become an officer in the forces of the Palatinate. This officer said that he was as ready as any one to sacrifice to our cause his last drop of blood, and that those probably would who were Prussians, when we fell into the hands of the besieging army, have to die in any case. Nevertheless he advised the immediate surrender of the fortress. If we did not surrender to-day, we would be obliged to do so to-morrow. We ought not to expose the citizens of the town with their wives and children, to famine, or to another bombardment, and all in vain. It was time to make an end, whatever might happen to us personally. A murmur swept through the hall approving this advice, and then it was resolved that Corvin should try once more to secure, at the Prussian headquarters, for the officers and men of our garrison, as favorable conditions as possible. But if after a reasonable effort he saw the impossibility of obtaining such conditions, he should agree with the Prussian headquarters upon the necessary arrangements for a surrender at discretion. When we left the hall, most of us undoubtedly felt that nothing else could be hoped for.

In the evening I mounted once more my tower of observation upon which I had spent so many watchful and dreamy hours. The magnificent landscape lay before me in the beautiful sunshine. It appeared to me even more beautiful than ever. I felt as if I must take a last leave of it.

"We Prussians will probably have to die in any case." These words echoed in my ear, and I was convinced of their truth. To these Prussians I belonged. I remember vividly the thoughts which then on that tower of observation, went through my head. One recollection forced itself again and again upon my mind, how a few years before, my father had, with me, visited Professor Pütz in Cologne; how the Professor had put his hand upon my shoulder and smilingly said to my father, "A hopeful boy;" and how proudly then my father had nodded his head and looked at me. "Of that hopeful boy there is now an end," I said to myself. Many of the bold dreams of a great and fruitful activity to which I had formerly abandoned myself recurred to me, and it seemed hard, very hard, to depart from the world before I had been permitted to render it any worthy service. A sensation of profound sorrow came over me, not on account of myself alone, but also on account of my parents who had expected so much of me, to whom I was to be the support of old age, and who now saw all their hopes shattered and destroyed forever. Finally nothing remained to me but the determination if it was all to end, to look my fate in the eyes with courage and dignity.

I remained on the gallery of the observation tower until the sun was down. Then I descended and reported myself to the Governor, whether he still had orders for the night. "To-night," he said, "every one of my officers ought to be on the ramparts. I apprehend that many of the men, knowing that we shall surrender to-morrow, will leave their posts. That should not be." I was glad to have something to do that would occupy my thoughts. Among the fortifications there was, indeed, a great deal of noise and confusion. The Governor was right in apprehending that many of the men would regard it as superfluous to take further care of the service; it would all be over anyhow the next day. There was also much hubbub in the wine houses when the soldiers would have their last cup together. But the admonition addressed by the officers to the

men who were running about or drinking, did not find any vicious resistance. The number of those who still continued to do their duty was sufficient to maintain tolerable order.

Toward daybreak I stretched myself once more on my accustomed sofa, and after several hours of profound sleep woke up with the thought, "To-day you will be taken by the Prussians, to be shot dead; possibly to-morrow." Then I went to headquarters where I learned that Corvin had not succeeded in negotiating any conditions, and that the surrender at discretion was a certain thing. At twelve o'clock noon the troops were to march through the gates to lay down their arms between two lines of Prussians outside on the glacis. The orders had already been issued. I went to my quarters to write a last letter to my parents. I thanked them for all the love and care they had devoted to me, asked them to forgive me if I had disappointed their hopes, told them that following my honest convictions I had taken up arms for a cause that I believed to be right, — for the liberty and unity of the German people, and if it should be my lot to die for that cause, it would be an honorable death of which they would never have reason to be ashamed. This letter I put into the hands of good Mr. Nusser, my host, who, with tears in his eyes, promised to put it into the mail as soon as communications should be opened again. In the meanwhile the hour of noon approached. Already I heard the signals calling the troops on the ramparts, and in the barracks to the rally, and I prepared myself to go up to headquarters. Then a new idea suddenly flashed through my head. I remembered that only a few days previous, my attention had been attracted to a subterranean sewer for the waters of the street gutters which, near the Steinmauerner gate, led from the interior of the city, under the fortifications, into an open field outside. This sewer was probably a part of an uncompleted drainage system. The entrance to it in the interior of the city, was situated in a trench near a garden hedge. Outside it emptied into a ditch overgrown with shrubbery, which bordered a corn-field. When these circumstances had first come to my knowledge, it had occurred to me that if the opening as well as the exit of that sewer were not well watched, spies might easily pass through it from the outside into the

town. I had reported the matter to the Governor, but immediately afterwards came the negotiations with the enemy, the mission of Corvin, and the excitement about the impending capitulation, which drove the matter out of my mind. Now at the last moment before the surrender the remembrance came back to me like a ray of light. Would it not be possible for me to escape through that sewer? Would it not, if I thus gained the open be possible in some manner to reach the Rhine, there to procure a boat and to cross to the French side? My resolution was promptly taken — I would at least try.

I called my servant who had prepared my belongings for the surrender. "Adam," I said, "you are a Palatinate man, a volunteer. I believe if you surrender to the Prussians you will soon be sent home. I am a Prussian, and as Prussians they will probably shoot dead. I will, therefore, try to escape, and I know a way. Let us therefore say good-by."

"No, Herr Lieutenant," Adam exclaimed, "I shall not leave you. Where you go, I go." The eyes of the good boy sparkled with pleasure.

"But," said I, "you have nothing to gain, and we shall probably have to incur great dangers."

"Danger or no danger," replied Adam, with decision, "I remain with you."

At this moment I saw an artillery officer of the name of Neustädter, whom I knew well, pass by my window. He, like myself, was born in Rhenish Prussia, and had formerly served in the Prussian artillery.

"Where are you going, Neustädter?" I called to him through the window.

"To join my battery," he answered. "In half an hour we shall have to surrender."

"The Prussians will shoot you dead," I replied. "Go with me and let us try to escape."

He stopped, came into the house and listened to my plan, which I explained to him in a few words.

"Well," he said, "I will go with you."

There was now no time to be lost. Adam was sent out to purchase a loaf of bread, two bottles of wine and some sausages. Then we put our pistols under our clothes, and rolled up our cloaks. Into mine, a large dark cape lined with scarlet, received recently from our stores, I wrapped up a short carbine that I possessed. The bottles and the eatables

which Adam bought were packed up as well as we knew how. In the meantime the garrison began to march in close columns across the market-place. We followed the last column a short distance, and then turning into a side lane soon reached the inner mouth of our sewer. Without hesitation we slipped into it. It was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd of July.

The sewer was a tube built of brick masonry, sufficiently high and wide for us to move through it with bent knees and curved backs, half walking, half crawling. The water running through the sewer was high enough to cover our feet and ankles. As we penetrated into the interior we found here and there narrow manholes covered on top with iron gratings, through which air, and, during the day, some light came down. At such places we rested a moment and stretched ourselves out so as to get our spines into shape again. According to our calculation we should have reached about the middle of the sewer, when I happened to strike my foot against a piece of board lying in the water, which was just long enough to be squeezed between the walls of the sewer so that it could serve us as a sort of bench to sit upon. Upon this bench, which made our condition a little more comfortable, we huddled together for a longer rest.

Until then the constant movement to which we had been compelled had hardly permitted us to survey our situation. Now, sitting on that bench, we had leisure enough to collect our thoughts and to hold council as to what was further to be done. During the siege I had had frequent opportunity to observe the immediate surroundings of the fortress, and I therefore pretty well knew the ground on which the sewer emptied outside. I proposed to my companions that we should remain on the bench until about midnight and then leave the sewer, and then seek cover in a field planted with corn, which I knew to be in the neighborhood. From there we could, if the sky was tolerably clear, overlook a part of the road to Steinmauern, a village distant about an hour's walk from Rastatt, on the bank of the Rhine, and assure ourselves whether we might leave the protection of the cornfield without danger. And so, seeking cover from time to time in order to reconnoiter the road ahead of us we might hope, before daybreak, to reach Steinmauern and there to find a boat that might carry us to

the French side of the Rhine. This plan was approved by my companions.

While we were thus engaged in taking counsel, we heard above us a dull, rumbling noise as from the wheels of vehicles and the heavy tread of great masses of men, from which we concluded that the Prussians were now entering the fortress and occupying the gates and the ramparts. We also heard the striking of a church clock which gave the hour, our bench being near one of the manholes so that the sound of the upper world reached us without much difficulty. About nine o'clock in the evening it began to rain, so heavily that we could clearly hear the splashing of the water as it poured down. At first it seemed to us that the rain-storm would be favorable to our plan of escape. But before long the matter appeared in a different light. We felt that the water was rising in our sewer and soon it began to shoot through it with great vehemence like a mountain stream. After a while it flooded the bench upon which we were sitting and reached up to our chests. We also perceived living creatures which suddenly, with great activity, rushed and crawled around us. They were, undoubtedly, rats. "We have to get out," I said to my companions, "or we shall be drowned." We left our bench and pushed forward. I had hardly advanced a few steps when in the darkness I ran my head against a hard object. I touched it with my hands and discovered that the obstacle was an iron railing. At once the thought came to me that this railing had been put there for the purpose of cutting off in time of siege communication between the interior of the town and the outside through the sewer. This thought, which I communicated at once to my companions, brought us almost to despair. But when I grasped the railing with both hands, as a prisoner may sometimes shake the iron rods of his dungeon window, I noticed that it could be moved a little, and a further examination proved that it did not reach quite down to the bottom, but left a free space of about two feet. Probably the railing was so arranged that it could be pulled up or let down, so that the sewer might be opened for purposes of cleansing and then shut again. Fortunately, nobody had, during the siege, known anything of this railing, and thus it had not been shut and the possibility of escape still remained to us. Now, in order to slip through the open space under

it we were obliged to crawl with our whole bodies through the water; but that circumstance, although disagreeable, did not disturb us. We pushed vigorously on, and when we believed ourselves to be near the outward opening of the sewer, we stopped a moment to gather strength and presence of mind for the dangerous moment of our issuing forth from the concealment.

Then a terrible sound struck our ears. Close ahead of us, distant only a few paces, we heard a voice call, "Who goes there?" and at once another voice answered, "Good friend." We stood still as if struck by lightning. In a short time we heard the same calls repeat themselves at a somewhat greater distance, and again and again. It was clear that we were close to the opening of the sewer, that outside there was a dense chain of Prussian guard posts, and that just then a patrol or round had been passing along that chain. Softly I ventured a step or two further on. Really, there was the mouth of the sewer overgrown with brush so thick that I stood in darkness almost as dense as was that in the interior of the canal. But when I raised myself up a little I could distinctly perceive the dark figures of a Prussian double sentry immediately before me, as well as some camp-fires at a short distance. Had we been able, which seemed almost impossible, to get into the open without being noticed, still the road to Steinmauern was evidently closed to us.

Softly as we had come we crawled back into our sewer and sought safety there, at least for the moment. Fortunately the rain had ceased. The water was, indeed, still high, but it did not rise any more. "Back to our bench," I whispered to my companions. We crawled again under the railing and found our bit of plank. There we sat, close together. Our next council of war had a certain solemnity about it. There were few words, but a good deal of thinking. It was clear we could not venture into the open. To remain a longer time in the sewer was not to be thought of, because there was the danger that if it rained again we might be drowned. There was, therefore, nothing to be done but to go back into the town. But how could we return into the town without falling into the hands of the Prussians? After we had exchanged these thoughts in a whisper, a long pause followed. At last I interrupted the silence, saying, "Let us eat and drink a little; good counsel may come then." Adam

unpacked our provisions, and, as we had eaten nothing since breakfast-time of the preceding day — midnight was now long past — hunger and thirst were keen. Our bread was, indeed, quite wet, but still fit to eat; also the sausages. We remembered, in time, that we must not consume our whole store, for we did not know where we should get the next meal. Moreover, we were more troubled by thirst than by hunger, as is always the case under such circumstances. For nearly twelve hours our feet had been in the water and were, therefore, as cold as ice. This had driven the blood to our heads. Adam now opened one of the two bottles which he had bought for us, and we discovered that they contained rum instead of wine. Although rum had always been repugnant to me, still I drank like my companions, in eager draughts, and my brain remained entirely clear in spite of it.

After we had finished our meal, Adam took the floor. "I have a widowed cousin in the town," he said. "Her house is not far from the entrance to the sewer. To reach it we have only to go through a kitchen-garden or two. We might hide ourselves there in the barn until we find something better."

This proposition had our approval, and we resolved to make the attempt. At the same moment something occurred to me that was depressing in the extreme. I remembered that during the siege our garrison had a sentinel close to the entrance of the sewer. If this post was occupied by the Prussians too, then we sat in the sewer between two Prussian guards. I communicated my apprehension to my companions. But what was to be done? Possibly the Prussians had not occupied that post. Perhaps we might slip by. In any case, nothing remained to us but to make the attempt.

When we left our bench to begin our retreat we heard the church clock outside strike three. I went ahead and soon reached the last manhole. I availed myself of the opportunity to stretch myself out a little, when something happened that at first appeared very unfortunate. I had used my short carbine in moving through the canal in a bent position, as a sort of crutch. When I lifted myself up the carbine fell from my arm into the water and caused a great noise. "Hello!" cried a voice just above me. "Hello! There is something in this hole; come here." At the same moment came a bayonet like a probe through the rail-

ing which covered the manhole. I heard it strike against the iron rods in time to duck myself and thus avoid being touched by it. "Now, out quickly!" I whispered to my companions, "or we are lost." With a few hasty steps we reached the end of the sewer. Without looking around we jumped over a hedge into the nearest kitchen-garden, and gained, with a rapid run, a second hedge which we cleared in the same way. Then we halted, breathless, under cover of some shrubs to listen whether anybody was following us. We heard nothing. It is probable that the falling of my carbine into the water attracted the attention of the guard-post in the immediate vicinity, and diverted it from the mouth of the sewer. Thus our escape may have been facilitated by the accident, which at first seemed so unfortunate.

When Adam looked around from our halting place, he found that we were close by the house of his cousin. We leaped another hedge which separated us from the kitchen-garden belonging to that house, but we were greeted by the loud barking of a dog. To pacify that animal we sacrificed the last remnant of our sausages. Finding the door of the barn open we entered it, stretched ourselves out on a pile of hay, and soon fell into a profound sleep.

But this rest was not to last long. I awoke suddenly and heard the church clock strike six. Adam had already risen and said he would now go into the house to ask his cousin what she could do for us. After a few minutes he returned and the cousin with him. I still see her before me — a woman of about thirty years, with a pale face and wide-open, frightened eyes. "For God's sake," she said, "what are you doing here? You cannot remain. This morning some Prussian cavalymen will be quartered here, and they will surely look in the barn for litter for their horses. Then they will find you, and we shall all be lost."

"But be reasonable, cousin," said Adam. "Where can we go now? You certainly will not deliver us up."

But the poor woman was beside herself with fear. "If you do not go," she replied with decision, "I must tell the soldiers that you are here. You cannot expect me to sacrifice myself and my children for you."

There was more talk, but all in vain. We had no choice, we must leave the barn. But where to go? The woman showed us

through the open door a ditch covered with high and thick shrubbery on the other side of the little yard, in which we might hide ourselves. Our situation became desperate. There we stood, all three in the military uniform of Baden, easily recognizable as soldiers of the revolutionary army. Now we were to have no other refuge than some shrubbery covering a ditch in the midst of a town teeming with hostile troops! Of course, we hesitated to leave the barn although it was a dangerous resting-place for us, but at any rate it offered us a roof over our heads, and perhaps it might be possible to find in it some hiding corner. We still hoped that Adam's cousin would yield to our prayers. She went to the house as she had to expect every moment the arrival of the cavalymen. After about half an hour she came back and said the cavalymen were there and were just sitting at their breakfast. Now was the moment for us to pass through the yard without being seen by them. She insisted on this with such determination that we had to submit. So we ran across the yard to the ditch, which on the opposite side was separated from the street by a tall board fence. It again rained hard, and in the immediate vicinity nobody seemed to be stirring. Thus we could, with some assurance, explore our new refuge. We found that at the end of the ditch toward the garden, cord-wood was heaped up in the form of a hollow square, open on the side towards us. We could slip through the brush into the square and were in that close space pretty well protected from the eyes of the passer-by. There we sat down on blocks of wood.

But what was to become of us now? The discomfort of our miserable situation, as well as our sitting there wet to the skin, we might easily have borne if we had had the slightest prospect of escape. My faithful Adam, otherwise so good-natured, was much wrought up over the conduct of his cousin. Neustädter regarded our situation as hopeless, and asked whether it was not better to put an end to our distress by a voluntary surrender to the soldiers in the house. I must confess that my sanguine temperament, too, was severely tested. Still I gathered up courage, and we then resolved to trust good fortune to the utmost. So we sat there hour after hour waiting for something to turn up, with the heavy rain mercilessly streaming down on us, pictures of misery. About noon we heard steps

in the garden near our place of concealment. Cautiously I looked out from the open side of our cord-wood square, and perceived coming from the house a man with a saw in his hand. According to his looks and the instrument he carried I concluded he must be a laborer, and as the laboring men throughout were in favor of the revolutionary cause, I did not hesitate to confide myself to him. I threw a little chip of wood at the man which hit him on the arm, and as he stood still I attracted his attention by a low cough. He saw me, and came to us. With as few words as possible I explained to him our situation, and begged him to find us a place of safety, and also to procure for us something to eat, as our last morsel was gone. My confidence was not misplaced. He promised to do what was possible. Then he left, but returned in half an hour, and showed us close by a large open shed. At the end of that shed there was a little closed compartment in which the laborers probably deposited their tools, and on top of this under the roof of the shed, a small loft enclosed in boards. "I will break loose one of these boards," said our man. "You can then climb over the cord-wood and slip under the roof of the loft and lie down there. I will soon come back and bring you something to eat."

We followed his advice and succeeded in slipping into the little loft without being observed. The space we occupied was just large enough to permit us to lie side by side on our backs. We lay in a white dust, inches thick, which, in view of the wet condition of our clothing, was extremely disagreeable. But at least we felt secure for the time being. It was about one o'clock of the afternoon when we crawled into our new asylum. We waited quietly for our friend to bring us the necessary food, and would then consult with him about a plan of escape. We heard the church clock strike two, three, and four, but our man did not return. Shortly after four o'clock a lively noise arose in the shed below. From the talk, and the shouting and the rumbling we heard, we concluded that a troop of cavalrymen must have arrived, and that they were now engaged in putting the shed in order for their horses. The horses came soon, and on all sides soldiers swarmed around us. Through the chinks of the wooden wall of our loft we could easily see them. Our situation became extremely critical. If it had occurred to one of

those soldiers to investigate the compartment and, to look into the loft; simply to raise himself on his toes, it would have been all over with us. Any kind of noise, a cough or a sneeze, would have betrayed us. We took the utmost pains to breathe softly, and longed for the night. The night came and we were still undiscovered, but the man on whose assistance we had counted, had not yet shown himself.

We began to be very hungry and thirsty and had neither a bit of bread nor a drop of water. What was left of our rum had been lost on the hasty run from the sewer to the house. Now we lay still like corpses. Gradually it became more quiet in the shed, and soon we heard heavy snoring, and from time to time somebody moving around, probably to look after the horses. We were afraid to sleep ourselves, although we were much exhausted. But at last we came to a whispered agreement alternately to sleep and to wake, and to shake the temporary sleeper if he began to breathe too heavily. So the night passed and morning came, but not the friend whom we so longingly expected. Noon, afternoon, evening, the whole second day passed, but of our friend no sign. There we lay, still and stiff, surrounded by hostile soldiers, and the prospect of succor growing less every moment. Thirst began to torture us. Fortunately the next night it rained again. Above my head there was a broken tile in the roof and through the hole, although it was small, some of the rain trickled down. I caught it in the hollow of my hand, and so enjoyed a refreshing draught. My companions followed my example. Again morning came, and our hope for the return of our friend sank lower and lower. The church clock struck one hour after another, and no aid. My limbs began to ache from the rigid stiffness of our position, and yet we hardly dared to move. Three days and two nights we had been without nourishment, and an unwonted feeling of weakness set in. The third night arrived. All hope of the coming of our friend was gone. We recognized the necessity of making a new attempt at escape before our strength had entirely vanished. We thought and thought, without saying a word, except perhaps, "He will not come any more."

At last I had an idea. When during the third night we heard the soldiers below snoring vigorously, I whispered to my neighbor,

Neustädter, holding my mouth close to his ear: "Did you not, as we clambered over the cord-wood, notice a little house that stands about fifty paces from here?"

"Yes," said Neustädter.

"There must be a poor man living there," I continued, "probably a laborer. One of us must go to him and see whether he cannot help us. I should be glad to go myself, but I would have to clamber over you" (Neustädter lay nearest to the opening in the board wall) "and that might make a noise. You are, anyhow, the lightest of us. Will you try?"

"Yes."

I had a little money, for immediately before the capitulation we had received our soldier's pay.

"Take my purse," I whispered, "and give to the man who lives in the little house, ten florins or as much as he asks. Tell him to bring us some bread and wine, or water, and to inform himself as soon as possible whether or not the Prussian guard posts are still standing outside of the fortress. If those posts have been drawn in, we can try to-morrow night again to get through the sewer. Now go and bring us a piece of bread if you can."

"Good," said Neustädter.

In a minute, lightly and softly like a cat, he had slipped through the hole in the board wall. My heart beat fast while he was gone. A false step, an accidental noise, would betray him. But in less than half an hour he came back just as lightly and softly as before and lay down by my side.

"It is all right," he whispered, "here is a piece of bread, all he had in the house, and also an apple that in passing by I picked from a tree, but I am afraid it is still green." The bread and the apple were soon divided among us, and devoured with avidity; and then Neustädter reported with his mouth to my ear, that he found in the little house a man and his wife. The man to whom he had given the ten gulden had promised to bring us as early as possible next day some food and also the desired information about the condition of things outside of the fortress.

This refreshed our spirits, and much relieved we slept alternately until high morning. Now we expected with every moment our rescuer, but one hour after another passed and he did not come. Were we again to be disappointed? At last about noon we heard somebody in the compartment

immediately below us, noisily moving things from one place to another; then a low cough. The next moment a head appeared in the opening of our board wall, and a man climbed up to us. It was our new friend. He brought a basket apparently filled with tools, but out of its depths he took two bottles of wine, a couple of sausages, and a large loaf of bread.

"This is something for hunger and thirst," our friend whispered. "I have been all around the city. The Prussian guard posts are no longer outside. I shall be glad to help you; only tell me what I am to do."

I now asked him to go to Steinmauern in order to look for a boat which in the coming night might take us across the Rhine. Then, about midnight, to be in the corn-field near the Steinmauern gate, outside of the fortress, and wait for us. He would hear the signal of a whistle; this he should answer, and then join us in order to take us to the boat. He should ask his wife to have something for us to eat at about eleven o'clock of the night.

I gave him a little more money, and he promised to do all that I had asked, and disappeared again as he had come. Now we held a royal feast, during which our good humor made it very difficult for us to preserve the necessary silence. All the longer appeared to us the ensuing hours that were so full of hope and at the same time of anxiety. About two o'clock we heard the rattling of musketry at a distance.

"What is that?" whispered Neustädter. "There, they are killing somebody."

So it seemed to me. We took it as an indication of the lot that would be ours if we were captured. In fact, however, as we learned subsequently, the executions began a few days later. What we had heard was probably some shots fired in cleaning guns.

Toward three o'clock a great ado began in the shed below. The cavalrymen were evidently preparing for departure; but they had hardly gone when another troop took possession of the premises. We concluded from the conversations we overheard that it was a troop of Hussars. Toward evening a large crowd of people seemed to gather below, and we distinguished among them also women's voices. Then the trumpeters began to play waltzes, and the merry company to dance. This was by no means disagreeable to us, for we expected that after such a frolic, which

could scarcely pass off without some drink, our Hussars would sleep all the better. But before nine o'clock the crowd dispersed and all would have been quiet had not one of the Hussars held back on the spot a Rastatt maiden. The couple stood or sat immediately under our hiding place, and we could understand every word they exchanged. The conversation was of a very sentimental character. He assured her that she was charming, that she had inflamed his heart when she first looked at him, and that he loved her tenderly. She answered he should not trouble her with his bad jests. But he may have observed that she really did not want to be left untroubled, and so he continued to vary the theme in all sorts of bold and flowery figures of speech. At last she seemed to be really inclined to believe all he told her. We could hardly restrain a laugh. But when this otherwise interesting conversation would not come to an end, I began to be a little anxious it might last long enough to interfere seriously with our plans. I felt, therefore, very much relieved when finally, after ten o'clock, the cooing vows died away in the distance.

Now we counted the minutes as the decisive moment approached. When it struck eleven, Neustädter slipped out of the opening in the plank wall, stepped upon the pile of wood, and jumped lightly to the ground. I followed him. My legs had become very stiff in consequence of my lying for days and nights immovable on my back, and as I put my foot upon the wood, several sticks fell down with great noise. A moment later I heard not far away the tread of a patrol. I only had time to whisper back to my faithful Adam that he should remain until the patrol should have passed, and then follow me. I succeeded in reaching the little house in safety. Neustädter was already there, and Adam came a few minutes later.

"The patrol passed quietly by," said he, "and they snored so loud in the shed that any other noise would hardly have been heard."

The wife of our friend in the little house had prepared a precious repast of beef broth, with boiled meat and potatoes. Having refreshed our strength, we set out through the garden for the sewer. The moon was shining brightly, and we kept cautiously in the shadows of the hedges. But when we arrived at the ditch close by the mouth of the sewer, a new danger awaited us. A

sentinel was pacing to and fro just beyond the sewer, hardly thirty feet away from it. We halted and stooped under the hedge. There was but one thing to do. As the man turned his back upon us and walked to the other side, one of us was to slip cautiously into the sewer. The two others had to do the same. In a few minutes we were re-assembled in the darkness of our refuge. We crawled ahead and found our old bench again where we rested a while. Then pursuing our way we found the railing in its old place, slipped under it, and soon perceived a gleam of light through a mass of dark leaves, which suggested that the opening was immediately before us. We stood still once more to prepare our pistols for action. Whether, after having been so wet, they would have gone off is very questionable. But the field was clear, the chain of guards had disappeared. The corn-field lay immediately before us. A low whistle on our part was promptly answered, and our man joined us a moment afterwards.

He reported that the road was unguarded. We marched vigorously on, and in less than an hour we reached the village of Steinmauern. Our friend conducted us to the bank of the Rhine and showed us a boat in which a man lay fast asleep. He was quickly roused and our friend announced to him that we were the men he was to take across the Rhine. "That will cost five florins," said the boatman, who, upon my question as to what countryman he was, told me he came from Coblenz. I gave him the reward asked for, and offered also, some more money to our kind friend. "You have given me already enough," he said; "what you still have you will be very much in need of. My name is Augustin Loeffler. Perhaps we may meet again in this world. God protect you." Then we shook hands most cordially and parted. We fugitives stepped into the boat, and our friend wandered back to Rastatt. Many years later, when I was Secretary of the Interior in the government of the United States, I received one day a letter from Augustin Loeffler. It was dated at a little place in Canada. He wrote me that he had left Germany a short time after the revolutionary period, and was doing very well in his new home. He had read in the newspapers that I was one of the three young men who, in that July night, 1849, had been conducted by him from Rastatt to the Rhine. In response I expressed my joy at the receipt

of his letter, and requested him to write again, but I have heard nothing from him since.

In an unexpectedly short time the boatman put us ashore in a dense growth of willows. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and as the surroundings seemed to be rather uninviting we resolved to sit down upon old stumps of trees and there to await the light of day. At day-break we arose to look for the nearest Alsatian village; but soon we discovered that we were on an island. A little house which stood in the middle of the island seemed to be the abode of a frontier guard of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. So it looked as if we were still in the enemy's country, and as if the boatman from Coblenz had deceived us. The shutters and the doors of the little house were closed. We listened, but heard no sound inside. A rapid run over the island convinced us that excepting us three there was no human being on it. We went to the water's edge opposite Alsatia, and in the rising sunlight saw on the other side two men whom we soon recognized to be French customs officers. We called out to them across the water that we were fugitives, and in need of help. One of the men came over to us in a little skiff, and took us across to Alsatian soil. We gave up our arms to him and assured the officers amid great laughter that we had brought with us from Rastatt nothing else subject to tariff duty. When I felt myself now really in freedom and security, my first impulse was, after a silence of four days, to shout with the whole power of my lungs. My companions had the same feeling, and so we burst forth to our hearts' content, watched with great astonishment by the French officers who may have taken us for madmen. We had landed near a little village called Muenchhausen. The officers told us that in the town of Selz, nearby, there were many German fugitives, and to Selz therefore we went. On the way we gazed at one another in the clear sunlight, and discovered that we looked like savages. For days and nights we had waded or squatted in wet clothes in water, mud, and dust.

Our hair was matted and our faces were streaked with dirt. A near rivulet furnished us the indescribable luxury of a washing, and thus restored to human shape, we soon reached the inn at Selz.

The refugees there from Baden, none of whom had been in Rastatt, welcomed us heartily and asked us at once for the story of our adventures. But our first wish was for a hot bath, a breakfast, and a bed. All this we obtained. I slept twenty-four hours with slight interruptions. Then I acquainted the company of refugees in the inn with the circumstances of our escape from Rastatt, and received a terrible piece of news from them in return. From them I learned that Kinkel had been captured by the Prussians in a fight near the fortress, just before the beginning of the siege. When we left the Palatinate and he could no longer make himself useful in the offices of the Provisional Government, he had joined a battalion of volunteers and shouldered his musket as a private soldier. Thus he would share the lot of the revolutionary army. In the battle on the line of the Murg River he was wounded in the head and fell into the hands of the attacking Prussians. He was then incarcerated in one of the casemates at Rastatt, together with the captured garrison, and would be tried by court-martial, which would, no doubt, order him to be shot. This was the tale I received at Selz. It fell like a black veil upon my joy over my own deliverance.

On the day after our arrival in Selz a police officer appeared at the inn, by the authority of the Mayor, to learn our names and also whether we expected to remain, or, if not, where we intended to go. "We want to go to Strasburg," I answered haphazard. The Mayor gave us thereupon a sort of passport, with the instruction that we should report ourselves at once in Strasburg to the Prefect. After having written to my parents and described to them my escape, we started for Strasburg without further delay. The real goal, however, of my journey was Switzerland, where, as I learned, Anneke and several others of my friends might be found.

(To be continued)

IN THE NIGHT

BY

PAUL KESTER

WHEN you shall waken
In some far off town
Distant alike by many miles
And many years
From home,
And all shall seem
Unchanged ; —
The dim light falling
By the window sill,
The maple leaves
Whispering beyond,
The echo of a neighbor's steps
Coming belated by ;
When it shall seem to you
You need but raise your hand
To touch your mother's
Sleeping face,
That any whispered word
Shall wake her,
For your comfort
In the awesome hour,
When you shall know
That morning brings no dread
Beyond the fear
Of rainy days or school ; —
Then when some sense
Of present time returns
And youth departs,
The heart grows old again
And feels with bitterness
The weight and pain
Of all the intervening years.

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

III

THE CATTLEMAN'S YARN: THE REMITTANCE MAN STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH



AFTER Windy Bill had finished his story, we began to think it time to turn in. Uncle Jim and Charley slid and slipped down the chute-like passage leading from the cave and disappeared in the direction of the overhang beneath which they had spread their bed. After a moment we tore off long bundles of the nigger-head blades, lit the resinous ends at our fire, and with these torches started to make our way along the base of the cliff to the other cave.

Once without the influence of the fire our impromptu links cast an adequate light. The sheets of rain became suddenly visible as they entered the circle of illumination. By careful scrutiny of the footing I gained the entrance to our cave without mishap. I looked back. Here and there irregularly gleamed and spluttered my companions' torches. Across each slanted the rain. All else was of inky blackness except where, between them and me, a faint red reflection shone on the wet rocks. Then I turned inside.

Now to judge from the crumbling powder of the footing, that cave had been dry since Noah. In fact, its roof was nearly a thousand feet thick. But since we had spread our blankets, the persistent waters had soaked down and through. The thousand foot roof had sprung aleak. Three separate and distinct streams of water ran as from spigots. I lowered my torch. The canvas tarpaulin shone with wet, and in its exact

center glimmered a pool of water three inches deep and at least two feet in diameter.

"Well, I'll be —" I began. Then I remembered those three wending their way along a wet and disagreeable trail, happy and peaceful in anticipation of warm blankets and a level floor. I chuckled and sat on my heels out of the drip.

First came Jed Parker, his head bent to protect the fire in his pipe. He gained the very center of the cave before he looked up. Then he cast one glance at each bed, and one at me. His grave, hawk-like features relaxed. A faint grin appeared under his long mustache. Without a word he squatted down beside me.

Next the Cattleman. He looked about him with a comical expression of dismay, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"I believe I said I was sorry for those other fellows," he remarked.

Windy Bill was the last. He stooped his head to enter, straightened his lank figure, and took in the situation without expression.

"Well, this is handy," said he, "I was gettin' tur'ble dry, and was thinkin' I would have to climb way down to the creek in all this rain."

He stooped to the pool in the center of the tarpaulin, and drank.

But now our torches began to run low. A small dry bush grew near the entrance. We ignited it, and while it blazed we hastily sorted a blanket apiece and tumbled the rest out of the drip.

Our return without torches along the base of that butte was something to remember.

The night was so thick you could feel the darkness pressing on you: the mountain dropped abruptly to the left, was strewn with boulders and blocks of stone. Collisions and stumbles were frequent. Once I stepped off a little ledge five or six feet high — nothing worse than a barked shin. And all the while the rain, pelting us unmercifully, searched out what poor little remnants of dryness we had been able to retain.

At last we opened out the gleam of fire in our cave, and a minute later were engaged in struggling desperately up the slant that brought us to our ledge and the slope on which our fire burned.

"My Lord!" panted Windy Bill, "a man had ought to have hooks on his eyebrows to climb up here!"

We renewed the fire — and blessed the back-loads of mesquite we had packed up earlier in the evening. Our blankets we wrapped around our shoulders, our feet we hung over the ledge toward the blaze, our backs we leaned against the hollow slant of the cave's wall. We were not uncomfortable. The beat of the rain sprang up in the stillness, growing louder and louder, like horsemen passing on a hard road. Gradually we dozed off.

For a time everything was pleasant. Dreams came, fused with realities; the fire-light faded from consciousness or returned fantastic to our half-awakening; a delicious numbness overspread our tired bodies. The shadows leaped, became solid, monstrous. We fell asleep.

After a time the fact obtruded itself dimly through our stupor, that the constant pressure of the hard rock had impeded our circulation. We stirred uneasily, shifting to a better position. That was the beginning of awakening. The new position did not suit. A slight shivering seized us, which the drawing closer of the blanket failed to end. Finally I threw aside my hat and looked out. Jed Parker, a vivid patchwork comforter wrapped about his shoulders, stood upright and silent by the fire. I kept still, fearing to awaken the others. In a short time I became aware that the others were doing identically the same thing. We laughed, threw off our blankets, stretched, and fed the fire.

A thick acrid smoke filled the air. The Cattleman, rising, left a trail of incandescent footprints. We investigated hastily, and discovered that the supposed earth on the

slant of the cave was nothing more than bat guano, tons of it. The fire, eating its way beneath, had rendered untenable its immediate vicinity. We felt as though we were living over a volcano. How soon our ledge, of the same material, might be attacked, we had no means of knowing. Overcome with drowsiness we again disposed our blankets, resolved to get as many naps as possible before even these constrained quarters were taken from us.

This happened sooner and in a different manner than we had expected. Windy Bill brought us to consciousness by a wild yell. Consciousness reported us a strange hurried sound like the long roll on a drum. Investigation showed us that this cave, too, had sprung a leak, not with any premonitory drip, but all at once, as though some one had turned on a faucet. In ten seconds a very competent streamlet six inches wide had eroded a course down through the guano, past the fire and to the outer slope. And by the irony of fate that one — and only one — leak in all the roof expanse of a big cave was directly over one end of our tiny ledge. The Cattleman laughed.

"Reminds me of the old farmer and his kind friend," said he. "Kind friend hunts up the old farmer in the village.

"John," says he, 'I've sad news for you. Your barn has burned up.'

"My Lord!" says the farmer.

"But that ain't the worst. Your cow was burned, too.'

"My Lord!" says the farmer.

"But that ain't the worst. Your horses were burned.'

"My Lord!" says the farmer.

"But that ain't the worst. The barn set fire to the house, and it was burned — total loss.'

"My Lord!" groans the farmer.

"But that ain't the worst. Your wife and child were killed, too.'

"At that the farmer began to roar with laughter.

"Good Heavens, man!" cries his friend astonished, 'what in the world do you find to laugh at in that?'

"Don't you see?" answers the farmer. 'Why, it's so darn complete!'

"Well," finished the Cattleman, "that's what strikes me about our case; it's so darn complete!"

"What time is it?" asked Windy Bill.

"Midnight," I announced.

"Lord! Six hours to day!" groaned Windy Bill. "How'd you like to be doin' a nice quiet job at gardenin' in the East where you could belly up to the bar reg'lar every evenin', and drink a pussy cafe and smoke tailor-made cigareets?"

"You would n't like it a bit," put in the Cattleman with decision; whereupon in proof he told us the following story.

Windy has mentioned Gentleman Tim, and that reminded me of the first time I ever saw him. He was an Irishman all right, but he had been educated in England, and except for his accent he was more an Englishman than anything else. A freight outfit brought him into Tucson from Santa Fé and dumped him down on the plaza where at once every idler in town gathered to quiz him.

Certainly he was one of the greenest specimens I ever saw in this country. He had on a pair of balloon pants and a Norfolk jacket, and was surrounded by a half-dozen baby trunks. His face was red-cheeked and aggressively clean, and his eye limpid as a child's. Most of those present thought that indicated childishness; but I could see that it was only utter unselfconsciousness.

It seemed that he was out for big game, and intended to go after silver-tips somewhere in these very mountains. Of course he was offered plenty of advice, and would probably have made engagements much to be regretted had I not taken a strong fancy to him.

"My friend," said I, drawing him aside, "I don't want to be inquisitive, but what might you do when you're home?"

"I'm a younger son," said he.

I was green myself in those days, and knew nothing of primogeniture.

"That is a very interesting piece of family history," said I, "but it does not answer my question."

He smiled.

"Well now, I had n't thought of that," said he, "but in a manner of speaking, it does. I do nothing."

"Well," said I, unabashed, "if you saw me trying to be a younger son and likely to forget myself and do something without meaning to, would n't you be apt to warn me?"

"Well, 'pon honor, you're a queer chap. What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you hire any of those men to guide you in the mountains, you'll be

outrageously cheated, and will be lucky if you're not gobbled by Apaches."

"Do you do any guiding yourself, now?" he asked most innocent of manner.

But I fired up.

"You damn ungrateful pup," I said, "go to the devil in your own way;" and turned square on my heel.

But the young man was at my elbow, his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, I say now, I'm sorry. I did n't rightly understand. Do wait one moment until I dispose of these boxes of mine, and then I want the honor of your further acquaintance."

He got some Greasers to take his trunks over to the hotel, then linked his arm in mine most engagingly.

"Now, my dear chap," said he, "let's go somewhere for a B & S, and find out about each other."

We were both young and expansive. We exchanged views, names, and confidences, and before noon had arranged to hunt together, I to collect the outfit.

The upshot of the matter was that the Honorable Timothy Clare and I had a most excellent month's excursion, shot several good bear, and returned to Tucson the best of friends.

At Tucson was Schieffelin and his stories of a big strike down in the Apache country. Nothing would do but that we should both go to see for ourselves. We joined the second expedition; crept in the gullies, tied bushes about ourselves when monumenting corners, and so helped establish the town of Tombstone. We made nothing, nor attempted to. Neither of us knew anything of mining, but we were both thirsty for adventure, and took a schoolboy delight in playing the game of life or death with the Chiricahuas.

In fact I never saw anybody take to the wild life as eagerly as the Honorable Timothy Clare. He wanted to attempt everything. With him it was no sooner see than try, and he had such an abundance of enthusiasm that he generally succeeded. The balloon pants soon went. In a month his outfit was irreproachable. He used to study us by the hour, taking in every detail of our equipment, from the smallest to the most important. Then he asked questions. For all his desire to be one of the country, he was never ashamed to acknowledge his ignorance.

"Now, don't you chaps think it silly to wear such high heels to your boots?" he

would ask. "It seems to me a very useless sort of vanity."

"No vanity about it, Tim," I explained. "In the first place, it keeps your foot from slipping through the stirrup. In the second place, it is good to grip on the ground when you are roping afoot."

"By Jove, that's true!" he cried.

So he'd get him a pair of boots. For a while it was enough to wear and own all these things. He seemed to delight in his six-shooter and his rope just as ornaments to himself and horse. But he soon got over that. Then he had to learn to use them.

For the time being, pistol practise, for instance, would absorb all his thoughts. He'd bang away at intervals all day, and figure out new theories all night.

"That bally scheme won't work," he would complain. "I believe if I extended my thumb along the cylinder, it would help that side jump."

He was always easing the trigger-pull, fixing the sights. In time he got to be a fairly accurate and very quick shot.

The same way with roping and hog-tying and all the rest.

"What's the use?" I used to ask him. "If you were going to be a buckaroo, you could n't go into harder training."

"I like it," was always his answer.

He had only one real vice, that I could see. He would gamble. Stud poker was his favorite; and I never saw a Britisher yet who could play poker. I used to head him off when I could, and he was always grateful, but the passion was strong.

After we got back from founding Tombstone, I was busted and had to go to work.

"I've got plenty," said Tim, "and it's all yours."

"I know, old fellow," I told him, "but your money would n't do for me."

Buck Johnson was just seeing his chance then, and was preparing to take some breeding cattle over into the Soda Springs Valley. Everybody laughed at him — said it was right in the line of the Chiricahua raids, which was true. But Buck had been in there with Agency steers, and thought he knew. So he collected a trail crew, brought some Oregon cattle across, and built his home ranch of three foot adobe walls with port-holes. I joined the trail crew; and somehow or another the Honorable Timothy got permission to go along on his own hook.

The trail was a long one. We had thirst and heat and stampedes and some Indian scares. But in the queer atmospheric conditions that prevailed that summer, I never saw the desert more wonderful. It was like waking to the glory of God to sit up at dawn and see the colors change on the dry ranges.

At the home ranch, again, Tim managed to get permission to stay on. He kept his own remuda of horses, took care of them, hunted, and took part in all the cow work. We lost some cattle from Indians, of course, but it was too near the Reservation for them to do more than pick up a few stray head on their way through. The troops were always after them full jump, and so they never had time to round up the beef. But of course we had to look out or we'd lose our hair, and many a cowboy has won out to the home ranch in an almighty exciting race. This was nuts for the Honorable Timothy Clare, much better than hunting silver-tips, and he enjoyed it no limit.

Things went along that way for some time, until one evening as I was turning out the horses, a buckboard drew in, and from it descended Tony Riggs and a dapper little fellow dressed all in black and with a plug hat.

"Which I accounts for said hat reachin' the ranch, because it's Friday and the boys not in town," Tony whispered to me.

As I happened to be the only man in sight, the stranger addressed me.

"I am looking," said he in a peculiar sing-song manner I have since learned to be English, "for the Honorable Timothy Clare. Is he here?"

"Oh, you're looking for him, are you?" said I. "And who might you be?"

You see, I liked Tim, and I did n't intend to deliver him over into trouble.

The man picked a pair of eye-glasses off his stomach where they dangled at the end of a chain, perched them on his nose, and stared me over. I must have looked uncompromising, for after a few seconds he abruptly wrinkled his nose so that the glasses fell promptly to his stomach again, felt in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a card. I took it, and read:

JEFFERIES CASE, *Barrister*.

"A lawyer!" said I suspiciously.

"My dear man," he rejoined with a slight impatience, "I am not here to do your young friend a harm. In fact, my firm have been his family solicitors for generations."

"Very well," I agreed, and led the way to the one-room adobe that Tim and I occupied.

If I had expected an enthusiastic greeting for the boyhood friend from the old home, I would have been disappointed. Tim was sitting with his back to the door reading an old magazine. When we entered, he glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, Case," said he, and went on reading. After a moment he said without looking up, "Sit down."

The little man took it calmly, deposited himself in a chair and his bag between his feet, and looked about him daintily at our rough quarters. I made a move to go, whereupon Tim laid down his magazine, yawned, stretched his arms over his head, and sighed.

"Don't go, Harry," he begged. "Well, Case," he addressed the barrister, "what is it this time? Must be something devilish important to bring you — how many thousand miles is it — into such a country as this."

"It is important, Mr. Clare," stated the lawyer in his dry sing-song tones; "but my journey might have been avoided had you paid some attention to my letters."

"Letters!" repeated Tim opening his eyes. "My dear chap, I've had no letters."

"Addressed as usual to your New York bankers."

Tim laughed softly. "Where they are, with my last two quarters' allowance. I especially instructed them to send me no mail. One spends no money in this country." He paused, pulling his mustache. "I'm truly sorry you had to come so far," he continued, "and if your business is, as I suspect, the old one of inducing me to return to my dear uncle's arms, I assure you the mission will prove quite fruitless. Uncle Hillary and I could never live in the same county, let alone the same house."

"And yet your uncle, the Viscount Mar, was very fond of you," ventured Case. "Your allowances —"

"Oh, I grant you his generosity in money affairs —"

"He has continued that generosity in the terms of his will, and those terms I am here to communicate to you."

"Uncle Hillary is dead!" cried Tim.

"He passed away the sixteenth of last June."

A slight pause ensued.

"I am ready to hear you," said Tim soberly at last.

The barrister stooped and began to fumble with his bag.

"No, not that!" cried Tim with some impatience. "Tell me in your own words."

The lawyer sat back, and pressed his finger points together over his stomach.

"The late Viscount," said he, "has been graciously pleased to leave you in fee simple his entire estate of Staghurst, together with its buildings, rentals, and privileges. This, besides the residential rights, amounts to some ten thousand pounds sterling per annum."

"A little less than fifty thousand dollars a year, Harry," Tim shot over his shoulder at me.

"There is one condition," put in the lawyer.

"Oh, there is!" exclaimed Tim, his crest falling. "Well, knowing my Uncle Hillary —"

"The condition is not extravagant," the lawyer hastily interposed. "It merely entails continued residence in England, and a minimum of nine months on the estate. This provision is absolute, and the estate reverts on its discontinuance, but may I be permitted to observe that the majority of men, myself among the number, are content to spend the most of their lives, not merely in the confines of a kingdom, but between the four walls of a room, for much less than ten thousand pounds a year. Also that England is not without its attractions for an Englishman, and that Staghurst is a country place of many possibilities."

The Honorable Timothy had recovered from his first surprise.

"And if the condition is not complied with?" he enquired.

"Then the estate reverts to the heirs at law; and you receive an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly."

"May I ask further the reason for this extraordinary condition?"

"My distinguished client never informed me," replied the lawyer, "but" — and a twinkle appeared in his eye — "as an occasional disbursor of funds — Monte Carlo —"

Tim burst out laughing.

"Oh, but I recognize Uncle Hillary there!" he cried. "Well, Mr. Case, I am sure Mr. Johnson, the owner of this ranch, can put you up, and to-morrow we'll start back."

He returned after a few minutes to find me sitting smoking a moody pipe. I liked Tim,

and I was sorry to have him go. Then, too, I was ruffled in the senseless manner of youth, by the sudden altitude to which his changed fortunes had lifted him. He stood in the middle of the room, surveying me, then came across and laid his arm on my shoulder.

"Well," I growled, without looking up, "you're a very rich man now, Mr. Clare."

At that he jerked me bodily out of my seat and stood me up in the center of the room, the Irish blazing out of his eyes.

"Here, none of that!" he snapped. "You — little fool! Don't you 'Mr. Clare' me!"

So in five minutes we were talking it over. Tim was very much excited at the prospect. He knew Staghurst well, and told me all about the big stone house, and the avenue through the trees, and the hedge-row roads, and the lawn with its peacocks, and the round green hills, and the laborers' cottages.

"It's home," said he, "and I did n't realize before how much I wanted to see it. And I'll be a man of weight there, Harry, and it'll be mighty good."

We made all sorts of plans as to how I was going to visit him just as soon as I could get together the money for the passage. He had the delicacy not to offer to let me have it; and that clinched my trust and love of him.

The next day he drove away with Tony and the dapper little lawyer. I am not ashamed to say that I watched the buck-board until it disappeared in the mirage.

I was with Buck Johnson all that summer and the following winter as well. We had our first round-up, found the natural increase much in excess of the loss by Indians, and extended our holdings up over the Rock Creek country. We witnessed the start of many Indian campaigns, participated in a few little brushes with the Chiricahuas, saw the beginning of the cattle-rustling. A man had not much opportunity to think of anything but what he had right on hand, but I found time for a few speculations on Tim. I wondered how he looked now, and what he was doing, and how in blazes he managed to get away with fifty thousand a year.

And then one Sunday in June, while I was lying on my bunk, Tim pushed open the door and walked in. I was young, but I'd seen a lot, and I knew the expression of his face. So I laid low and said nothing.

In a minute the door opened again, and Buck Johnson himself came in.

"How do," said he, "I saw you ride up."

"How do you do," replied Tim.

"I know all about you," said Buck, without any preliminaries, "your man, Case, has wrote me. I don't know your reasons, and I don't want to know — it's none of my business — and I ain't goin' to tell you just what kind of a — fool I think you are — that's none of my business, either. But I want you to understand without question how you stand on the ranch."

"Quite good, sir," said Tim very quietly.

"When you were out here before, I was glad to have you here as a sort of guest. Then you were what I've heard called a gentleman of leisure. Now you're nothin' but a remittance man. Your money's nothin' to me, but the principle of the thing is. The country is plumb pestered with remittance men, doin' nothin', and I don't aim to run no home for incompetents. I had a son of a duke drivin' wagon for me; and he could n't drive nails in a snow-bank. So don't you herd up with the idea that you can come on this ranch and loaf."

"I don't want to loaf," put in Tim, "I want a job."

"I'm willin' to give you a job," replied Buck, "but it's jest an ordinary cow-puncher's job at forty a month. And if you don't fill your saddle, it goes to some one else."

"That is satisfactory," agreed Tim.

"All right," finished Buck, "so that's understood. Your friend Case wanted me to give you a lot of advice. A man generally has about as much use for advice as a cow has for four hind legs."

He went out.

"For God's sake, what's up?" I cried, leaping from my bunk.

"Hullo, Harry," said he, as though he had seen me the day before, "I've come back."

"How come back?" I asked. "I thought you could n't leave the estate. Have they broken the will?"

"No," said he.

"Is the money lost?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"The long and short of it is, that I could n't afford that estate and that money."

"What do you mean?"

"I've given it up."

"Given it up! What for?"

"To come back here."

I took this all in slowly.



"WE JOINED THE SECOND EXPEDITION"

"Tim Clare," said I at last, "do you mean to say that you have given up an English estate and fifty thousand dollars a year to be a remittance man at five hundred and a cow-puncher on as much more?"

"Exactly," said he.

"Tim," I adjured him solemnly, "you are a — fool!"

"Maybe," he agreed.

"Why did you do it?" I begged.

He walked to the door and looked out across the desert to where the mountains hovered like soap-bubbles on the horizon. For a long time he looked; then whirled on me.

"Harry," said he in a low voice, "do you remember the camp we made on the shoulder of the mountain that night we were caught out? And do you remember how the dawn came up on the big snow peaks across the way — and all the cañon below us filled with whirling mists — and the steel stars leaving us one by one? Where could I find room for that in English paddocks? And do you recall the day we trailed across the Yuma deserts, and the sun beat into our skulls, and the dry, brittle hills looked like papier-maché, and the gray sage-brush ran off into the rise of the hills; and then came sunset and the hard dry mountains grew filmy like gauze veils of many colors, and melted and glowed and faded to slate blue, and the stars came out? The English hills are rounded and green and curried, and the sky is near, and the stars only a few miles up. And do you recollect that dark night when old Loco and his warriors were camped at the base of Cochise's Stronghold, and we crept down through the velvet dark wondering when we would be discovered, our mouths sticky with excitement, and the little winds blowing?"

He walked up and down a half-dozen times, his breast heaving.

"It's all very well for the man who is brought up to it, and who has seen nothing else. Case can exist in four walls; he has

been brought up to it and knows nothing different. But a man like me —

"They wanted me to canter between hedge-rows — I who have ridden the desert where the sky over me and the plain under me were bigger than the Islander's universe! They wanted me to oversee little farms — I who have watched the sun rising over half a world! Talk of your ten thou' a year and what they'll buy! You know, Harry, how it feels when a steer takes the slack of your rope and your pony sits back! Where in England can I buy that? You know the rising and the falling of days, and the boundless spaces where your heart grows big, and the thirst of the desert and the hunger of the trail, and a sun that shines and fills the sky, and a wind that blows fresh from the wide places! Where in parcelled, snug, green, tight little England could I buy that with ten thou' — aye, or an hundred times ten thou'? No, no, Harry, that fortune would cost me too dear. I have seen and done and been too much. I've come back to the Big Country, where the pay is poor and the work is hard and the comfort small; but where a man and his soul meet their Maker face to face."

The Cattleman had finished his yarn. For a time no one spoke. Outside, the volume of rain was subsiding. Windy Bill reported a few stars shining through rifts in the showers. The chill that precedes the dawn brought us as close to the fire as the smouldering guano would permit.

"I don't know whether he was right or wrong," mused the Cattleman after a while. "A man can do a heap with that much money. And yet an old 'alkali' is never happy anywhere else. However," he concluded emphatically, "one thing I do know: rain, cold, hunger, discomfort, curses, kicks, and violent deaths included, there is n't one of you grumblers who would hold that gardening job you spoke of three days!"

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE THE RANCH FOREMAN'S
YARN, "THE CATTLE RUSTLER STORY"



THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

AUTHOR OF "THE PRAYING SKIPPER"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. AYLWARD

YOUNG James Arbuthnot Wilson slipped into the *Standard* building with an uneasy air as if he were vaguely on the defensive. Six months of work in the "City Department" had not rid him of the feeling of a cat in a strange garret. The veterans of the staff were rather pleased that this should be the attitude common among young reporters. It showed that the office machine was geared to high tension when every man, short of five years service, was thankful to find his "job" had not slid from under him between two days.

Wilson could recall no specific warnings that his head was in peril. His activities

had been too inconspicuous to merit the dignity of official notice of any kind. He had faithfully followed his foot-sore round of minor police courts, hospitals, one-alarm fires, and dreary public meetings, to have his copy jammed as scanty paragraphs under the head of "City Jottings." A "story" filling a third of a column had marked his one red-letter day on the *Standard*.

Each afternoon, at one o'clock, he hurried to his pigeon-hole in the row of letter-boxes by the city editor's door, his heart thumping to this sense of intangible fear, and with it pulsing the foolish hope of a "big assignment." Some day they must give him a



"THE SCHOONER PUNCHED UNDER WITH A WEARY, LIFELESS ROLL, AND A BLACK SEA STAMPED ACROSS HER SODDEN HULL."

chance, and he would show them whether or not he could handle something worth while. But the flame of hope was low on this dull day of June as Wilson unlocked his box and tore open the yellow envelope on which his name was scrawled.

He whistled in blank amazement as he followed an unfamiliar hand down to the managing editor's signature. The youngster's face flushed and his fingers twittered as he turned sharply to see if the loungers at their desks had noted his agitation. Then he stole into the hall and re-read, with his lips moving as if he were spelling out the words :

DEAR MR. WILSON:—You have been pegging away without any let-up for three months and your work has been excellent. Here is an easy assignment as a reward of merit. It will give you a pleasant outing, and us a good page story for the Sunday sheet. The enclosed clipping from to-day's paper will give you the idea. The art department will have a snap-shot camera waiting for you. Our Ship-News man made arrangements this morning for you to be met and taken aboard. The one-forty train from Broad Street Station will take you through to Lewes and the Breakwater. I enclose some expense money. Try to be back on Thursday. This will give you three days at sea. We want plenty of rattling description and human interest, with local color ad lib. Good luck.

"Oh, there must be some mistake," gasped young Wilson. "A page Sunday story? A whole page? My work has been excellent? The managing editor has been following it? Why, I did n't suppose he knew me by sight. I can't believe it."

Befogged with hopes and fears, he turned back to the door of the city editor's room.

"He's just gone out to lunch with the managing editor," volunteered the day assistant. "No, I don't know where they went. Said they'd be back about two thirty."

Wilson looked at the office clock. If he would catch the one-forty train for Lewes, there was no leeway for hesitation. He started toward the elevator, then halted to read the clipping which might throw some light upon this staggering manifesto :

THE LAST PILOT SCHOONER

The new steam pilot-boat will go into commission off the Delaware Capes early next week. This change from sail to steam is another blow at the romance of blue water. Six of the eight trim schooners of the Delaware fleet have already been dismantled, and only the "Albatross, Number 1" is cruising on the station. She will be laid up as soon as the steamer is ready to put the pilots

aboard incoming vessels. Every ocean voyager will regret the passing of the pilot-schooner. These stormy petrels among sailing craft have been the first messengers from the looked-for land, as specks in the tumbling waste of sea, or lying hove to in all weathers. . . .

Wilson threw his doubts overboard. All he had ever read of belying canvas, whipping spars, and lee rails a-wash, leaped into the foreground of his boyish imagination. Here was his chance for such a "descriptive story" as he had dreamed of through weeks and months, this last cruise of the last pilot schooner. He dashed into the art room and bolted for the station. After he had dropped panting into a seat of the accommodation train for Lewes, he found himself already overhauling his stock of sea-lore and sailor adjectives.

There was time for reflection in this four-hour journey to the sea, and ere long, sober second thought began to overtake his first wild elation. The young reporter's doubts came trooping back. He remembered now that he had never written a line of "ship-news" for the *Standard*. He blushed to confess to himself that his life on salt water had been bounded by the decks of river-excursion steamers. And what had he ever done worth the notice of the managing editor? Of course, he had worked hard, and the world, at least in fiction, occasionally rewarded honest merit in lowly places with unexpected largess. But any "star man" of the staff would have given a week's salary for such a note as this from the chief executive of the *Standard*. And he, James Arbutnot Wilson, was indubitably the rawest and humblest recruit of that keen and rough-riding squadron of talent.

An inevitable reaction swung his mood into the gloomiest forebodings. The train was loafing along the upper reaches of Delaware Bay when he re-read the intoxicating note, and caught himself repeating "Dear Mr. Wilson," with a sudden glimmer of association. In another miserable moment, the youth's beautiful dream was wrenched from him. What a fool he had been! "Wilson, — Wilson," he muttered and burst out :

"Of course, there is another Wilson, the tip-top man of the staff. It's the Wilson who's been filling in as chief of the Washington Bureau for six months. I heard somebody say the other night that 'Doc' Wilson was coming back, and was to go on general

work again. He must have turned up over Sunday. And that new boy put his note in my box. Well, I am IT."

Young James Arbuthnot Wilson squeezed back a smarting tear. He did not try to fence with this surmise. There was no room for doubt that the kind words and the pleasant outing had been aimed at his high-salaried elder. James Arbuthnot had never clapped eyes on the gifted "Doc" Wilson, whose Washington dispatches had carried no signature and whose distant personality had made no impression upon this wretched understudy of his.

How could the pilgrim muster courage to go back and face the issue? He would be the office butt — Well, he could resign; but most likely, he reflected, dismissal would be the instant penalty of this incredibly presumptuous blunder. The only thing to be done was to drop off at the next way-station and return to the scene of his downfall. But to his stammering plea the brakeman returned:

"Next train up won't get along here till late to-night. You better go through to Lewes instead of waiting seven hours at one of these next-to-nothin' flag stations."

The reporter slumped into his seat and looked through the open window. The tang of brine was in the breeze that gushed up the bay with the rising tide. Across the green fields he began to glimpse flashing blue water, and bits of the traffic of far-off seas. A deep-laden tramp freighter was creeping toward her port, a battered bark surged solemnly in tow of an ocean-going tug, and a four-masted schooner was reaching up the bay with every sail pulling. Across the aisle of the car Wilson noticed, with a melancholy pleasure, four deep-tanned men of rugged aspect, who played cards with much talk of ships and tides and skippers. They belonged in this alluring picture.

Wilson thought of the stewing city far behind him, and the spirit of some sea-faring ancestor was whispering in his ear. Yes, by Jove! he would see the tragic venture through after all. It were better to return with a "story," and fall with colors flying, than to slink back to empty ridicule. Let them try to overtake him if they dared. This was "Mr. Wilson's" mission, and no one could snatch it from him.

When the train labored into Lewes, the fugitive looked across the flats to the cuddling arm of the Breakwater and the shining sea

beyond. With the instinct of the hunted, he made ready to flee in this direction, away from the station and the town. As he dropped from the car, a man in the uniform of a station agent climbed aboard and shouted:

"Telegram for Mr. Wilson. Is Mr. Wilson aboard? Urgent telegram for Mr. J. A. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson's pulse fluttered as he dove behind the warehouse across the tracks, while the hoarse cry of the station agent rang horribly in his ears. The long arm of the *Standard* had almost clutched him by the collar. As he hurried down the nearest street to the water, he saw heading toward him a lusty youth of a sailorish cut, who eyed the camera case as if hasty suspicions were confirmed.

"Is your name Wilson?" demanded the stranger. "If it be, come along with me. I'm from the 'Albatross' boat-crew."

Wondering how much guilt was written in his face, Wilson fervently shook the hand of the briny youth. They fared toward the pier, while the convoy explained:

"You're in luck. We're ready to go to sea as soon as you get aboard. Hit it just right, did n't you? The pilots'll be glad to see you again. They was tickled to death over the piece you wrote for the paper when the "Eben Tunnell, Number Three," come in after fightin' through the '88 blizzard, and specially what you wrote about ol' "Pop" Markle stickin' by the "Morgan Castle" when she ketched fire off the *Capes* two year ago. And, say, they still talk about that jack-pot you sky-hooted clean through the cabin skylight, and how th' Pilots' Association went in mournin' for thirty days after that poker game. Two o' them boys is aboard this cruise, with the chips all stacked an' waitin', and their knives whetted. I'm sorry I missed the fun before."

James Arbuthnot Wilson gulped hard at these lamentable tidings. He was vaulting from the frying-pan into the fire. These rude and reckless men would probably heave him overboard. And, alas, the penny-ante of his mild college dissipations had left him as deficient in poker prowess as in sea-lore. The foremast hand from the "Albatross" was somewhat crestfallen over his capture. If this slip of a boy was the seasoned and capable "Doc" Wilson, able to hold his own in all weather and any company, then appearances were basely deceiving, and the escort felt a sense of personal grievance.

The boat was waiting at the pier and the four slouching seamen rowed out to the black schooner which lazily rolled her gleaming sides off the end of the Breakwater. Wilson climbed awkwardly aboard, and was saved from sprawling his length on deck by a strong hand which yanked him in a welcoming grip. Then a stocky man, with a grizzled mustache stepped back and fairly shouted :

"Why, h—! You ain't 'Doc' Wilson. What kind of a game it this? L-popped up

Wilson, of the *Standard*. The order to join your boat was delivered to me. If there's been a mistake, and I'm so unwelcome, I'll have to put you to the trouble of setting me ashore again."

The innate hospitality of his kind smothered the pilot's first emotions, and he regretted his rudeness as he smote the lad on the back and shouted :

"All right, Jimmy Arbutus. I guess there's no great damage done. It's now or



"sat down beside the old man, and began to ask him about the loss of the 'Albatross'"

from below in time to see your hat coming over the side. Kick me, please. I'm dreamin', as sure as my name's McCall."

He fished a rumpled telegram from his blue clothes, and flourished it before the nose of his guest, as he cried formidably.

"Read that!"

"Doc" Wilson, of the *Standard*, will be down on the afternoon train. Take him aboard and treat him right."

Young Wilson looked at the half-mile of water between the schooner and the beach, and thought of trying to swim for it. But the bully-ragging tone of the pilot struck a spark of his latent pluck and he answered with some spirit :

"I'm mighty sorry you're so disappointed. My name is Wilson, James Arbuthnot

never for your newspaper, and if we can't carry the skipper, we'll get along with the mate of your outfit. And we'll give you a cruise to make your lead-pencil smoke. Tumble below and shake them natty clothes. The boat-keeper will fit you out with a pair of boots and a jumper."

Sore and abashed, with the hateful emotions of an intruder, Wilson crept below and faced another ordeal. In the pilots' roomy cabin, which ran half the length of the schooner, four men were changing their clothes and tidying up their bunks. One of them emerged from the confusion to yell at the invader's patent-leather ties :

"Hello, Doc, you old pirate. Is that you? Glad to see you aboard. Well, I will be d——."



"A SWEET-FACED WOMAN WHO READ HER LETTER WHILE THE BEARER WALKED SOFTLY AMONG THE CABBAGE ROWS,"

His jaw dropped and he looked sheepish as a hurricane voice came through the open skylight:

"Don't hurt the kid's feelin's. I've done plenty of that. This is Jimmy Arbutus Wilson, apprentice to 'Doc' and he's doin' the best he can. 'Doc' got stranded somewhere, and the lad is takin' his run. I don't fathom it a little bit, but what's the odds?"

The passenger was introduced to all hands who showed a depressing lack of enthusiasm, and the pilots returned to their tasks. Wilson retired, blushing and confused, to the edge of his bunk. Presently the oldest man of the party sat down beside the intruder, and shook his hand for the second time. Wilson raised his downcast face to the white-haired veteran who said softly:

"Now, sonny, don't let the boys rile you none. They're kinder sore on some of the greenhorns that writes pieces all wrong for the Philadelphia papers, and this 'Doc' Wilson knows sailor ways and sailor lingo, and they sorter took a shine to him and his style. But fur's I know, you can write rings around him. And Old Pop Markle, as they calls me, will see you through, blow high, blow low. It's my last cruise, this is. I'm past seventy year, sonny, and my oldest boy is a pilot, he brought a tanker in yestiddy, and my grandson is servin' his apprentice years, and he'll be gettin' his papers pretty soon. It's time for me to quit. I was goin' to lay up ashore in the spring, but I kinder wanted to wind up with the old 'Albatross.' Better come on deck, sonny, we're shortenin' cable."

Wilson smiled his gratitude at the gentle and garrulous old pilot, whose smooth-shaven face was webbed with fine-drawn wrinkles, as if each salty cruise had left its own recording line. The blue eyes were faded from staring into fifty years of sun and wind, but they held a beaming interest in the welfare of this tyro struggling in the meshes of hostile circumstance.

The reporter followed his guardian on deck, and his spirits swiftly rose. The "Albatross" was paying off under a flattened forestaysail, while her crew tailed onto the main-sheet with a roaring chorus, for they, too, felt a thrill of sentiment in this last cruise. The wind held fresh from the south'ard, and under the smooth lee of Cape Henlopen, the "Albatross" shot seaward, as if she were skating over a polished floor. Now the pilots came tumbling up, and shouted as they turned to and help set the main-

topsail and staysail. The schooner staggered down to it, until the white water hissed over her low bulwark, and sobbed through the scuppers. "Old Pop" Markle slapped his knee and cried huskily:

"Give her all she'll stand, boys. It's like old times when we raced that dodgasted "Number Four" and hung to the weather riggin' by our teeth, and bent a new suit of sails every other cruise."

Holding the wind abeam, the "Albatross" drove straight out to sea, and then, once clear of Cape May, slid off to the north'ard. Now, the quartering sea picked her up and she swooped down the slopes and tried nimbly to climb the frothing hills, as the jolly wind smote her press of canvas and jammed her smoking through them. A new exhilaration surged in young Wilson's veins. He was drinking it all in, the buoyant flight of the low, slim schooner, the intimate nearness of the sea, the sweetness of the wind, and the solemnity of the marching twilight. He would not have been elsewhere for worlds. Then the fat and sweating face of the cook appeared from below, and bellowed an inarticulate summons.

The pilots obeyed with ardor, and Wilson followed timidly in their wake. Supper smoked on the cabin table, and the guest was glad to survey the stout fare of hash, cold meat, potatoes, green peas, flaky hot biscuits, and a mammoth pudding. "Old Pop" Markle took the youngster under his protecting wing, and found a seat on the locker beside his own. The reporter fell to, while the pilots chatted with bursts of gusty laughter. He made one desperate rally to join the talk, and in a quiet moment asked a neighbor:

"How do you know when a ship wants a pilot?"

"We generally have a trained green parrot that flies over and asks 'em," was the cruel response. "But we ran short of stores last cruise, and had to eat him. This voyage we intend to mail 'em postal cards."

There was an appreciative roar, and Wilson winced as "Old Pop" Markle whispered: "Don't mind that Peter Haines. He's got a heart as soft as mush. It's only their skylarkin', sonny. Hit 'em back. That's what they like."

But the victim had lost all self-confidence, and now he was beginning to feel dizzy and forlorn. The smell of food, the heat, and the jerky plunging of the cabin were overwhelming. He staggered to his bunk and

crept in. This was the last blow, that on top of his false pretences, he should be laid low before the eyes of this hostile crowd. He knew not what happened, until hours after he awoke from a semi-stupor to find "Old Pop" Markle sponging his face with cold water and calling in his ear:

"There's a steamer coming up from the east'ard. Brace up and get on deck. It's a pretty sight."

The boy clambered through the companionway as the boat-keeper touched a match to an oil-soaked bunch of waste in a wire cage at the end of his torch. The schooner and the near-by sea were bathed in a yellow glare. Out in the darkness a blue Coston light glowed a response. Some one shouted: "On deck for the skiff," and five minutes later the boat-crew was pulling off in the night to the waiting steamer, with a pilot in the stern-sheets.

"There goes your friend, Peter Haines," chuckled "Pop" Markle. "I knowed you'd take it hard if I did n't give you a chance to say good-bye to him. He won't pester you no more this cruise."

The wind blew some of the cobwebs from poor Wilson's muddled head, and he felt refreshed. Soon the pelting spray drove him below deck and he curled up on a locker, watching the poker game from which youth and inexperience barred him. And what was more cutting, he was not even asked to play.

"It would be like taking pennies from a blind child," callously commented the strapping McCall who had welcomed him aboard. But the white-haired patriarch of them all did not join the game, and he said cheerily to Wilson:

"You're too young and I'm too old to be wastin' our wages in them pursuits, ain't we, sonny? There's an old lady and a cottage at Lewes that takes care of my rake-off. And instid of raisin' the limit, I raise vegetubbles for my fun."

Wilson opened his bruised heart and told the old pilot the story of his venture, and felt relieved that his masquerade had been thrown away. "Pop" Markle's blue eyes twinkled:

"See here, Jimmy Arbutus, I'll see that you write a fust-rate piece for your paper. Ask me anything your amazin' ignorance tells you to. The boys wanted me to take in the fust vessel we met, and was willin' to shove their turns aside, but I told 'em it was my last cruise, and I was goin' to see her through to the finish. So we've lots of time to talk

pilotin' together. What was the most remarkable experience ever I had? Pshaw, that sounds like a full-rigged reporter, sonny, really it does.

"Well, I never got drowned boardin' a vessel, but I once fell afoul of a skipper that was a worse blunderin' idjit than you've been. It may sound kinder comfortin' to you. About fifty miles off the Capes, I clumb aboard an Italian bark. Her captain said he was bound for Wilmington, and would I take him in? He got a tow-boat at the Breakwater, and we were goin' up the river all right, when plumb by accident, this benighted Dago imparted to me that he was bound for Wilmington, North Caroliny. 'Great Scott! You dogdasted lunatic,' says I, 'you're pretty nigh up to Wilmington, Delaware.' He went crazier than ever, and put about for sea after I showed him on the chart where he was at. He had been runnin' by dead-reckonin', and did n't know where he was. So, when he picked up a pilot and found he was headed all right for Wilmington, he figured his troubles were over. So there's worse than you afloat, Jimmy Arbutus."

At his suggestion, Wilson dug up his notebook and scribbled therein many other yarns, for the old pilot warmed to his task, and insisted that each of the poker players should contribute a story to the fund. When he was routed out for breakfast, the party had lost another pilot who had found his ship at daybreak. The wind had drawn into the northeast, and the "Albatross" was snuggled down under double reefs. The barometer was falling, and the boat-keeper shook his head when the pilots insisted upon edging further off shore.

"Drive her till she cracks," shouted McCall. "This is the trip when we keep going till we get our ships. The "Albatross" goes home empty, you bet your boots."

With much daring and difficulty one man was put aboard a liner late in the afternoon. Three pilots were left, and they swept Wilson into their genial comradeship, as the little party clawed its way to supper, and hung onto the table by its eyelids. In his mind, Wilson began to see the page story," full of "human interest" and "color." To-morrow he would work at his "introduction," and the thought of really making a start at filling those stately columns was perturbing. He felt something like stage-fright at the notion of it.

Before midnight, James Arbuthnot Wilson had forgotten his "story," and was thinking only of the awful turmoil above him. The wind had leaped to the might of a sudden summer gale. The schooner was hove to and battened tight, and like a tightly-corked bottle she danced over the shouting seas. Made sick and giddy, Wilson sought "Old Pop" Markle who was peacefully snoring in the next bunk, and shook him awake.

"Pshaw, sonny," the old man muttered, "she's safer than a big ship. She'll rare and tear and sputter till it blows over. If it'll ease your mind any, I'll take a peek on deck."

The pilot slipped into his oil-skins and vanished.

"It's pretty thick," he said when he came below, "but there ain't no great sea on, not for us. Rainin' hard and blowin' some. McCall is standin' watch with the boat-keeper. You're safer than if you was in the *Standard* office. You can't lose your job out here, Jimmy."

Somewhat comforted, Wilson tried to sleep. It was a terrifying experience for the green-horn with more "local color" than he had bargained for. Sometime later in the night, he was half dreaming that "Doc" Wilson was holding his head under water and drowning him with the most enjoyable deliberation.

With a crashing sound like the explosion of a great gun in his ears, he was flung headlong clear across the cabin, and on top of him came "Old Pop" Markle, sputtering harmless curses. The cabin floor sloped like the side of a house and stayed there as Wilson scrambled to his hands and knees. Then came a more sickening lurch, and before the hanging cabin lamp was smashed against the deck-beams, the lad saw that the old man was dazed. He gave him a hand, and together they climbed the slope, and grasped the legs of the stationary table. They heard the other pilots stumble up the companion ladder, and hammer back the hatch, with yells of terror lest they be trapped.

Forward of the cabin bulkhead, they heard the roar of in-rushing water, and smothered outcries among the watch below. While the old man and the boy tried to grope their way aft to the ladder, the sea crashed through the bulkhead door from the galley beyond, and instantly they were picked up and hurled aft, choking and fighting for life. Wilson chanced to grasp a step of the ladder, and with his free arm pulled "Old Pop" Markle to this refuge. The reporter did not

want to die, and he knew that death dragged him by the heels. And it was with no heroic prompting that he pushed the old man up ahead of him. It was done on the instant, as one friend would help another in a pinch, without wrought-out purpose.

The water was sucking at his waist as he fought his way up, and partly out, and managed to double himself over the hatch coaming, with the old man's legs across his shoulders. Thus they were half jammed in the cramped exit. Just then the flare torch was lighted by a seaman. In the yellow glare "Old Pop" Markle saw the two pilots and two, only two, of the crew wrestling with the one skiff left at the davits. One of them stopped to beckon wildly to the old man and started to go to his aid.

In this moment the schooner lurched under with a weary, lifeless roll, and a black sea stamped across her sodden hull. It licked up the boat and the handful of toiling men, it leaped forward and pulled down the black figure with the torch. The two men still jammed in the hatchway were cruelly battered, but they could not be wrenched away. And when the towering comber had passed, there was darkness and silence, and no more shouting voices on the schooner's deck.

The old pilot wriggled free and got his hands on a life-buoy that hung within his reach at the after end of the cabin hatch. Wilson dragged himself after him, and pitched against a splintered mass of planking up-ended against the wheel. They listened and heard a steamer's imploring whistle and one faint cry far off to leeward. "Pop" Markle groaned as he fumbled in the darkness and laboriously passed a tangle of line around the wreck of the skylight cover to which Wilson was clinging.

"Hang on, sonny," he gasped. "I've made the buoy fast to the loose timber. We'll go off together with the next sea, sure. My God! Here it comes."

The dying schooner seemed to sink from beneath them, and clinging to their frail bit of a raft, they were spun off to leeward in the arms of the sea that swamped the rock-ballasted "Albatross." Turned over and over, the two men fought for breath until the skylight cover righted and they came to the surface. They slid swiftly into a murky hollow and were borne to the tattered crest whose froth was strangling.

But the wind was falling fast. Such seas as those which had broken over the helpless

"Albatross" were running in swollen billows when they met no barrier to check them. Therefore the castaways could cling and breathe, and even made shift to pass the loose ends of the line around their waists while they waited for the end. Now their spray-blinded eyes dimly saw the lights of the steamer that had bitten half way through the pilot-schooner. She was blundering far to windward, and her signal rockets cut red gashes in the night. They could watch her swing in a useless circle as she sought to find the craft she had struck. Drifting away to leeward, the old pilot and the young reporter tried to shout, but their little rasping cries were pitifully futile. They coughed the racking brine from their throats, and saw the last rocket soar, saw the steamer's lights fade in the rain, become twinkling points and vanish.

There were no words between them, until the day began to break. Now and then one sought the other's hand and found a feebly responsive grip. Thus they knew that death had not come to the little raft. With the gray light, the wind veered round to the south'ard, and except for the swinging swell, the sea was smoothed to summer gentleness. The eternal miracle of dawn had never come to more grateful hearts than these two. Youth had survived the battering ordeal with mind still alert, but old age was near passing with hurts and exhaustion. Now that he could see to help, the boy so managed it that the pilot could lie half across the life-buoy which floated high with the supporting planking beneath it.

"Them as was n't drowned and smashed in their bunks, could n't swim, or none to speak of," sighed the old man. "I knew 'em all from boys. Two left . . . And we're the most wuthless of the lot, sonny. But you may learn how to make an honest livin' some day. . . . Don't bother with me . . . I'm due to go. . . . The old lady has the cottage, and there's the pension from the Pilot's Fund. . . . And two more pilots in the family. . . . Ain't you sorry you did n't let 'Doc' Wilson come?"

The boy sputtered:

"No, we are n't dead yet, and if we're picked up it's the story of a lifetime. I don't believe the Lord saved us from the wreck to die on a summer morning like this. And, my, but you were good to me, Mr. Markle."

They floated in silence while the June sun rose higher, and heat and thirst piled up their wretchedness. The seasoned fiber of the old man had been toughened for such a stress as this. He hung on grimly because he had always hung on grimly to whatever life set him to endure. Although they were out on the edge of traffic bound in and out of the Delaware Capes, he still hoped, but, mostly for the boy.

Six hours after the "Albatross" had gone to the bottom, a boat from a crippled brig, laden with salt from Turk's Island, picked up a bit of wreckage to which were lashed a white-haired man and a beardless lad. Both were too weak to talk, and the British skipper had them put into bunks, and poured raw Jamaica rum down their throats. Wilson was the first to revive, but he could not rise, and had to content himself with tidings that the pilot was alive and conscious. Night had come before the reporter could totter as far as the mate's cabin and see his comrade.

The pilot's leathery face was strangely bleached, and he could no more than whisper with a faltering huskiness:

"God bless their poor souls. They was all neighbors of mine. Hello, Jimmy Arbutus, have you begun to write that piece for the paper? There's something wrong with my insides. I think I busted some of 'em when we was jammed in that hatch. Well, we're going home, my son. Are you all taut again?"

Wilson tried to hide his anxiety and set himself to nursing the old man as best he could. His clumsy attentions were received with a sweet resignation, but the old man showed signs of impatience. At length, unable to restrain his desire, he asked:

"Why don't you begin to write your piece instead of wastin' time on my old hulk? I want to see it's done all shipshape. We ain't goin' to have no 'Doc' Wilson nor a lot of fresh young pilots laughin' at our blunders. I'll overhaul the writin' for you."

Wilson was eager to begin. The skipper found a half-filled log-book, and the butt of a pencil, and the reporter sat by the pilot's bunk, and wrote with frowning effort. His labor was so evident that at length the interested pilot asked:

"You seem to be making heavy weather of it, Jimmy. Mind my lookin' over the nigh end of it?"

Wilson passed the log-book over with a flutter of expectancy. He was proud of his

opening paragraphs. He flattered himself that he had caught the spirit of the tragedy of the last and lost pilot-schooner. The old man read them with puckered brow, and laid the book down without comment. Wilson waited and had to break the awkward silence:

"Anything the matter with that?"

"Well, I had only a common school education, and I've been at sea fifty years. I'm no judge, I guess. It's too high-falutin' for me. Those dictionary words are mighty imposin', and the opening verse of poetry looks gilded. But, well, every man to his trade."

The very young reporter looked hurt, and the pilot tried to sooth him by flatly denying the truth of everything he had said. Wilson put the book away and went on deck. In his mind there was a glimmering notion that his literary method might be open to criticism. The old fear and lack of self-confidence came back. He would rest another day and try again.

Next morning the brig was beating against a baffling head wind, and the Delaware Capes were two hundred and fifty miles away. A mattress was brought on deck, and the old man was laid on it beneath an awning. He was growing weaker, and began to fret when he found the brig was making so little headway toward her port and his home. Wilson was moody and worried about his comrade. He had no heart for his "story."

After a while, the British skipper sat down beside the old man, and began to ask him about the loss of the "Albatross." The pilot began with the start of the last cruise, and with crisp and homely detail, and with many breaks in his voice, he carried the tale down to the loss of the vessel, the loss of his comrades, and the escape of the oldest and youngest of those that had sailed in her. And because he felt it all so deeply, the story did not once wander from its chartered course.

Wilson pulled himself together and picked up his log-book. He felt that it was his duty to write what he heard. When he had finished, the scales fell from his eyes, for at a great price, he had been taught to discern that virtue of simplicity which most of his craft must spend years to learn. When the pilot fell into a doze, he stole below and began to write his "story." It was not all as the pilot had told it, but its backbone and its vitals belonged to the simple and untutored old man. Next day when he read it to "Pop" Markle, the pilot brightened and observed:

"Any sailor could understand that, my lad. It sounds as dodgasted ordinary as if I had wrote it myself. The pilots will think a heap of that piece. I want you to hold your job, sonny."

The third day passed, and then the fourth, and the booming head wind was holding the lubberly brig out of sight of the Delaware Capes. The pilot insisted that he be carried on deck whenever the sun shone. He was looking for the Henlopen light. When he was not drowsy, he would talk of home to his young comrade, for all his thoughts were flocking thither.

"I don't think I'm going to fetch it, sonny," he murmured when the fifth day broke with no land in sight. "It looks like you're going to be the sole survivor of the 'Albatross.' That will make your piece a heap stronger, won't it? My own boy could n't have done more for me than you have. If we don't pick up the Capes by noon, I want you to write a letter for me to Mary, that's my wife. You can take it ashore at Lewes. You'll find the cottage easy enough. And you must go around and look at my vegetubbles. One of my boys will be home, and he'll see that they get my hulk to the buryin' ground. The skipper here has promised to anchor long enough to send me ashore."

Wilson choked, and tried to cheer the old man. But the faded blue eyes were serene with the foreknowledge of his end. The letter was written at his dictation, and Wilson sobbed while he went below to find an envelope in the skipper's desk. Then the pilot tried to sign it, and his knotted brown fingers held the pencil while Wilson helped him trace the wavering: "Your loving Seth."

Late in the afternoon of this, the fifth day, a tiny shaft, like a beckoning finger cut the cloudless western sky-line. Seth Markle heard the shouts of the men clustered forward who were eager to bring him the longed-for news. Wilson and the skipper came to him, and propped him up in his pillows on the poop-deck.

"Henlopen light," he whispered. "Henlopen light, and Lewes just around the Point."

The dim light of life burned brighter in this draught of hope, but soon waned lower than before. After a long silence, the old man tried to speak. Wilson put his ear close to the resolute mouth, and could barely hear:

"Tell her how good you've been to me. I—I hope the piece is all right. The last cruise. . . . Oh, Mary, you're waiting around the Point of the Cape."

He was alive until sunset, but he did not speak, except once when Wilson thought he heard a fluttering whisper of "Mary," and after that the rough-hewn face became very peaceful.

The brig crept into the lee of the Breakwater soon after daylight next morning. Wilson went ashore and found the cottage with the marvelous vegetable garden, and a sweet-faced woman who read her letter while the bearer walked softly among the cabbage rows, and noted, with a quick pang, how lovingly they had been tended. Presently Mary Markle came to him, and put her motherly arms around his neck and kissed him through her tears. They went to a near-by cottage where dwelt the eldest son. There Wilson left them. Before he went away he said:

"He was the best friend I ever had. I'm coming down day after to-morrow. May I go to the church with you?"

He had to tarry in the street for the news had spread, and other weeping wives of pilots and seamen pressed around him. When, as tenderly as possible, he was able to leave them, he went to the telegraph office and sent this message to the managing editor of the *Standard*:

Just landed. Am sole survivor of pilot-schooner "Albatross" run down and foundered a week ago. Will report with my story at noon.

On the train Wilson added to his "story" in the old log-book, the facts of the last days of Pilot Seth Markle. His pencil quivered and baulked when he recalled the words and face of his gentle old critic, and somehow, through his tears, he brought the narrative of the last cruise to its unadorned conclusion. Then he closed the book and leaned back with a great weariness. Now he was passing that bright vista of shore through which he had first seen the Bay, where he had chosen to advance rather than to retreat. Those intervening days seemed like years of life. He had gone away a boy, he was coming back a man.

When the young reporter walked into the *Standard* office, the first man to greet him was a bald and bulky stranger with an impressive manner who said:

"Ah, the young hero, I presume. You

had a great streak of luck, didn't you? Glad to see you pulled through. My name is Wilson. I'm to take your notes at once and work up the story from them. We're going to play it up as the leading feature in to-morrow's paper, and follow up with a page for Sunday."

Young Wilson looked at "Doc" Wilson with a new assertiveness and threw back his slight shoulders as he replied:

"No, thank you. Nothing doing. My story is written, and it's going to be turned in to the boss as it stands. I'm going in to see him now."

"Oh, nonsense," snapped "Doc" Wilson. "I can understand your wanting to do the story, and your head being swelled a bit and all that. But if you want to hold your job you'd better fork over your notes without any more fuss about it. The old man passed it out that he was going to fire you, anyhow. I'll say a good word for you if you can produce the goods."

Young Wilson brushed past his elder, who stood dumfounded at the insolence of the "pup." Then the managing editor was confronted by an unabashed intruder who announced:

"Here's my story, sir. There's about six columns of it. And it's all ready to be edited. And no "Doc" Wilson nor anybody else is going to rewrite it until you've passed on it."

The managing editor saw a bedraggled figure with a firm-set jaw and a level glance which looked him squarely in the eyes. He took in the sea-stained clothes, and the burned and grimy face, and smiled as he said:

"I'll read it, Mr. Wilson. Go home and come back at six o'clock. Then we'll talk it over. You've been through a tremendous experience, have n't you? It's your story. Don't fret about that."

When James Arbuthnot Wilson next entered the managing editor's office, that dignified personage grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"My son, why have n't I known you could write a story like this? It's the real thing. It's a masterpiece. Where did you learn how?"

The boy's face twitched as he said very slowly:

"The man who taught me how died in sight of home. It's his story. It isn't mine at all. I want a day off, if you please, to go down to Lewes again. I'm—I'm the last of the 'Albatross.'"

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

V

HOW RAILROADS MAKE PUBLIC OPINION

"All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. . . . With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted . . . and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE people are to-day making up their minds on the railroad problem; out of their present decision will grow laws, and those laws will shape the destiny of the nation. It becomes of incalculable importance, then, to know where the information upon which we now base our thinking is coming from. Are the sources clear? Is the information true?

Railroad owners were undisguisedly astonished last winter by the force of the public demand for railroad legislation; it drove the Esch-Townsend bill through the House of Representatives almost without opposition. Such a measure threatened the existing unrestrained private control of railroad corporations and endangered the prestige of the men who own them.

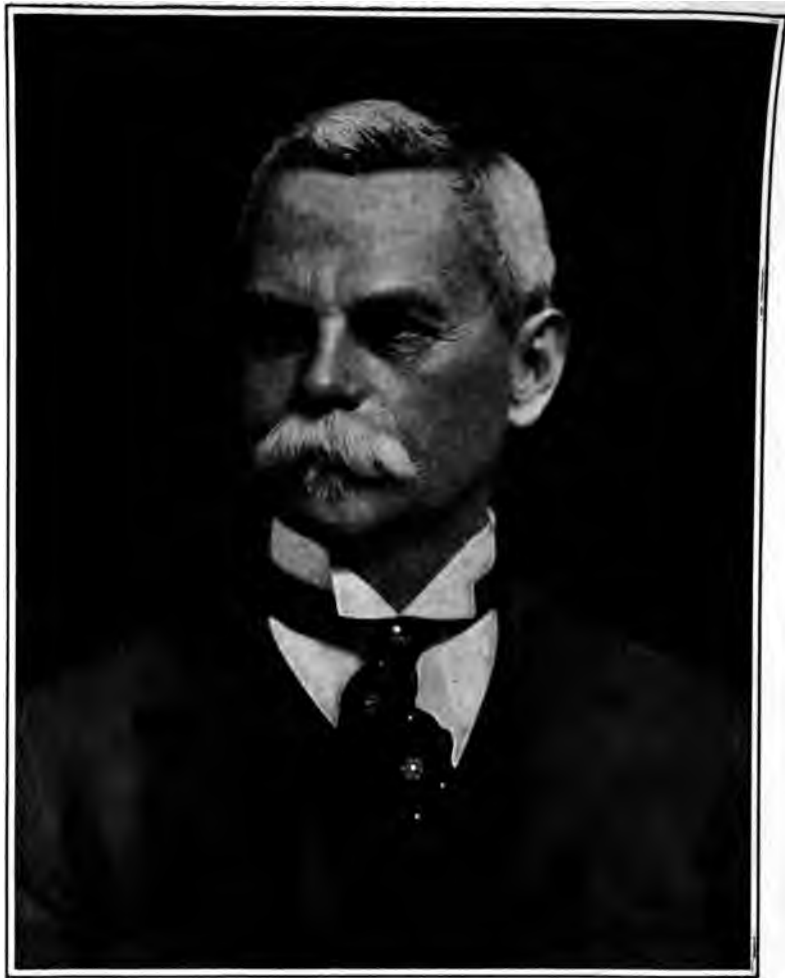
Though the popular bill was stopped at the doors of an unwilling Senate, the railroad men knew that unless public opinion was modified, other legislation, perhaps more drastic, would be sought when Congress convened this winter. Accordingly they undertook to counteract or modify the swelling force of unfriendly opinion and to create in its place a more favorable regard. Since Congress adjourned last spring, they have been engaged in what is undoubtedly the most sweeping campaign for reaching and changing public thought ever undertaken in this country. No investigation into the meanings of the railroad problem as it now presents itself in this country can be

regarded as complete, which does not take cognizance of these remarkable activities.

Consider the conditions. A great cloud had come up out of the west; it was black with complaints against railroad injustice and railroad domination. While the agitation represented the undoubted sentiments of the people, it owed its expression largely to certain shippers and business organizations. And finally it was voiced by President Roosevelt, and definite legislation was demanded.

But the people, however vigorous their demands for reform, are undisciplined and unorganized. They are torn by petty local interests and they are busy. To make the giant bestir himself the issues must be made very clear and the feeling must be deep. By presenting new information, new issues, new arguments, it is therefore evident that a publicity organization may either convince or confuse public opinion so that it does not settle with undivided mind upon definite demands and stick to them until reforms are attained.

Railroad men have a perfect right, of course, in common with all other citizens, to present facts and arguments to the people. The more true publicity there is the better, for the public mind should not only be made up, but made up right. But the people have a duty to inquire concerning the sources of the information they are getting; they are entitled to know, when a man is presenting an argument, whether he represents himself or is paid by some one else. It is one thing to



SAMUEL SPENCER

President of the Southern Railroad, appointed by the Wall Street interests to manage the railroad campaign for influencing public opinion

inform the public mind; another thing to deceive it. And finally the people have not only a right but a duty to inquire if the facts which they are receiving are true facts. Perhaps there was never before in our history such need of intelligent discrimination and analysis upon the part of the people as there is at this moment; it is a sort of supreme test of the nation: whether we know enough, whether we are brave enough, to deserve a real democracy.

Wall Street, accordingly, with characteristic thoroughness, organized a campaign; and a committee of three men was appointed to direct operations: Samuel Spencer,

president of the Southern Railroad; F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie; and David Wilcox, president of the Delaware & Hudson.

Upon Mr. Spencer fell the main responsibility of the work, and for several reasons. In the first place, he had for years made his headquarters in Washington, the central office of the Southern Railroad, where he naturally formed the acquaintance of many Senators and Congressmen; and he had come to know all the by-paths of legislative activity. An experienced, agreeable, discreet man — he was well fitted for the task. To him the railroads of the country,

sharing the burden, contributed all the necessary money. The extent of the various enterprises of the organization will enable us to form some idea of how large a sum was required.

Several channels exist through which public opinion may be reached: newspapers and magazines, perhaps, first of all; speeches, lectures, and sermons; books; conventions; investigations.

The fountainhead of public information is the newspaper. The first concern, then, of the railroad organization was to reach the newspapers.

For this purpose a firm of publicity agents, with headquarters in Boston, was chosen. Their business was not extensive, but both members of the firm were able and energetic; and both had had a thorough training in the newspaper business. They had represented high-class clients; notably Harvard University.

Immediately the firm expanded. It increased its Boston staff; it opened offices in New York, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, Topeka, Kansas — Kansas being regarded as especially threatening — and it employed agents in South Dakota, California, and elsewhere. I can, perhaps, give the clearest idea of the scope of the work by describing the activities of a single branch office — that in Chicago.

The firm occupies rooms in the Orchestra Building on Michigan Avenue. Its employees in Chicago alone number forty-three. Foremost among these are a corps of experienced newspaper men.

To this office comes every publication of any sort within the Chicago territory — every little village paper in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois, and other states. All of these are carefully scanned by experienced readers and every article in any way touching upon the railroad question is clipped out and filed. But the bureau does not depend upon the papers alone. Traveling agents have visited every town in the country and have seen, personally, every editor. The record of these visits is recorded in an extensive card-catalogue. Here is the name of the town, the name of the editor, the circulation of his paper, whether he is prosperous or not, his political beliefs, his views on the trust problem, on the liquor question, even on religious subjects, the peculiar character of his paper, whether devoted mostly to local news, or whether expressing

vigorous editorial opinions. Moreover, there are notations dealing with peculiar industrial and commercial interests of each town — its weaknesses and its strength. In short, reading some of the cards in this catalogue I could almost see the little villages out in the Mississippi Valley, see the country editor in his small office, and understand all his hopes, fears, ambitions.

Possessed of this knowledge, how adroitly and perfectly the well-equipped publicity agents can play upon each town and influence each editor! Every card bears also, in columns, a list of numbers. Every number refers to an article sent out by the firm. Most of these articles are especially prepared by the staff writers for a certain town, or a group of towns. There is no confused firing of wasteful volleys; each shot is carefully aimed. It is really interesting material often mingled with valuable matter on other subjects, and the country editor, like every editor, is eager for the good things. In cases I know of the railroads have employed very able correspondents at state capitals, or at Washington, who sent daily or weekly letters on various subjects, but never failing to work in masked material favorable to the railroads. Often, perhaps usually, the editor has no idea of where this material comes from. It apparently drops out of the blue heavens like a sort of manna — for these publicity agents are careful not to advertise the fact that they are in any way connected with the railroads.

Having sent out an article to an editor, his paper is closely watched by the readers, and when it appears the number in the card-catalogue is checked in red. A glance at a card, therefore, will instantly reveal how much and what sort of railroad articles every paper in the country is publishing, how railroad information is running high in one community and low in another — whether a paper is "good" or "bad" from the standpoint of the railroads.

This card-catalogue is well named in the office "The Barometer." It is certainly as good an indicator of the atmosphere of railroad opinion in the country as could possibly be devised. It gives the observer, indeed, an impression of hopeless perfection. What chance have feeble, unorganized outsiders to make and register public opinion in the face of such a machine?

Does it get results? Indeed it does. One of the members of the firm told me with pride

of the record in Nebraska. In the week ended June 5th, last, the newspapers of that state published exactly 212 columns of matter unfavorable to the railroads, and only two columns favorable. Eleven weeks later, after a careful campaign, a week's record showed that the papers of Nebraska had published 202 columns *favorable* to the railroads and *four* unfavorable. A pretty good barometric condition!

But the work is by no means confined to the offices. If an editor is found to be radically anti-railroad, as frequently happens in the West, an agent goes about among shipping and commercial organizations of the town and stirs up public opinion against the editor. Now, shippers and business men generally are peculiarly subject to railroad influence or discrimination. A very little thing will put them wrong with the railroad. Consequently, when the railroad asks a favor that costs nothing — like the signing of a petition, or the writing of a letter — why, they are inclined to yield and avoid trouble. Moreover, it is of familiar knowledge that the politicians in many towns are pro-railroad. Usually one or more of the prominent lawyers are retained by the railroads, and there is always the local railroad staff to be counted upon.

All these forces are so cunningly marshaled that the recalcitrant editor is "smoked out" by his own people.

Now, I have no evidence that this particular firm of publicity agents had any "corruption fund" or that they *paid* editors to support the railroad cause. Moreover, I do not believe, knowing something of the character of the men, that they have done it in any instance. Their position was this: they owned a publicity machine — a highly intelligent one. They sold its services to the railroads and thereafter they sent out railroad arguments just as they would have sent out baking-powder arguments if they had been employed by a baking-powder company — without wasting a moment's thought apparently as to what effect their action might have upon the public welfare.

✓ Two points must be emphasized. In the first place these agents conducted their operations secretly. It is a principle that the attorney must declare what client he defends. If these agents had appeared frankly before the court of public opinion as railroad employees, no one could have quarreled with them; and they would have deceived no

one. And why, if the railroad men have a really good argument, should they not make it openly and frankly?

In the second place against such an organization as this, supplied with unlimited money, representing a private interest which wishes to defeat the public will, to break the law, to enjoy the fruits of unrestrained power, what chance to be heard have those who believe that present conditions are wrong? The people are unorganized, they have no money to hire agents, nor experts to make investigations, nor writers to set forth the facts attractively. The result is, that the public gets chiefly the facts as prepared by the railroad for their own defense. The case is exactly that of the rich litigant who goes before the court with lawyers, experts, and unlimited money to combat the poor litigant who must appear without lawyers or experts whom he has no money to hire. And in this case the rich litigant represents the few thousand railroad owners and those powerful shippers who are favored by railroad discrimination, and the poor litigant is the great unorganized public.

So much for the methods employed. Let us now examine the facts so widely circulated by the railroads. Are they true facts?

One example must suffice. The statement which has probably been given wider circulation by the railroads than any other is that "railroad rates in America are the lowest in the world," and the conclusion drawn is that therefore we have no cause for complaint, that our railroad owners are progressive and unselfish, and the inference is that if we should "regulate" or own the railroads as do the European countries our rates would tend to go as high as theirs.

Now, this is a most insidiously deceptive statement in several ways. It is the use of statistics not to inform but to deceive. On its face the statement — "that the average rate per ton per mile for all freight shipped in America is the lowest in the world" — is true, but the conclusions which the railroads seek to force are false.

In comparing rates in Europe with those in America the railroad publicity agents are comparing things totally unlike. Conditions are entirely different.

There is every reason why the average rate *should be* higher in Europe. For example, a great bulk of low-rate heavy freight — coal, grain, ore, sand, and so on,

which constitutes the chief business of railroads in this country, is there largely carried on canals or by water. Average hauls of freight in Europe are short; here they are much longer, tending to reduce the ton mile rate. Express packages, here charged at high prices, are there carried as freight. In England, the railroads deliver and collect freight with their own teams, thus helping to keep the freight-rates high; in this country the shipper teams his own freight. Germany carries all her government stores, her army and its equipment free; and moreover, she has every year a surplus from operation which goes to help out general expenses of government.

If a perfectly honest comparison were made, taking into consideration all these differences in the service rendered, it would undoubtedly be found that the rates here and abroad are not far different. Cost of terminals and rights of way and taxes are generally higher in Europe than here, another reason why rates *should be* higher there. But the important point, after all, lies not in the actual comparison, deceptive though it may be. Let us admit that rates are lower in this country; does it therefore follow that they are not still much too high considering the cost of the service performed, or that the profits of the Wall Street owners are not too great, or that discrimination and injustice do not exist?

Besides the direct preparation of articles for newspapers, these publicity agents send out enormous numbers of publications in pamphlet and book form.

Now it is a good thing for the people to have all these arguments; provided, *they know the source from which the arguments come* and provided, *the other side has an equal opportunity to present its case*. Editors, professors in colleges, prominent lawyers, clergymen, and other public men, any one, indeed, who is likely to have even a little influence in his community, have been supplied with much of this railroad literature. Most of the pamphlets are not on their face railroad arguments at all, but are seemingly perfectly dispassionate and unprejudiced discussions of the problem. I have a collection of fifty-six such books and pamphlets, all different, issued within the last few months. The literature varies all the way from a cloth-bound book of 486 pages to a leaflet of four pages. Since I began my present series of articles on the railroad

question I have had at least thirty copies of one of them, a small book prepared by H. T. Newcomb of Washington, called "Facts About the Railroads," sent to me from various parts of the country by people who wanted to know where it came from, and whether or not it was a railroad publicity pamphlet. These various publications are planned to reach every interest. One is addressed to the farmers, called "The Farmer and His Friends," another is for workers, another is a book of 206 pages for lawyers, discussing the legal aspects of the question, with careful summaries of decisions. There are many pamphlets for editors, containing reprints from editorials published by papers in various parts of the country — *some of them having been originally written in the office of the publicity agents* and sent out to the newspapers.

Finally, there is the new book by Professor Hugo R. Meyer called "Government Regulation of Railway Rates." This book is being widely circulated by the railroads, and is regarded as one of the strongest arguments in their favor. Professor Meyer is connected with the University of Chicago, and is perhaps the only economist in the country who appears as a thick-and-thin defender of present railroad conditions. His book is well written and interesting, the result of twelve years of work; it bears on its face the marks of the sincerity of the author's convictions. But the work throughout is marked by singular bias and prejudice, a fact so evident that it comes in for censure from such a publication as the *Railroad Gazette*. The editor of the *Gazette* says in the issue of December 1, 1905: "We deeply regret that the learned professor should have approached his subject with such mistaken evidences of partisanship and bias."

The chief arguments are based on conditions in Germany, although the author has never been in Germany. No doubt this may account for the many inaccuracies in statement—to say nothing of the bias—which mark the work. Professor B. H. Meyer of Wisconsin, an authority on transportation economics, who has spent much time in Europe studying railroad conditions, devoted the greater part of an address before the American Economic Association at Baltimore, in December, 1905, to pointing out in detail these errors and misapprehensions. He said:



EX-SENATOR CHARLES J. FAULKNER OF WEST VIRGINIA

Able and astute lawyer, employed by the railroads to manage their congressional campaign

I have already referred many times in these articles to the Senate railroad investigation of last spring. Having refused to pass railroad legislation, and feeling sharply the public demand for it, the Senate deputized its regular Committee on Interstate Commerce, Senator Elkins of West Virginia, chairman, to give hearings on the subject after the adjournment of Congress. The Committee accordingly convened in April and sat for over six weeks, the testimony, including that presented during the previous regular session of the Senate, filling five large volumes of about 1,000 pages each.

An investigation like this, conducted under such imposing auspices, attended by great railroad and industrial magnates and

statesmen, daily reported by able newspaper correspondents, furnishes about as good a vehicle for influencing public opinion as could well be devised.

Being such a fountainhead of information, it becomes of the utmost importance to look into the character and results of this investigation.

On the face of it the inquiry was an attempt by an unprejudiced committee of great senators to get at all the facts, that justice might be done to all the people—little as well as big, weak as well as strong.

But what do we find? The shrewd men of the railroads knew how important an engine of publicity this investigation would be, and their organization was ready.

They first employed, as a general agent before the committee, Ex-Senator Faulkner of West Virginia. Mr. Faulkner had himself served for twelve years in the United States Senate; he was therefore versed in every twist and turn of senatorial usage, and he knew, as personal friends and associates, all the senators on the committee. In the second place Mr. Faulkner is a very able attorney with much experience in railroad and corporation affairs. During the entire session of the Committee he sat just behind Senator Elkins, its chairman, also from West Virginia, with whom he consulted frequently. Mr. Faulkner did not appear as a witness, but with the experience and skill of a thorough lawyer he brought in his witnesses, piled up the evidence in the most effective way, and arranged for proper and regular rebuttal of the fugitive testimony given by witnesses on the other side. After sitting for days in the committee-room the spectator had a sense as of expert scene-shifting, a well-organized working out of a preconceived plan. Beside Mr. Faulkner sat Walker D. Hines, formerly vice-president and attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. At the beginning of the session he appeared for three days on the stand, presenting the case of the railroads. His testimony alone fills 233 printed pages of the record. One after another, railroad presidents, railroad attorneys, railroad statisticians, great shippers who naturally favor the railroads were brought on by Senator Faulkner to support their case. Professor H. R. Meyer, to whom I have referred, appeared and gave sixty-five pages of testimony. H. T. Newcomb, formerly a government statistician, now employed by the railroads, gave 185 pages of statistical information, prepared, of course, to prove the railroad case.

Many small shippers came from distant points on passes, all expenses paid by the railroads. All these men had a perfect right to be heard, but I wish to point out and emphasize the fact of the perfect organization of the whole railroad case - the facilities which the railroads had - money, passes, the best legal talent, and, above all, perfect discipline. Over two-thirds of the witnesses who appeared defended the railroads or the Armour Car-line Company. So continuous was this stream, that Senator Cullom once remarked to a witness:

"We have heard a good many business men from different parts of the country, and

I have almost forgotten if we have ever heard anybody who complained of the railroad or favored additional legislation."

Against this orderly presentation of evidence, facts, and arguments, the witnesses who appeared demanding some regulation of railroad power were almost lost. Bear in mind the fact that all these men had to come on their own time and at their own expense; they had no lawyer to represent them, no expert statisticians, they could make no attempt to direct or centralize their evidence. Most of them knew only local conditions and little of the broader railroad and commercial affairs. The only semblance of organized and intelligent testimony on that side was given by E. P. Bacon of Milwaukee, chairman of the executive committee of the Interstate Commerce Law Convention, and a few of his associates in the movement for governmental regulation of the railroads. But Mr. Bacon was present only a part of the time; and there were whole days when no representatives of the opposing interests were in attendance, and the evidence of the railroads met no opposition whatever. If it had not been for the testimony of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, of Governor Cummins of Iowa, and a few others real public interest would have made next to no showing at all. And at the close of the session, the committee allowed Mr. Hines, the railroad attorney, to appear and present forty-six pages of testimony in rebuttal of that given by Mr. Bacon and his associates. The disparity between the perfectly organized railroad attack and the feeble, ragged opposition was nothing short of pitiable. The effect on the newspaper correspondents was evident at once, and there is good reason to credit the claim of the railroads, generally made after the adjournment of the committee, that they had changed the sentiment of the whole country.

Let us look a little further into the investigation. It was very remarkable in other respects. Not only did the railroads present their case strongly, but the Senate Committee allowed the railroad witnesses to attack the opposition on personal grounds. They sought to show that all who opposed them were agitators, that they represented no public opinion, and that they were actuated by personal interest.

A. C. Bird, vice-president of the Gould railroads, said to the committee:

"If you will take the list filed here of

the constituent bodies of the Interstate Commerce Law Convention (Mr. Bacon's organization), you cannot find one man in a hundred that knows the difference between a rate, a tariff-sheet, and a time-table. I know this is true. These men are the men who have created this agitation. . . . There is not a man in all these constituent organizations that could earn forty cents a day."

Mr. Bird also said of Mr. Bacon personally :

"His own interests, the interests of communities which are rivals of his communities, have blinded him."

Another witness compared Mr. Bacon to "Peter the Hermit."

And is it possible that Mr. Bird and other railroad men were not blinded by their own interests?

J. J. Hill in his testimony flung aside all the agitation for railroad reform by comparing it contemptuously to an attack of "pink-eye or the grippe," which "will have to have its run."

Not only did the Senate Committee allow such disparagement of anti-railroad witnesses, but one or two of the senators themselves indulged in exactly the same sort of flings. Senator Kean of New Jersey was one of these. During the testimony of Mr. Bacon this senator was constantly and sarcastically referring to Mr. Bacon's "self-interest" as a grain-dealer or as a resident of Milwaukee. But I did not hear Senator Kean attack the appearance of any railroad president on the ground of self-interest! And has not a grain-dealer the right to be heard with dignity? or a citizen of Milwaukee?

Who is this Senator Kean, that he talks of self-interest? Senator Kean is from New Jersey; sent to Washington by the New Jersey Republican machine, one of the worst in the country. And who does Senator Kean represent in the Senate? Is it the people of his state or the Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations? Talk of self-interest!

But I have not yet referred to the most significant of all the features of this investigation. It was, as I have shown, peculiarly an engine for shaping public opinion and yet here is this tremendous fact: *The public was almost unrepresented in its deliberations.* Among the witnesses were scores of personally interested railroad men, other scores of personally interested shippers; but the producers and consumers who, after all, pay

the freight, where were they? Mr. Bacon's great organization, though it was fighting the railroads, did not, after all, represent the public; it represented oppressed shipping interests. Mr. Bacon himself in his testimony called attention to the helplessness of the real public as against the railroads:

"The public at large," he said, "who ultimately bear the burden of the rate, upon whom the rate actually falls, has no opportunity of coming before any tribunal and obtaining relief. . . . The great mass of the public, upon whom the rate falls in the end, have no protection whatever, and they have no organization for presenting their difficulties, and they have to depend upon proper legislation for their protection, which will prevent the enforcement of rates that are excessive."

In the face of such a statement it is well to remember that this investigation was before the representatives of the people and for the people. and yet these senators made no effort to get out the people's side of the case.

If we except the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Governor Cummins, Professor Ripley, and possibly two or three other witnesses, who may be regarded as speaking neither for railroads nor shippers, the public—the producers and consumers—had no representation whatever at this hearing. Where the railroad and the shippers plunder hand in hand as they do, say in the oil industry, in the sugar industry, in the steel industry, there was apparently no complaint of conditions—for the public, which pays high prices for oil, steel, sugar, coal, beef, and the like in small amounts on every pound used, was not organized, had no lawyers, no representatives.

Indeed, nothing was clearer in the investigation than the essential agreement of the railroad men and the big shippers.

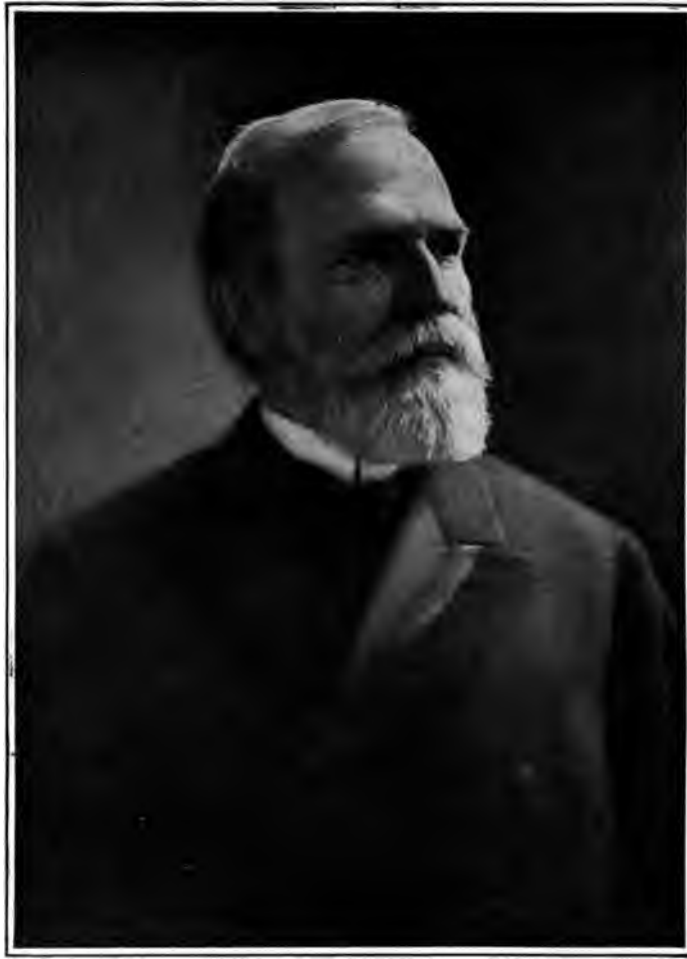
To show the high degree of satisfaction with railroad conditions on the part of the shippers, Ex-Senator Faulkner placed various witnesses on the stand. Among them were E. H. Gary, president of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation which owns 1,000 miles of railroad and pays \$75,000,000 in freight every year.

"Are you generally, as a shipper," asked Senator Elkins, "satisfied with freight rates?"

"We are," said Mr. Gary.

"And have no cause of complaint that they are excessive?" asked Senator Elkins.

"We have not," replied Mr. Gary.



E. P. BACON OF MILWAUKEE

The only organized force in the country worth mentioning which has sought to combat the railroad position is the Interstate Commerce Law Convention, of the executive committee of which Mr. Bacon is chairman

The Steel Corporation, of course, is controlled by J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. They might as well have placed Mr. Morgan himself on the stand and asked him if he was pleased with the railroads as to have set up Mr. Gary. To any one who stopped a moment to think, the whole affair was not short of ridiculous.

So they had the testimony of F. J. Hearne, president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. which is owned by George Gould and John D. Rockefeller, and that of many other great shippers — most of whom, it is quite safe to say, get rebates, discrimination, or favoritism in some form from the railroads. And these witnesses were brought in to show that there

is no demand for railroad regulation! The public at large, which pays dearly for this fraternal admiration of trusts and railroads, had little or no chance to express any opinion at all!

And having brought out all these things before the Senate Committee, Mr. Spencer's publicity bureau turned around and circulated all those parts of the testimony favorable to the railroads broadcast throughout the country. The opponents of the railroads, having no money and next to no organization, could not circulate *their* testimony.

One more great fact regarding this investigation and I am through with it. What are the things after all that the people most wish

to know regarding the railroads? Here are some of them:

Do railroads give rebates, who receives rebates, how are they paid?

Are our rates reasonable? And what are the true profits of the railroads?

Do railroads corrupt legislators and the Congress and how do they do it?

Are the railroads controlled by half a dozen men and who are those men?

Why do the railroads kill and wound 80,000 American citizens every year?

These are essential and vital questions, touching the very life and prosperity of every citizen. A great and serious investigation, like that of the United States Senate — one would think — would naturally concern itself with these things especially. But what do we find? With the hand of the railroads in reality guiding and directing the investigation, we find, naturally, just as little as possible about these essential things and just as much as possible about unessentials. As to a downright disclosure of real conditions, like that of the Hughes life insurance investigation in New York, or the railroad inquiry in Wisconsin, there was no sign of it. If any one in those sessions had dared to ask a railroad president as Hughes asked the life insurance presidents how much he paid to the Republican campaign fund in 1904, there would have been nothing short of an explosion. But there was no one to ask so impudent a question. There was no one who *wanted* it asked. The downright final truth is, that this Senate Committee is a railroad committee — I mean the majority. And this investigation, therefore, has brought out such railroad facts as Senator Elkins (railroad owner of West Virginia), Senator Kean (Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations), Senator Aldrich (Standard Oil and railroads), Senator Foraker (railroads), wanted brought out — and no more. Several of the senators on the committee might have made an honest investigation if they had not been in the minority, and if they had not been afflicted with the trembling palsy which attacks politicians who are called upon to ask uncomfortable questions of railroad men. These are hard things to say, but they must be said, if ever this country comes to a clear understanding of how its public opinion is manufactured and its laws are made.

Both of the enterprises of which I have spoken so far have been constructive in their

nature, a positive campaign in the newspapers, a positive direction of the Senate investigation. But the work has also been obstructive. Was there an effort anywhere to make public opinion on the other side, it must instantly be pounced upon and if not wholly smothered at least so confused as to render it innocuous.

They pursued this policy in the South both before and during President Roosevelt's visit down there. I have before me two pamphlets widely circulated in the South, attacking the President for receiving free transportation from the railroads. Appeals were also made to race prejudice. Thousands of copies of Senator Chandler's half-humorous observation that if railroad discriminations were stopped then the separate cars or compartments for negroes in the South, known as Jim Crow cars, would have to be discontinued were sent out. The publicity agents knew well that this would touch the sore spot of the South and divert attention from the real issue.

The only organized force in the country worth mentioning which has sought to combat the railroad position is an organization of commercial bodies headed by E. P. Bacon, of Milwaukee. Mr. Bacon is a rather remarkable figure. He is past seventy, and not in vigorous health. He had come to the time of life when he wanted to rest. But once embarked upon the enterprise, he would not let go. He headed the new movement of the shippers, he appeared before congressional and state committees, he became as thorough an authority on the broader aspects of the railroad question as there is among the shippers of the country. And he has clung to the thankless, gratuitous task with singular patience and tenacity. With him as with other leaders in the movement there has been nothing but hard work, money out of pocket, and no rewards. They held conventions of shippers beginning in 1900 and rolled up a big petition to Congress. Immediately the railroads began undermining their organization. Through all their innumerable channels they brought pressure to bear on shippers — so effective in some cases that the very men who signed Mr. Bacon's call for the conventions turned around and repudiated the whole movement.

But it persisted in spite of everything, and last fall, a convention was called to be held in Chicago, October 26th. This would naturally make public opinion. Weeks in

advance the railroads began their operations among the shippers' organizations which intended to send delegates to the convention. In some organizations like the Chamber of Commerce in Minneapolis the fight raged fast and furious. In nearly every case the big shippers, the men who get favors from the railroads, were anti-Bacon; the little shippers who were discriminated against were pro-Bacon. I quote from the *Minneapolis Journal*:

Every effort is being made to put the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, as a body, on record against the Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of freight rates by the federal government.

All of the big shippers have signed the protests against federal supervision without any hesitation, but the small fellows refuse to get into line, and a division of the chamber is feared. Some of them say they never will sign the petitions.

When the railroads could not thus elect the men they wanted, they began operations upon the delegates themselves. In many cases they offered them passes and sometimes even agreed to pay all their expenses if they would come to Chicago and "vote right." Many delegates actually did come in this way. George C. Copenhaver, secretary of the Denver Carriage Builders' Association, for example, admitted frankly that his expenses were paid. He said in an interview:

"Why should any one deny that our expenses were paid? I am not ashamed of it. Weaver came here about two weeks before the convention, and offered to pay our expenses. We were not out a cent, and had the best accommodations in Chicago."

And yet, in spite of all this astonishing activity backed by the unlimited resources of the railroads, the movement still persisted, and a large number of delegates came to Chicago. The railroads, under the direct supervision of the Boston publicity bureau to which I have already referred, opened headquarters in the Auditorium Annex. I saw the agents of this firm getting the delegates together and organizing them. Among those active upon the railroad side were several men with whose activities as organizers and agitators I had made acquaintance when I was studying the labor problem. The bitterest anti-union organizers of two years ago were D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis; J. Kirby, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio; and Daniel Davenport, of Bridgeport, Conn. All these men were here present, but now representing

the railroads. Mr Parry is president of the National Manufacturers' Association and an officer in the Indianapolis & Southern Railroad Company. Mr. Davenport is not a shipper at all, but a lawyer.

Mr. Bacon had called the convention to ratify the demand of President Roosevelt for railroad regulation. Threatened with a complete defeat by delegates who favored the railroads, the leaders saw that the only way that they could accomplish their purpose was to require every delegate admitted to signify by an agreement in writing, that he supported President Roosevelt's demand for rate regulation.

When confronted with this demand that they express an opinion favorable to the legislation demanded by the President, the delegates favorable to the railroads set up a cry — always popular — that free speech had been stifled. From inquiries made personally I believe that in a few instances, notably those of two or three Southerners who were Democrats and not admirers of the President, this requirement of the Bacon followers did honestly drive shippers away from Mr. Bacon's convention.

The railroad agents had expected this split and had hired a hall, where the insurgent delegates now came together and organized a convention of their own. This meeting was closely looked after and directed by the railroad publicity agents and by Mr. Parry and Mr. Davenport.

Now no one is denying the right of shippers who favor the railroads, whether they do so from conviction, or personal interest, or, indeed, by purchase, to hold a convention and express their views. But why attempt to break up a convention called for the purpose of advocating the contrary view?

I made a somewhat careful examination of the membership of the anti-Bacon pro-railroad convention. Many of the members represented very large industries which receive favors from the railroads — like the Illinois Steel Company — or industries peculiarly dependent on railroads, like the coal shippers. A very large proportion of those present were coal men. Now, coal is peculiarly related to railroading. A majority, perhaps, of the mines of the country are owned by the railroads, and the railroads are among the chief purchasers and users of coal. The next largest representation was of lumber shippers, who are also peculiarly

dependent on the railroads. One of the chief movers in the Railroad Convention was an owner of sawmills in the South operated in connection with so-called "tap lines" or terminal roads, to which the railroad makes allowances in their nature essentially rebates. Naturally, such men did not wish governmental regulation which might stop their private favoritism. As a generalization it may be said that shippers who got favors from the railroads were in the Anti-Bacon Convention and shippers who suffered by railroad discrimination were in the Bacon Convention.

After the conventions were over, some of the delegates who had their expenses paid by the railroads went home, and were roundly abused by the organization which they had misrepresented. One of these was Mr. Copenhaver, to whom I have already referred, and other delegates from Denver. Several of these associations met and passed resolutions denouncing the acts of their representatives and supporting the position of the Bacon Convention. More than that, the railroad interests watched all following conventions of shippers and tried to keep them from passing resolutions favorable to the President's demands. When the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association met in Washington, November 7th, Mr. Parry and Mr. Davenport were both on hand trying to influence the delegates — in which enterprise they did not finally succeed.

Now, we must not dispute the right of both of these interests to be heard. It is no disgrace for a man to favor the railroads either because of honest convictions or for wholly selfish reasons. The point I wish to make is this: The Bacon Convention was an outright and honest demand for reform. The Anti-Bacon Convention was nursed and backed by the railroads. *It was not what it seemed.* By this device the railroad, keeping its looming figure in the background, tried to deceive public opinion by showing that shippers generally did not want any more legislation. The meat of this whole matter lies in the underhand effort of the railroads *not to inform* but to *corrupt and deceive* public opinion — and that strikes at the very root of democracy. We are a fair people; we want to hear the side of the railroads, but why all this secret machinery, all these roundabout methods of stealing men's minds? Is it not, in itself, a confession of essential wrongness? Last winter, when

President Mellen of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Ry. came out boldly and frankly and told the Connecticut legislature what he wanted and why he wanted it, the action met the approval of the entire country. I saw at least twenty editorials commending his action. When the railroad comes out fairly into the field, and presents its case, there is no more indulgent hearer than the people. Why, then, won't they do it?

Having thus constructed public opinion through certain channels and obstructed it elsewhere, the railroads bring together — how cleverly — all this organized sentiment so that it will bear directly upon legislators and congressmen at the very moment when it will do the most good. I happened to be in Washington last winter just before the House of Representatives voted on the Esch-Townsend bill. Several different congressmen showed me how they had been "hearing from their districts." Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin had a thick pack of telegrams and letters from his constituents.

Sentiment in Wisconsin is strongly in favor of railroad regulation, especially the control of the rate. But did these telegrams and letters urge Mr. Cooper to support the rate regulation bill? Not a bit of it. Every one of them urged just the contrary.

How did this come about? Another Congressman, Haugen of Iowa, used upon the floor of the House this letter of explanation from a constituent of his in Iowa:

DEAR HAUGEN: — Yesterday the superintendent and freight agent were here wanting us to sign a petition that the present tariff law was good enough for us. We refused. Then they wanted us to regulate the laws for the best interest of the shippers and the railroad companies, which we signed, as Mr. — and myself thought it would not have any bearing on you, for that was what you would be in favor of. In fact, I doubt if they sent it to you. I told them I did not know the nature of the law. As I am only one shipper of many, I do not attempt to dictate to you. I signed because the railroad company has been good to me. I am shipping every day, and the petition signed was no benefit to them.

Several documents have come into my possession showing exactly how this "public sentiment" is brought to bear on senators and representatives. Here is a letter from Brent Arnold, freight agent of the L. & N. Ry. located at Cincinnati. It was sent October 11, 1905, to many shippers along the line of that railroad.

GENTLEMEN: — I will take it as a favor if you will write letters in duplicate, as here enclosed per samples on your letter-heads, sending the originals and copies to me.

Yours truly,
BRENT ARNOLD, *Superintendent.*

With this communication was inclosed the following letter, in blank, to Senators McCreary and Blackburn, and Congressman Rhinock:

HON. J. B. MCCREARY,
U. S. Senator,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: — We disapprove pending legislation in Congress, the effect of which will be to extend the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission so as to practically give to said Commission the authority to make rates. We believe that the present powers of the Commission are sufficient.

We, however, hope that authority will be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body, to effectually put a stop to the payment of rebates.

Yours truly,

It is to be observed that Mr. Brent Arnold does not even permit the shippers to use their own language. These letters represent the ideas, not of the people, but of the L. & N. Railroad. Mr. Arnold, as division freight agent, has great power over the destinies of the shippers along his line. A little favor here, or the discrimination of displeasure there, goes a long way in making success or failure. Some shippers sign, then, because they are afraid; some in hope of future favors, some as a matter of personal friendship. But nearly all sign. And the senators and congressmen are flooded with this expression of "public opinion." Now this is the plain debauchery of that public intelligence which is the very foundation of a democracy. There is all the difference in the world between the man who writes to his congressman out of the hot convictions generated under his own hat — be they either sordid or fired by the noblest ideals — and the man who weakly sells out his convictions, his count-one in a democracy, for the cash or the favor of another person, be he a railroad agent or any one else.

Supposing now that all this gigantic system of publicity fails, and there is still an opposing public opinion? No one who looks into these matters can fail to be impressed with the marvelous vitality of a genuine conviction. Get an idea into the minds of a few men — a deep, let us say, moral idea, or an

idea that they are being wronged, that justice is not being done, and it persists, it thrives in the face of every machine known to human ingenuity. Even overwhelming cash, that excellent smotherer of convictions, can not extinguish it. And upon that fact rests the hope of democratic institutions.

When all ordinary devices for changing public opinion have failed, then the railroad companies take the next and last step in their campaign. They go about the business, deliberately and in cold blood, of buying up the channels for the expression of public opinion. It seems a terrible thing to say, but the railroads have in at least one case that we know of purchased practically the entire press of a state — a corruption so vast as to be hardly conceivable. Let us see how they did it.

In the first place the railroads advertise in nearly every newspaper and practically every editor rides on a free pass. This represents a steady, fruitful income and in itself disposes the editor to a friendly treatment of the railroads. How easily this patronage may be made the vehicle for influencing the policy of the paper! The editor must be a man of strong convictions indeed to offend regularly one of his largest clients. And how adroitly the agent of the road gives or withholds passes or gives or withholds advertising as the editor is "good" or "bad!"

When this will not do, the railroads begin to buy outright — as they bought many newspapers during their bitter campaign to defeat La Follette of Wisconsin and his reform measures. We know exactly how this was done, because we have affidavits from several editors. Of course, the railroads here operated through the Republican machine, but it was railroad money that did the work. They paid from \$200 to \$1,000 for the influence of the various papers; and one editor was sharp enough to sell out twice!

I can do no better than to set down here one affidavit among several showing how these newspapers were bought:

FENNIMORE, WIS., Feb. 6, 1902: — In order to acquaint the public as to certain facts in regard to which I believe they ought to be informed, the undersigned desires to make the following personal statement:

"I have not signed a contract to support the Wisconsin Republican League, or its principles: have not sold the editorial space of my paper, and have made no promises or concessions of any nature to said league. I will acknowledge that I received the sum of two hundred dollars from the

league in payment of its equivalent in subscriptions to my paper, which were to have been sent me later, but as the said subscriptions have not yet been received, and I feel that the acceptance and further retention of the money might by some be construed as exercising an undue and perhaps improper influence on myself and the policy of my paper, I have returned to the proper officials of the Wisconsin Republican League the said sum of two hundred dollars. I wish to be free of everything that might possibly be looked upon as a surrender of the privilege of expressing my honest convictions at any and all times and on any subject, political or otherwise; and believe that a publisher ought to be honorable enough to take the public into his confidence in such matters as this.

(Signed) "HENRY E. ROETHE."

State of Wisconsin, County of Grant, ss.:—
Henry E. Roethe, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of any connection he may have had with the Wisconsin Republican League.

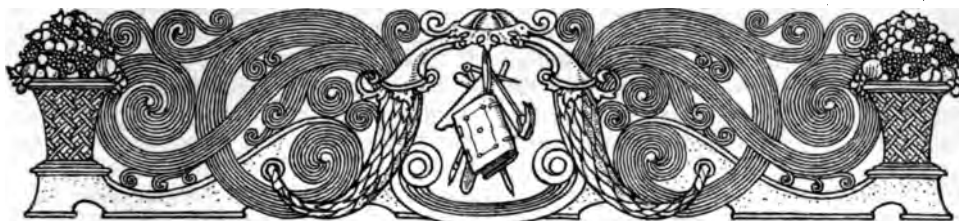
D. T. PARKER,
Notary Public, Grant County, Wis.
My commission expires August 30, 1903.

It finally came to such a pass that the only way La Follette could reach the

people—the newspapers being closed against him—with his arguments on the railroad question, was to publish pamphlets and circulate them broadcast throughout the state.

All this leads up, naturally, to the influence of the railroads in politics, which is quite a different subject. When all these efforts to cloud or corrupt the fountain-head of government—public opinion—have failed, then the railroads take the next step; they go into politics, own political bosses, elect boss-made legislators, and finally buy enough more of them directly to accomplish what they wish.

The question of the "sanitation" of public opinion, then, as Lowell expresses it, "becomes instant and pressing." If we can let in light and air, if the people understand how they are being approached on every hand by the railroads, though they may not know it; that they are being used to defeat their own best interests, they will at least proceed forewarned.



A GRIEF DEFERRED

BY

ALICE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "A WINTER'S COURTING," "THE TREE OF A THOUSAND LEAVES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. TAYLOR



WHEN Clelia May set forth, as she did three and four times in the week, to hurry through the half-mile of pine woods between her house and Sabrina Thorne's, the family usually asked her, with the tolerant smile accorded to old jokes, whether she was going to

see her intimate friend. Clelia always answered from a good-natured acceptance of the pleasantry, and went on, not in the least puzzled by the certainty that although she was but twenty-three and Sabrina was sixty, they were in all ways companionable. It had begun when Clelia, a child of ten, had had a temper fit at home, and started out to join the Shakers. She had met a turkey-gobbler

at Sabrina's gate, and, ashamed to cry but too obstinate to run, had stood in blank horror until Sabrina came out and routed the foe. Then Sabrina had taken her in to eat honey and spend an enchanted afternoon. After that Sabrina's house was the delectable land, and Clelia fled to it when she was happy or when the world was against her. To-day she walked swiftly through the warm incense of the pines. It was hot weather, and insects vexed the ear with an unwearied trill. But the heat of despair was greater in the girl than any assault from without. Her cheeks had each a deep red spot. Her eyes were dark with feeling, and on the long black lashes hung fringing drops. She walked lightly, with springing strides. Beyond the pine woods, in the patch of sunny road bordered by dust-covered hardhack and elder, she paused for a moment, to dash the tears from her eyes. There in the open day she felt as if some prying glance might read her grief. The woods were kinder to it.

Sabrina's house was at the first turning, a gray, weather-beaten dwelling of mellow tones set within a generous sweep of green. It had a garden in front. Sabrina herself was in the garden now, weeding the balm bed. Sometimes Clelia thought the garden was almost too sweet after Sabrina had been there stirring up the scents. At least a third of it was given to herbs, and even the touch of a skirt in passing would brush out fragrance from it. There were things there that strangely seemed to have no smell at all, but grown in such rank masses they contributed mysteriously to the alembic of the year. Sabrina, risen to her feet now, had a look of youth touched by something that was not so much age as difference. She was slender, and still with a girl's symmetry, the light-footed way of moving, the little sinuous graces of a body unspoiled and delighting in its own uses. Her face had a rounded plumpness and her cheeks were pink. People said now, as they had in her youth, that Sabrina Thorne had the skin of a baby. One old woman, chiefly engaged in marking down human commodities, always added that it was because of that heart trouble Sabrina had; but nobody listened. Sabrina seemed to have made no concession to time, save that her waving hair was white. In its beauty and abundance, it was a marvel. It sprang thickly up on each side of her parting, and the soft mass of it was wound

round and round on the top of her head. She was a beautiful being, neither old nor young.

She stood there smiling at Clelia's approach.

"How do?" she said softly; but when the girl was near enough to betray the trouble of her face, she added, "Whatever is the matter?"

"Come into the house, Sabrina," said Clelia, in a muffled voice. "I can't tell it out here."

Sabrina dropped her trowel on a heap of weeds, and cast her gardening gloves on the top. She led the way to the house, and when they were in the coolness of the big sitting-room with its air of inherited repose, she turned about and spoke again in her round, low voice. "Well?" There was anxiety in the tone.

Clelia, facing her, began to speak with a hard composure.

"Richmond — Richmond Blake —" and her voice broke. She threw herself forward upon Sabrina's shoulder and clasped her with shaking hands. "He has given me up, Sabrina," she moaned, between her sobs. "It is over. He has given me up."

Sabrina led her to the great chair by the window, and forced her into it. Then she knelt beside her and drew the girl's head again to her shoulder. She patted her cheek with little regular beats that had a rhythmic soothing.

"There, there, dear," she kept saying. "There, there!"

Presently Clelia choked down her sobs, and raised her face, tempestuous in its marks of grief.

"I'd just as soon tell you," she said, with a broken hardness, a composure struggled for and then lost. "I'd just as soon anybody would know it. I don't feel as if I'd any use for myself, now he don't prize me. Well, Sabrina, he don't want me any more."

"You sure, dear?" asked Sabrina. "You better be sure."

"We got talking about the land," said Clelia, in a high voice.

"The Ten Acre lot?"

"Yes. I said to him: 'There's that man from New York. He's offered you two hundred dollars for it. Why don't you take it?'"

"What's the man from New York want it for?" asked Sabrina, with what seemed a trifling irrelevance.

Clelia answered impatiently.

"I don't know. To build a summer cottage, I suppose. That's what Richmond asked me, and I said I did n't know. Then he said he was n't going to sell till he knew what he was selling for."

"Well, I call that kinder long-headed, myself," said Sabrina.

"So you might; but the New York man went away that afternoon. 'Well,' says he, before he went, 'that's my offer. Take it or leave it.'"

"But that's nothing to be mad about."

"We did n't stop there. I reminded Rich how far that money would go towards building, and his jaw got set, and he said he could n't help it. Then I told him I'd be switched if ever I lived with his folks —"

"Oh, dear, dear!" lamented Sabrina. "You did n't say that, did you? Now you must n't, dear. You must n't say things folks can't forget."

A gush of tears flooded the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, I did n't mean to!" she cried, in the bitterness of remembering a battle lost. "He knew I did n't mean to. But I got sort of crazy, Sabrina. I did. And I told him at last —" Her eyelids dropped under their weight of tears.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him he could choose between his folks and me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'I'll choose now. It's over.' He got up and walked out of the room. He turned at the door. 'It's over, Clelia,' says he. 'Don't you ever call me back, for I sha' n't come.' And he won't. He ain't that kind."

"Oh me! oh me!" moaned Sabrina. She, too, knew he was not that kind.

They sat in silence for a moment, the girl looking straight before her in a dull acquiescence, and Sabrina's pink face settled into aging lines. Suddenly, the girl spoke sharply.

"But I can't bear it, Sabrina, I can't bear it. It will kill me — if I don't kill myself."

Sabrina rose slowly, and took a chair at the other window.

"Yes," said she, "you can bear it. Other folks have gone through it before you, an' other folks will again. It's a kind of a sickness there's goin' to be as long as the earth turns round. You've got to bear it."

Her voice struck sharply, and Clelia, called momentarily out of herself, glanced at her with a sudden interest. For the first time since their intimacy, Sabrina looked her age.

Little fine lines seemed to have started out upon her cheeks and forehead. Her eyes had the look of grief. But Clelia's thoughts went back at once to her own trouble. She spoke gravely now, like an older woman.

"It's not because we've quarreled, Sabrina. I'd say I was sorry this minute. But he would n't take me back. It shows he don't care. If he'd cared about me, he'd have thought 'twas a little thing; but he's chosen between us and he won't go back."

"Well!" said Sabrina, conclusively. "However it turns out, it's here an' you've got to face it. Clelia, I've a good mind to tell you somethin' I ain't ever told anybody."

"Yes," said Clelia, indifferently, her mind upon herself. "Yes, tell me."

Sabrina folded her hands upon her lap and set her gaze straight forward, and yet with a removed look, as if she had withdrawn into the past.

"I don't know as you ever knew, Clelia," she said, and Clelia at once thought that it was as if she were reading from a book, "but when I was about your age, I come near bein' married."

"Father said you were much sought after," said Clelia, with a prim shyness not like her own stormy confession. Sabrina, with her white hair and her young face seemed somehow set apart from love and the sweet uses of it.

"I guess he never knew about that particular one. Nobody knew that. I had as good a time as you've had, Clelia. I liked him the same way. I've thought of it, day in, day out, when I've seen you with Richmond Blake. I've never been so near livin' since as I have when I've seen you an' Richmond together out in that gardin', laughin' an' jokin' in amongst the flowers. Well, he give me up, dear. He give me up." Her hands took a firmer hold on each other. Her face convulsed into the look of grief, and Clelia, who had never seen her moved with any emotion that concerned herself alone, gazed at her in awe, and with her own passion quieting as she felt that of one so old, yet living still.

"Did you — have words?" she ventured.

"No, dear, no. I guess we could n't have had, I felt so humble towards him. I never forgot a minute how good it was to have him like me. No. There was somebody else. You see he was terrible smart. He put himself through college, an' then he met her, an' she was just as smart as he was. Lively, too, I guess. I never see her. But I had n't anything but my good looks — I was real pretty then. I had that an' a kind of a way of keepin' house an' makin' folks comfortable. Well, I found out he didn't prize me; so I give him his freedom. An' he was glad, dear, he was glad." She rocked back and forth for a moment, in forgetfulness of any save the long-past moment when she was alive.

"O Sabrina!" breathed the girl.

It recalled her. She straightened, and resumed the habit of a disciplined life.

"Now this it what I was comin' to," she said, "the way to bear it. It ain't a light thing. It's a heavy one. A lot o' folks go through with it, an' they take it different ways. Sometimes their minds give out. Folks say they're love-cracked. Sometimes they die. Yes, Clelia, often I've thought that would be the easiest. But there's other ways."

Clelia's tears were dried. She sat upright and looked at the woman opposite. It suddenly seemed to her that she had never known Sabrina. She had seen her nursing the sick or in the garden, smiling over her gentle pursuits; but she had not known her. Sabrina spoke now with authority, as if she were passing along the laws of life into hands outstretched for them.

"When it happened to me, mother was sick. She had creepin' paralysis, an' I had to be with her' most every minute. When I got my letter, I was in the gardin', right there by the spearmint bed. You see I'd written him, dear, to offer him his freedom; but I found out afterwards I must have thought, in the bottom of my heart, he would n't take it. Well, I opened the letter. 'Twas a hot summer day like this. He took what I offered him, dear — he never knew I cared — an' he was pleased. The letter showed it. I spoke out loud. 'O God,' I says, 'I don't believe it!' Then I heard mother's voice callin' me. She wanted a drink o' water. I begun steppin' in kind o' blinded, to get it for her. Seemed as if 'twas miles across the balm bed. 'I must n't fall,' I says to myself.

'I must n't die till mother does!' And then somethin' put it into my head I need n't believe it nor I need n't give up to it, not till mother died. Then 'twould be time enough to know I'd got a broken heart."

It almost seemed as if she had never faced her grief before. She abandoned herself to the savor of it, the girl forgotten.

"Well, mother died, an' that night after the funeral I set down by the window where I'm settin' now an' says, 'Now I can think it over.' But I knew as well as anything ever was that when I faced it 'twould take away my reason. So I says, 'Mother's things have got to be put away. I'll wait till then.' So I packed up her things, an' sent 'em to her sister out West. Some o' her common ones t' I'd seen her wear, I burnt up, so 't nobody should n't have 'em. I put her old bunnit into the kitchen stove, an' I can see the cover goin' down on it now. 'Twas thirty-eight year ago this very summer. Then says I, 'I'll face it.' But old Abner Lake had a shock, an' there wa'n't nobody to take care of him less 'n they sent him to the town farm, and folks said he cried night an' day, knowin' what was before him. So I had him moved over here, an' I tended him till he died. An' so 'twas with one an' another. It begun to seem as if folks needed somebody that had n't anything of her own to keep her; an' then, spells between their wantin' me, I'd say, 'I won't face it till I've cleaned the house,' or 'till I've got the gardin' made.' An' Clelia, that was the grief that was goin' to conquer me, if I'd faced it; an' I ain't faced it yet! I ain't believed it!"

A sense of her own youth and her sharp sorrow came at once upon the girl, and she cried out.

"I've got to face it. It won't let me do anything else. It's here, Sabrina. I could n't help feeling it, if I killed myself trying."

Sabrina's face softened exquisitely.

"I guess 'tis here," she said tenderly. "I guess you do feel it. But, dearie, there's lots of folks walkin' round doin' their work with their hearts droppin' blood all the time. Only you must n't listen to it. You just say, 'I'll do the things I've got to do, an' I'll fix my mind on 'em. I won't cry till to-morrow.' An' when to-morrow comes, you say the same."

Clelia set her mouth in a piteous conformity. But it quivered back.

"I guess you think I'm a coward, Sabrina," she said. "Well, I'll do the best I can.



“I DON'T BELIEVE IT!”

Maybe if 'twas fall I could get a school, and set my mind on that. I can help mother, but she'd rather manage things herself."

Sabrina bent forward, with an eager gesture.

"Dear, there's lots o' things," she said. "The earth's real pretty. You concern yourself with that. You say, 'I won't give up till I've seen the apple-blows once more. I won't give up till I've got the rose-bugs off'n the vines.' An' every night says you to yourself, 'I won't cry till to-morrow.'"

Clelia rose heavily.

"You're real good, Sabrina," she said. Then she added, in a shy whisper. "And I — I won't ever tell."

"You sit right down," returned Sabrina, vigorously, rising as she said it. "I'll bring you the pease to shell. They're late ones, an' they're good. You stay, an' this afternoon we'll go out an' pick the elderberries down on the cross-road. I've got to have some wine."

That week and the next Clelia made herself listlessly busy, and Sabrina was away, nursing a child who was sick of a fever. Clelia was pondering now on her own hurt, now on the story her friend had told her. It seemed like a soothing alternation of grief, sometimes in the pitiless sun-glare of her own loss and again walking in a darkened yet fragrant valley where the other woman had lived for many years. But on an evening of the third week, she had news that sent her speeding through the Half Mile road and in at the door where Sabrina sat resting after a hard day. Clelia was breathless.

"Sabrina," she cried, "Sabrina, Richmond's mother's sick and he's away. He's gone to New York, and she's left all alone with Aunt Lucindy."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Sabrina, coming to her feet and beginning to smooth her hair.

"She's feverish, and Aunt Lucindy says she's been shaking with cold."

"You sent for the doctor?" Sabrina was doing up a little bundle of her night-clothes that had lain on the chair beside her while she rested.

"No."

"Well, you do that, straight off. An' when he comes, he'll tell you what to do an' you do it."

"Can't you go, Sabrina? Can't you go? Aunt Lucindy wanted you."

"No," said Sabrina, tying on her hat, and taking up her bundle. "I only come to pick up a few things. That little creatur' may not live the night out. But I'll walk along with you, an' step in an' see hqw things seem."

Once only in the Half Mile walk did they speak, and then Clelia broke forth throbbing-ly to the accompaniment of a sudden color in her cheeks.

"I don't know as I want to go into Richmond's house when he's away, now we're not the same."

"Don't make any difference whether it's Richmond's house or whether it ain't, if there's sickness," returned Sabrina briefly. But at the doorstep she paused a moment, to add with some recurrence of the intensity the girl had seen in her that other day: "Ain't you glad you got somethin' to do for him? Ain't you *glad*? You go ahead an' do what you can, an' call yourself lucky you've got it to do."

And Clelia very humbly did it. Then it was another week, and the two friends had not met; but again at twilight Clelia took her walk, and this time she found Sabrina stretched out on the lounge of the sitting-room. There was a change in her. Pallor had settled upon her face, and her dark eyebrows and lashes stood out startlingly upon the ashen mask. Clelia hurried up to her and knelt beside the couch.

"What is it, Sabrina?" she whispered. "What is it?"

Sabrina opened her eyes. She smiled languidly, and the girl, noting the patience of her face, was thrilled with fear.

"How's Richmond's mother?" asked Sabrina.

"Better. She's sitting up. I sha'n't be there any more. He's coming home to-night."

"Richmond?"

"Yes. The doctor said there was n't any need of sending for him, and I'm glad we did n't, now. Sabrina, what's the matter?"

"I had one of my heart spells, that's all," said Sabrina gently. "There, don't you go to lookin' like that."

"What made you, Sabrina? what made you?"

Sabrina hesitated.

"Well," she said, at length, "I guess I got kinder startled. Deacon Tolman run in an' told what kind of doin's there was goin' to be

to-morrow. He was full of it, and he blurted it all out to once."

"About Senator Gilman coming?"

"Yes."

"And their trimming up the hall for him to speak in, and his writing on it was his boyhood's home and he should n't die happy unless he'd come back and seen it once more?"

"Yes. That 's about it."

"Well," said Clelia, in slow wonder, "I don't see what there was about that to give anybody a heart spell."

Sabrina looked at her for a moment in sharp questioning, followed by relief.

"No," she said softly, "no. I guess I got kinder startled."

"I'm going to stay with you," said Clelia tenderly. "I'll stay all night."

"There 's a good girl. Now there 's somebody round, I guess maybe I could drop off to sleep."

At first Clelia was not much alarmed: for though Sabrina was known to have heart spells, she always came out of them and went on her way with the same gentle impregnability. But in the middle of the night, she suddenly woke Clelia sleeping on the lounge beside her, by saying in a clear tone:

"Would n't it be strange, Clelia?"

"Would n't what be strange?" asked the girl, instantly alert.

"Would n't it be strange if anybody put off their sorrow all their lives long, an' then died before they got a chance to give way to it?"

"Sabrina! Sabrina, you thinking about those things?"

"Never mind," answered Sabrina soothingly. "I guess I waked up kinder quick."

But again after she had had a sinking spell, and Clelia had given her some warming drops, she said half-shyly, "Clelia, maybe you'll think I'm a terrible fool; but if I should pass away, there 's somethin' I should like to have you do."

Clelia knelt beside her, and put her wet cheek down on the little roughened hand.

"There was that city boarder I took care of, the summer she gi'n out down here," went on Sabrina dreamily. "I liked her an' I liked her clo'es. They were real pretty. She see I liked 'em, an' what should she do when she went back home, but send me a blue silk wrapper all lace and ribbins, just like hers, only nicer. It 's in that chist. I never 've wore it. But if I should be taken away — I 'most think I 'd like to have it put on me."

The cool summer dawn was flowing in at the window. The solemnity of the hour moved Clelia like the strangeness of the time. It hushed her to composure.

"I will," she promised. "If you should go before me, I'll do everything you want. Now you get some sleep."

But after Sabrina had shut her eyes and seemed to be drowsing off, she opened them to say, this time with an imperative strength:

"But don't you let it spile their good time."

"Who?"

"Whom? Ain't they're goin' to have in the hall. If I should go in the midst of it, don't you tell no more'n you can help. But I guess I can live through one day anyways."

That forenoon she was a little brighter, as one may be with the mounting sun, and Clelia disregarding all entreaties to see the "doings" at the hall, took faithful care of her. But in the late afternoon while she sat beside the bed and Sabrina drowsed, there was a clear whistle very near. It sounded like a quail outside the window. Clelia flushed red. The sick woman, opening her eyes, saw how she was shaking.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"It 's Richmond," said Clelia, in a full, moved voice. "It 's his whistle."

"You go out to him, dear," urged Sabrina, as if she could not say it fast enough. "You hurry."

And Clelia went, trembling.

When she came back, half an hour later, she walked like a goddess breathing happiness and pride.

"O Sabrina!" She sank down by the bedside and put her head beside Sabrina's cheek. "He was there in the garden. He kissed me right in sight of the road. If 't had been in the face and eyes of everybody, it could n't have made any difference. 'You took care of mother,' he said. 'I like your mother,' I said. 'I 'd like to live with her — and Aunt Lucindy.' And he said then, Sabrina, he said then, 'We sha' n't have to.' And Sabrina, he went on to New York to see if he could find out anything about the railroad that 's going through to save stopping at the Junction, and he saw Senator Gilman, and that 's how the Senator came down here. He got talking with Richmond, old times and all, and he just wanted to come. And the railroad 's going through the Ten Acre pasture, and Richmond 'll get a lot of money."

Sabrina's hand rested on the girl's head.

Maybe if 'twas fall I could get a school, and set my mind on that. I can help mother, but she 'd rather manage things herself."

Sabrina bent forward, with an eager gesture.

"Dear, there 's lots o' things," she said. "The earth 's real pretty. You concern yourself with that. You say, 'I won't give up till I 've seen the apple-blows once more. I won't give up till I 've got the rose-bugs off 'n the vines.' An' every night says you to yourself, 'I won't cry till to-morrow.'"

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"No," said Sabrina, tying taking up her bundle. "I c up a few things. That lit not live the night out. But with you, an' step in an' seem."

Once only in the Half Mil speak, and then Clelia broke ly to the accompaniment of her cheeks.

"I don't know as I wa mond's house when he not the same."

"Don't make any di sh and's house on ness" re



...WELL, BINA...

"There, dear," she said movingly. "Did n't I tell you? Don't cry till to-morrow, an' maybe you won't have to then."

Clelia sat up, wiping her eyes and laughing.

"That is n't all," she said. "Senator Gilman wants to see you."

"Me!" Sabrina rose and sat upright in bed. The color flooded her pale cheeks. Her eyes dilated.

"Yes. He told Richmond you used to go to school together, and he's coming down here on his way to the train. And sick or well, he said, you'd got to see him."

Sabrina had put one shaking hand to her hair.

"It's turned white," she said to herself.

But Clelia did not hear her. She had opened the chest at the foot of the bed, and taken out a soft package wrapped in white. She pulled out a score of pins and shook the shimmering folds of the blue dress. Then she glanced at Sabrina still sitting there, the color flooding her cheeks again with their old pinkness.

"Oh!" breathed Clelia, in rapture at the dress, and again at the sweet rose-bloom in Sabrina's face. Then she calmed herself, remembering this was a sick chamber, though every moment the airs of life seemed entering. She brought the dress to the bedside. "You put your arm in, Sabrina," she coaxed.

Sabrina did it. She moved in a daze, and presently she was lying in her bed clothed in blue and white, her soft hair piled above her head, and her eyes wide with some unconfessed emotion. But to Clelia, she was accustomed to look vivid; life was her portion always. The girl sped out of the room, and came back presently, her arms full of summer flowers, tiger lilies, larkspur, monkshood, and herbs that, being bruised, gave out odors. Sabrina's eyes questioned her. Clelia tossed the flowers in a heap on the table.

"What you doin' that for?" asked Sabrina.

"I don't know," answered the girl, in a whisper. "There's no time to put 'em in water. I want to have things pretty, that's all. You take your drops, dear. They've come."

But Sabrina lay there, an image of beauty in a sea of calm.

"I don't want any drops," she said. "I should n't think o' dyin' now."

Clelia went out, and presently Sabrina heard her young voice with its note of happiness.

"In this way, sir," she was saying. "Yes, Rich, you be in the garden. I'll come back."

Senator Gilman, bowing his head under the low lintel, was coming in. He walked up to the bedside, and Sabrina's eyes appraised him. He was a remarkable looking man, with the flowing profile of a selected type, and thick gray hair tossed back from his fine forehead. He sat down by her.

"Well, Bina," said he.

This was not the voice that had filled the hall that morning or jovially greeted townsmen all the afternoon. It was gently adapted to her state, and Sabrina quieted under its friendliness.

"Could n't go away without seeing you," said Senator Gilman. "They told me you were sick. I said to myself, 'She'll see me. She'll know 'twould spoil my visit, if I had to go away without it.'"

Sabrina was looking him sweetly in the face, and smiling at him.

"How much time you got?" she asked, like a child.

He took out his watch.

"My train is at five forty-five," he said.

"Then you talk fast."

"What you want to know?" asked her friend. He had fallen into homely ways of speech, to fit the time.

"You've done real well, ain't you?" asked Sabrina eagerly.

The Senator nodded.

"I have, Bina," said he. "I have. I've made money, and I own a grown-up son. He's got all the best of me and the best of all of us, as far back as I can remember — and none of the worst. I'll send him down here to see you."

"He must be smart," said Sabrina. "I've read his book."

"You have? Did n't know there was a copy in town. Nobody else here has heard of it."

"I see it noticed in the paper. I sent for it. I never spoke of it to anybody. I guess I was pretty mean. Folks borrow books, an' then they don't keep 'em nice."

"Bina, you're a dear. They've been telling me how you take care of the whole town. Richmond Blake — he's a likely fellow; he'll get on — he said you were the prettiest woman in the township. Said his father told him you were the prettiest girl."

Sabrina's little capable right hand went out and drew the sheet over her blue draperies up to her chin.

"You're not cold?" asked the Senator solicitously; but she shook her head and answered:

"You've seen foreign countries, ain't you?"

"Yes. I've seen India and I've seen the Pyramids. I thought about you those times, Bina — how we recited together in geography; and I was the one that went and you were the one to stay at home. But near as I can make out, you've carried the world on your shoulders down here, while I've tried to do the same thing somewhere else — and not so well, Bina — not so well."

Her sweet face clouded. She was jealous of even a hint of failure for him.

"But you've come out pretty fair?" she hesitated anxiously.

"Pretty fair, Bina. It's been a good old world. I've enjoyed it, and I don't know as I shall want to leave it. But now I feel as if I were working for the next generation. The little I've done I can pass over to my son, and I hope he'll do more."

He laid his hand on the garnered sweets beside him. The herbs were uppermost. "Spear-mint!" he said. Sabrina nodded, and he ate a leaf. Then one after another he took up the herbs, southernwood and all, and bruised them to get their separate fragrance. It was a keen pleasure to him, and Sabrina saw it and blessed Clelia in her heart. Presently he sat back in his chair and regarded her musingly. A softened look came into his eyes. A smile all sweetness overspread his face. It gave him his boyhood's mien.

"I'll tell you what, Bina," he said, "in that first rough and tumble before I made my way, you did me a lot of good."

Sabrina lay and looked at him. Even her eyes had a still solemnity.

"You wrote me a little note."

More color surged into her face, but she did not stir.

"I was pretty ambitious then," he went on musingly. "My wife was ambitious, too. That was before we were engaged, you understand. We got kind of carried away by people and money and honors — that kind of thing, you know. Well, that little note, Bina. There was n't anything particular in it, except at the end you said, 'I sha'n't ever forget to hope you will be good.' It was queer, but it made me feel kind of responsible to you. I thought of you down here in your garden, and — well, I don't know, Bina.

I showed that note to my wife, and she said, 'Bina must be a dear.'"

Sabrina's eyes questioned him.

"Yes," he said frankly. "She's a dear, too — only different. It's been all right, Bina."

"Ain't that good!" she whispered happily. "I'm glad."

He had pulled out his watch, and at that moment Richmond's voice sounded clearer, as the two out there in the garden came to summon him.

"By George!" said Greenleaf Gilman, "I've got to go." He rose, and took her hand. He stood there for a moment, holding it, and they looked at each other in a faithful trust.

"You take some southernwood," counseled Sabrina, and he laid her hand gently down, to select his posy.

"I wish your wife could have some," Sabrina went on, in a wistful eagerness, "I don't seem to have a thing to send her."

"I'll tell her all about it," said her friend. "I'll tell her you're a dear still, only more so. She'll understand. Good-by, Bina."

When his carriage had left the gate, and Clelia came in with that last look of her lover still mirrored in her eyes, Sabrina lay there floating in her sea of happiness.

"Why, dear," said the girl, drawing the sheet down from the hidden finery. "You cold?"

"I guess not," said Sabrina, smiling up at her.

"Did you keep that pretty lace all covered up? What made you, Sabrina?"

"I don't know 's I could tell exactly," said Sabrina, in her gentle voice. "Now, dear, I'm goin' to get this off an' have my clo'es. I'm better."

"You do feel better, don't you?" assented Clelia joyously, helping her.

That night they supped together at the table, and when the dusk had fallen and Sabrina sat by the window breathing in the evening cool, she said shyly, like a bride:

"Don't you see, dear, sometimes we put off grief an' we don't need to have it after all."

"I see about me," said the girl tenderly, "but I don't see as anything pleasant has happened to you."

"Why," said Sabrina, in a voice so full and sweet that for the moment it seemed not to be her own hesitating note, "I've had more happiness than most folks have in their whole life. I've had all there is!"

A SMALL PERSON

BY

MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

AUTHOR OF "A CELESTIAL GARMENT"



RS. ARUNDEL was greatly mystified when her small daughter was invited to the "Simmy Limage" by Miss Earle, with a number of the Kindergarten children. When the exact location was explained by the teacher as the "city limits" and the occasion a birthday picnic for her little nephew, Clinton Clifford, the mother gave a smiling consent. Clutching a tiny chatelaine purse by its diminutive chain, Carita sidled up to Mrs. Arundel and fell to whispering, after a shy, "Scoose us, please," to Miss Earle:

"Course, mama, I won't spend it if you can't 'ford it, but mama dear, I'd feel so much more like a person if I had a little money in my purse!"

The persuasive voice rose with the telling, till the final bit of wisdom blessed the ears of both women.

"Mother's little philosopher!"

It was only another pet name to Carita who had long ago ceased trying to understand the laughter of grown folks in answer to her utter seriousness. But comfort came from the depths of the mother-bag, source of all delight, in the form of three small coins.

Mrs. Arundel's laughing eyes followed the little figure with its wee swinging purse, fluffy uptilt of abbreviated skirts and the bobbing brim of a sailor hat, swinging from its elastic about the child's neck, while a tangle of auburn hair escaped in all directions.

Carita was not one of the Kindergarten's regular attendants, and before Miss Earle had marshaled her brood off the cars, May Williams had commented sniffingly on Carita's "baby ways." May was in the habit of queening it in her Kindergarten world.

Carita's legs certainly had "baby ways," they stuck out straight from the car seat; the position was not unfavorable to the display of their shapely plumpness. And man,

whether in prime or immaturity, loves ever to guide a fresh young heart untouched by life's experiences. So Carita's widening eyes of appealing loveliness and humble admiration for their wisdom drew to her side and refreshed these sophisticated small men.

The mystery was great to Carita when told that they were "there"—but forming a bobbing link in the gay chain of boys and girls, she whirled merrily to the inspiring air of "King William," as they circled beneath the swaying green boughs. Clinton Clifford stood in the center, casting a knowing eye over the budding charms of the little women surrounding him, as the high-pitched voices caroled alluringly:

*"Go choose your east go choose your west,
Go choose the one that you love best;
If she's not there to take your part,
Choose another with all your heart!"*

Clinton seized Carita with a firm clasp and the ring closed again as the mystic rite continued:

*"Down on this carpet you must kneel
Sure 's the grass grows in the field;"*

He dragged his chosen one to her dimpled knees facing him, whispering impressively:

"Now, you've got to kiss me when they sing it!"

*"Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
Now you rise upon your feet."*

Clint felt hot and glad as with frank enthusiasm Carita offered a softly clinging bud of a mouth. Then she chose him with sunny insistence, despite sarcastic instructions from all save Clinton, to the effect that the game should be played turn-about fashion. He, with lofty defiance of rule or duty as host, refused any other "bride," so discord terminated the game, the "truly gardeners"

declining to sing at the eternal nuptials of "that baby."

At last the magic, low-lying cloth was spread with the birthday cake, blossom-decked, in the middle.

"And now, Clinton, it's time for the flower-giving!" said his aunt.

"Take the bouquet and hand it to the little girl you love best of all *in the class*. Then lead her to the feast, the others following in procession singing, 'Merrily we'll march in time.'"

Miss Earle cuddled the small person tenderly as she made a plain sign to Clinton respecting his old-time love, May Williams. Then she whispered confidentially to Carita:

"You see, sweetheart, he's got to choose a good leader who knows the song — but I choose you!"

Taking the great bunch of flowers, with its shining encasement of tinfoil and border of paper lace, from its sugary hole in the cake's center, Clinton paused dramatically, casting appraising eyes over the rosy, upturned faces, though his heart knew no shadow of turning. The small person watched with resigned but yearning eyes.

"Well, then — and that's — Carita Arundel! 'Cause she's a gardner for to-day and a reg'lar peach for looks!"

With a throbbing bound one little heart gained heaven, but consternation overwhelmed the rest, while angry protest voiced itself:

"But that baby don't know a single song!"

"What's the dif? I'll holler loud 'nough for two!" cried dauntless Clint.

Big eyed, Carita stood erect, breaking through Miss Earle's enfolding arms, the future woman stirring deliciously within her as she knew herself dowered with love and beauty. At Clinton's approach she dimpled ecstatically, cheeks ablaze, the world at her feet! With the morning-time freshness of life, she ran a joyous step to meet him, pink palms outspread, a dewy bliss misting the blue of her eyes. Clutching hotly her precious trophy, a broken cry, "O-h-h! Clinty!" stirred that hero's heart. Bending close to his peachy bit of a bride, he masterfully drew her arm through his and whispered:

"Now we're 'gaged!"

"Will we be truly married like papa and mama?"

"Sure!"

"O, Clint! *Can* I name the children?"

Her glowing face moved him, but a fellow must have reserves of generosity, so he confided:

"Just the girls."

But Miss Earle, the frustrated match-maker, interrupted their low-toned conference.

"Come, children, lead off the line!" and her voice rose with a laughing trill, followed by aspiring trebles, Clinton a whole choir in himself, while Carita's heart warbled a wordless song attuned to pure delight. Around and around the feast they marched, to flutter down into hungry little heaps of famished childhood. Carita awaited, with innate feminine tact, the moment when Clinton was eating tri-colored ice-cream, to say bewitchingly through the fragrant shelter of her great bouquet:

"We'll have a big fambly, won't we Clinty? 'Cause papa says it's sad for a child like me to grow up alone, and mama says, 'one but a lion.' But we'll have 'bout a dozen, won't we Clint?"

This prospect, even seen through the glamor of a variegated frozen rapture, was too much, so the boy ejaculated:

"Gee! I can't 'ford twelve! It takes money! Why, pa says it keeps him humpin' just for us three. But I can s'port four kids."

Knowing, even at her tender age, the need of money to "s'port" children, Carita clung to her purse, inwardly vowing to save every penny till it was crammed full and she could "ford" an extra daughter.

"Then how many *can* I name?"

"Why, half of four, o' 'course, and that's *two*!"

His eyes loved her, though scorn shook his voice, but he felt dimly that it was best for the man to know the most as he held up the proper number of fingers. Now, all was clear and her little mother heart floated away on blissful waves of maternal dreaming.

Seeing himself forgotten, Clinton gulped ice-cream in chilly silence and darkly plotted the wisdom of not having any "kids," as he heard Carita in radiant absorption, whisperingly name her rosy digits: "E-duff — and Hor-tense — and —"

"That's all!" snapped the small home-founder, ruthlessly cutting short the sweet enumeration of her jewels, for he languished in benighted ignorance of the reserve potency of the magic purse.

A RETRIBUTIVE TRIP

BY

JEANNETTE COOPER

AUTHOR OF "A CANDID VIOLET," "A WASTED REHEARSAL," ETC.



CAN'T see the necessity for it" — stiffly — "I am quite capable of showing you Boston."

"But I wish to go on one of those 'Doing-Boston' cars. Those signs are so fascinating. Seeing the sights — Tours for Tourists — oh, thank you" — this to an agent who presented her with a printed list of the things to be seen. "Do look at this, Mr. Conant: 238 different places" — she stared at him with round eyes — "all for fifty cents. If you have n't the change, I can lend it to you." Mr. Conant frowned.

"I have sufficient money," he said with increased stiffness.

"Then run along and get the tickets." She accepted a further donation of pamphlets and glanced inquiringly at her companion who had not acted on her suggestion to run along.

"Do you think you need all those?" He indicated with much distaste her rapidly increasing store of printed matter.

"I don't suppose I shall need them all," she explained, "but I can't tell, you see, which ones I may find the most useful. I don't mind carrying them," with an implication which he did not take up.

They stood in silence for a few minutes, while the crowd waiting for the car increased. The agents vied with each other in presenting Miss Ardwell with pictures and pamphlets.

"Boston is so interesting," she said. "It was lovely of your mother to ask me to stay over, and me only a summer-resort acquaintance."

"We do not look upon you in the light of a summer-resort acquaintance," with considerable meaning in his voice.

"Oh, does n't she?" calmly changing the pronoun. "Well, that shows how uncommonly liberal she is."

"Why uncommonly liberal?" he inquired in the tone of one ready to take up a challenge.

She opened one of her folders. "Let me see what comes first," she said, with an irritating air of not having changed the subject. "Boston Common, Old South, Public Library" — she ran her eyes rapidly down the list. "Residence of Mr. Trotter. Who was Mr. Trotter?"

"I don't know," shortly.

"And you said you could show me Boston!" She returned to the list. "Faneuil Hall, State House, Statue of Paul Revere, Y. M. C. A. Building." Again she raised reproachful eyes to his. "I might have missed that," she said. She turned from him to survey the boy who stood at her elbow. "How many views in your book?" she inquired. "Does it contain the residence of Mr. Trotter? Or the Y. M. C. A. building? Then I will not take it, thank you," with regretful firmness.

Mr. Conant looked down at the slim figure in the tan dust-coat, and the stylish brown hat with its floating veil.

"Of course you are just doing this," he said, "but what I would like to know is, why?"

She wrinkled inquiring eyebrows over his lack of lucidity.

"Just doing it?" she murmured.

He stood a moment eyeing her speculatively, while she turned her thoughtful attention to the selection of souvenir postal cards.

"You have a fountain pen, have n't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Mr. Conant; then, with the expression of one who gives it up, he plunged into the crowd. When he returned, hot and irritable, she was catechising another seller of views on the subject of Mr. Trotter's house. She greeted him with a resigned shake of the head:

"Not one of them has it," she told him. "I do wish I had brought my camera."

"It is the one thing lacking," he said.

"Yes, is n't it?" She followed with blissful eyes as he strode through the crowd. "I should have liked a picture of you on the car."

"You are having an awfully good time all by yourself, are n't you?" he said, turning to help her on.

"But I am not quite by myself," amiably.

"Thank you. Are you comfortable?"

"I should like to sit on the end, I think, if you don't mind changing."

"Not at all." They made the exchange with some difficulty, and he found himself wedged in next to a fat old lady who carried as many pamphlets as Miss Ardwell, besides an umbrella and a map of Boston. Mr. Conant's expression partook of the stoical.

The car started. The guide swung his megaphone into place and began to roar out his accurate statements and misstatements. Miss Ardwell sighed ecstatically. "Don't you love history through a megaphone?" she said. "I do hope I sha'n't miss anything." She bobbed her head from side to side in her anxiety. "Tablet to somebody on the right. Episcopal church on the left. What is it noted for?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe Mr. Trotter attended service there."

"Maybe!" Mr. Conant poked an elbow into the old lady, trying to dodge Miss Ardwell's floating veil.

"I'm afraid you are n't comfortable?" she said.

"Oh, entirely so," he rejoined.

Buildings flew by on either hand. People on the sidewalk surveyed the car with amused interest. People on the car clutched their hats and fixed their eyes on the white teeth at the end of the megaphone.

"Richest street in the world," repeated Mary in awed tones. "Fancy that! I wonder if they leave the positive and comparative degrees out of the Boston grammar. They don't need them. Everything that is n't the oldest is the largest or the richest, or the finest, but nearly everything is the oldest. I am learning such a lot of things."

Mr. Conant looked down at the brown hat. It tilted a little and a pair of innocent blue eyes met his. "I should think you would try to help me," she murmured.

"I don't think you need any help," he retorted.

"I do," she assured him. "I am so aware of my own lack since reaching Cambridge."

"Considering that we came down from the mountains only yesterday, you can't have an overwhelming sense of your shortcomings."

"Those things come like a revelation," solemnly. She looked pensively down at her list. "It was so good of your mother to send you with me to-day," she said.

"To send me," he exploded in smothered protest. "Do you suppose any one had to send me with you?"

"You must find my conversation so light. In Chicago we don't dwell much on really important subjects." The quill in her hat grazed his chin as she bent eagerly to peruse a tablet. "I never get one of them read through," she grieved. "After this, I am going to begin in the middle of every alternate one. In that way, I'll get some beginnings and some endings even if they don't belong together." A youth with a red band on his hat turned around and smiled at this, and Mr. Conant's frown deepened. Mary was apparently unconscious of both.

"That was n't the Y. M. C. A. building, was it?" she murmured. "Oh! house hit by a bullet during the battle of—what did he say?"

"Agincourt," said Mr. Conant.

"No, it was Lexington or Bunker Hill," supplied the fat woman.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mary. She said it so cordially that the fat woman felt emboldened to wheeze inquiries at Mr. Conant whenever she in turn failed to catch the megaphoned fact and fiction. Miss Ardwell did not trust herself to look up when this occurred. She kept her dancing eyes on her list, but whenever the fat woman, awed by the polite solemnity of the young man, relapsed into silence, Miss Ardwell leaned forward and gently encouraged her.

"Finest stained glass window in the world," announced the guide.

"Ah!" murmured Mary. "I suppose Michelangelo—no—who did he say made it?" She appealed to Mr. Conant with her note-book in her lap and her pencil at her lips.

"I don't know."

The fat woman leaned forward across him. "It was some woman," she said anxiously, "but I did n't catch the name."

"Oh, it was a woman?" said Mary. "Then it was either Betsy Ross or Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Thank you." She made an entry in her note-book. The fat woman eyed her doubtfully. The young man with the red hat band turned around with another smile and the air of one who would fain offer help, but observing Mr. Conant's face refrained.

The car whizzed through unpleasant slums and aristocratic suburbs. A hot wind blew dust and odors into their faces. The man behind the megaphone poured directions and information unceasingly into their tired ears. The fat woman was getting hopelessly at sea. The man with the gaudy hat band was looking less and less at the guide and more and more at Mary.

"Memorial Hall, Cambridge," bellowed the megaphone, "built in —"

"Dear me! Where is he?" fluttered the fat woman. "I thought we were in Dorchester." She held up her list to Mr. Conant, pointing with her fat, red forefinger. He found the place for her with grave endurance.

"If we get off here," he said to Mary, "we can walk home. It is only a few squares."

Mary surreptitiously wiped the dust out of her eyes and repressed a sigh of relief. "As you like," she said in the tone of one who knows what is due a host. "We are not nearly through, of course. I should think it would hurt his feelings to have people get off. It looks as if we did not like it."

Mr. Conant stopped the car with a grim face and descended. He helped Miss Ardwell down, and lifted his hat to the fat woman.

"Oh, there's a tablet," exclaimed Mary. "Who —"

"I don't know whose it is," said Mr. Conant; "this is the way." He spoke with much decision, and took her arm to help her across the street.

"It may be somebody's grandfather," said Mary. John was ruminatively silent. "We might have had a nice afternoon together on the river," he said presently.

"Instead of which we had a nice afternoon together on the car," brightly.

"Of course I don't for a moment believe that you wanted to travel around in that car for pleasure," sternly.

"You are so quick," she murmured.

"It was some sort of punishment for me," he went on.

She glanced at him with admiration. He gloomed a moment in silence. "I have n't had a chance to say two words to you all day," he complained.

Miss Ardwell was busy arranging her pamphlets so that they would be less burdensome.

"I believe you did it on purpose," he continued. She shifted the pamphlets again.

"Shall I carry them?" ungraciously.

"Oh, if you please. They are getting so heavy." She handed them over promptly.

"What do you want to keep them for?"

"Why to remember a pleasant day," her tone was one of surprise.

They walked two shady blocks without further words. Mr. Conant's expression showed that he was not intending to try any further remarks.

"After all," said Mary, "you need not have made such a fuss about going. We did not meet Miss Winthrop or any of your friends."

"I was not thinking of meeting Miss Winthrop," he said.

"No?" said Mary. "She is very delightful." Another long silence. "I was so interested in hearing you talk of your grandfathers last evening." He flushed: "I am sorry you were bored," he said. "Esther is interested in genealogical subjects."

"Bored!" protested Miss Ardwell. "I liked it of all things. I was going to tell her that my grandfather kept a grocery store in Elgin, but I did not get the opportunity. After being frivolous all summer it is a relief to get into a subject of real importance."

He flushed again. The habit was one of his trials. Esther Winthrop always tactfully ignored it. Mary Ardwell always looked at him with an enjoying gaze. "It is becoming," she had assured him early in their acquaintance. "It makes you look such a nice boy."

Now they walked another block in silence. He was wrathfully trying to read the puzzle of Miss Ardwell's mind.

"You do not like Miss Winthrop," he said finally.

"Like her?" said Mary. "I sat all the evening and admired her in that Paris gown with a halo of grandfathers around her."

"You do not like her," he repeated astutely. "I can see that plainly."

"You are quite mistaken," said Miss Ardwell. "I find her very enjoyable. She told me how you used to take her canoeing."

"Yes, we were brought up together. I was so disappointed last night not to take you as we had planned, but of course Miss Winthrop's coming made it impossible." He paused, stung with a delayed but delightful thought. "Is that why—" he began; and then he stopped, and dropped the pamphlets over a stone-wall into somebody's garden.

"Don't walk so fast, Mary," he said. "You've paid your debt with interest. I have n't had a chance all day to speak to you. But now that I know why you did it —"

Mary flashed a denying glance at him, but he only laughed. Evidently his own perspicacity was a pleasant thought to Mr. Conant.

"Never mind the reason," he said. "Never mind the blush either. It makes you look such a nice girl. Will you go canoeing to-night?"

Mary pulled a red leaf from the vine that hung over the wall.

"Miss Winthrop spoke of coming over with a book for your mother," she said.

Mr. Conant shut his firm mouth.

"It does n't make any difference," he announced, "if all Boston comes. Will you go?"

Mary looked at her red leaf, and was silent.

"Won't you, Mary?" This time the tone was anxious.

"Why, yes," said Mary. "if you want me to."

"If I want you to!" He laughed out jubilantly.

"But," said Mary, demurely, "can't three people go canoeing?"

"Not to-night," said Mr. Conant, decidedly.

A SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

WHITE in the moon the long road lies,
 The moon stands blank above;
 White in the moon the long road lies
 That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
 Still, still the shadows stay:
 My feet upon the moonlit dust
 Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travelers tell,
 And straight though reach the track,
 Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
 The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
 Far, far must it remove:
 White in the moon the long road lies
 That leads me from my love.

"A Shropshire Lad."

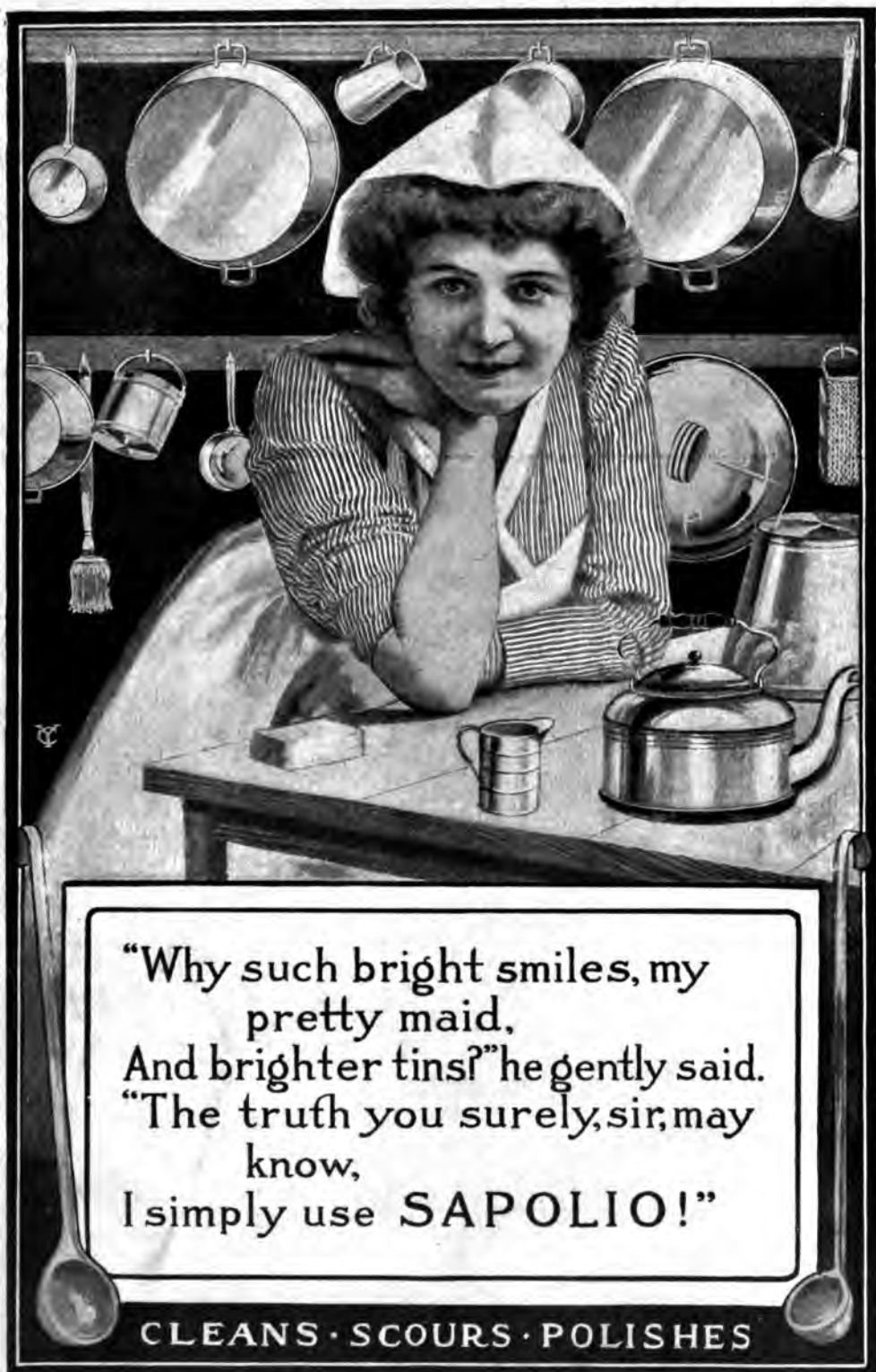
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M^cCLURE'S MAGAZINE





"Why such bright smiles, my
pretty maid,
And brighter tins?" he gently said.
"The truth you surely, sir, may
know,
I simply use **SAPOLIO!**"

CLEANS · SCOURS · POLISHES



"SHE ROSE STAUNCHLY SUPERIOR TO THE PETTY, YET EXCRUCIATING ENTANGLEMENT OF THE SITUATION"

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI APRIL, 1906

No. 6

A SYMPHONY IN COAL

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "MORE LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE" (JUST PUBLISHED), "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"DID you order the coal for the furnace yesterday?" "No, by George! I forgot it." Mr. Laurence half paused, his tall figure arrested in the act of putting on his overcoat in the front hall, to which his wife had followed him napkin in hand from the breakfast table.

"Oh, *Will!* and I told you the day before so that you'd have plenty of time." Mrs. Laurence's brows expressed tragic disappointment; her tone, if affectionate, was despairing. "I never saw any one like you, you never remember a thing I ask you to, any more. You don't seem to have a mind for anything but that old law business. You'll *have* to order the coal this morning."

"But, Nan —" Mr. Laurence, with his overcoat on and hat in hand, bent his fine, thin face over his watch. "I don't see how I can, possibly; I've an appointment in town, and I must go around by Herkimer Street on my way to the station to see if Lalor's got the papers he promised me."

"I thought you were going there tonight." Mrs. Laurence held the door knob fast.

"I am, but I want the papers first. Couldn't you send one of the maids to order the coal?"

"Yes, I could, but I won't," said his wife. Her dark eyes flashed, her tone had the conscious defiance of the loved woman, who can

trade on her charm enough to be bellegrent if she feels like it. "It's got to the place where I see to every single article we eat or wear or use in this house *but* the coal! And I just won't order that. I told you about it three days ago and we *must* have it this morning, with all this snow on the ground, whether it makes you late for your appointment or not."

"Then let me go now," said Mr. Laurence tersely, putting aside the arms with which she sought to encircle him as he swooped hastily ~~over~~ to kiss her on his way out. The open door let in a rush of cold air, almost as visibly keen and sparkling as a scimitar, that clove the lungs for a moment before it was closed behind him, and his wife went back to the breakfast table where her ten-year-old son awaited her to glean the information about his history lesson which he should have looked up for himself the day before. It was, perhaps, the trouble with Mrs. Laurence that her brightness and her intelligence served to help only by taking the whole burden of a thing upon herself; it might be indeed the reason why Mr. Laurence's official duties in the household had dwindled down to the ordering of coal, and the minor courtesy of getting a glass of water for her himself before she went to bed; it might be because she had never been able to see him do anything without doing it too.

In the days when he had ostensibly locked up for the night she always followed around after him to see that the windows and doors were really bolted, so that gradually he left it all to her; if he poked the fire she snatched up the poker from where he had laid it to do the work over again. If he were sitting down she carried her own chair near the lamp rather than draw his attention to her need. Yet, sometimes, she had begun to have a little hurt feeling that he let her do so much. As to this matter of the coal — she could have sent Teresa to Harner's, of course — it was before that reveling era of house-to-house telephoning on the Ridge — yet even at the thought she stiffened a little. There are certain unnoticed beams and girders that hold up an edifice; if one of these is out of plumb the whole building sags.

If Will really refused to order the coal he couldn't be quite her Will any more.

Mr. Laurence, leaving the house, had debated momentarily in which of two opposite directions he should proceed, then he turned up Herkimer Street; to get the papers from Lalor was part of that "business" which, to a man, comes first. The air did not mellow after that initial plunge into it, it became almost unbearably keen, not only in the blue shadows that lay along the freezing snow but even where the sunshine set it glittering. Half of the walks were shoveled to make a narrow, icy pathway, but where there were unoccupied lots the drifts lay white and high, broken only by the deep leg-prints of commuters. As he strode swiftly on men shot from several houses; a very fat man, a tall one, a short one, their black figures sprinting madly in line across the white expanse towards the sound of a train slowing into the station.

Mr. Laurence's brows contracted unconsciously — he ought to be on that train himself. If it were not for getting that paper from Lalor — the case was an important one, a good deal of Mr. Laurence's future depended on it. He had taken it up rather against the advice of his closest friends; they thought it would be impossible to win it, but he had that little inner conviction, that intangible sense of mastery that often spells success. It gave him a nervous power that on occasion seemed to have no end, but just because it was a matter of highly strung nerves a tiny obstruction jarred them out of use; the tension was gone beyond immediate recall — it might take hours or days even to get

the instrument back to that pitch — it might never get there. It was sometimes almost in the nature of self-preservation when he shut himself off from the minor pressure, the minor affairs. In this present instance, as he strode along his mind was bent on Lalor, whose former subordinate connection with the incriminated corporation seemed to have been forgotten by everyone else, and from whom some central facts might be wrested if he were rightly managed.

"Why, Mrs. Lalor!"

Laurence stopped short as he nearly collided with a very slight woman, blown at him at the turn of the corner by a sweeping gale that devastated the sunshine. "Here, turn around for a moment until that blast is over."

He steadied her where she stood panting and breathless, looking down at the top of her light-blue *chiffon* hat, which had rather a pale and chilly early-morning effect in connection with a tight-fitting tan jacket. In lieu of furs she wore a white, pink-flowered silk scarf tied around her throat, the long fringed ends depending below her waist. Her figure was that of a young girl, but when she raised her small, long-chinned face you saw that she was considerably older; there were innumerable fine wrinkles around her pretty eyes — which had a soft haze over them, as if she had cried a great deal — and her abundant fair hair seemed a shade or two lighter than any nature could have intended it. She had an indescribable effect of artificiality counteracted rather appealingly by something bright and courageous in her gaze. Opinion halted about Mrs. Lalor, who, as a Southern woman was not only alien in habit to the Northern community to which she had lately come, but was also looked upon debatingly by the small society of Southerners in the place, usually hospitably ready to welcome any one from home.

It was unquestionable that she came of a good family, which counted for very much, but no one knew anything of Mr. Lalor except that he was unpleasingly dissipated and always in difficulties; it seemed to discredit his wife in some way that she lived with him. She had, besides, a little flirting, attractive manner to men, a sort of an echo of past belle-ship, which might have been all right if she had had a nice husband, but was felt to be a little stepping over the line when she hadn't. A few women averred that there was something in her that they liked, of whom



"IF HE POKED THE FIRE SHE SNATCHED UP THE POKER FROM
WHERE HE HAD LAID IT TO DO THE WORK OVER AGAIN"

Mrs. Laurence was one; the latter was by nature both generous and romantic, with an unselfish insight into lives that were different from her own.

There was a trustfulness in Mrs. Lalor's attitude now which appealed to Laurence. He let go his hold of her as the wind subsided, to say:

"What are you out so early for this bitter morning? I'm just on my way to your house. Is Lalor in?"

"If you were going for those papers —" Mrs. Lalor began tugging at the breast of her jacket for a visible package — "My husband meant to bring them around last night, but he's in bed — with a cold." Every one knew what Mr. Lalor's "colds" implied. "I thought you might need them to-day; I was so afraid I wouldn't catch you in time." She drew a sharp breath that showed how she had been hurrying.

"It was awfully good of you," said Mr. Laurence warmly, as they turned down another street together. "Lalor will be well enough to be seen this evening, I hope?"

"Yes, I'm sure he will," said Mrs. Lalor,

in a tone that guaranteed it. "But I want to ask you, Mr. Laurence —" her face became suddenly fixed and expressionless — "in seeing that you get the evidence you want, my husband will not be — *prominent* in any way?"

"His name need not appear at all," said Laurence promptly. His arm hovered spasmodically near her as she went slipping and lurching alternately beside him — "*Take care!* You'd better not walk any farther."

"Oh, I have to go as far as Harner's to order a ton of furnace coal."

"I'll stop and order it for you, if that's all," said Mr. Laurence. His eyes, lightly comprehensive, took note of the clock in the church tower. "I've got a good five minutes before my train. You go straight home, Mrs. Lalor."

He looked down protectingly to meet her upward gaze, which was relieved and coquettish and yet, somehow, a little sad, as she answered:

"Well, if you will —! I never do anything for myself if there's a gentleman to do it for me."

"His arm hovered spasmodically near her as she went slipping and lurching alternately beside him."





" I know you want to tie my shoe for me, Mr. Stone — no, Mr. Spicer, I didn't say you' "

He raised his hat before starting on, and when he looked back she waved her hand to him.

The large advancing figure of Mrs. Stone — on her way home from wresting the early chop from the butcher — amply furred and heavily goloshed, her beaver hat as well as her face swathed in a thick, brown veil, threw into high relief the tawdry lightness of Mrs. Lalor's attire.

He recollected that if he ever objected to a thin jacket on his wife she invariably professed to be "warm underneath." Mrs. Lalor might also be warm underneath, but he had a masculine preference for having people *look* warm in winter time.

Poor little woman ! He shook his head as he thought of Lalor, with a quick compression of his lips. Then a long whistle from up the track sent him tearing ahead in the teeth



"WILL, *please* LISTEN! I CAN'T BEAR IT WHEN YOU LOOK
AT ME AS IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE ME!"

of the wind, to thrust his head at last inside of Harner's office and call out :

"Send a ton of furnace coal to Mrs. Lalor, 36 Herkimer Street, and be quick about it," before settling down into that swift run back that carried him swinging up by the guard rail onto the slippery steps of the last car, and out into that region where women and household matters are not.

The first thing Mrs. Laurence said when she came in at lunch time, after a morning spent abroad, was :

"How freezing cold this house is ! Hasn't the coal come yet, Teresa ?"

"No, ma'am."

"How provoking !" Mrs. Laurence stopped short in disgust. "I never saw such a place ; it's as much as your life's worth to get anything delivered when you want it. Is that Timothy I hear in the cellar now ?" Timothy was the furnace man of the Ridge. "Tell him not to let the fire go entirely out ; we'll have to manage it some way. If he comes back between two and three the coal will certainly be here then."

But two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock passed, and no coal wagon backed up to the sidewalk in front of the Laurences, though a succession of them passed funereally through the white street, en route for more fortunate householders. At a quarter after four she gave a joyful exclamation — one had stopped, at last, opposite her door ; but the joy was short-lived — the wagon honked further along, tentatively, until it stopped at Mrs. Spicer's half-way down the block.

In a minute more Mrs. Laurence could see the dark legs of alternate men outlined against the drifts, as they carried buckets of the precious fuel to the opening in the cellar at the side of the Spicer villa. Something seemed to shatter through her — an iconoclastic blast, that she had been striving to shut out. Could Will have possibly forgotten between the house and the station ? But no, that could not be !

She dressed hastily, in the later stages of her toilet vibrating between the silver-decked dressing-table and the window, from behind the curtains of which she took recurrent peeps. At her last look she ran hastily down the stairs and opened the front door for Mrs. Stone, who was temporarily garbed in a polo cap and her husband's spring overcoat, into the pockets of which she had thrust her hands.

"I saw you coming along ! It's too cold

to be kept waiting on anybody's doorstep. Walk right in, tea will be ready in a moment."

"I thought I'd be sure to find you in now," said Mrs. Stone comfortably, shedding her masculine apparel in the hall on her way to the drawing-room where she established herself with the ease of custom in a Turkish chair by the gas logs. The Ridge was apt to assemble informally at Mrs. Laurence's for five o'clock tea ; it was known that she really had it whether there was any one there or not ; there was always something pleasantly cosy about the little function.

Mrs. Stone watched her hostess lazily as she drew the low, china-laden table nearer the fire, and lighted the lamp under the brass kettle just brought in, her dark, graceful head bent over to watch it, and her hands showing very white against the dull red of her gown.

"It's such a relief to get in here," said the visitor, breaking the silence as she took the steaming cup of fragrant tea offered her and helped herself to a tiny hot buttered scone from a blue Canton dish. "They were getting in coal at the Budds' this morning, and now they're at it at the Spicer's — the noise nearly sets me crazy, the houses are so near together. Oh, Mrs. Spicer, is that you ?"

Mrs. Stone looked up with a start as another visitor walked, unannounced, into the room, a little woman in a long fur wrap with a lace scarf thrown over her head. "I was just saying — perhaps you heard me — what a noise your coal makes when it's being put in."

"Oh, don't speak of it !" said Mrs. Spicer. She seemed to greet her hostess, shed her outer garments, perch herself on a little, straight-backed sofa, and take her cup of tea at the same moment, with a swiftness of movement accelerated in her further speech, which tumbled forth like a small cataract. "Don't speak of it, no one knows what I went through last summer, when you were at the seashore and *your* coal was laid in. I couldn't sit on the piazza *at all*, and the thermometer was in the nineties. At the end of the third day I nearly had nervous prostration ; Ernest Spicer was really worried about me. I never find it any economy to lay in a stock of coal ; you use it up so much faster ; it seems as if you were paying out for enough to last you until you died, and then, just at the time you didn't count

on taking the money for it you have to buy more. If we laid in a *mine* full in July we'd have to order coal in February."

"Well, I wish I were laying it in now," interposed Mrs. Laurence deftly, with a sigh. "Mr. Laurence ordered some this morning, and it hasn't come yet. I would have sent a message to Harner's, but I have been expecting the coal wagon every moment."

"I saw your husband speaking to Mrs. Lalor as I came back from the butcher's," said Mrs. Stone. She paused significantly. "Isn't she the most noticeable thing you ever saw! She never seems to have any morning clothes."

"I don't believe she has any money for new ones," suggested Mrs. Laurence gently.

"No, I don't suppose she *has*, but even then — Of course, I'm sorry for her, we all are; every one knows what Mr. Lalor is, but do you know, the other day when I attempted to allude to all that she must have to bear up under — I felt so sympathetic toward her, after what the Bents told us — she stiffened up at once; she acted as if she hadn't the slightest idea of what I was driving at. Now *that's* absurd. To hear Mrs. Lalor talk about 'Bennie' you'd think he was the king-pin, as Mr. Stone expresses it."

"Oh, but I think that's really fine of her," said Mrs. Laurence, with proselyting zeal. "There's a courage, a devotion about her that always appeals to me; you can't help seeing that she's had such a hard time. I'm sure if you knew her better you'd like her."

"She may be devoted to her husband," said Mrs. Spicer very fast, "but if you'd see her going in on the train — Ernest Spicer says he always avoids her when he *can*; he does hate to be made conspicuous. I don't care whether she comes of a good family or not; I think she's common."

Mrs. Laurence shook her head wisely. "I'm sure that you're mistaken, not that I'm so well acquainted with her myself, but still —"

She took occasion later on to detain Mrs. Stone whisperingly a moment by the front door as both visitors were making their exit.

"I thought I wouldn't say it before *her* — but why don't you and Mr. Stone make a call at the Lalors to night? Will has a little business with Mr. Lalor, and I'll go with him. *Do* come."

"Well, I'll see," temporized Mrs. Stone with a softening inflection.

She was, as her hostess well knew, the kind of a person who, after disapproving publicly of a neighbor, privately sends her sweetmeats. She hastened down the steps now to join her friend, her large, mannish figure in the overcoat and cap wobbling ludicrously on the narrow, slippery length of drift-bordered sidewalks under the gas-lamp that was already lighted.

The wind had gone down, but so had the mercury; the air was "bitter chill." As Mrs. Laurence turned back into her hall the atmosphere there seemed only a few degrees warmer. Gas logs made but slight impression on the general temperature of a house in this weather; the hand that she held over the register received but the faintest, scarce-warm breath upon it. Mrs. Laurence still looked for a belated rattling coal wagon, but the hour seemed long until her husband's return; her heart bounded romantically at the sound of his footsteps now, just as it had done when she was a girl. His face was ruefully smiling as he said after the kiss of greeting:

"You don't know what you've missed — all my fault, too! I bought you a two-dollar bunch of violets — *Now wait* till I get through — and left them in the train."

"Oh, *Will!*" His wife's brows drooped tragically. "That's so like you! You're getting too absent-minded to live. My lovely violets!" she mourned tenderly.

"Isn't the house very cold to-night?"

"Well, I should *think* it might be! It's freezing." Mrs. Laurence's accumulated wrath poured forth. "There hasn't been a sign of the coal you ordered this morning, and I've been waiting for it all day. It's a perfect outrage, and I want you to tell Harner so, Will. You *did* order it, didn't you?"

"Why, ye — " An extraordinary expression stole over Mr. Laurence's thin face, it was as if his consciousness had been suddenly arrested in mid-air. Well as his wife knew his expressions and what they covered, this surprisingly baffled her. He drummed with his finger-tips on the edge of the dressing-table before relaxing enough to say guardedly, after a moment:

"By George! I don't believe I did. I knew there was *something!* — I'm awfully sorry, Anna, indeed I am."

"*You didn't order it!* — Will, please don't drum on things that way, you know it drives me wild. Well, if you can't remember one

thing I ask you to do — if you can't keep a single promise that you make me — It isn't the *coal* I care about — though my feet have been like stones all day — but it's the fact that I can't depend on you for anything. *Please* don't whistle. You can attend to business matters well enough, but when it comes to the comfort of your wife and child — " an unforeseen sob broke across the words. "Of course, it's been warm enough in your steam-heated office to-day. I'm glad it has been, I wouldn't have had you cold *for* anything." In spite of her tears she was following after him as he searched in his chiffonier drawer for a clean collar. "You've done it all so many times! You carried that important letter to Hetty in your pocket for six weeks before you told me."

"Yes, and if you're going on like this every time I tell you anything, I'll stop it," said Mr. Laurence doggedly. "You don't give me any credit for owning up, Nan. You wouldn't know half the time when I make mistakes, if I didn't tell you."

"I don't see what else you could have said when I asked you if you had ordered the coal."

"I could have lied about it, I suppose," said Mr. Laurence impartially.

"O, Will!" she gasped with horror. Her white chin went up, her dark eyes looked at him full of agitation. She put her hands on his shoulders and shook him ineffectively. "You wouldn't — you *couldn't* do that! You always tell me the truth, don't you — all of it?"

"Usually," assented her husband. He had finished settling his tie and now put his arms around her. "But if it's going to make you any happier if I *don't* —"

"No, no no! You know I never could mean that — never! I could forgive you anything as long as you told me the truth."

She clung to him as they went down to dinner together, and she forbore to allude to the state of the atmosphere, except by shivering once or twice — the gas logs sent forth a chill, blue flare. She had a strange feeling that all the accustomed values of life would need readjusting when she got time to think about it, but the conversation went on easily in spite of this, though there was an odd return to that arrested, baffling expression on Mr. Laurence's face, when his wife announced her intention of going around to the Lalors's with him afterwards."

"Don't you think it is too cold for you to go out to-night?" he asked, and she answered with a playful gleam of the sarcasm she couldn't keep from using. "No, I think it's too cold for me to stay in."

It was a matter for ejaculating surprise on arriving at the Lalor's to find the unexpected Spicers instead of the Stones, who, however, appeared in a few minutes, Mr. Spicer having slender, correct elegance of aspect, while Mr. Stone was large, grayish, and rather portly. Besides the Spicers, a Mrs. Frere and her son, a dumb, immature youth, were already in possession of the field. Mrs. Frere's position as a church worker carried her into connection with people whom she might not otherwise have met; the chief effect that she produced on every one now was an ardent desire that she should go. She sat in utter silence with folded hands, but her dumbness differed from that of her son in a patently avid appreciation of everything that was said or done.

Mrs. Lalor, in a low-throated, faded light green gown covered with beautiful old lace, was loud in expression of her surprise and delight at this haphazard gathering. Mr. Lalor, tall, handsome, and with wandering dissipated eyes, and the same droop alike to his reddish moustache and to his figure, came forward also with hospitable welcome, while his wife volubly ordered not only him but the other men in behalf of her guests:

"Bennie, get that arm-chair out of the corner for Mrs. Laurence; be careful the top doesn't fall off of it — we break all our things moving so often! Mr. Stone, won't you put that footstool under Mrs. Spicer's feet, I'm sure she's not comfortable. Mr. Spicer, if you'll kindly move the table near me to make more room — Bennie, run upstairs and get the little feather hand-screen — I know that lamp's shining in your eyes, Mrs. Stone." She pronounced it "Shinin' in yo' eyes," with a caressing, indolent inflection of her soft voice. "It's not the least trouble for him, Bennie always waits on me."

There was a seductive air of luxury about Mrs. Lalor in spite of the fact that the cheap, shabby, upholstered chairs and sofa were profusely covered with cheaper "drapings" on such portions as were most subject to wear, and that the mantelpiece, also draped, was simply decorated with a single pink-mouthed grinning conch shell — yet the latter was indeed under an old, old painting

of a low-browed woman whose white throat and rounded cheek gleamed out from rich brown shadows — a woman who, even thus dimly seen, seemed to match the lace on Mrs. Lalor's gown.

"I only came because I thought you'd like me to," whispered Mrs. Spicer to Mrs. Laurence in a pause of the later conversation. "Mrs. Stone said she was coming." Mrs. Spicer gave an affectionate little squeeze to her neighbor's hand. "I thought Ernest would object, but he seemed quite willing. I wish *that* Mrs. Frere wasn't here, you have to be so careful what you say before her."

"We won't stay very long," murmured Mrs. Laurence assentingly. Mr. Lalor and her husband had apologetically disappeared behind closed doors to transact their business together, the latter with that last look at her over the heads of the others that meant their own special farewell. He never forgot that even if, as time went on, he forgot the violets. Mrs. Lalor had insisted on supplying every one with hot lemonade, on account of the coldness of the weather, calling the three men back and forth in her services and afterwards holding a little court with them as she sat reclined in a rocking chair.

"I reckon Mr. Eddy was right bored with only me to talk to before you all came in," she announced with a smile directed at young Mr. Frere. "You don't know how glad I am to see you gentlemen *here*. I enjoy gentlemen's society so much. Of course, I've always had it till I came up No'th. Seems like nobody has any up here. I wish you could have seen our po'ch at [home in the old times on a Sunday evenin', with my sister Mollie's friends, and Emma Lily's, and mine, all lined up waiting for us to come down."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Stone.

"I told Bennie when I married him I never could settle down to just one." Mrs. Lalor paused lightly. "I was engaged to six before that. But he always said — 'George' my name is George — 'I want you should enjoy gentleman's society just the same as you always did.' I was engaged first when I was fourteen."

"Oh, *Southern* engagements!" said Mrs. Laurence indulgently, with a gesture that disclaimed their seriousness of intent to Mrs. Stone's startled gaze. There seemed to be an unforeseen electrical quality in the air;

she had felt it even when she first came in, but every lightest speech was oddly charged with it, you couldn't tell what was coming. Now, indeed, instead of vindicating her confidence in Mrs. Lalor, the latter seemed bent on a self-destruction that might drag any one else down with her. She went on now happily.

"Of course, though, I always cared most for Bennie — he was such a beautiful waltzer. Sometimes even now, after breakfast, if I'm a little blue, he says, 'Come, George, let's have a waltz,' and he just spins me around the room while he whistles the tune. I don't think there's anything like dancing for keeping up the spirits. I don't know what I'd do without Bennie up No'th here, he's so thoughtful of me!"

"How extraordinary!" breathed little Mrs. Spicer to Mrs. Stone, athwart the rapt gaze of the silent Mrs. Frere. Though it was evident that neither Mr. Stone nor Mr. Spicer felt appalled, both men seemed to be impalpably walked off from the jurisdiction of their wives, as they sat smiling with admiring indulgence at the hostess, with young Mr. Frere, open-mouthed, behind them. In spite of the semi-artificiality of her aspect, Mrs. Lalor had an undoubted charm; her face looked younger and less drawn by lamplight, and her pretty, tear-soft eyes had their coquettish gleam in them; her careless attitude was full of lazy grace, further emphasized as she thrust out a slippered foot with its hanging length of ribbon, and gave an alluring glance at the man nearest her.

"I know you want to tie my shoe for me, Mr. Stone — no, Mr. Spicer, I didn't say you."

She laughed gleefully as they both jumped for position. Mr. Stone's large bulk going down heavily on one knee with exaggerated gallantry.

"Let me fan you while he's doing it," cried Mr. Spicer eagerly, seizing the required implement from the table.

"You'd better fan Mrs. Stone, she looks so warm," suggested Mrs. Lalor. "The house is so heated, it makes one's face burn after the cold air. Wouldn't you like a little powder to cool it?" She jumped up hospitably, leaving Mr. Stone still upon the floor. "It isn't the slightest trouble to get it, I always keep it in this little cupboard, with a puff and a handglass — and some rouge," she explained in a confidential tone.

"Not that I care for rouge myself, Bennie doesn't like it, but some people always use it for the evenin'."

Mrs. Stone gasped. "Thank you, I need nothing of the kind," she said hastily. She, the mother of four, a member of the Guild and the Vittoria Colonna Club to be spoken to in connection with *rouge*! Even Mrs. Laurence's white chin went up — this did seem "common."

"And I really think we'll have to be going," added Mrs. Stone with decision, rising as she spoke, a signal imitated by Mrs. Spicer, though Mrs. Frere sat fast.

"Oh, do wait for us," pleaded Mrs. Laurence eagerly. "Here is my husband now. You're ready to go now, aren't you, Will?"

"Yes, as soon as I wrap up those documents," he assented, with an unconscious exhilaration of tone that caught her ear. He disappeared into the opposite room once more. Mr. Lalor had just walked out of it, and down the length of the bare hall, with echoing steps.

"Oh, you *must* stay and have some more hot lemonade," Mrs. Lalor begged warmly, and then stopped suddenly short. A faint color came into her cheek; it was as if she listened, not to the chorus, "No, not to-night —" "Thank you just the same" — "We really must go —" but to something impalpable, unguessed.

"Excuse me for just one moment," she said and vanished swiftly into the narrow passage, leaving behind her a surprised, disapproving silence — even Mrs. Frere stood up; there was a queer, unexpected sensation that something was happening. Mrs. Laurence went out nervously to get her cloak. In that oblique glimpse down the hall to the dining-room she saw — or didn't she really see anything? — a man's arm stretched wildly out as if to reach something — a woman's hand grasping it — the wavering shadow as of a struggle — and the faintest sound as of a key turning as it might be in a sideboard lock. Something *must* be happening — ! though only, indeed, one unimportant scene of a tragedy such as these happy, protected women had no knowledge of; that long, exquisitely heart-racking, unmentionable strain of living that accompanies the degradation of one who is loved.

"Did your coal come to-day, Mrs. Laurence?" asked Mrs. Stone in a chill, unnatu-

ral voice. They were all getting on their wraps now.

"No, it didn't," answered Mrs. Laurence. Justice compelled her to add, with an effort: "It wasn't Harner's fault after all. Will forgot to order it on his way to the station; he felt so badly about it — didn't you, Will? — but he's had so much business on his mind lately that I really think I mustn't ask him to do anything more."

"You're more lenient than my wife would have been," said Mr. Stone jovially. "I'd have gotten it in the neck."

"You'd have deserved it," agreed Mr. Spicer.

"I feel dreadfully because you're all going so soon," said Mrs. Lalor appearing once more, clinging with both little hands to the arm of her husband who, sullen and dejected, towered above her. She looked wan and thin, as if some aging mist had settled over her, but the wrinkles that had deepened around her pretty eyes did not keep them from being indomitably flirtatious as she glanced over to the man who had preceded them in.

"Mr. Laurence and I haven't had a chance to tell any secrets *at all*! — What did you say, Mrs. Spicer? Yes, the house *is* warm, thanks to Mr. Laurence," she assented gayly. "He insisted on orderin' my coal for me this mornin'."

There was a dead silence. To her dying day Mrs. Laurence could see that whole scene definitely before her — the embarrassed attitudes of the men; the arrested, guilty expression on her husband's face that all might read; Mrs. Frere's greedy joy; the compassionate gaze of Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer after their swift flash of comprehension — Yet after that one paralyzing moment she rose staunchly superior to the petty, yet excruciating entanglement of the situation. She stepped forward and kissed Mrs. Lalor good-by, in the face of her little world, with a hand-clasp that emphasized the words:

"I'm so glad Mr. Laurence could be of service to you," she said, before she made her exit with him. Yet there were those who felt that they were not deceived; the eyes of Mr. Stone and his confrère, Mr. Spicer, met as the door closed behind the husband and wife — and it was a glance that confided a sinister and mutual thankfulness of escape.

The two in question walked swiftly away in silence on the starlit, drift-bordered path;

the wind had gone down but it was infinitely cold. They went, part of the time, in single file, but she ignored his tentative pressure on her arm; there seemed to be an icy chasm between them. The distance to the house was short, and it was not until they were inside it that she broke forth hotly, as if they had been talking together all the way, her crimson cheeks and blazing eyes facing his tall, reluctant figure as she threw off her wraps.

"It wasn't as if I could *ever* say anything to those people to explain! Oh, it's so perfectly horrid, so *maddening*, so utterly ridiculous on the face of it! — They'll think I'm jealous of her — they'll be sorry for me. *Sorry!* As if I could possibly be jealous of *her*. They'll think you keep everything from me, and that they know more about you than I do. How could you have put me in such a position when just a word — " She made a little sound that was half a moan. "Why you didn't have the decency to tell me before we went there I *can't* see." Her voice rose higher. "Yes I can — you were afraid; afraid of your wife! It does seem pretty bad to have you remember to do things for other people, when you can't remember them for me, but that isn't the point I mind most, it's not the real thing — what I *can't* stand is you not having the courage to own up, to tell me the truth. Why don't you say something?"

"Because you're saying it all."

"O, Will!" She gazed at him hopelessly as he stood in front of her, her hand laid detainingly on his arm. He looked very high-bred, very much a gentleman, with that air of aloof *bauteur*; there were circles under his dark eyes, and his lips had a compression that she well knew. If there was anything that Mr. Laurence hated temperamentally it was a shrewish woman; the ice of the winter's night couldn't freeze harder than he when she stormed, even though he allowed that she had righteous reason for her wrath. He spoke now, in answer to her appeal, with stiff, prideful humility:

"You know very well that I'm extremely sorry about the whole matter. As for ordering that coal for Mrs. Lalor, I meant to have told you about it when we got back, you know I never can keep anything from you; I don't *want* to. I forgot it when I first came home — and then you took me by surprise, somehow — And now don't you think we've perhaps had enough of this? *I'm* tired."

"No, no; don't go yet!" Mrs. Laurence's hand still pinioned him fast. She had known all along that she would forgive him when she had spoken her mind — what else can one do but forgive when one loves? Oh, that was but a little part of it — the forgiveness! The real need all the time was that he should be reinstated on the pedestal from which his own act had driven him. He must be, not the Will whom she forgave, but the Will whom she adored. Her certainty dropped from her; she began reasonably, to grow more and more tremulously beseeching.

"Will, *please* listen! I can't bear it when you look at me as if you didn't like me. Of course, I knew all the time that you were sorry — I knew you meant to tell me the truth! *Of course*, you can't always think of it at the moment when I take you by surprise and fly at you and scold you — nobody could! I don't wonder that you hate to tell me things, when I make it so hard for you. I ought to be a hundred times nicer than I am. When I saw *her* husband standing there to-night you looked so fine and beautiful and good — and *truthful*" — a sob, not tears, but just a sob broke athwart the words — "I thank God every day on my *knees* that I'm married to you!"

Her arms dropped from their hold, but his were around her now, pressing her closer, and still closer; the eyes he bent upon the upturned face were smiling, yet a little moist, too — his tender voice had in it every admission that she longed for as he whispered:

"Oh, Nan — foolish, foolish Nan! Such a *sweet* woman — !"

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

VI

RESCUING KINKEL FROM SPANDAU JAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER AND WITH PORTRAITS

FROM Strassburg Mr. Schurz went to Zurich in Switzerland, where he devoted himself to his favorite historical studies of the Reformation period and of several branches of military science. He also gives interesting sketches of refugee life, among others of meeting a fellow refugee in the person of Richard Wagner. Meanwhile Professor Kinkel was tried by court-martial and sentenced to life imprisonment in a fortress. The King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, expressed his dissatisfaction with this sentence, which, by an edict in which he said that Kinkel ought to have been condemned to death, he transformed into life imprisonment at hard labor in a penitentiary — an unheard of proceeding. Kinkel was then transferred to a penal institution at Naugard in Pommerania. But he was still to be tried for his participation in the attempt upon the armory at Siegburg. Mrs. Kinkel wrote to Carl Schurz at Zurich, lamenting the hard fate of her husband and the apparent impossibility of finding anybody to undertake the work of rescue. Schurz then offered his services and left Switzerland in secret; returned to Germany in spite of his being prosecuted for participation in revolutionary movements; and met Mrs. Kinkel in Bonn and Cologne to concert a plan of action. Kinkel was tried for the Siegburg affair in Cologne and acquitted, and a dramatic account of the trial is given. Kinkel was then transferred to the penitentiary at Spandau near Berlin, and after various adventurous journeys Schurz went to Berlin to undertake personally the task of liberating his unfortunate friend. He met there some of his University friends whose secret guest he was. With them he visited some performances of the great French actress Rachel, of whose wonderful histrionic powers he gives an enthusiastic description. At one of those performances he narrowly escaped detection by a spy. He then proceeded in his work with great caution. At this point the narrative is taken up. — THE EDITOR.

IMEDIATELY after my arrival in Berlin I put myself in communication with several persons, who had been designated to me as trustworthy by Madame Kinkel and by my democratic friends. I spent some time in studying them carefully, as I could not confide the purpose of my presence in Berlin to any one of whom I could not convince myself that he would be useful in its accomplishment. After this review I communicated my secret to one of them only, Dr. Falkenthal, a physician who practised and lived the life of an old bachelor in the suburb of Moabit. Falkenthal had already been in correspondence with Madame Kinkel. He had an extended acquaintance in Spandau

and took me there to an innkeeper by the name of Krüger, for whom he vouched as a thoroughly reliable and energetic man. Mr. Krüger occupied in Spandau a highly respected position. He had for several years served his town as a member of the common council; he conducted the best hotel, and he was a man of some property, generally liked on account of his honorable character and his amiable disposition. Although much older than myself, we gradually became true friends. I found in him not only qualities of heart and soul thoroughly sympathetic to me, but also clear judgment, great discretion, unflinching courage, and a noble self-sacrificing devotion. He offered

to me his hotel as headquarters for my enterprise.

I preferred, however, not to live in Spandau, as the presence of a stranger in so small a town could not well remain a secret. To dwell in the great city of Berlin appeared to me much less dangerous, at least during the long time of preparation which my undertaking would probably require. From Berlin to Spandau and from Spandau back to Berlin I did not avail myself of the railroad, because at the Berlin station the police examined the passcard of every traveler, even on the way-trains; and if my passport, with the name of Heribert Jussen issued in Cologne, appeared too frequently, it might have excited suspicion. I therefore always hired a street cab, a "droschke," and each time a different one, on going and coming to and from Spandau, usually making the short journey during the night.

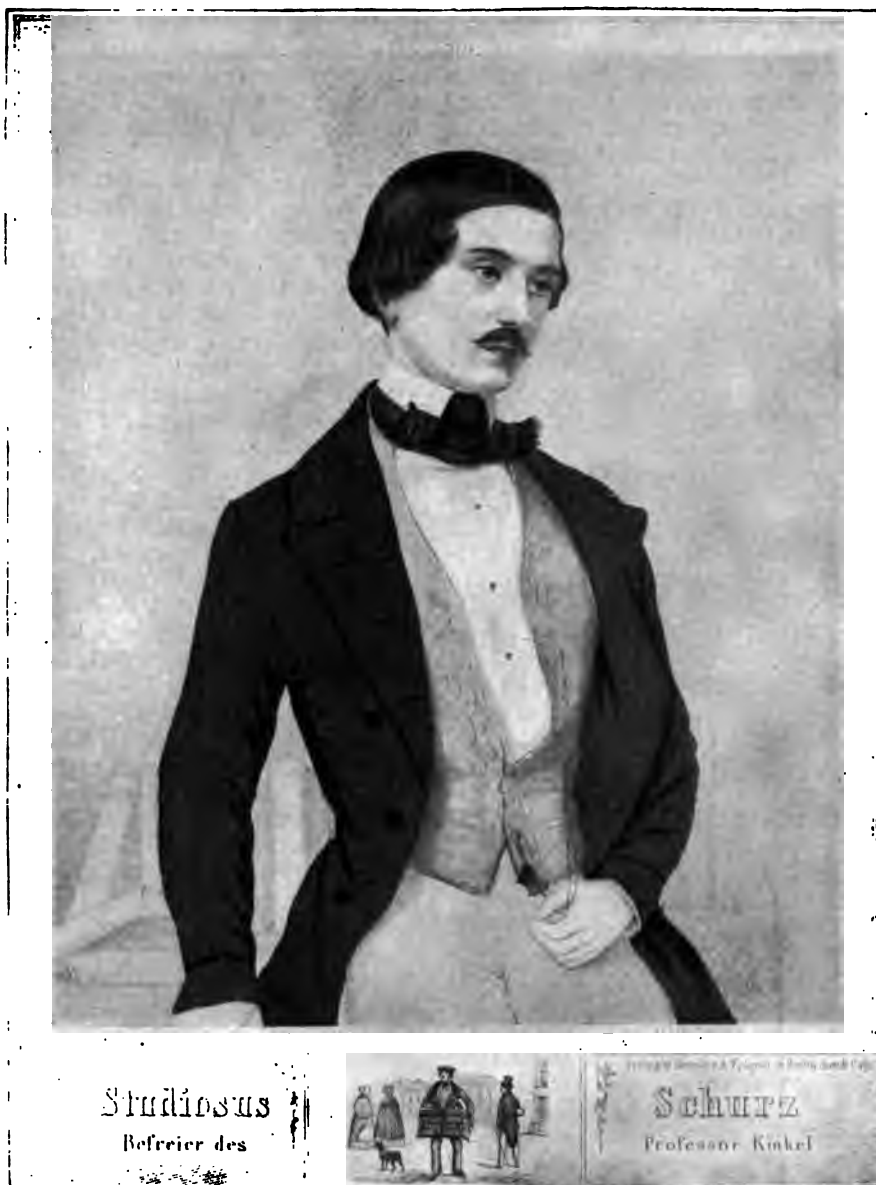
Krüger was well informed about what was going on in the Spandau penitentiary through his acquaintance with the officials of that institution. The first point to be considered was whether it would be feasible to liberate Kinkel by force. I soon convinced myself that there was no such possibility. The armed guard of the penitentiary itself consisted only of a handful of soldiers and the turnkeys on duty. It would, therefore, have been possible for a number of resolute men to storm the building. But it was situated in the center of a fortified town filled with soldiers, and the first signal of alarm would have attracted an overpowering force. Such a venture would, therefore, have been hopeless. On the other hand, we knew of cases in which prisoners, even more closely watched than Kinkel was, had escaped by breaking through barred windows or tunneling walls, and then being helped to a safe place by their friends. But this, too, seemed hardly possible in our case for several reasons, among which Kinkel's lack of skill in the use of his hands was not the least serious. In any event it seemed prudent to try first whether or not one or the other of the officers of the penitentiary could be persuaded to help us.

Krüger selected two young men well known to him, who were in friendly intercourse with some of the prison officers, to be taken into our confidence. Their names were Poritz and Leddihn, vigorous, strong, and true men who confessed themselves willing to render any aid required of them in so good a

work as the liberation of such a prisoner as Kinkel. They agreed to bring to me the one of the penitentiary guards who they believed would be the most easily persuaded. Thus they introduced to me in a little beer-house, in which I could get a room to myself, a turnkey who had been, like most of his colleagues, a non-commissioned officer in the army, and was now supporting a large family on a very small salary. Poritz and Leddihn had vouched to him for my good faith, and he listened quietly to what I had to say. This sort of business was very distasteful to me. But what would I not do to rescue my friend from so cruel a fate, and to save to the cause of liberty so valiant a champion? I presented myself as a traveler for a business house, who was closely related to the Kinkel family. I described to the jailer the misery of the wife and the children, and how anxious they were, lest with the poor convict fare he would gradually waste away in body and mind. Would it not be possible to smuggle into Kinkel's cell from time to time a bit of meat or a glass of wine to keep up, in a measure, his strength until the King's grace would take pity on him?

My turnkey thought Kinkel's lot indeed very deplorable. It would be a good work to alleviate it a little — perhaps not impossible but perilous. He would consider what might be done. At the close of our conversation I slipped a ten-thaler note into his hand, with the request that he buy with it some nourishing food for Kinkel if he could transmit it to him without danger. I intimated that business affairs required me to leave Spandau, but that I would return in a few days, to hear what report he could give about the condition of the prisoner. He could be certain of my gratitude.

Thus we parted. Three days later I went again to Spandau and met the turnkey in the same way as before. He told me he had succeeded in handing to Kinkel a sausage and a little loaf of bread, and that he had found the prisoner in comparatively good condition. He was also willing to do still more in a similar way. Of course, I did not wish him to do so at his own expense, and therefore gave him a second ten-thaler note, which I accompanied with the request that he deliver into Kinkel's hand a few written words, and bring back to me from Kinkel a word in reply. This, too, he promised to do. I wrote on a slip of paper without a signature



Fancy picture pretending to represent Carl Schurz, published shortly after the rescue of Kinkel. There was for a long time a legend to the effect that Schurz came to the jail where Kinkel was imprisoned, in the disguise of an organ grinder

something like the following : "Your friends are true to you. Keep up your courage." It was less important to me to inform Kinkel of my presence, than to satisfy myself that the turnkey had really carried out my instructions, and whether I could proceed further with him.

Again I left, to return in a few days. In the same manner as before my man turned

up and brought me my slip of paper which bore a word of thanks in Kinkel's hand. The turnkey had evidently kept his promise, and had thereby taken a step which compromised him greatly. Now it appeared to me time to come to the point. Thus I told him that the thought had crossed my brain that it would be a meritorious act to deliver Kinkel entirely from his dreadful situation, and that

before returning to my home on the Rhine, I thought it my duty to ask him whether this thing could not be accomplished through his aid. The man started, and at once exclaimed that this would be impossible; with such an attempt he could and would have nothing to do.

The mere suggestion had evidently terrified him, and I saw clearly that he was not the man I needed. Now I had to get rid of him and assure myself at the same time of his silence. I expressed to him my regret at his unwillingness, and added that if he, who had been represented to me as a compassionate and at the same time courageous man, thought such an attempt hopeless, I had to accept his opinion and abandon the idea. I would therefore without delay depart for my home and not return. Then I hinted to him something about a secret and mysterious power which, if it could not liberate Kinkel might become very dangerous to those who betrayed him. I succeeded indeed in intimidating him to such a degree that he begged me most earnestly not to bear any ill-will against him. I assured him that if he would bury in silence all that had happened, he might expect me to remain his friend. He might count even upon my further gratitude, if, also after my departure, he would continue to furnish Kinkel from time to time with some nourishment. This he promised to do with demonstrative earnestness. Then I handed him another tenthaler note and took leave of him forever.

So my first attempt had failed. I remained quiet for some days until Krüger, Leddihn, and Poritz, who in the meantime had been very carefully watching the penitentiary people, communicated to me their conviction, that my man had not divulged anything. Thereupon my Spandau friends brought to me another turnkey. I began with him in the same manner as with the first, and everything seemed to progress favorably until I put the decisive question whether or not he was willing to lend his hand in an attempt to set Kinkel free. The second man showed no more courage than the first, whereupon I dismissed him. A third man was brought, but he seemed so frightened by the first word that I did not put the decisive question to him at all.

Now it appeared to me prudent to let the affair rest for a while, at least until we could be perfectly assured that the three disquieted souls in the penitentiary had kept

silence. My sojourn in Berlin, too, began to become uncomfortable to me. The number of friends who knew of my presence in the Prussian capital had grown a little too large, and I was confronted too often by the question why I was there and what were my intentions. I therefore requested one of my friends to bid good-by to the others in my behalf. I had departed not to return. Where I went nobody knew. In fact I went for a week or two to Hamburg where I met my friend Strodtmann who brought me into contact with some congenial people. But the most agreeable society could not hold me long. By the end of September I returned to my work, but I did not return to Berlin, thinking it safer to live with my friend Dr. Falkenthal in the suburb of Moabit.

At Spandau I received the report that everything had remained quiet. My secret had been well kept. To my friends in Berlin I had disappeared into regions unknown. Only one of them, a law student by the name of Dreyer, once accidentally ran against me in Moabit. He may have had a suspicion as to what my business was, but I could firmly count upon his discretion. At a later period many persons who were entire strangers to me have stated that they were at that time in confidential relations with me about this matter, but such statements were unfounded. Even Dr. Falkenthal and Krüger did not at that time know my true name. To them I was, as my passport indicated, Heribert Jüssen, and among Dr. Falkenthal's neighbors, who sometimes saw me, I passed for a young physician assisting the Doctor in his studies. To strengthen this impression I always carried a little kit of surgical instruments with me as they are frequently seen in the hands of physicians. From Moabit I made my nightly excursions as before.

After my return from Hamburg I did not at once succeed in finding among the penitentiary officials the man I wanted. A fourth was introduced to me, but he too would undertake nothing more than to smuggle into Kinkel's cell some eatables and perhaps a written communication. I began to entertain serious doubts as to whether the plan so far pursued could be successfully carried out, for the list of the turnkeys was nearly exhausted. Then suddenly and unexpectedly I found the helper whom I had so long looked for in vain. My Spandau

friends made me acquainted with Officer Brune.

At the first moment of our meeting I received from him an impression very different from that which his colleagues had made upon me. He too had been a corporal or sergeant in the army; he too had a wife and children and a miserable salary like the others. But in his bearing there was nothing of the servile humility so frequently found among subalterns. When I talked to him of Kinkel and of my desire to alleviate his misery at least a little by conveying to him additional fare, Brune's face expressed none of the pitiable embarrassment of the man who is vacillating between his sense of duty and a ten-thaler note. Brune stood firmly upright like a man who is not ashamed of what he is willing to do. He talked with astonishing frankness without waiting for the gradual advance of my suggestions.

"Certainly," he said, "I will help as much as I can. It is a shame and a disgrace that so learned and worthy a gentleman should sit here among common rogues in this penitentiary. I would gladly help him out myself, if I had not to take care of my wife and children."

His indignation at the treatment Kinkel had received, appeared so honest, and the whole manner of the man expressed so much courage and self-respect that I thought I might come to the point with him without circumlocution. And thus I told him point-blank that if the support of his family was his greatest trouble, I would be able to overcome that difficulty. Assured of this, would he then, I asked, be willing to lend a hand to Kinkel's escape?

"If it can be done," he answered, "but you know it is a difficult and dangerous thing. I will consider, whether and how it may be done. Give me three days' time to think it over."

"Good," I replied, "do think it over. To judge from your accent you are a Westphalian?"

"Yes, born near Soest."

"Then we are neighbors, I am a Rhineland. In three days then."

Those were three long days which I passed in Dr. Falkenthal's quarters. I sought to soothe my impatience by reading Dumas's "Three Musketeers," and a large part of Lamartine's "History of the Girondists." But the book would fall again and again into my lap, and my thoughts would roam abroad.

On the evening of the third day, I went again to Spandau and a heavy burden fell from my heart at Brune's first word.

"I have thought it over," he said. "I think we can do it."

I could hardly restrain my joy. Brune explained how some night in the near future, when the watch in the upper story of the penitentiary would be his, and a certain other officer would be in the lower story, he might



MR. HENSEL

The farmer in whose carriage Kinkel and Schurz were taken from Spandau into Mecklenburg

possess himself of the necessary keys and conduct Kinkel to the gate of the building. The plan, as he laid it before me, the details of which I shall return to later, appeared feasible.

"But," Brune added, "it will take a little time until everything is in right order. Not until the night of the fifth to the sixth of November will the night watches be as I would have them."

This suited me, for I, too, wanted some time for necessary preparations.

Then I informed Brune what provision I was able to make for his family. A sum of

money was at my disposal which was contributed partly by German democrats, partly by personal admirers of Kinkel, among them the Russian Baroness Bruening of whom I shall have more to say. This enabled me to offer to Brune a decent compensation. Brune was content. The question whether it would be best to ship him and his family to America he rejected at once. Perhaps he hoped to remain undiscovered as a participant in our enterprise or he may have preferred, in case of discovery, to suffer his punishment and to keep his family in the Fatherland.

Thus we were agreed. Now the important preparations were taken in hand. Frau Kinkel had instructed me to call personally for the sum of money to be at my disposal at the residence of a lady in Berlin, a friend of hers, who was

a relative of the celebrated Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdi. It was in the dusk of evening that I arrived at this lady's house. I was received by a somewhat solemn footman to whom I gave my name, Heribert Jüssen. He showed me into a drawing-room, in which everything — furniture, pictures, books, musical instruments — breathed comfort and elegance. I had to wait a little while, and the contrast between my own wild business and these peaceable and refined surroundings became very sensible to me. At last a lady clad in black entered, whose features I could just discern in the twilight. She was no longer young nor altogether beautiful. But her presence radiated a rare charm. In her hand she carried a large pocket-book.

"You bring me greetings from a Rhineland friend?" she said with one of those mellow voices that touch the soul like a benefaction.

"Yes, cordial greetings," I replied; "a friend who asked me to beg you for a package of valuable papers which she had put into your hands for safe keeping."

"I knew that you would come at about this time," the lady replied. "In this pocket-book you will find all. I do not know your

plans, but they must be good. You have my warmest wishes. God protect and bless you." Then she reached out to me her slender hand with a warm pressure and I felt, after having left her, that her blessing had already become a reality.

That money was a heavy care to me. Never had I borne any responsibility of this kind for the property of others.

In order not to expose this precious treasure to any accident, I carried it constantly with me tightly sewed

in the inside pocket of my waistcoat.

* * * * *

The difficult task which I had still to perform before the decisive hour consisted in arranging for means of transportation to a safe place of refuge. Where should we turn after the escape of the prisoner from the penitentiary? The frontiers of Switzerland, Belgium, and France were too far away. We could not venture upon so long a journey through a hostile country. Nothing remained therefore but to try to reach the seacoast somewhere in order to cross over to England. After due consideration I concluded that the government would certainly take all precautions to watch every outgoing vessel in the harbors of Bremen and Hamburg. It appeared therefore prudent to choose another seaport, and so I turned to Mecklenburg. We had an influential



MR. LEDDIHN

who aided Schurz in Spandau

and true friend in Rostock, in the eminent jurist and president of the house of delegates, Moritz Wiggers, with whom I had become personally acquainted at the democratic congress in Braunschweig. I might also hope to reach Rostock in less time than any other port — for we could not trust ourselves to the railroads — and the journey to Rostock offered the advantage, that if we left Spandau about midnight, we might hope to cross the Mecklenburg frontier and thus to be beyond the immediate pursuit by the Prussian police about day-break. I had also on my list of reliable persons a very considerable number of Mecklenburgers to whom I could apply for assistance.

I now set out to travel along the road which I had resolved to take, in order to make the necessary arrangements as to relays of horses and carriages for the decisive night and the day following. Of course, we could use only private carriages with, if possible, the owners on the box. Until then I had succeeded in keeping my secret within a very narrow circle of participants. But now it was necessary to draw a larger number of persons into confidence, and thus the danger grew in proportion. What I feared most was not malicious treachery, but excessive and indiscreet zeal. Everywhere I was met with hearty cordiality, and this cordiality was not confined to persons of the same political belief.

* * * * *

After a journey of several days my relays were arranged and I could hope that a drive of less than thirty hours would take us from Spandau to Rostock. There we might

confide ourselves to our good friends until a vessel should be ready to take us across the sea. To carry us from Spandau to the first relay, Krüger applied to a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood by the name of Hensel, who had a pair of fast horses, and would be glad to put them, and his carriage and

himself as driver at our disposal.

On the 4th of November I took leave of Dr. Falkenthal. He was acquainted with my plans in general, but I had not thought it necessary to initiate him into all the details. So he did not know the exact night in which the attempt was to be made, and he was also discreet enough not to ask me about it. But in bidding me farewell, he gave me a brace of pistols, that might serve me in close quarters.

I slept that night in Spandau, and passed

the larger part of the following day with Krüger, Leddihn, and Poritz in going over the chances of our enterprise, in order to make provision for all not yet foreseen accidents. At last the evening came. I put the money for Brune into a cigar-box and went to his dwelling. I found him alone in his scantily furnished but neat living-room, and handed the cigar-box to him with: "Here it is, count it."

"There, you do not know me," he answered. "If between us a mere word were not sufficient, we should not have begun together. What comes from you I don't count."

"Is there anything to change in our plan?"

"Nothing."

"To-night, then."

"To-night, and good luck!"



MR. KRÜGER

in whose hotel in Spandau Schurz had his shelter and headquarters

Indeed, we had good reason to be confident of the success of our plan, barring incalculable accidents. The penitentiary building was situated in the center of the town, a large, barrack-like edifice, the bare walls of which were pierced by one large gate and a multitude of narrow slits of windows. On all four sides it was surrounded by streets. The entrance was on the main street. It led into a large gateway. Inside of that gateway there was on the right a door, opening into the official dwelling of the director of the institution, and on the left a door leading into the guardroom of the soldiers on duty in the prison. At the end of the passage a third door opened upon an inner court. A stone staircase leading up from the hallway united the lower with the upper stories. High up on the second story was Kinkel's cell. It had a window towards the rear of the edifice. This window was guarded by a screen, which opened upwards so that a little daylight fell in from above, and only a small bit of sky could be seen, but nothing of the surroundings below. The window was also guarded by strong iron bars, wire lattice, and a wooden shutter which was closed at night — in short, by all the contrivances that are usually employed to shut off a prisoner from all communication with the outside world. Moreover, the cell was divided into two compartments by a strong wooden railing which reached from the floor to the ceiling. One of the compartments contained Kinkel's bed; in the other, during the day, he did his work. The two compartments were united by a door in the wooden railing, which every evening was securely fastened. The entrance to the cell from the corridor was guarded by two heavy doors, with several locks. On the street under Kinkel's cell, stood day and night a sentinel. Another sentinel watched during the daytime the gate of the building on the main street, but he was transferred to the inner court during the night — a regulation which proved very important to us. Had it not been for this stupid arrangement, we would never have attempted what we did. The cell, the doors, the locks on the railings were all examined several times every twenty-four hours by the jailers on duty.

The keys to Kinkel's cell, as well as those to the door in the inside wooden railing, were, during the night after Kinkel had been locked up in his compartment, kept in a locker of the room of the inspector, the

so-called Revier room. As Brune had no access to the Revier room during the night and the key had been confided to another superior officer, he had availed himself of some opportunity to procure a wax impression of that key from which a duplicate key was made, enabling him to enter the Revier room during the night. The key to the locker containing the keys to Kinkel's cell was, as Brune knew, in the evening put on top of that locker, so that without difficulty he could possess himself of the keys to the cell. Thus Brune believed himself fully able to enter the cell during the night and to take the prisoner out. Now it was agreed that Brune, who had the watch in the night of the 5th to the 6th of November on Kinkel's corridor, should bring Kinkel down the stairs into the gateway. He was sure he could take him without danger past the turnkey watching the lower floor. Whether he intended to interest that man in our affair or to divert his attention in some manner, Brune did not tell me. He only assured me I might depend upon there being no difficulty about this. As soon as Kinkel had been conducted into the gateway below, I was to be there to receive him. In one of the wings of the great door that opened upon the main street there was a little postern-gate to facilitate the daily passage in and out. Of the key of this postern-gate we had also procured a wax impression, and from it a duplicate key. Now it was to be my task, shortly after midnight, after the town night-watchman — for in Spandau there were at that time still night-watchmen with spear and rattle — had passed by the building on the street, to open the postern-gate, to step into the interior of the gateway, there to await Brune and Kinkel; to wrap Kinkel up in a cloak, to take him through the postern-gate into the street, and to hurry with him to Krüger's hotel, where he was to put on a suit of ordinary clothes and then step with me into Hensel's carriage and away.

I had asked Brune to provide Kinkel with a plentiful supply of food so that he might be in good physical condition. But to avoid long excitement Kinkel was to be informed only on the evening of November 5th, the night of the attempt, that something was being done for him, and that he should go to bed at the accustomed hour, rise immediately before midnight, dress himself, and be ready for the venture.



KINKEL'S ESCAPE FROM SPANDAU JAIL



PROFESSOR GOTTFRIED KINKEL IN CHAINS

From an imaginative lithograph published at the time. Kinkel, as a matter of fact, was in convict's garb in his cell, never in citizen's clothes and chains

On the same day Leddihn and Poritz had entrusted two good able-bodied friends with the charge of guarding the street corners nearest to the penitentiary building during the night and of coming to our aid if necessary. About midnight all my people were at their posts and after the night-watchman had passed down the street, I approached the door of the penitentiary. I had covered my feet

with rubber shoes, so as to make my step inaudible. A second pair of rubber shoes I had with me for Kinkel. In my belt I carried the pistols given to me by Dr. Falkenthal ; in one pocket a well-sharpened dirk, and in another a slung-shot with which to arm Kinkel in case of stress. I had thrown across my shoulders a large cloak with sleeves which should serve Kinkel as a first wrap. So

equipped, I softly opened the postern-gate to step into the gateway of the prison. I left that little gate ajar and the key sticking in the lock. The gateway was dimly lighted by a lantern hanging from the ceiling. My first task was to prevent the opening from the inside of the directors' door on the right and of the guardroom door on the left, and I did so by tying the door-handles to the iron fastening of the bell-ropes with stout strings. This was the most delicate piece of work I had to do. Nothing moved. My gaze was riveted on the passage opposite where Brune was to appear with Kinkel.

So I waited. One minute elapsed after another, but all remained still. I waited a full quarter of an hour, but nothing stirred. What did this mean? According to all calculations they ought to have joined me sometime ago. My situation began to appear very precarious. Was Brune after all faithless? I took one of my pistols out of my belt and held it in my left hand ready to fire, and my dirk in the right. But I resolved to remain at my post until I could say to myself that the last chance of success was gone. Half an hour had passed, and still everything was quiet as the grave. I suddenly heard a faint rustle, and at the other end of the gateway I saw a dark figure appear like a specter as if it had stepped out of the wall. My hands closed more tightly on my weapons. The next moment I recognized in the dim light the form of Brune. There he was at last, but alone. He put his finger upon his lips and approached me. I awaited him ready for the worst.

"I am unfortunate," he whispered with his mouth close to my ear, "I have tried everything. I have failed. The keys were not in the locker. Come to me to-morrow and get your money back."

I said nothing in reply, but quickly untied the strings from the door-handles right and left, and then stepped out through the postern-gate, locked it, and put the key into my pocket. I was hardly on the street when Leddihn and Poritz hastened to join me. With a few words I told them what had happened. "We were afraid you had been trapped," said Leddihn. "You stayed so long inside that we were on the point of coming after you to fetch you out."

Soon we reached Krüger's hotel, where Hensel stood ready with his carriage to take Kinkel and me away. The disappointment that followed my report was terrible.

"But there is something more to do this night," said I, "for my relays stand on the roads far into Mecklenburg. We must order them off."

I stepped into the carriage, an open vehicle with a top over the back seat. Hensel took the reins and so we drove away. It was a melancholy journey. We were on the road something over three hours when we observed sparks of fire sputtering from a black object that came toward us. We quickly recognized it to be a carriage. I had steel and flint at hand and also struck sparks. This was the signal of recognition that I had agreed upon with my Mecklenburg friends. The carriage coming toward us stopped and so did we.

"Is this the right one?" asked a voice. This was the concerted question.

"It is the right one," I replied, "but our enterprise has failed. Pray turn back and advise the next relay and request our friends there to pass on the word in this way."

"But confound it! How did the failure happen?"

"Another time. Good-night."

The two carriages turned. We drove back in the direction of Spandau, but very slowly, almost as if part of a funeral procession, both sitting silent. I tormented myself with the gravest reproaches. Could not the unfortunate accident that had crossed our plans easily have been prevented? Could we not have duplicated the keys to the cell as well as those to the postern-gate and the Revier room? Certainly. But why had this not been done? Why had Brune not thought of it? But as Brune had not done so, was it not my duty to see to it? I had neglected that duty. Mine, mine was the fault of this terrible miscarriage. Mine the responsibility that Kinkel was not now a free man hurrying to the seacoast behind fleet horses. The fruit of long and dangerous labor had recklessly been jeopardized by my negligence. Would I ever be able again to reknit the torn threads of the scheme? And if so, was it not probable that through the improvidence of some one of the participants rumors of what had happened would get abroad, and Kinkel would be surrounded with the strictest measures of precaution and even carried into another and more secure dungeon? But if nothing of this did happen — where was the money entrusted to me? No longer in my possession. It was in the hands of another man who might keep it if he would, and I was utterly powerless to recover it. And so

Kinkel's horrible lot might be sealed forever through my guilt. Thus my conscience put itself to the rack in that terrible night.

At last Hensel broke the silence. "How would it do," he said, "if we stopped for a few hours in Oranienburg? We could there feed our horses, sleep a little, and then comfortably drive on."

I was content. I began to feel very much exhausted; and then, if of last night's happenings anything had leaked out in Spandau and thereby any danger threatened, the prudent and watchful Krüger, I felt sure, would send somebody to find us on the road and to give warning.

It was still dark when we arrived at a hotel in Oranienburg. After I had permitted my thoughts to torment me a little longer, I fell asleep at last. When I awoke light shone through the windows of my room, and with me awoke also the consciousness of the whole weight of our failure with even greater clearness than during the past night. Such awakenings belong to the unhappiest moments of human life. We breakfasted late, and it was on this occasion that for the first time I saw my companion, Mr. Hensel, in clear daylight. I had met him at Krüger's and on our night drive only in the dark. The stalwart broad-shouldered figure and the long dark beard had then struck my attention; but I could only now see the clear, shrewd, and at the same time bold sparkle of his eyes, and the expression of his face which betokened a strong will as well as sincerity and kindness of heart.

In returning to Spandau we were in no hurry. We even thought that it would be more prudent to arrive there in the dark, and therefore started only after noon at a slow trot. Arrived in Spandau I learned from Krüger that all had remained quiet. I forthwith went to Brune's rooms. I found him there evidently expecting me. The little cigar-box stood on the table.

"That was cursed ill luck last night," he said, "but it was not my fault. Everything was in the best of order, but as I opened the locker in the Revier room I could not find the keys to the cell. I searched and searched for them, but they were not there. This morning I learned that Inspector Semmler had accidentally, instead of placing them in the locker, put them into his pocket and carried them with him to his home."

For a moment he was silent. "There is the money," he continued, pointing at the

cigar-box, "take it, count it first, no thaler is missing."

"What comes from you," I answered, repeating his words of yesterday, "will not be counted."

"But what now? I do not give up. Must we wait until you have the night watch again?"

"We might wait," he replied, "and in the meantime duplicate all the keys that we need, so that this difficulty may not arise again, but," he added, "I have thought over the matter to-day. It is a disgrace that that man should sit in the convict's cell a day longer. I will try to help him this very night if he has courage enough for a break-neck feat."

"What, this night?"

"Yes, this night. Now listen!" Then Brune told me that the officer who, during the coming night, should have the watch on the upper stories had fallen ill and he, Brune, had offered to take his place. Thereupon he had thought he might without much difficulty take Kinkel into the loft under the roof, and let him down with a rope from out of one of the dormer windows on the street. To this end he would, of course, again require the keys of the cell, but after the accident of last night when the inspector took them home with him through mere thoughtlessness, they would certainly be again in their accustomed place. I should only see to it that the street below was kept free while Kinkel was let down from the roof, and that he then be promptly received and carried off. "It is a somewhat perilous undertaking," Brune added, "from the dormer window down to the street it may be sixty feet, but if the Herr Professor has courage I think we may succeed."

"I vouch for Kinkel's courage," I said; "what does not a prisoner dare for liberty?"

The details were rapidly considered and determined upon. I undertook to procure the necessary rope for Brune. He was to wind it about his body under the overcoat, and take it into the penitentiary building thus hidden. About midnight I was to be in the dark recess of the door of the house opposite the gate of the penitentiary, from which I could observe the dormer windows of the building. When in one of them I should see the light of a lantern move up and down perpendicularly three times, that would be a sign that everything was in order for the descent. If, standing in my sheltered place

I then struck sparks with my steel and flint, Brune would understand from this signal that everything was in safe order on the street.

With a hearty handshake I took leave of Brune and hurried to Krüger's hotel. Poritz and Leddihn, whom I had quickly sent for, procured at once a rope of the necessary length and strength and carried it to Brune's dwelling. But, after freeing Kinkel, how would we get him away from Spandau? I had no relays of horses and carriages on the road; the preceding night everything had fitted so excellently, but now? Fortunately Hensel was still in Krüger's house. When I told him what was to happen in the next few hours, he broke out in loud jubilation —

"I will take you with my own horses as far as they can travel," he exclaimed.

"But our nearest friend is in Neu Strelitz," I replied. "That is a good many miles from here. Will your horses hold out that distance?"

"The devil take them if they don't," said Hensel. We resolved thus to risk it, and to confide ourselves to benignant fate. A short conversation with Poritz and Leddihn followed about the measures necessary to keep the streets clear of unwelcome intruders while Kinkel was swinging down on his rope. Those measures were simple. My friends were to occupy the street corners with their stalwart fellows whom they had employed the night before, and if some belated reveler should show himself, they were to use all sorts of means to divert the unwelcome intruder from our path. Poritz and Leddihn vouched for everything.

"Happy coincidence," chuckled Krüger. "This evening some of the officers of the penitentiary are to celebrate a birthday in my hotel. There will be a bowl of punch, and I will make that punch especially irresistible."

"And you will detain those officers long enough?"

"You may be sure of that. Not one of them shall cross your way." This prospect put us into the gayest of humor, and we had a cozy little supper together. Our thoughts were, however, constantly directed to the accidents that might again play mischief with us, and fortunately, an important possibility occurred to us.

At the time of Kinkel's descent from the window, hanging on his rope, the rubbing of the rope against the edge of the brick wall

might easily loosen tiles and brick which then would fall down and produce a loud clatter. We therefore asked Hensel to take his carriage immediately after midnight slowly along the street so that the rattle of the vehicle on the rough cobblestone pavement might drown all other noises.

Shortly before midnight I stood equipped as I had been the night before, well hidden in the dark recess of the house-door opposite the penitentiary. The street corners right and left were according to agreement properly watched, but our friends kept themselves as much as possible concealed. A few minutes later the night-watchman shuffled down the street, and immediately in front of me swung his rattle and called the hour of twelve. Then he slouched quietly on and disappeared. What would I have given for a roaring storm and a splashing rain — but the night was perfectly still. My eye was riveted to the roof of the penitentiary building, the dormer windows of which I could scarcely distinguish. The street lights flared dimly. Suddenly there appeared a light above which moved three times up and down; that was the signal hoped for. With an eager glance I examined the street right and left. Nothing stirred. Then on my part I gave the signal agreed upon, striking sparks. A second later the light above disappeared and I perceived a dark object which slowly moved across the edge of the wall. My heart beat violently, and drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead. Then the thing I had apprehended actually happened — tiles and brick loosened by the rubbing rope rained down upon the pavement with a loud clatter. Now, good Heaven help us! At the same moment Hensel's carriage came rumbling over the cobble stones. The noise of the falling tiles and brick was no longer audible; but would they not strike Kinkel's head and benumb him? Now the dark object had almost reached the ground. I leaped forward and touched it; it was indeed my friend, and there he stood alive and on his feet. "That is a bold deed," were the first words he said to me. "Thank God," I answered. "Now off with the rope and away." I labored in vain to untie the rope that was wound around his body.

"I cannot help you," Kinkel whispered, "for the rope has fearfully lacerated both my hands." I pulled out my dirk and with

great effort I succeeded in cutting the rope, the long end of which as soon as it was free was quickly pulled up. While I threw a cloak around Kinkel's shoulders and helped him to get into the rubber shoes, he looked anxiously around. Hensel's carriage had turned and was coming slowly back.

"What carriage is that?" Kinkel asked.

"Our carriage."

Dark figures showed themselves at the street corners and approached us. "For Heaven's sake, what people are those?"

"Our friends?"

At a little distance we heard male voices sing, "Here we sit gaily together." "What is that?" asked Kinkel, while we hurried through a side street towards Krüger's Hotel.

"Your jailers around a bowl of punch."

"Capital!" said Kinkel. We entered the hotel through a back door, and soon found ourselves in a room in which Kinkel was to put on the clothes that we had procured for him — a black cloth suit, a big bearskin overcoat, and a cap like those worn by Prussian forest officers. From a room near by sounded the voices of the revelers. Krüger who had stood a few minutes looking on while Kinkel was exchanging his convict's garb for an honest man's dress, suddenly went out with a peculiarly sly smile. When he returned carrying a few filled glasses, "Herr Professor," he said, "in a room near by some of your jailers are sitting around a bowl of punch. I have just asked them whether they would not permit me to take some for a few friends of mine who had just arrived. They had no objection. Now, Herr Professor, let us drink your health first out of the bowl of your jailers." We found it difficult not to break out in loud laughter. Kinkel was now in his citizen's clothes and his lacerated hands were washed and bandaged with handkerchiefs. He thanked his faithful friends with a few words which brought tears to their eyes. Then we jumped into Hensel's vehicle. The penitentiary officers were still singing and laughing around their punch bowl.

We had agreed, that our carriage should leave Spandau through the Potsdam gate which opens upon the road to Hamburg, and then turn in a different direction in order to mislead the pursuit that was sure to follow. We rattled at a fast trot through the gate, and this ruse succeeded so well that as we learned later, we were really the next day in accordance with the report of the guard at

the gate, pursued in the direction of Hamburg. Before we reached the little town of Nauen we turned to the right on a field road, and reached the Berlin-Strelitz turnpike near the Sandkrüg.

Only when the chill night air touched his face Kinkel seemed to come to a clear consciousness of what had happened. "I would like to hold your hand," he said, "but I cannot, my hands are too much torn."

He then put his arm around me and pressed me once and again. I would not let him utter his gratitude in words, but told him how the night before everything had been so well arranged, and how our plan had been crossed by an unfortunate accident, and what a mournful ride I had had in the same carriage only twenty-four hours ago.

"That was the most terrible night of my life," said Kinkel. "After Brune had instructed me to hold myself ready, I waited for the appointed hour with the most confident expectation. Before midnight I was ready. I listened as only an ear practised in long solitary imprisonment can listen. Now and then I heard a distinct noise of steps in the corridors, but they would not approach. I heard the clocks outside strike the hours. When midnight was past the thought first rose in me: 'Is it possible that this should fail?' Minute after minute went by and all remained quiet. Then I was seized by an anguish which I cannot describe. The perspiration dropped from my forehead. Until one o'clock I had still a little hope, but when even then Brune did not come I gave up everything for lost. The most gruesome pictures rose in my imagination. The whole design had surely been discovered. You were in the hands of the police and also imprisoned for many years. I saw myself a miserable wreck in convict's garb. My wife and children perished in misery. I shook the rails in my cell like a madman. Then I dropped exhausted upon my straw bed. I believe I was nearly insane."

"Well, and this night?"

"Oh, this night," Kinkel exclaimed, "I could hardly trust my eyes and ears when Brune with a lantern in his hand came into my cell and whispered to me, 'Get up quickly, now you shall get out.' That was an electric shock. In a moment I was on my feet, but you know that to-night again everything was on the point of going wrong?"

I listened eagerly, and again and again a cold shiver ran down my back as Kinkel

proceeded with his story. Half an hour before midnight Brune was in Kinkel's cell. This time he had found the keys in the locker, and had opened with two of them the cell doors. After having called Kinkel up, he attempted to open with a third key the door in the wooden railing. He tried and tried, but in vain. The key did not fit. Afterwards it appeared that the key with which Brune tried to open the cell door belonged to the window shutters, but that one of the keys for the doors of the cell also opened the door of the wooden railing. Thus Brune had the true key in his hand without knowing it or without thinking of it in the excitement. So Kinkel stood on one and Brune on the other side of the wooden railing baffled and for a moment utterly bewildered. Then Kinkel grasped with the strength of despair one of the wooden rails trying to break it by throwing the whole weight of his body against it; but in vain. Brune worked hard with his sword to the same end; alas, in vain. Then he said, "Herr Professor, you shall get out to-night even if it costs me my life." He left the cell, and in a minute returned with an ax in his hand. With a few vigorous blows two of the rails were cut loose. Using the ax as a lever, he effected an opening which just permitted Kinkel's broad-shouldered body to pass through. But had not the blows of Brune's ax alarmed the whole house? The two listened with suspended breath. All remained quiet. In fact, Brune had been no less prudent than daring. Before he swung his ax, he had carefully closed the two thick doors of the cell. The sound of the blows which filled the interior of the cell was, as to the outside, very much deadened by the thick walls and by the heavy doors. They not only had not awakened any of the sleepers but had not reached those that were awake, or if they did make any impression, it was as if the noise had come from the outside.

Now Brune left the cell with Kinkel, the doors of which he again locked. Then they had to walk through corridors, up and down various stairways, and even to pass a night-watchman. By Brune's clever management they succeeded in doing all this. At last they reached the loft under the roof and the dormer window through which the dangerous ride through the air had to be undertaken. Kinkel confessed to me that he was seized with a dizzy horror when he looked down upon the street below and then upon the thin rope which was to bear him. But

when he saw my sparkling signal, the meaning of which Brune explained to him in a whisper, he regained his composure and boldly swung out over the precipice. At once the tiles and bricks began to rain about his head, but none of them struck him; only the hands which at first had taken too high a hold on the rope and through which it had to glide, suffered grievously. That was, however, a slight wound for so hard a struggle and so great a victory.

When Kinkel finished his narrative, Hensel took out of the hamper one of the bottles of precious Rhine wine that he and Krüger had provided for our journey, and we drank to the health of the brave Brune, without whose resoluteness and fidelity, all our plans and labors would have come to nothing. It was a happy enthusiastic moment which made us almost forget that so long as we were on German soil, the danger was not over and our success not yet complete.

At a sharp trot we sped on through the night. I still hear Hensel's commanding call, "Boom up! Boom up!" as often as on the turnpike we reached a toll-gate. Through Oranienburg, Teschendorf, Loewenberg, we flew without stop. But when we approached the little town of Gransee, nearly thirty-five miles from Spandau, it became clear that our two brave bays would soon break down unless we gave them rest and refreshment; so we stopped at a wayside tavern and fed them — then forward again.

As daylight appeared I could for the first time look at Kinkel with leisure. How he was changed! He whom a little more than a year ago I had known as a youthful man, the very picture of health and vigor! His closely-clipped hair was now tinged with gray, the color of the face a deadly yellow, the skin like parchment, the cheeks thin and flabby, the nose sharp and the face deeply furrowed. If I had met him on the street I should scarcely have recognized him. "They have dealt cruelly with you," I said.

"Yes, it was the highest time for me to breathe free air again. A year or two more of that kind of life and I should have been burned to ashes, devastated body and soul. Nobody who has not himself suffered it knows what solitary confinement means, and the debasement of being treated like a common criminal. But now," he added gaily, "now human life begins once more."



IDENTIFYING ANNE

BY

JEANNETTE COOPER

AUTHOR OF "A WASTED REHEARSAL," "A RETRIBUTIVE TRIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

ANNE made another hasty search through her traveling-bag, spilling out a hand-glass, a clean collar, and two or three other things in the process. The two women in the opposite section looked with cold curiosity at this impetuous young person. Anne did not notice them. She scrambled the things together, crammed them into the bag, and snapped it shut. Then she leaned back with a baffled expression.

A well-dressed young man at the further end of the car looked up from his book and watched her also, idly, but with vague disapprobation. A girl traveling alone ought to preserve a sedate and reserved demeanor. This girl, with her repeated and frantic overhauling of her traveling-bag was attracting the attention of the people in the car. The traveling salesman in the next section was keeping an eager eye upon her.

Anne did not notice the traveling salesman. Neither had she observed the well-dressed young man at the further end. She was engaged in wrathful cogitations.

"Mary's husband will never be able to find me now," she thought. "Why did I say a navy-blue dress and a red necktie? All the world is traveling in navy-blue, and I've lost my red necktie. I'm sure I put it into the bag." She made a tentative reach for the bag, but thought better of it. "Somebody took it out, of course. I wish the whole family wouldn't insist upon doing my packing for me when I travel. It was perfectly silly of Mary anyway to marry a man nobody had ever seen. Porter!" A small white hand and a large black one approached and the porter for the second time that afternoon bent himself prostrate and gazed lingeringly under the seats, while Miss Anne

Edgerly stood in the aisle and cheered him to renewed endeavors whenever he essayed to rise.

"Tain't thah, miss," he declared finally, getting to his feet apologetically but determinedly. "It suttently ain't."

Again Anne leaned back in her seat and reviewed the situation. She did not know New York. Mary's husband was coming in from their country-place to meet her and take her out.

"And how I should feel going out there alone, even if I could find the way — which I am sure I couldn't — after putting Mr. Robinson to all that trouble — " thus ran her unhappy thoughts. "And, of course, he is very conventional and dignified. It would be just like Mary to marry that kind of a man." At this further lack of consideration on Mary's part her feelings grew lower. Still her eyes, vaguely hopeful that something might turn up, wandered about the car. They flitted lightly by the traveling man who wore a pleasing smile to greet them, they brightened momentarily at a scarlet ribbon on a baby's bonnet, they scanned expectantly the family of children that dodged in and out of the state-room; and coming back discouraged by way of the old lady and her daughter in somber black, they came suddenly to an amazed and joyful stop. The young man next wore a red necktie!

Not a line of flashing scarlet like the ribbon she had lost. His was a dull and unobtrusive red, but it was red. Fascinated, she continued to stare, until lifting her eyes a little higher, it was apparent even to her absorbed mind, that the owner of the necktie was disapprovingly conscious of her gaze. Then she dropped her eyes, but her thoughts refused to leave the necktie. He had another — she remembered now noticing him when he got into the car at Chicago. If only — she glanced furtively at him from under her lashes. His face was turned away, but the profile looked severe. Once more she reached for her traveling-bag. This time she took out a red-silk dressing-sacque and eyed it speculatively. And the two women opposite and the traveling gentleman and the young man, whose eyes had by this time returned to her, wondered what this absorbed and erratic young woman was going to do next.

"Have you any scissors?" said Anne. She was addressing the two women.

"We have not," they answered as one person, with the glibness of those who thankfully escape responsibility.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Anne. "But then if I had scissors I shouldn't have any needle and thread. I remember mother told me to take needle and thread. Maybe



Jeannette Cooper

"Miss Anne Edgerly stood in the aisle and cheered him to renewed endeavors"

she put them in." She opened the bag. "But what use would needle and thread be," she continued. "I haven't any scissors." New York was barely an hour away. She put the bag back with a firm hand and called the porter. He listened, supernaturally grave, and departed. But she could see the gleam of his white teeth as he bent

confidentially over the young man. Her ears sharpened by anxiety and embarrassment, could all but hear the words:

"The lady wants to know, sah, if you'll please and sell youh necktie?"

One glimpse of the shocked astonishment on the features of the listening young man — then she turned her unhappy gaze out of the window. Uncounted ages passed. Then —

"He says, miss," the porter's hushed voice sounded in her ear. "He says, miss, as how he don't caah to sell none of his property."

"Do you mean —" she sat up very straight — "that he refused?"

"Yas'm, he said as how —"

"You will please return," said Miss Edgerly, "and tell him that I wish to speak to him."

Promptly, and without a smile, the porter retraced his steps. The young man shrugged his shoulders. Then, somewhat to his own surprise, he arose and followed the solemn negro to the end of the car. The young woman motioned him to the seat across from her. After another instant of hesitation he sat down. She was undoubtedly demented. But how exceedingly pretty she was, seen close at hand. It was, of course, annoying to have to explain to a lunatic, however beautiful, that he would not give up his necktie, but —

"I am an entire stranger in New York," began the young woman in a low, sweet, icy

voice, and with the proud air of one who tells her tale, indifferent to the listener's attitude. "I am to be met at the station by a man whom I have never seen and who has never seen me."

"His misfortune!" the young man would have murmured but dared not.

"The arrangement was," she continued, "that I should wear a blue dress and a red necktie."

A glimmer appeared in the young man's eyes.

"And I have lost the tie," ended Miss Edgerly, as one might speak with calm of a fallen city or a vanished estate. She lifted her eyes to his. And then, had she told him she was going to China and needed his head for the Dowager Empress, it would have been at her service. The thought that it was not his mission in life to supply traveling young women with red neckties was forever fled. In its place rankled the reflection that he had all but thrown away a heaven-sent opportunity to do something, however slight, for a girl like this. Her face — a water-color face, with charcoal effects in hair and eyes; her voice, low, sweet, with the cold music of a mountain brook, convicted him of intolerable rudeness. His offense loomed big before him and he wondered at this thing that he had done.

"I do not deserve," he began, "to be allowed to give you this necktie — I never saw such dark-blue eyes," he thought.

"Have you any scissors?" said Anne"



Caroline H. H. H.

"I wish to buy the tie," she corrected, still very cold and gentle.

He fairly stammered in his haste to amend his speech. "I mean, I do not deserve to be allowed to sell you this dark-blue necktie — at least I would say this —"

Miss Edgerly's eyes darkened with stern inquiry. "They are black," he thought.

"I do not wish a blue necktie," said Anne.

"No, black, I mean — Jove! they are blue after all," his thoughts ran. "I am very anxious to sell you anything — anything — oh, fool! what are you saying?"

"But —"

"That is simply to refuse," she interrupted. "We will let it go."

"Indeed, no!" he cried, shocked at the awful thought.

"Then?" she suggested, coldly patient.

"I do not remember what it cost," he temporized.

"It cost seventy-five cents," said Anne.

"I have one like it."

"But you bought yours at a department store, and they charged you more. I am quite sure it was a quarter I paid for this."



"The lady wants to know, sab, if you'll please and sell youb necktie'"

Her expression was growing icier. Mr. John Harrington Wells pulled himself together.

"I assure you I am anxious to make all amends," he said. "I realize what unpardonable annoyance I have caused you —"

Miss Edgerly, from the lofty position of the one in the right, looked down upon the penitent.

"Then you will sell me the necktie," she said.

Mr. John Harrington Wells proceeded to get into more trouble. "Won't you let me give it to you?" he begged.

"Certainly not," said Anne.

Besides," as she prepared to speak, "it is second-hand and you never get more than half value for second-hand things."

"I shall pay you seventy-five cents for it," said Anne.

"Really I could not take that," he protested. "Imagine my feelings after a robbery like that. I tell you," with another courageous impulse, "I will rent it to you."

"How absurd!"

"Not at all. You do not want the tie — you want only the use of it."

"Very well, I will rent it for seventy-five cents."

"Then you will feel no obligation about returning it, and I want it back. I was always fond of this necktie," he hastened to add, warned by her expression. "It was given to me."

Miss Edgerly raised her straight brows the merest fraction: "If you will let the porter bring it to me," she said, "I will give him the money." She did not pick up the book that lay beside her; she did not even turn her eyes away to signify that the last word had been spoken: but the young man found himself rising from the seat opposite her and taking leave with a bow of grave respect.

Presently the porter delivered a little package to Anne and returned with the silver. The transaction was ended. Miss Edgerly had the tie, Mr.

Harrington Wells had seventy-five cents, and the porter had a dollar. He was content; so was Miss Edgerly; Mr. Wells was not.

Anne, secure in the certainty that Mary's husband could not fail to find her, leaned back in her seat and allowed all annoying thoughts to slip away, soothed by the knowledge that it was now Mr. Wells whose eyes roamed the car in the hope that something might turn up; but nothing should turn up, on that point her mind was firm. She would not drop her handkerchief nor leave her umbrella, both of which acts were customary with her; there would be no possible chance for any one to hasten after her with offers of assistance. It was right that he should be unhappy, as she knew he was without looking at him. She would mail the tie to the address on his card. Then she would forget him entirely.



"she turned her unhappy gaze out of the window"

And Mr. John Harrington Wells was wondering what god of idiots prompted him to enclose his card in the package, thus cutting off his one excuse for approaching her. There, the porter was brushing her hat and coat and umbrella and bag. Now, she was standing in the aisle, slight and graceful, turning slowly about while every speck of

dust was being removed from her blue dress. Her slow revolution brought her face toward him, but her gaze was over his head. Now she was putting on her hat, bending forward in her seat to look into the little mirror; now she was calmly straightening the red tie; and now she was leaning back in her seat, buttoning her gloves ready to leave the train.

"In five minutes, sah," said the porter.

Mr. Wells submitted absent-

mindedly to the porter's brush, his mind busy evolving and rejecting schemes. He did not take his seat again. He walked deliberately down to the end seat and addressed himself to the statue-like young woman who sat there.

"Will you not allow me to stay with you until you are sure your friend finds you?" he said.

It was not what he had meant to say. He had forgotten what that was.

"It is quite unnecessary," her tone was frigid. Only the consciousness of the red tie she wore kept her from summarily dismissing him. Just because she did not want to, she put up a nervous hand to it. Then she lifted an involuntary glance to his face. His expression bespoke his anxious assurance that he was not aware of her having on a red tie.

"I shall not need any assistance," said Anne with growing hauteur. What if Mary's husband should find her talking to a strange man? A hearty voice broke in upon her meditation. She started and turned. So did Mr. John Harrington Wells. A stout, amiable-looking gentleman stood before them and held out his hand. The train had come to a standstill.

"You are Miss Edgerly, I know. I saw the name on your bag the first thing. Lucky," continued Mr. Robinson with a smile, that included Mr. Wells, "as I'd forgotten all about how Mary said you would be dressed. All I remembered was that she said you were uncommonly pretty," he laughed joyously, and glanced inquiringly at Anne's companion.

"Mr. Wells, Mr. Robinson," murmured Anne. It was all she could do, but she did not turn her eyes again in Mr. John Harrington Wells's direction. Not so Mr. Robinson. He greeted the young man with the greatest cordiality.

"Live in New York, Mr. Wells?" he inquired. "Then you must run out and see us while Miss Edgerly is with us." He entered into details of the easiest way to get there, while Anne stood in stony silence, and Mr. Wells, after vainly endeavoring to catch her eye, thanked him with graceful ease and said he would be delighted.

Anne sat under a tree in Mary's English garden and read aloud to her hostess. Two weeks had passed since her arrival, two weeks undisturbed by any intruding stranger. As she read "Geraint and Enid" in her clear, low voice, her mind wandered from the poem to the fact.

Mr. Robinson, bearing cold drinks on a tray, appeared from the house.

"Come, girls," he said briskly, "you've had enough of that stuff. Now a little ginger ale — Halloo! who's this?" A young man was being directed across the lawn with the absence of ceremony characteristic of the Robinson household. Mr. Robinson gave an exclamation of pleasure. "Why, it's Mr. Wells!" he set the tray down hastily on his wife's embroidery, and went forward with outstretched hand. "It has taken you a long time to look us up. Mary, my dear, Mr. Harrington Wells, Anne's friend. Have a glass of ginger ale, Wells?"

Anne's friend shook hands with Mrs. Robinson, and then turned to Anne. She

gave him a chilly little hand which he took in a generous grasp, the while he looked deprecatingly into her indignant eyes.

"I'm going to get some more of this ale," said Mr. Robinson. "I'll be back immediately."

As he trotted away, a maid looked out of the door: "Mrs. Robinson, nurse says —" Mrs. Robinson dropped her embroidery and rose.

"You will excuse me a moment," she said sweetly, but abstractedly; when the baby was in question the rest of the world counted not. She also vanished.

"I stayed away two weeks," said Mr. John Harrington Wells. "Do I deserve nothing for that?"

Miss Edgerly looked over the young man's head at the climbing roses on the garden wall.

"I sent you the tie," she said.

"I got it, thank you. I did not come after the tie."

"You had no right to come at all."

"Ah, but you could not expect me to make no effort to see you."

"You took advantage."

"Her slow revolution brought her face toward him, but her gaze was over his head"



Anne's friend

"A man would be a fool not to take advantage of a chance to know you."

She did not reply to this.

"I have been very busy for the past two weeks," he continued slowly.

"Is that an apology for not calling sooner?"

He smiled.

"No," he said,

"I was busy getting an excuse for calling at all."

He got up from the low seat and went across to lay a letter in her lap. "It is from Mrs. Blaisdell."

Mrs. Blaisdell's was a name to conjure with in Chicago society. Moreover, she was a dear friend of Anne's mother. Unwillingly she opened the letter. A long and very informal letter of introduction it was, and it endowed the bearer, Mr. John Harrington Wells, with all desirable qualities. "You will find him useful, Anne, as well as enjoyable," it ended. "He is delightfully obliging."

This sentence threatened Anne's gravity. Moreover, she did not know what to say, so she went back to the beginning and read it over. "Mrs. Blaisdell's writing seems to trouble you," he suggested. "Can I be of any help? She let me read it."

"I think you dictated it," said Anne.

He laughed out. "Really, I didn't," he assured her, "but I went back to Chicago to get it lest she might have forgotten some of my good qualities." He watched with en-

joyment the curve in Miss Edgerly's red lips.

"The whole incident would have been so without point if we had never met again," he said.

"No one was planning to make a story of it," returned Anne. "And, anyway, that would have been a much more original ending. Even now, if we never saw each other again —"

"I am not willing to go to any such lengths as that just for the sake of originality," he interposed.

"Besides, I should feel that we were tamely copying Henry James."

"If I were going to write the story," said Anne reflectively, "I should have the obliging young man turn out to be Mary's husband."

"No, thank you," he said hastily.

"That would be very hackneyed."

"Well, if I were going to write the story," repeated Miss Edgerly, rising to her feet and dropping the letter and the "Idylls of the King," and

her handkerchief, "I should end it one of those two ways."

He bent one knee to pick up her scattered property.

"And if I write the story," he said, and paused a moment looking up at her from where he knelt, "if I write the story it shall have a very different ending."



"A hearty voice broke in upon her meditation"

THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPH OF ISIDRO DE LOS MAESTROS

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE JUDGMENT OF MAN," "THE COMING OF THE MAESTRA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

I—Face to Face with the Foe



RETURNING to his own town after a morning spent in "working up" the attendance of one of his far and recalcitrant barrio-schools, the Maestro of Balangilang was swaying with relaxed muscle and half-closed eyes to the allegretto trot of his little native pony, when he pulled up with a start, wide awake and all his senses on the alert. Through his somnolence, at first in a low hum, but fast rising in a fiendish crescendo, there had come a buzzing sound, much like that of one of the saw-mills of his California forests, and now, as he sat in the saddle, erect and tense, the thing ripped the air in ragged tear, shrieked vibrating into his ear, and finished its course along his spine in delicious irritation.

"Oh, where am I?" murmured the Maestro, blinking; but between blinks he caught the flashing green of the palay fields and knew that he was far from the saw-mills of the Golden State. So he raised his nose to heaven, and there, afloat above him in the serene blue, was the explanation. It was a kite, a great locust-shaped kite, darting and swooping in the hot monsoon, and from it, dropping plumb, came the abominable clamor.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Maestro, pointing accusingly at the thin line vaguely visible against the sky-line in a diagonal running from the kite above him ahead to a point in the road. "Aha! there's something at the end of that; there's Attendance at the end of that!"

With which significant remark he leaned forward in the saddle, bringing his switch down with a whizz behind him. The pony

gave three rabbit leaps and then settled down to his drumming little trot. As they advanced the line overhead dropped gradually. Finally the Maestro had to swerve the horse aside to save his helmet. He pulled up to a walk, and, a few yards further, came to the spot where string met earth in the expected Attendance.

The Attendance was sitting on the ground, his legs spread before him in an angle of forty-five degrees, each foot arched in a secure grip of a bunch of cogon grass. These legs were bare as far up as they went, and, in fact, no trace of clothing was reached until the eye met the lower fringe of an indescribable undershirt modestly veiling the upper half of a rotund little paunch; an indescribable undershirt, truly, for observation could not reach the thing itself, but only the dirt incrusting it so that it hung together, rigid as a knight's iron corselet, in spite of monstrous tears and rents. Between the teeth of the Attendance was a long, thick cheroot, wound about with hemp fiber, at which he pulled with rounded mouth. Hitched around his right wrist was the kite string, and between his legs a stick spindled with an extra hundred yards. At intervals he hauled hand-over-hand upon the taut line, and then the landscape vibrated to the buzz-saw song which had so compellingly recalled the Maestro to his eternal pursuit.

As the shadow of the horse fell upon him, the Attendance brought his eyes down from their heavenly contemplation, and fixed them upon the rider. A tremor of dismay, mastered as soon as born, flitted over him; then, silently, with careful suppression of all signs of haste, he reached for a big stone with his little yellow paw, then for a stick lying farther off. Using the stone as a hammer, he drove

the stick into the ground with deliberate stroke, wound the string around it with tender solicitude, and then, everything being secure, just as the Maestro was beginning his usual embarrassing question :

"Why are you not at school, eh?"

He drew up his feet beneath him, straightened up like a Jack-in-the-box, took a hop-skip-jump, and with a flourish of golden heels flopped head-first into the roadside ditch's rank luxuriance.

"The little devil!" exclaimed the disconcerted Maestro. He dismounted and, leading his horse, walked up to the side of the ditch. It was full of the water of the last baguio. From the edge of the cane-field on the other side there cascaded down the bank a mad vegetation; it carpeted the sides, arched itself above in a vault, and inside this recess the water was rotting, green-scummed; and a powerful fermentation filled the nostrils with hot, fever-smells. In the center of the ditch the broad, flat head of a caribao emerged slightly above the water; the floating lilies made an incongruous wreath about the great horns and the beatifically-shut eyes, and the thick, humid nose exhaled ecstasy in shuddering ripples over the calm surface.

Filled with a vague sense of the ridiculous, the Maestro peered into the darkness. "The little devil!" he murmured. "He's somewhere in here; but how am I to get him, I'd like to know. Do you see him, eh, Mathusalem?" he asked of the stolid beast soaking there in bliss.

Whether in answer to this challenge or to some other irritant, the animal slowly opened one eye and ponderously let it fall shut again in what, to the heated imagination of the Maestro, seemed a patronizing wink. Its head slid quietly along the water; puffs of ooze rose from below and spread on the surface. Then, in the silence there rose a significant sound — a soft, repeated snapping of the tongue:

"Cluck, cluck."

"Aha!" shouted the Maestro triumphantly to his invisible audience. "I know where you are, you scamp; right behind the caribao; come out of there, *pronto, dale-dale!*"

But his enthusiasm was of short duration. To the commanding tongue-click the caribao had stopped dead-still and a silence heavy with defiance met the too-soon exultant cries. An insect in the foliage began a creaking call, and then all the creatures of humidity

hidden there among this fermenting vegetation joined in mocking chorus.

The Maestro felt a vague blush welling up from the innermost recesses of his being.

"I'm going to get that kid," he muttered darkly, "if I have to wait till — the coming of Common Sense to the Manila office! By gum, he's the Struggle for Attendance personified!"

He sat down on the bank and waited. This did not prove interesting. The animals of the ditch creaked on; the caribao bubbled up the water with his deep content; above, the abandoned kite went through strange acrobatics and wailed as if in pain. The Maestro dipped his hand into the water; it was lukewarm. "No hope of a freeze-out," he murmured pensively.

Behind, the pony began to pull at the reins.

"Yes, little horse, I'm tired, too. + Well," he said apologetically, "I hate to get energetic, but there are circumstances which —"

The end of his sentence was lost, for he had whisked out the big Colt's dissuader of lardons, that hung on his belt, and was firing. The six shots went off like a bunch of fire-crackers, but far from at random, for a regular circle boiled up around the dozing caribao. The disturbed animal snorted, and again a discreet "cluck-cluck" rose in the sudden, astounded silence.

"This," said the Maestro, as he calmly introduced fresh cartridges into the chambers of his smoking weapon, "is what might be called an application of western solutions to eastern difficulties."

Again he brought his revolver down, but he raised it without shooting and replaced it in its holster. From beneath the caribao's rotund belly, below the surface, an indistinct form shot out; cleaving the water like a polliwog it glided for the bank, and then a black, round head emerged at the feet of the Maestro.

"All right, bub; we'll go to school now," said the latter, nodding to the dripping figure as it rose before him.

He lifted the sullen brownie and straddled him forward of the saddle, then proceeded to mount himself, when the Capture began to display marked agitation. He squirmed and twisted, turned his head back and up, and finally a grunt escaped him.

"El velador."

"The kite, to be sure; we mustn't forget the kite," acquiesced the Maestro graciously.

He pulled up the anchoring stick and laboriously, beneath the hostilely critical eye of the Capture, he hauled in the line till the screeching, resisting flying-machine was brought to earth. Then he vaulted into the saddle.

The double weight was a little too much for the pony; so it was at a dignified walk that the Maestro, his naked, dripping, muddy, and still defiant prisoner a-straddle in front of him, the captured kite passed over his left arm like a knightly shield, made his triumphant entry into the pueblo.

II—Heroism and Reverses

When Maestro Pablo rode down Rizal-y-Washington Street to the schoolhouse with his oozing, dripping prize between his arms, the kite, like a knightly escutcheon against his left side, he found that in spite of his efforts at preserving a modest, self-deprecatory bearing, his spine would stiffen and his nose point upward in the unconscious manifestations of an internal feeling that there was in his attitude something picturesquely heroic. Not since walking down the California campus one morning after the big game won three minutes before blowing of the final whistle, by his fifty-yard run-in of a punt, had he been in that posture — at once pleasant and difficult — in which one's vital concern is to wear an humility sufficiently convincing to obtain from friends forgiveness for the crime of being great.

A series of incidents immediately following, however, made the thing quite easy.

Upon bringing the new recruit into the schoolhouse, to the perfidiously expressed delight of the already incorporated, the Maestro called his native assistant to obtain the information necessary to a full matriculation. At the first question the inquisition came to a dead-lock. The boy did not know his name.

"In Spanish times," the Assistant suggested modestly, "we called them 'de los Reyes' when the father was of the army, and 'de la Cruz' when the father was of the church; but now, we can never know *what* it is."

The Maestro dashed to a solution. "All right," he said cheerily. "I caught him; guess I can give him a name. Call him — Isidro de los Maestros."

And thus it was that the urchin went down on the school records, and on the records of life afterward.

Now, well pleased with himself, the Maestro, as is the wont of men in such state, sought for further enjoyment.

"Ask him," he said teasingly, pointing with his chin at the newly-baptized but still unregenerate little savage, "why he came out of the ditch."

"He says he was afraid that you would steal the kite," answered the Assistant, after some linguistic sparring.

"Eh?" ejaculated the surprised Maestro.

And in his mind there framed a picture of himself riding along the road with a string between his fingers; and, following in the upper layers of air, a buzzing kite; and, down in the dust of the highway, an urchin trudging wistfully after the kite, drawn on irresistibly, in spite of his better judgment, on and on, horrified but fascinated, up to the yawning school-door.

It would have been the better way. "I ought to go and soak my head," murmured the Maestro pensively.

This was check number one, but others came in quick succession.

For the morning after this incident the Maestro did not find Isidro among the weird, wild crowd gathered into the annex (a transformed sugar storehouse) by the last raid of the Municipal Police.

Neither was Isidro there the next day, nor the next. And it was not till a week had passed that the Maestro discovered, with an inward blush of shame, that his much-longed-for pupil was living in the little hut behind his own house. There would have been nothing shameful in the overlooking — there were seventeen other persons sharing the same abode — were it not that the nipa front of this human hive had been blown away by the last baguio, leaving an unobstructed view of the interior, if it might be called such. As it was, the Municipal Police was mobilized at the urgent behest of the Maestro. Its "cabo," flanked by two privates armed with old German needle-guns, besieged the home and, after an interesting game of hide-and-go-seek, Isidro was finally caught by one arm and one ear, and ceremoniously marched to school. And there the Maestro asked him why he had not been attending.

"No hay pantalones" — there are no pants — Isidro answered, dropping his eyes modestly to the ground.

This was check number two, and unmistakably so, for was it not a fact that a civil commission, overzealous in its civilizing

ardor, had passed a law commanding that every one should wear, when in public, "at least one garment, preferably trousers?"

Following this, and an unsuccessful plea upon the town tailor who was on a three weeks' vacation on account of the death of a fourth cousin, the Maestro shut himself up a whole day with Isidro in his little nipa house; and behind the closely-shut shutters engaged in some mysterious toil. When they emerged again the next morning, Isidro wended his way to the school at the end of the Maestro's arm, trousered!

The trousers, it must be said, had a certain cachet of distinction. They were made of calico-print, with a design of little black skulls sprinkled over a yellow background. Some parts hung flat and limp as if upon a scarecrow; others pulsed, like a fire-hose in action, with the pressure of flesh compressed beneath, while at other points they bulged pneumatically in little foot-balls. The right leg dropped to the ankle; the left stopped, discouraged, a few inches below the knee. The seams looked like the putty mountain chains of the geography class. As the Maestro strode along he threw rapid glances at his handiwork, and it was plain that the emotions that moved him were somewhat mixed in character. His face showed traces of a puzzled diffidence, as that of a man who has come in sack-coat to a full-dress function; but after all it was satisfaction that predominated, for after this heroic effort he had decided that Victory had at last perched upon his banners.

And it really looked so for a time. Isidro stayed at school at least during that first day of his trousered life. For when the Maestro, later in the forenoon paid a visit to the annex, he found the Assistant in charge standing disconcerted before the urchin who, with eyes indignant and hair perpendicular upon the top of his head, was evidently holding to his side of the argument with his customary energy.

Isidro was trouserless. Sitting rigid upon his bench, holding on with both hands as if in fear of being removed, he dangled naked legs to the sight of who might look.

"Que barbaridad!" murmured the Assistant in limp dejection.

But Isidro threw at him a look of black hatred. This became a tense, silent plea for justice as it moved up for a moment to the Maestro's face, and then it settled back upon its first object in frigid accusation.

"Where are your trousers, Isidro?" asked the Maestro.

Isidro relaxed his convulsive grasp of the bench with one hand, canted himself slightly to one side just long enough to give an instantaneous view of the trousers, neatly folded and spread between what he was sitting with and what he was sitting on, then swung back with the suddenness of a kodak-shutter, seized his seat with new determination, and looked eloquent justification at the Maestro.

"Why will you not wear them?" asked the latter.

"He says he will not get them dirty," said the Assistant, interpreting the answer.

"Tell him when they are dirty he can go down to the river and wash them," said the Maestro.

Isidro pondered over the suggestion for two silent minutes. The prospect of a day spent splashing in the lukewarm waters of the Ilog he finally put down as not at all detestable and, getting up to his feet:

"I will put them on," he said gravely.

Which he did on the moment, with an absence of hesitation as to which was front and which was back, very flattering to the Maestro.

That Isidro persevered during the next week, the Maestro also came to know. For now regularly every evening as he smoked and lounged upon his long, cane chair, trying to persuade his tired body against all laws of physics to give up a little of its heat to a circumambient atmosphere of temperature equally enthusiastic; as he watched among the rafters of the roof the snakes swallowing the rats, the rats devouring the lizards, the lizards snapping up the spiders, the spiders snaring the flies in eloquent representation of the life struggle, his studied passiveness would be broken by strange sounds from the dilapidated hut at the back of his house. A voice, imitative of that of the Third Assistant who taught the annex, hurled forth questions which were immediately answered by another voice, curiously like that of Isidro.

Fiercely: "Du yu ssee dde hhatt?"

Breathlessly: "Yiss I ssee dde hhatt."

Ferociously: "Show me dde hhatt."

Eagerly: "Here are dde hhatt."

Thunderously: "Gif me dde hhatt."

Exultantly: "I gif yu dde hhatt."

Then the Maestro would step to the window and look into the hut from which came



"AT INTERVALS HE HAULED HAND-OVER-HAND UPON THE TAUT LINE"

this Socratic dialogue. And on this wall-less platform which looked much like a primitive stage, a singular action was unrolling itself in the smoky glimmer of a two-cent lamp. The Third Assistant was not there at all; but Isidro was the Third Assistant. And the pupil was not Isidro, but the witless old man who was one of the many sharers of the abode. In the voice of the Third Assistant, Isidro was hurling out the tremendous questions; and, as the old gentleman, who represented Isidro, opened his mouth only to drule betel-juice, it was Isidro who, in Isidro's voice, answered the questions. In his role as Third Assistant he stood with legs akimbo before the pupil, a bamboo twig in his hand; as Isidro the pupil, he plumped down quickly upon the bench before responding. The sole function of the senile old man seemed that of representing the pupil while the question was being asked and receiving, in that capacity, a sharp cut across the nose from Isidro-the-Third-Assistant's switch, at which he chuckled to himself in silent glee and *drulld ad libitum*.

For several nights this performance went on with gradual increase of vocabulary in teacher and pupil. But when it had reached the "Do you see the apple-tree?" stage, it ceased to advance, marked time for a while, and then slowly but steadily began sliding back into primitive beginnings. This engendered in the Maestro a suspicion which became certainty when Isidro entered the schoolhouse one morning just before recess, between two policemen at port arms. A rapid scrutiny of the roll-book showed that he had been absent a whole week.

"I was at the river cleaning my trousers," answered Isidro when put face to face with this curious fact.

The Maestro suggested that the precious pantaloons which, by the way, had been mysteriously embellished by a red stripe down the right leg and a green stripe down the left leg, could be cleaned in less than a week, and that Saturday and Sunday were days specially set aside in the Catechismo of the *Americanos* for such little family duties.

Isidro understood, and the nightly rehearsals soon reached the stage of:

"How menny hhetts hev yu?"

"I hev *ten* hhetts."

Then came another arrest of development, and another decline, at the end of which Isidro, again making his appearance flanked by two German needle-guns, caused a blush of

remorse to suffuse the Maestro by explaining with frigid gravity that his mother had given birth to a little pickaninny-brother and that, of course, he had had to help.

But significant events in the family did not stop there. After birth, death stepped in for its due. Isidro's relatives began to drop off in rapid sequence — each demise demanding three days of meditation in retirement — till at last the Maestro, who had had the excellent idea of keeping upon paper a record of these unfortunate occurrences, was looking with stupor upon a list showing that Isidro had lost, within three weeks, two aunts, three grandfathers, and five grandmothers — which, considering that an actual count proved the house of bereavement still able to boast of seventeen occupants, was plainly an exaggeration.

Following a long sermon from the Maestro in which he sought to explain to Isidro that he must always tell the truth for sundry philosophical reasons — a statement which the First Assistant tactfully smoothed to something within range of credulity by translating it that one must not lie to *Americanos*, because *Americanos* do not like it — there came a period of serenity.

III — The Triumph

There came to the Maestro days of peace and joy. Isidro was coming to school; Isidro was learning English. Isidro was steady, Isidro was docile, Isidro was positively so angelic that there was something uncanny about the situation. And with Isidro, other little savages were being pruned into the school-going stage of civilization. Helped by the police, they were pouring in from barrio and hacienda; the attendance was going up by leaps and bounds, till at last a circulative report showed that Balangilang had passed the odious Cabancalan with its less strenuous school-man, and left it in the ruck by a full hundred. The Maestro was triumphant; his chest had gained two inches in expansion. When he met Isidro at recess, playing cibay, he murmured softly: "You little devil; you were Attendance personified, and I've got you now." At which Isidro, pausing in the act of throwing a shell with the top of his head at another shell on the ground, looked up beneath long lashes in a smile absolutely seraphic.

In the evening, the Maestro, his heart sweet with content, stood at the window. These were moonlight nights; in the grassy lanes



"FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE HUTS CAME THE TINKLE-TINKLE
OF SERENADING GUITARS"



" ' It is my little pickaninny-brother, went on Isidro, becoming alive to the fact that he was a center of interest 'and he died last night of the great sickness' "

the young girls played graceful Spanish games, winding like garlands to a gentle song ; from the shadows of the huts came the tinkle-tinkle of serenading guitars and yearning notes of violins wailing despairing love. And Isidro, seated on the bamboo ladder of his house, went through an independent performance. He sang "Good-night, Ladies," the last song given to the school, sang it

in soft falsetto, with languorous drawls, and never-ending organ points, over and over again, till it changed character gradually, dropped into a wailing minor, an endless croon full of the obscure melancholy of a race that dies.

"Goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies ; goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies ; goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies-ies," he

repeated, and repeated, over and over again, till the Maestro's soul tumbled down and down abysses of maudlin tenderness, and Isidro's chin fell upon his chest in a last drawling, sleepy note. At which he shook himself together and began the next exercise, a recitation, all of one piece from first to last syllable, in one high, monotonous note, like a mechanical doll saying "papa-mama."

' Oh-look-et-de-moon-she-ees-shinin-up theyre-oh-mudder-she-look-like-a-lom-in de-ayre-lost-night-she-was-smalleire-on-joos-like-a-bow-boot-now-she-ees-big-gerr-on-rrraon-like-an-O."

Then a big gulp of air and again :

"Oh-look-et-de-moon-she-ees-shinin-up-theyre, — " etc.

An hour of this, and he skipped from the lyric to the patriotic, and then it was :

"I-loof-dde-name-off-Wash-ing-ton,
I-loof-my-coonrrree-tow,
I-loof-dde-fleg-dde-dear-owl-fleg,
Off-rrid-on-whit-on-bloo-oo-oo!"

By this time the Maestro was ready to go to bed, and long in the torpor of the tropic night there came to him, above the hum of the mosquitoes fighting at the net, the soft, wailing croon of Isidro, back at his "Goo-oo-oo high-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies."

These were days of ease and beauty to the Maestro, and he enjoyed them the more when a new problem came to give action to his resourceful brain.

The thing was this : For three days there had not been one funeral in Balangilang.

In other climes, in other towns, this might have been a source of congratulation, perhaps, but not in Balangilang. There were rumors of cholera in the towns to the north, and the Maestro, as president of the Board of Health, was on the watch for it. Five deaths a day, experience had taught him, was the healthy average for the town ; and this sudden cessation of public burials — he could not believe that dying had stopped — was something to make him suspicious.

It was over this puzzling situation that he was pondering at the morning recess, when his attention was taken from it by a singular scene.

The "batas" of the school were flocking and pushing and jolting at the door of the basement which served as stable for the municipal caribao. Elbowing his way to

the spot, the Maestro found Isidro at the entrance, gravely taking up an admission of five shells from those who would enter. Business seemed to be brisk ; Isidro had already a big bandana handkerchief bulging with the receipts which were now overflowing into a great tao hat, obligingly loaned him by one of his admirers, as one by one, those lucky enough to have the price filed in, feverish curiosity upon their faces.

The Maestro thought that it might be well to go in also, which he did without paying admission. The disappointed gate-keeper followed him. The Maestro found himself before a little pink-and-blue tissue-paper box, frilled with paper rosettes.

"What have you in there?" asked the Maestro.

"My brother," answered Isidro sweetly.

He cast his eyes to the ground and watched his big toe drawing vague figures in the earth, then, appealing to the First Assistant who was present by this time, he added in the tone of virtue which *will* be modest :

"Maestro Pablo does not like it when I do not come to school on account of a funeral, so I brought him (pointing to the little box) with me."

"Well, I'll be — " was the only comment the Maestro found adequate at the moment.

"It is my little pickaninny-brother," went on Isidro, becoming alive to the fact that he was a center of interest, "and he died last night of the great sickness."

"The great what?" ejaculated the Maestro who had caught a few words.

"The great sickness," explained the Assistant. "That is the name by which these ignorant people call the cholera."

For the next two hours the Maestro was very busy.

Firstly he gathered the "batas" who had been rich enough to attend Isidro's little show and locked them up — with the impresario himself — in the little town-jail close by. Then, after a vivid exhortation upon the beauties of boiling water and reporting disease, he dismissed the school for an indefinite period. After which, impressing the two town prisoners, now temporarily out of home, he shouldered Isidro's pretty box, tramped to the cemetery and directed the digging of a grave six feet deep. When the earth had been scraped back upon the lonely little object, he returned to town and transferred the awe-stricken playgoers to his own

house, where a strenuous performance took place.

Tolio, his boy, built a most tremendous fire outside and set upon it all the pots and pans and caldrons and cans of his kitchen arsenal, filled with water. When these began to gurgle and steam, the Maestro set himself to stripping the horrified bunch in his room; one by one he threw the garments out of the window to Tolio who, catching them, stuffed them into the receptacles, poking down their bulging protest with a big stick. Then the Maestro mixed an awful brew in an old oil-can and, taking the brush which was commonly used to sleek up his little pony, he dipped it generously into the pungent stuff and began an energetic scrubbing of his now absolutely panic-stricken wards. When he had done this to his satisfaction and thoroughly to their discontent, he let them put on their still steaming garments and they slid out of the house, aseptic as hospitals.

Isidro he kept longer. He lingered over him with loving and strenuous care, and after he had him externally clean, proceeded to dose him internally from a little red bottle. Isidro took everything — the terrific scrubbing, the exaggerated dosing, the ruinous treatment of his pantaloons — with wonder-eyed serenity.

When all this was finished the Maestro took the urchin into the dining-room and, seating him on his best bamboo chair, he courteously offered him a fine, dark perfecto.

The next instant he was suffused with the light of a new revelation. For, stretching out his hard little claw to receive the gift, the little man had shot at him a glance so mild, so wistful, so brown-eyed, filled with such mixed admiration, trust, and appeal, that a queer softness had risen in the Maestro from somewhere down in the regions of his heel, up and up, quietly, like the mercury in the thermometer, till it had flowed through his whole body and stood still, its high-water mark a little lump in his throat.

"Why, Lord bless us-ones, Isidro," said the Maestro quietly. "We're only a child after all, mere baby, my man. And don't we like to go to school?"

"Señor Pablo," asked the boy, looking up softly into the Maestro's still perspiring visage, "Señor Pablo, is it true that there will be no school because of the great sickness?"

"Yes, it is true," answered the Maestro. "No school for a long, long time."

Then Isidro's mouth began to twitch queerly, and suddenly throwing himself full-length upon the floor, he hurled out from somewhere within him a long, tremulous wail.

GIVE COURAGE, LORD!

BY

L. B. BRIDGMAN

I TOO had courage to contend with wrong
Through the wild night.
I have defied decrees of Fate and, strong
Against the plays of Chance, have waged the fight.

And when, in morning glow, Life, Love, and Joy
Danced beckoning by,
I turned me from the hope, I chose the strife —
'Twas short, 'twas sharp! — and did renounce, deny.

I trod, though thorned with pain, beset with fears,
Steep, stony ways:
But give me courage, Lord, to live the years,
The long, long years of uneventful days!

SOME DIET DELUSIONS

BY

WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.



OW can a delusion exist in regard to such a matter-of-fact and every-day subject as diet? One would certainly have thought it the easiest of things to put to test and prove or disprove promptly.

Every imaginable experiment upon what would and what would not support life must have been tried thousands of years ago, and yet our most striking proofs of how highly men value their "precious right of private haziness," as George Eliot shrewdly terms it, are to be found in the realm of dietetics. The "light that never was on sea, or land" still survives for the most matter-of-fact of us in the memory of "the pies that mother used to make," and nowhere else do we find preferences so widely accepted as evidence, and prejudices as matters of fact, as in this arena. In fact if we were merely to listen to what is said, and still more to read what is printed, we would come to the conclusion that the human race had established absolutely nothing beyond possibility of dispute in this realm. Every would-be diet-reformer, and we doctors are almost as bad as any of them, is absolutely certain that what nine-tenths of humanity find to be their food is a deadly poison. One philosopher is sure that animal food of every description, especially the kind that involves the shedding of blood, is not only absolutely unfit for human food, but is the cause of half the suffering and wickedness in the world. Another gravely declares that the only thing which above all things is injurious is salt. Another takes up his parable against pork. Still another is convinced that half the misery of the world is due to the use of spices; and one dietetic Rousseau, proclaims a return to very first principles by the abolition of cooking. Another attacks the harmless and blushing tomato, and lays at its door the

modern increase of cancer, insanity, and a hundred kindred evils; while Mrs. Rohrer has gently but firmly to be restrained whenever the mild-eyed potato is mentioned in her presence.

There is almost an equally astonishing Babel when one comes to listen to the various opinions as to the amount of food required. Eighteen grave and reverend doctors assure us that overeating is the prevalent dietetic sin of the century, while the remainder of the two dozen are equally positive that the vast majority of their patients are underfed. One man preaches the gospel of dignified simplicity on one meal a day and one clean collar a week, while the lean and learned Fletcher declares that if we only keep on masticating our one mouthful of food long enough, we shall delude the stomach into magnifying it into ten, and can dine sumptuously on a menu card and a wafer biscuit.

Instinct Far Superior to Reason

Fortunately, when it comes to practice, philosophers, reformers, and doctors alike have about as much influence here as they have over conduct in other realms — and that is next to none at all. The man in the street follows his God-given instincts and plods peacefully along to his three square meals a day, consisting of anything he can find in the market, and just as much of it as he can afford, with special preference for rich meats, fats, and sugars. Here, as everywhere, instinct is far superior to reason, and a breakfast diet of sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and strong coffee has carried the white man half round the world; while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded, gasping, in the first ditch he came to.

All the basal problems of dietetics were, by the mercy of Heaven, settled long ago, in

the farmhouse kitchen, in the commissary department of the army in the field, in the cook's galley amidships, and in the laboratory.

There is little more room for difference of opinion upon them than there is about the coaling of engines. Simply a matter of size of boiler and fire-box, the difference in heating power and ash between Welsh and Australian, and the amount of work to be got out of the machine, multiplied by the time in which it is to be accomplished.

It is true that Professor Chittenden has recently published the results of experiments upon a "starvation squad" of soldiers which lead him to the conclusion that weight, health, and vigor can be maintained upon about half the amount of food laid down in standard diet-tables. But this highly improbable conclusion, upon so slender a basis of fact can carry but little weight until it has been confirmed by tests upon a far wider scale by other observers. From the reports of colleagues who saw the soldiers at the close of their fast, anemic, nervous, so eager to get back to regular rations that they would say *anything* about their feelings which would tend to bring the experiment to a close, it strikes me simply as a test of human endurance like Dr. Tanner's famous fast. We are merely automobiles in human form, literally "steam-engines in breeches," of only moderate range of power, but exceedingly economical in the matter of fuel, and of remarkable adaptability. Given our age, sex, size, horse-power, and the work to be done, the suitable fuel is only a question of cost and accessibility. Every particle of the energy which sparkles in our eyes, which moves our muscles, which warms our imaginations, is sunlight cunningly woven into our food by the living cell, whether vegetable or animal. Every movement, every word, every thought, every aspiration, represents the expenditure of precisely so much energy derived from food. Cut off our supply of second-hand sunlight and our human lamps go out like an arc-light when the current is broken. We are literally what we have eaten.

Strange and Primitive Notions about Food

Some diet delusions are of most modern date, like the "fush" fad which is now devastating our breakfast tables, while others are of most respectable antiquity.

Among the latter is that very ancient survival, the notion that particular foods are "good" for particular things or effects. This is an almost direct descendent of the notion held with greater or less unanimity by nearly all savage and barbarous tribes, that the flesh or viscera of birds and animals possessing particular qualities will be likely to produce the same qualities in those who eat them. Thus Nero used to banquet on nightingale's tongues in the hope of improving his voice, and the Ojibwa cut out and devoured the heart of the bear, the liver of the buffalo, etc., believing that the strength and courage of these animals would thereby be transferred to himself. It is probable that the most gruesome of ancestral rites — cannibalism — was largely due to the same belief, although, of course, in Neanderthal days primitive man would have no more hesitancy about eating his enemy after he had killed him than he would in devouring a bear or a deer. In fact, the early converts of the missionaries in the South Sea Islands referred to their favorite dish as "long pig." Every known race has at some time been cannibal.

There certainly was a childlike logicity and naïveté about the conception of the Maori warrior who rounded and completed his conquest of his enemy by eating him afterwards and thus acquiring all the vigor and energy which had been wont to oppose him. The story told of the old Maori chief who, in his last hour, when urged by the missionary and his favorite wife to a death-bed repentance, and told that he must begin by forgiving his enemies, proudly lifted his head and exclaimed, "I have no enemies; I have eaten them all," appeals to a slumbering chord in us even yet. While certain most intelligent people to-day would indignantly resent the accusation of reverting to such days and ideas, they will vigorously denounce the eating of pork as an unholy thing, on the ground that "he who eats pork thinks pork," and the more orthodox of them will even declare that while Scripture records that the devils entered into swine, we have no assurance that they ever came out of them.

The prohibition by Moses of this second most useful and valuable meat-food that we possess and its echo by Mohammed were on purely ceremonial and irrational grounds, and had nothing whatever to do with dietetics, or hygiene. Most of these primitive

prejudices against the use of the flesh of a particular animal are traceable to the belief that the animal is the totem, or guardian spirit, or primitive ancestor of the tribe. It is obvious that the table of unclean meats in Deuteronomy was purely an invention constructed with the purpose of excluding pork; though whether upon grounds of totemism or pure taboo it is, of course, impossible to say.

Another amusing modern survival of the same idea is to be found on almost every hand in the popular impression, gravely repeated in works upon voice culture within the last twenty years, that dates and figs are peculiarly good for the voice, while nuts are injurious to it. The only basis whatever for this impression being a sort of crude analogy between the sweetness of the fruits mentioned and that of the tones of the voice, and between the roughness of the shells and skins of the nuts and the coarser and more strident tones.

It will also be recalled that the classical wolf in "Red Riding Hood" softened his voice by eating chalk; and a score of other similar fairy tales could be quoted.

Nor need we delve into folk-lore antiquity for instances of belief. It was only a few months ago that the writer, during a political campaign, heard one of the speakers, who had an unusually melodious and penetrating voice, approached by a very intelligent gentleman, a lawyer of eminence in the community, with the remark: "That's a very remarkable voice of yours, Major. Do you take anything for it?"

Curious Origin of the Fish-Phosphorus Delusion

An equally imposing specter which still occasionally stalks through the pages of the popular magazines is the notion that in some way fish diet is peculiarly good for brain development. This, though of quite respectable antiquity, like many another ancient fiction has been false-butressed by "scientific" arguments of late years, namely: that as the principal constituents of brain tissue, neurin and lecithin, are usually rich in phosphorus, and as fish contains a large amount of phosphorus, therefore fish makes brains.

It has also received a historical bolstering up by the citation of the Church's use of fish on fast-days and of the fact that Christ selected His apostles from among fishermen.

An even better citation would have been the extraordinary vigor which is imparted to the imagination of those who catch fish, merely by the contact of landing them, or even that of half pulling them out of the water.

This lovely scientific fairy tale about the phosphorus has, like the Irishman's corpse, no less than three fatal wounds in it. The first is that while the brain tissue is, it is true, rich in phosphorus, it is no more so than the nuclei of all the cells scattered throughout the body. The ordinary white blood cell, or leucocyte, contains as much phosphorus as does the nerve cell of the same size, and unless the nerve cell could be imagined to have a bigger appetite or a superior intelligence it would get no more of the phosphorus contained in the food than would its healthful inferjors. In the second place the notion that any particular kind of food or any element in the food goes to any particular tissue is utterly without foundation, and is as logical as the belief of little Mary in Holland's "Bay Path," who, adoring the beautiful wavy hair of her young mistress, every morning at breakfast took special pains to push each mouthful of bread and milk up against the roof of her mouth before swallowing it, in the hopes that it would soak upwards and make her hair grow.

Every bit of food going into the body is broken down into its simplest molecules and then absorbed by each particular cell and built into its structure. In other words the cells do their own eating, and are not mere bits of blotting paper to soak up what happens to be brought to them. The third mortal wound is widest and most gaping of all; and this is that fish contains no more phosphorus than meat, eggs, or any other proteid food. How, then, did it get the reputation of containing it? Simply from the fact that dead fish allowed to decay upon the decks of fishing smacks, or upon the sea beach, display very frequently a greenish phosphorescence in the process of decomposition. This phosphorescent light, however, is due not to the fish at all, but to a group of bacteria which is feasting upon its remains. So the whole fish-phosphorus-brain theory is literally an *ignis fatuus*, or will-o'-the-wisp.

Equally whimsical and interesting as a study in credulity are the numerous impressions abroad, especially in "intense" and intellectual circles, that particular kinds of food are "bad for" particular things.

These are easily traceable to that broad and omnivorous type of primitive human logic which, as Tyler pointed out, enables the Samoyed to see a striking likeness between a cow and a comet, in that they both have tails. To take one of the crudest forms, all through Northeastern Europe there is a firm belief that nursing mothers should never be allowed to eat fish or eggs, because since these foods have not the power of speech, their children might be dumb in consequence.

The Idea That Spices Heat the Blood

To come a little nearer home, we have the flight of fancy, carefully reproduced I am sorry to say, in many so-called scientific works upon dietetics, that spices are to be interdicted in feverish, bilious, or inflammatory conditions because they are supposed to be "heating to the blood." Here the child-like analogy between sensations of warmth produced in the mouth by these substances and a rise of temperature is so clear as to be self-evident, and is precisely of a piece with the other popular superstition that red-flannel underwear is warmer than white.

As a matter of fact there is no evidence to support the notion that spices heat the blood. A teaspoonful of powdered capsicum, which produces almost unbearable agony if taken into the mouth, put in a capsule and swallowed will produce no more serious effect, than a kindly sensation of warmth in the pit of the stomach. The apparent foundation for this superstition, which is almost as prevalent in medical works as it is in popular ones, is that by an abundant spicing and high flavoring of certain dishes the jaded appetite can be whipped into eating things for which it has absolutely no use, and that spices may be, and often are, used to disguise and cover up the taste of putrefying, stale, and otherwise unfit meats. Much of our most vaunted cooking, especially that of the French school, consists in making edible that which should never be eaten, and the poor spices which are used in the process have to bear the whole burden. Really they are, in my judgment, valuable intestinal antiseptics, checking and preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the alimentary canal and consequent colics without in any way interfering with its solution by the digestive juices. The extraordinary appetite invariably displayed for them by races

living in the tropics and by white men going there, is, I believe, an instinct based upon appreciation of their genuine value. So powerful are they as antiseptics, that mustard-flour has for years been used by one of America's most prominent surgeons as the antiseptic in sterilizing the hands for surgical operations, and powdered cinnamon has been proposed as a dressing for septic wounds. Their universal use for embalming purposes as in the Egyptian mummies was due to their antiseptic powers. I had occasion some years ago to study rather carefully the dietary best suited to white men in the tropics as illustrated by our soldiers in the Philippines and English civilians in India, and after consultation with a number of Army surgeons, came to the conclusion that the notion that meats and fats were "too heating for the blood" in the tropics, was apparently as baseless as the spice-heating delusion, and that those messes and regiments which took their full Northern army ration and then turned it over to skilled native cooks to spice, pepper, curry, and bedevil generally at their own sweet will, enjoyed not only better general health and greater working power, but a freedom from dysenteries and kindred ailments which was really striking as compared with other troops who used no such condiments. In fact I do not mind confessing a rapid drift toward the heretical conclusion that the food which we take into our bodies does not go to produce heat first and then energy from that after the wasteful method of the steam-engine, but rather after the method of the gasoline engine, produces energy first and heat incidentally as a waste product — in other words, that our vital heat may be a frictional remainder produced by the activities of our bodies and not necessary to life. Plants can do more wonderful things than we in the way of construction, work, and growth without giving off a particle of appreciable heat. We probably do our life work by a series of intra-cellular explosions, which generate little or no heat, except as a waste or friction product as in an electric light or fan. As Loeb's brilliant studies on the rôle of oxygen in cold-blooded animals have shown, our respiration is chiefly to burn up the poisonous waste products of the life-activities of our cells, *not* to produce energy by combustion. The food of a healthy man at work should, in my judgment, have

practically the same value the year round. Look at the enormous amounts of meat, butter, and starchy foods required by the harvest hand in sweltering July. The only reason we should eat less in the tropics is that the heat will not allow us to do so much work. Woman, always a puzzle, is a far more economical machine than man, capable of doing as much and enduring more upon much less fuel, though it is true she is often underfed. She is twenty-five per cent nearer the cold-blooded animals in economy of metabolism as shown by her lessened CO_2 output.

The Prejudice Against Pork, and the Facts

Under this same category comes the prejudice against pork. Because the pig is an unclean feeder, fond of wallowing in the dirt, and apt to make his sty and environment an offense in the nostrils of the neighborhood, there has grown up a prejudice against the use of his flesh in the more ladylike minds of all ages and communities. Having once received this prejudice they have proceeded to brace it from all possible sources. First of all by harping back to the ancient taboo placed upon the flesh of swine by both Jewish and Mohammedan ceremonial law. This, as we have seen, and as is now admitted by the more intelligent Rabbis and all the reformed Jews, is purely ceremonial and has no hygienic basis. The remarkable comparative longevity and low mortality of the Jews is proudly pointed to as a result of abstinence from the forbidden meat, forgetting that there are a score of other interdictions in the Jewish law which have more to do with the record of which they are so justly proud, and utterly leaving out of account the factor which is responsible for two-thirds of it, and that is the magnificent, unconquerable vitality and inherent racial vigor both mental and physical of the Jewish people. It is just as rational to ascribe, as is still done in strict evangelical circles, the extraordinary persistence of the Jewish race under every imaginable persecution and hardship to the special favor of the Almighty in preserving them for final conversion, as it is to abstinence from pork.

Deprived of pork, our Jewish brethren have made up for it by eating every other kind of digestible fat that they could secure — butter, suet, fat fish, oil, the fat of geese, etc., so that their dietary is probably richer in fat than that of any class of the Gentile

population surrounding them. Any physician of experience will confirm the statement that the diet of his Jewish patients is one of the richest in fats and sugars, most abundant in quantity and most attractively cooked of any of his families, in proportion to their income. This, in my judgment, is the one of the secrets of their relative immunity from tuberculosis, which is largely confined to more prosperous classes.

Having deftly supported their prejudice from the Scripture itself on the one hand, they proceed to buttress it up on the other by pseudo-science.

In our first crude and childish experiments upon digestion and the digestive powers of the human stomach, the first and most obvious test of the digestibility of a food applied was the length of time which it took to leave the stomach. With naïve simplicity we took it for granted that food could only leave the stomach by way of absorption into the blood vessels, and that the whole process of digestion was carried out in that much enduring organ. But the stomach is little more than a place of deposit for the food, where it may be sufficiently churned and partially dissolved in water, with the assistance of weak acid and pepsin before being passed on into the real digestive organ of the body, the small intestine. There is no necessary connection between the ultimate digestibility of a food and the length of time which it remains in the stomach. The old tables of digestibility which still encumber many of our text-books are arranged chiefly upon the ease and swiftness with which particular food substances can be acidulated and passed on out of the stomach. Eggs, milk, sweetbreads, and rice come at the head of the list, for these are either liquified in the process of mastication by the saliva, or so nearly so that a comparatively few minutes stay in the stomach is sufficient to allow them to be acidulated and passed on for the serious process of digestion in the small intestine. Next come, it will be remembered, oysters, soups, and the lighter meats; then beefsteak and bread, and fat and fried meats; and last of all pure fats. Naturally, pork comes late in this series because it contains large quantities of fat, and that fat is distributed among its fibers. Moreover, if any fermentation takes place in the stomach from the sugars and starches, gases are formed, eructations occur in the mouth, and the poor

pork which may have been only a harmless spectator of the disturbance, is tasted and blamed for the whole trouble. Even though it takes pork four hours to leave the stomach, and six more to be dissolved and absorbed in the small intestine, what does that matter so long as it is completely assimilated by the end of that time, as it is in ninety per cent of all digestive canals? It is the slowest, but also one of the surest foods that we have to give off all its energy to the body. Its very slowness of digestion is what gives it its splendid staying powers for hard work, whether muscular or mental.

As a matter of fact I have seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast-bacon than by any kind of drug or restricted diet.

An adult alimentary canal which cannot digest bacon or ham is not to be regarded as healthy, and instead of humoring and giving in to a weak digestion, it should be braced up and under skilled supervision educated to take what is given it and make no fuss. Stomachs can be spoiled by giving them too little to do almost as easily as by giving them too much. A healthy stomach fit to cope with the emergencies of life must be able to digest not only that which is digestible, but much that is difficult of digestion, and this is the standard which should be aimed at in dietetic therapeutics. As Prof. Max Einhorn puts it: "The diet in health should not always comprise the most easily digestible substances. For by doing so we weaken our digestive system." Besides, a large bulk of indigestible residue is absolutely necessary to stimulate the lower bowel to proper action. We need "hay" just as horses do. Pork, including ham and bacon, is easily our second most valuable meat food, and has laid the literal foundation of our Western civilization. What would an army, an exploring party, a railroad gang, a lumber camp, or a harvest-field be without bacon?

Most of the restricted "hygienic" diets on which our patients put themselves are chiefly notable for the fact that they are deficient in proper food value, and whoever lives on them will be dyspeptic just as long as he does so.

Vegetarianism and What Is Really at the Bottom of It

A subtler and less prevalent form of the same delusion is that known as vegetarianism. This cult, for it is a religious

cult and not a dietetic or hygienic school, starts out with the foregone conclusion that animal food of every sort is and must be injurious. Having once cleared their minds upon this point its devotees then proceeded to bolster it up to the best of their ability upon alleged scientific grounds. But this should never be allowed for a moment to disguise the real nature of the contention, which is *that the eating of animal food is morally wrong*. When their attention is firmly but politely called to the fact that their dietary consists very largely of two products which are usually regarded as animal in their nature — milk, with its derivatives, butter and cheese and eggs — they promptly reveal the real character of their position by stating that it is only those animal foods *which involve the taking of life* that are injurious. This is purely a matter of creed and belief, not of any sort of reason or logic, and argument can consequently go no further. Any man has a perfect right to *believe* anything that he pleases, providing that he is prepared to take the consequences.

Hear Gleizès, one of their earliest prophets in his Thèse 2: "*Que le meurtre des animaux est la principale source de nos erreurs et de nos crimes,*" and their latest, Kellogg: "When animal eats vegetable there is no pain, no sorrow, no sadness . . . no eyes forever shut to the sunlight they were made to see, no ears closed to the sweet melodies they were made to hear," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. As poetry, this picturesque nonsense may be admirable, but as argument!

Some years ago I had the privilege of attending a session of one of the International Women's Congresses held in London. One afternoon was devoted to the sweet and alluring subject of "Kindness to Animals," Sir Edward Grey, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and myself being the three rash males who were induced to thrust our heads into the lioness's den. We had the audacity to defend, respectively, the pursuit and killing of animals for sport, fishing, and vivisection, and were all cordially hissed several times before we got through our speeches. The feature which was chiefly interesting was, that all these Anti-sport, Anti-vivisection, and Anti-fish-hook ladies turned out to be more or less devout vegetarians, which position they boldly and frankly based, not upon any dietetic, hygienic grounds, although

these all were lugged in by the ears as usual, but on the position that it was inherently wrong for any purpose to take life, either human or animal. One speaker presented the pith of the vegetarian religion when she said that while it might be true that by the torture of a few miserable rabbits we could discover secrets of disease which would enable us to prolong human lives, and that by the ruthless slaughter of animals for food our bodies could be given increased vigor and activity, yet we must remember that all these things were merely temporal and material benefits and must result in serious degradation and hurt to our spiritual selves on account of the cruelty unavoidably involved. There you have it in a nutshell. With vegetarianism as a creed, we have, as scientific men, no more quarrel than with any other creed. But when it parades in the guise of science we firmly but respectfully protest. Its contention that human life can be maintained in fair health and vigor upon a chiefly vegetable diet is absolutely unchallenged by us. There is no doubt about it. Indeed, nearly one half of the human race has been compelled from sheer necessity to prove that thesis in its actual experience; but we find absolutely no jot of evidence in support of the contention that there is any advantage or superiority in vegetable diet as such, — no more than that there is any inherent superiority in a pure animal diet as such. Both are excellent in their places, and the best results, physically, mentally, and morally have invariably been, and are yet, attained by an intelligent and judicious mixture of the two classes of food. Parenthetically speaking it may be stated that vegetarianism is the diet of the enslaved, stagnant, and conquered races, and a diet rich in meat is that of the progressive, the dominant, and the conquering strains (Virchow). The rise of any nation in civilization is invariably accompanied by an increased abundance in food supply from all possible sources, both vegetable and animal.

All Signs Indicate That Man Was Meant to Eat Meat

If any individual prefers to restrict himself to a purely vegetable diet, including milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, he is perfectly at liberty to do so; but that he will gain any advantage whatever from his abstention from meat we are utterly unable to confirm.

Whoever may be right, the extremist is absolutely sure to be wrong, and the pure vegetarian and the pure "animalian," if such an one exist, alike occupy positions which are in the eye of science irrational and untenable. There is no valid or necessary ground, so far as we have been able to discover, for the exclusion of any known article of food, whether vegetable or animal, from our diet list in health.

No food can be mentioned, however indigestible or innutritious, which, in the proper time and place, and properly prepared, is not only permissible, but useful. Here as everywhere else wisdom is simply a sense of proportion. So far as we can judge from the structure of man's teeth and alimentary canal his diet in the past has unquestionably been a mixed one with a considerable leaning towards the carnivorous side. A close look at his large "eye" or canine teeth, his full set of incisors, and the clearly cusped edges of his molars would indicate that animal food had played a large part in his diet in the past. He still shows his canine tooth when angry, in the sneer, just like a dog or a gorilla. His stomach is barely distinguishable from that of a dog or great cat of somewhere near his weight, while it is separated by a thousand leagues of biological distance from the pouched and ballooned one of the pure herbivora. His intestinal canal is only about five times his body length, as in the pure carnivora, instead of from ten to twenty times as in the herbivora. If man is to become a pure and blameless vegetarian in the future, his stomach and alimentary canal will have to be reconstructed. These facts of structure are, of course, supported by all we know of the history of man and his immediate ancestors. Contrary to general impression and frequently published statement the anthropoid apes, while subsisting largely upon fruit, nuts, and roots, have a strong liking for animal food.

At one time I had occasion to observe a number of these near cousins of ours in captivity, and was assured by the keepers, both in London, Berlin, Antwerp, and Hamburg, that they required considerable quantities of beef-juice, milk, eggs, insects, or worms, and even small birds in order to be kept in healthy condition. In fact for years no great ape in captivity ever lived to anything like maturity, largely because they were fed exclusively on vegetable food. (Beddard). The same is true of monkeys.

The New World monkeys simply will not live in captivity at all without considerable amounts of chopped meat and insects, eggs and freshly killed birds, and they have a very low death rate from tuberculosis. The Old World monkeys in cages side by side with them, in the same house, fed on precisely the same diet, with much smaller amounts of animal food, die at the rate of from thirty to forty per cent, per annum of tuberculosis.

Surprising Dislike for Meat Among Tuberculosis Patients

It may be only a coincidence, but I cannot help mentioning in this connection the surprisingly large number of our tuberculous patients giving a history of having a dislike for meat. The individual suffering from consumption, who gives a history of a strong taste for eating large amounts of meat is decidedly rare.

In the animal world both bird and mammal, tuberculosis sweeps like a pestilence through the grass-and-grain eaters, cattle, antelopes, chickens, pheasants, turkeys, but is decidedly rare among meat eaters, dogs, cats, tigers, lions, civets, badgers, hawks, eagles, crows.

The final court of appeal, our instincts, is of course, overwhelmingly against any exclusive diet. The one thing that primitive, barbarous, and civilized man alike long for is an abundance of the "flesh-pots of Egypt." The very first use he makes of his increased power and financial resources is to buy new, rare, and expensive kinds of meat. Here again, as we shall further see in reference to his preference for white bread over brown, his instincts are both rational and sound.

The Breakfast Food Fad

Last of these delusions is the breakfast-food fad. Pompous and pestiferous as its present attitude is, it was born of humble and highly respectable parentage, namely, Scotch oatmeal. Its birth and conception would appear to have been somewhat in this wise: "The Scots are a great people; oatmeal is their principal food; therefore, oatmeal is a great food." It has nothing to do with our argument, but it may incidentally be remarked in passing that there is a fatal error in this syllogism, *videlicet*, that the most convincing proof the Scotch have given of their greatness has been their ability to live on oatmeal

at all. The secret of their wonderful success, both mental and physical, lies in the fact that any nation trained to survive a diet of oatmeal and the shorter catechism, could survive anything and flourish anywhere.

Oatmeal has some value as a food, but little to compare with its capacity as a stirrer up of acid fermentations and intestinal putrefaction.

The seductive oat was introduced into England in the early sixties, first of all as a food for children and invalids. For the first of these classes it presented a threefold benefit — it was cheap, filling, and there was no danger of their developing an exorbitant taste for it. The little fellows had a natural liking for cream, butter, sugar, and meat, therefore, there was danger of their eating too much of these, but there was no danger of their becoming unduly addicted to oatmeal. As a pabulum for the sick-room it presented the advantages of the absence of any particular flavor, being easily swallowed and having a loosening effect upon the bowels. Moreover, it was believed to be strengthening. The ground for this last conclusion was chiefly that because a husky hind could do a heavy day's work on a big bowl of oatmeal "parritch," so stiff that the spoon would stand up in it, with a quart of milk, therefore a few teaspoonfuls of a watery dilution of the same would give strength to the enfeebled.

Most of us can remember the first appearance of the stuff upon this Continent. I can well recall going into a farming community in the Middle West in my early boyhood, and going to the grocery for oatmeal, to be thence referred to the drug-store as the only place in town where a few pounds of it could be had for the purpose of making gruel. And this little trickling thread of a streamlet has swollen within twenty years to the Johnstown flood dimensions of the present breakfast-food deluge.

Cereals Have the Flavor of Scotch Orthodoxy

Now these be the virtues of the cereals: they are cheap, easily swallowed, and of moderate nutritive value. Moreover, they came from Scotland with a consequent flavor of orthodoxy about them. There is an element in the average human mind, half Puritanic, half stingy, which is inclined to count as a virtue the ingestion of any kind of

food which is not especially attractive, but believed to be nutritious. In fact, to eat that which is cheap and filling is one of the petty vices. I call it vice because it is a defiance of instinct. These are the qualities which give the cereals their fulcrum and the short handle for their lever. Now what forces have conspired to lengthen it to such enormous purchase? As usual two spring promptly to aid which are already familiar faces in this field: one transcendental, the other pseudo-scientific. The transcendental, a mild form of the vegetarian propaganda, which seized upon the virtues of these blameless cereals as a means of saving the race from the horrors of chronic blood-thirstiness. Everywhere the doctor goes among his patients he finds a sort of vague impression that cereals in some way are cooling both to the blood and to the impulses; that they are as far as possible removed from that most diabolical quality which a food can have — "richness;" that they "thin the blood," stimulate the liver, and act upon the bowels; and that a fast upon some form of them for one meal a day will act as a kind of vicarious atonement for all the fleshly sins which may be committed in the other two. All of which beliefs, with the exception of the "acting upon the bowels" part, are pure delusions and easily traceable to ancient superstitions which have already been discussed. Of course, Scripture has again been quoted in their behalf and the pulse and water upon which Daniel and his three companions outshone the other captive Princes have been triumphantly cited.

Unwarranted Honor Paid to Brown Bread

Then came a most powerful and unsolicited boost from the side of pseudo-science. It had long been noted that from the earliest dawn of civilization men had exhibited a decided preference for the cleanest and whitest bread that the combined efforts of millers and bakers could produce. No race ever yet ate black bread when it could get white; nor even brown, yellow, or other mulatto tint, until of recent years. A copy of some of Liebig's and Pettenkofer's earliest analysis of food stuffs happened to fall into the hands of one Sylvester Graham, a dyspeptic New Englander and temperance reformer, about 1830. Finding that nitrogen and nitrogenous substances were given a higher rank in the dietary than starches and other carbo-hydrates, and that white bread

contained less nitrogen in proportion than brown, with the swift intuition of the child and the savage he leaped to the conclusion, bread being the principal staff of life and white bread containing a lower proportion of nitrogen than brown, that brown bread was the better food of the two. It was only a step further in that grammar of logic which has been the Bible of the true reformer since the world began, that whereas humanity suffers from many dyspepsias and other diseases of the digestive system, and lives chiefly upon bread, therefore bread must be the chief cause of these distressing conditions. He therefore inaugurated a campaign against white bread and in favor of brown, with which the world yet echoes.

This view of his is the keystone of the chief triumphal arch of vegetarians, the discovery of a cheap, edible vegetable proteid; and as it rests upon an utter misconception of fact, we may as well consider it at once. Graham's delusion, of course, did not stop here, but finding that the coarser grains, oats, barley, rye, and corn contained large amounts of nitrogen, he proceeded to push these forward as superior to the wheat berry. Now, Nature is not a fool. Man, in so far as he is natural, attains to a considerable degree of instinctive wisdom. It is, to the biologist, a most significant fact that the unvarying and constant struggle of rising humanity, in the realm of diet, has been first towards the securing of meat and second towards the acquisition of white bread, and as much of it as possible. The fiercest wars have been waged for the possession of the broad, level, alluvial plains upon which wheat could be grown, and nobody but a mountaineer or a very far norther would eat either rye, barley, oats or maize, when he could possibly get wheat. And now comes science with a full and triumphant vindication of the rightness of humanity's instinct in this regard and a demonstration that white bread, and the whitest of the white, is the best, most healthful, and most nutritious food which the sun has ever yet grown from the soil. But our cereophile says that white bread has less nitrogen than whole wheat meal, and whole wheat meal than rye or oatmeal. Perfectly true, and yet here comes the paradox, that this same whitest of white wheat flour contains per ounce more available nitrogen than any brown, barley, rye, or maize flour in existence. The secret of the error is a very simple one. It is not a question of the

amount of nitrogen in a given food, but of the amount which is *available* for the body, in other words, *digestible* in its interior. While there is a larger amount of nitrogen in whole wheat flour than in white flour, *the whole of this excess is in the form of branny husks*, which are as utterly indigestible in the food-tube as so much sawdust or cocoanut matting. It is precisely parallel with the "vegetable beefsteak" delusion of the mushroom faddist. Not ten years ago we were told that while we had been straining every nerve to secure unwholesome and indigestible pork, beef, and mutton, we had been overlooking that "meat" which grows at our very doors, the most delicate and nutritious food imaginable — mushrooms, "the poor man's beefsteak," as they were termed. The first examinations showed abundance of nitrogen to be present, but when this was submitted to the second test of how much was in a form that could possibly be digested or made useful in the body, the bubble burst at once, for it was found to consist of compounds more nearly resembling dead leaves in their composition and nutritive value than anything else. As nitrogenous foods and flesh-formers the whole group of the coarser cereals are far inferior in value to the plain, every-day white bread. Instead of white flour being deficient in nitrogen, it is precisely the opposite. Its very richness in digestible and soluble proteid (gluten) has given it its colossal rank among the world's food stuffs. This is what makes wheat bread the best single vegetable food yet discovered. Life and vigor can not be sustained upon it so long or so well as upon meat alone, but it is far cheaper and hence more used. Potatoes, cassava, maize, sago, rice all contain abundance of starch and in a more soluble form, but are fatally deficient in digestible nitrogenous substance, or proteid.

Nature Pointed to White Bread and Nature Is No Fool

Humanity knew well on which side its bread was buttered when it insisted upon that bread being white. It may be added, in passing, that while twenty years ago the mills rejected some valuable elements ("midglings") in flour, on account of their imparting a slightly yellowish tinge to it, in the new processes these very elements after being steamed, parched, and reground are relied upon as the chief element in the "X X X"

brands, so that no flour need be avoided because it is too white. It must be understood, however, that no good flour is a pure white, but a delicate cream color.

Too Much Brown Bread Is Injurious

White flour, red meat, and blue blood make the tricolor flag of conquest. The boasted superior nutritive value of whole grain and cereals is absolutely without foundation. They are good foods in their place, but that place is a long way down the column from white bread. To give the devil his due, however, we hasten to state that it is this very presence of a large percentage of utterly indigestible residue which gives these foods one of their greatest values, their laxative effect upon the bowels. This is purely mechanical and due to stimulation and irritation of the mucous coat of the intestines by the sharp, horny, husky particles of bran which are present, particularly in Graham meal, oatmeal, and corn meal. They are, in fact, valued chiefly for the element in them that *will not digest*, but passes unchanged through the body, actively stimulating the propulsive powers of the alimentary canal in the process. But even this feature is not altogether devoid of danger. It was found out, many years ago by practical experience, and within the last fifteen years by laboratory experiments, that any attempt to eat brown bread three times daily without intermission very quickly resulted in setting up a diarrhea, with well-marked disturbance of the stomach. This was one of the many valuable contributions to science of Sir Lauder Brunton, who established the fact of this cumulative irritating effect, and even gave to the resultant irritation the title of "Brown-Bread Gastritis." By a parallel series of experiments he also discovered the indigestibility of the nitrogenous elements in brown bread and oatmeal. It is now an accepted rule in our scientific works on dietetics that brown bread must never be eaten in bulk amounting to more than two-fifths of the total bread consumption, as otherwise irritating and unpleasant effects are certain to follow.

Mush Makes a Sour Mash in a Weak Stomach

Yet another danger lurks in these harmless cereals, and that is the starches which they contain are in a form which so readily

lends itself to any form of fermentation, whether lactic-acid or alcoholic. This is well illustrated in the fact that it is almost invariably rye, barley, or corn which are used for the purpose of fermentation into either malt or spirituous liquors, rarely or seldom wheat. All of these mush foods, especially if a certain amount of sugar be added, furnish a magnificent fermentation bed, "mash" as the brewer calls it, and any one who has the slightest tendency to acidity or gas formation in the stomach is likely to be injured by them. Mush makes a superb "sour mash" in a weak stomach. In fact it is a melancholy truth that the tortures of the chronic dyspeptic are aggravated, and in many cases chiefly caused by the very foods which he takes for their cure. A large majority of those who depend upon health foods are dyspeptics *and will remain so as long as they cling to this diet.*

But the greatest drawback of these foods lies not so much in what they are, but in what they are not. Of course, it is obvious to the intelligent that the boastful and flatulent claims of peerless virtue and nutritive value made for most of these products are utterly baseless and absurd.

Cereal Foods Enormously Overrated in Point of Nutritive Value

To sweep aside altogether these inflated statements, born evidently of the greed of the exploiter, it must be frankly recognized that the cereal foods are enormously overrated in point of nutritive value. Their principal danger is the power of producing a feeling of fullness and satiety long before an adequate amount of nutrition has been taken into the stomach. Notwithstanding their virtues they are utterly inadequate properly to nourish the body by themselves. But some one will say at once: "Here are the tables taken from recognized authorities on dietetics and published in various Health and Food Journals, showing that the nutritive value of white flour, corn meal, and graham flour is per pound and per ounce almost as great as that of meat or sugar and only below that of fat." The citation is perfectly correct, but the inference drawn therefrom is misleading. The substance as referred to in the table is the *dry* flour or meal, and as the mush or breakfast food as it appears upon the table consists of more than eighty per cent of water, the discrepancy is

obvious. If any one will simply step into the kitchen and watch the dish of oatmeal, corn meal, or graham being prepared for the table, he will be astonished to see what a huge panful of thick mush a few tablespoonfuls of the dry product will make. As a matter of fact, a large bowl of mush, or other cereal is inferior in heating and building-up power to one small rasher of bacon, a single egg, or a piece of beefsteak half the size of one finger. The chief nutritive value of "mush-and-milk" resides in the milk (or cream) and sugar. Again instinct is justified, for no normal human could eat it without the bribe of either milk or sugar. Nobody but a Belgian hare would eat it "neat" of his own accord. To "taste good" is nature's stamp of approval upon a food.

You cannot get something for nothing, and one cent comes nearer buying one cent's worth of actual food value in the market the world over than we at one time believed. If you get a food which is lower in price than some other food, it is almost invariably found to be either lower in nutritive value, less digestible, or less appetizing. We cannot support life on mushes, salads, and fruit; it will injure our health in the long run if we try. My only advice to those addicted to the breakfast-food habit is, by all means take your anti-mortem serial, germicide, near-food, or what not, at breakfast—but *be sure and eat your breakfast first.* Mush, like fruit, should come at the close of the meal instead of the beginning. To attempt to live upon it is a slow form of starvation.

Stomachs Like Children Can Be Spoiled

The last delusion, and not the least dangerous, is that our diet needs to be "regulated." A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats—whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it—is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. In the language of a modern writer, "nothing survives being thought of," and the digestion is a striking case in point. The vast majority of men are led by their instincts, to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestions and the "chemical" choice of our food, the better it is for us. It is not even well for us to consider too nicely the amount of water or food taken, or whether it is digestible or not.

The really healthy stomach ought to be and is capable of disposing of not only the digestible and the difficult of digestion, but the indigestible. Any other kind of a stomach is not worth having and that is the standard to which we physicians are now training our dyspeptic patients. The stomach which will melt down and utilize anything in reason, that is given to it, is the only one fitted to survive. Stomachs can be "pampered" just as easily by relieving them from the necessity of taking difficult foods as by overloading them. Personally I have met with almost as many dyspepsias due to the former, as to the latter. The stomach, like any other instrument, should be kept up to concert pitch. It should not be allowed to shirk its responsibilities or to be humored too much. This, of course, is by no means to discourage intelligent discrimination in the choice of food.

Some perfectly wholesome foods are literal poisons to certain stomachs, and those which after repeated trials steadily disagree had better be avoided.

Our aim should be to keep our food-range as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon *everything* has gone far to make him the dominant animal, living where others would starve. The sharpest lookout should be kept for any trace of "spoiling" or putrefaction. Nature has provided an instinct and a special sense for this very purpose. If we would only use it and follow our noses we would escape many a ptomaine-poisoning. But Mrs. Grundy says it's rude to "sniff" at table!

We Suffer Because We Eat in Too Much of a Hurry

The conviction is steadily growing in the profession that disturbances of digestion are due in eight cases out of ten, not so much to the food used, either in quantity, quality, or method of cooking, as to the circumstances under which it is eaten — the disgraceful rush and hurry with which business or pleasure is resumed before the digestion has had time to get fairly under way, and the utter lack of adequate exercise in the open air to enable proper combustion of the food.

Further than that we are reacting decidedly from the exclusive and rigid diet for any diseased condition whatever, with the partial exception of diabetes. Even where

these exclusive diets may relieve the symptoms which they are designed specially to meet, such as obesity, glycosuria, or gout, they are very apt to upset the general balance of nutrition and impair the vitality, frequently in the long run aggravating even the symptoms of the disease which they were prescribed to cure. A starch-free diet may clear a diabetic's urine of sugar and yet shorten his life, if he persist in it exclusively.

Patent Foods Do Not Stimulate Digestion

It is also realized that no other factor has had so much to do with the increase of longevity, the lowering of the death-rate, and the general improvement of health and comfort, which is taking place under civilized conditions, as the more abundant, richer, and varied food supply, which steam and electricity have made possible.

Anything which tends to limit and monotonize diet, exercises an injurious effect upon the general vigor of the system. Nearly all patent foods sin against these requirements. They are not attractive in taste and hence cannot stimulate the "appetite-juice" of the stomach, which Pavloff has shown to be so indispensable to good digestion. The dictum of the grocer who, on recommending a new health food to a customer said he was sure it must be exceedingly valuable, because it "looked like dog-biscuit and tasted like sawdust," would apply to most of them.

They are exceedingly monotonous, both in flavor and in composition, as the great majority of them are based upon some wretched superstition as to the injuriousness and wickedness of animal-foods. Any one living upon these foods will usually get a large excess of the carbohydrate elements and a marked deficiency of proteids, fats, and salts. Nature is not altogether a fool, and the natural articles of diet are now found by chemical analysis, and a more careful and intelligent study of the precise processes of digestion, to contain not only the actual fuel content, or calories, in better proportion than any "Health-food" which has yet been invented; but also, what is usually utterly lacking or deficient in the latter, a number of accessory elements, salts, alkalies, flavoring matters, and acids, which, though not used as body-fuel, are now found to be absolutely

indispensable to the proper combustion of the latter.

Intelligent Omniverousness Is Our Only Safeguard

"Without appetite no healthy digestion" is now our motto, and foods that pall on the

appetite are just as surely defective as foods as those that are deficient in nutritive value.

So many varied elements and substances are needed in the "perfect diet," that an intelligent omnivorosity is our only safeguard.

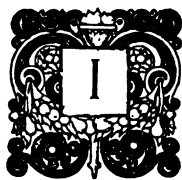


TWO PAIRS OF SHOES

BY

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE



DON'T exactly know why Cap'n Jonadab and me went to the post-office that night; we wa'n't expectin' any mail, that's sartin. I guess likely we done it for the reason the feller that tumbled overboard went to the bottom—'twas the handiest place to go.

Anyway we was there, and I was proppin' up the stove with my feet and holdin' down a chair with the rest of me, when Jonadab heaves alongside flyin' distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten, and, comin' to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shiftin' the thing from one hand to the other as if it 'twas red hot.

I watched this performance for a spell, waitin' for him to say somethin', but he didn't, so I hailed, kind of sarcastic, and

says: "What you doin' — playin' solitaire? Which hand's ahead?"

He kind of woke up then, and passes the envelope over to me.

"Barzilla," he says, "what in time do you s'pose that is?"

'Twas a queer lookin' envelope, more'n the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a puddle of red sealin' wax on the back of it with a "D" in the middle, and up in one corner was a kind of picture thing in colors, with some printin' in a furrin language underneath it. I b'lieve 'twas what they call a "coat-of-arms," but it looked more like a patchwork comforter than it did like any coat ever I see. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass."

I took my turn at twistin' the thing around, and then I hands it back to Jonadab.

"I pass," I says. "Where'd you git it?"

"'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in to-night's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I got up and went over and unlocked my box, jest to show that I hadn't forgot how, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, jest like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph!" says I, comin' back to the stove; "you ain't the only one that's heard from the Prince of Wales. Look here!"

He was the most surprised man, but one, on the Cape: I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the bus'ness, and set there comparin' the envelopes, and wonderin' who on earth had sent 'em. Pretty soon "Ily" Tucker heads over towards our moorin's, and says he: "What's troublin' the ancient mariners?" he says.

"Barzilla and me's got a couple of letters," says Cap'n Jonadab; "and we was wond'rin' who they was from."

Tucker leaned away down — he's always suff'rin' from a rush of funniness to the face — and he whispers, awful solemn: "For heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't open 'em. You might find out." Then he threw off his main-hatch and "haw-hawed" like a loon.

To tell you the truth, we hadn't thought of openin' 'em — not yit — so that was kind of one on us, as you might say. But Jonadab ain't so slow but he can catch up with a hearse if the horses stop to drink, and he comes back quick.

"Ily," he says, lookin' troubled, "you ought to sew reef-points on your mouth. 'Tain't safe to open the whole of it on a windy night like this. Fust thing you know you'll carry away the top of your head."

Well, we felt consider'ble better after that — havin' held our own on the tack, so to speak — and we walked out of the post-office and up to my room in the Trav'lers' Rest, where we could be alone. Then we opened up the envelopes, both at the same time. Inside of each of 'em was another envelope, slick and smooth as a mack'el's back, and inside of *that* was a letter, printed, but lookin' like the kind of writin' that used to be in the copybook at school. It said that Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honor of our presence at the marriage of his daughter, Belle, to Peter Theodosius Brown, at Dillamead House, Cashmere-on-the-Hudson, February three, nineteen hundred and so forth.

We were surprised, of course, and pleased in one way, but in another we wa'n't real tickled to death. You see, 'twas a good while sence Jonadab and me had been to a weddin', and we knew there'd be mostly young folks there and a good many big-bugs, we presumed likely, and 'twas goin' to cost consider'ble to git rigged — not to mention the price of passage, and one thing a' 'nother. But Ebenezer had took the trouble to write us, and so we felt 'twas our duty not to disappoint him, and especially Peter, who had done so much for us, managin' the Old Home House at Wellmouth Port.

I've told you already how the Old Home House come to be started, and how Peter T. Brown dropped in from nowhere and made such a howlin' success of the thing, and how he got engaged to the star boarder, Ebenezer Dillaway's daughter — Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores.

Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, so we went. I had a new Sunday cutaway and light pants to go with it, so I figgered that I was pretty well found, but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself loose from consider'ble money, and every cent hurt as if 'twas nailed on. Then he had chilblains that winter, and all the way over in the Fall River boat he was fumin' about them chilblains, and addin' up on a piece of paper how much cash he'd spent.

We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson about three o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the weddin'. 'Twas a little country kind of a town, smaller by a good deal than Orham, and so we cal'lated that p'haps after all, the affair wouldn't be so everlastin' tony. But when we hove in-sight of Dillamead — Ebenezer's place — we shortened sail and pretty nigh drew out of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank over the river, and the house itself was bigger than four Old Homes spliced together. It had a fair-sized township around it in the shape of land, with a high stone wall for trimmin' on the edges. There was trees, and places for flower-beds in summer, and the land knows what. We see right off that this was the real Cashmere-on-the-Hudson; the village folks were stranded on the flats — old Dillaway filled the whole ship channel.

"Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to me as if we was gittin' out of soundin's. What do you say to comin' about and makin' a quick run for Orham again?"

But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose I've spent all that money on duds for nuthin'?"



' Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away''

he says. "No, sir, by thunder! I ain't scared of Peter Brown, nor her that's goin' to be his wife; and I ain't scared of Ebenezer neither; no matter if he does live in the Manufacturers' Buildin', with two or three thousand fathom of front fence," he says.

Some years ago Jonadab got reckless and went on a cut-rate excursion to the World's Fair out in Chicago, and ever sence then he's been comparin' things with the "Manufacturers' Buildin'" or the "Palace of Agriculture" or "Streets of Cairo," or some other outlandish place.

"All right," says I. "Darn the torpedoes! Keep her as she is! You can fire when ready, Gridley!"

So we sot sail for what we jedged was Ebenezer's front-gate, and, jest as we made it, a man comes whistlin' round the bend in the path, and I'm blessed if 'twa'n't Peter T. Brown. He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be."

If ever a feller was surprised, Brown was that feller. He looked like he'd struck a rock where there was deep water on the chart.

"Well, I'll be —" he begun, and then stopped. "What in the —" he commenced again, and again his wind died out. Fin'lly he says: "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another pipe?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't nigh so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the weddin' 'count of Ebenezer sendin' us word, he didn't say nothin' for a minute or so.

"Of course, we *had* to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twouldn't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. "That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of di'monds to him. Do him more good than j'inin' a 'don't-worry club'. Well, come on up to the house and ease his mind."

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even more surprised than Peter.

I can't tell you anything about that house, nor the fixin's in it; it beat me a mile — that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and crocheted curtains and electric lights. I swan there was lookin' glasses in every corner — big ones, man's size. I remember Cap'n Jonadab hollerin' to me that night when we was gittin' ready to turn in:

"For the land's sake, Barzilla!" says he, "turn out them lights, will you? I ain't over'n above bashful, but them lookin'-glasses make me feel's if I was undressin' along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and more kept comin' all the time. Swells! don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at home as a cow in a dory, but we was there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and didn't signal for help. Travelin' through the rooms down stairs where the folks was, was a good deal like dodgin' icebergs up on the Banks, but one or two noticed us enough to dip the colors, and one was real sociable. He was a kind of slow-spoken city feller, dressed as if his clothes was poured over him hot and then left to cool. His last name had a splice in the middle of it — 'twas Catesby-Stuart. Everybody — that is, most everybody — called him "Phil."

Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away. He'd git us, one on each wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab dry about how we came to be there, and told us more yarns than a few 'bout Dillaway, and how rich he was. I remember he said that he only wished he had the keys to the cellar so he could show us the money-bins. Said Ebenezer was so jest — well, rotten with

money, as you might say, that he kept it in bins down cellar, same as poor folks kept coal — gold in one bin, silver half-dollars in another, quarters in another, and so on. When he needed any, he'd say to a servant: "James, fetch me up a hod of change."

This was only one of the fish yarns he told. They sounded kind of scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hinted at such a thing, he'd pull himself together and say: "Fact, I assure you," in a way to freeze your vitals. He seemed like such a good feller that we didn't mind his tellin' a few big ones; we'd known good fellers afore that liked to lie — gunners and sech like, they were mostly.

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talkin' "boat," and when Jonadab talks "boat" there ain't no stoppin' him. He's the smartest feller in a cat-boat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the Cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we'd ever sailed on an ice-boat, and, when we said we hadn't he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next mornin'. We didn't want to put him to so much trouble on our account, but he said: "Not at all. Pleasure'll be all mine, I assure you." Well, 'twas his for a spell — but never mind that now.

He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny — men mostly. He'd see a school of 'em in a corner, or under a palm tree or somewheres, and steer us over in that direction and make us known to all hands. Then he begin to show us off, so to speak, git Jonadab tellin' 'bout the boats he'd sailed, or somethin' like it — and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a reef; he looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was makin' a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remember one of the gar: jits Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughin' like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, I've been to thousands of these things —" wavin' his flipper scornful around the premises — "and upon honor they've all been alike. Now that I've discovered somethin' positively original, let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I didn't know what he meant then; I do now.

The marryin' was done about eight o'clock and done with all the trimmings'. All hands manned the yards in the best parlor, and

Peter and Belle was hitched. Then they went away in a swell turnout — not like the derelict hacks we'd seen stranded by the Cashmere depot — and Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave him to heave after 'em.

After the weddin' the folks was settin' under the palms and bushes that was growin' in tubs all over the house, and the stewards — there was enough of 'em to man a four-master — was cartin' 'round punch and frozen victuals. Everybody was togged up till Jonadab and me, in our new cutaways, felt like a couple of moultin' blackbirds at a blue-jay camp-meetin'. Ebenezer was so busy, flyin' 'round like a pullet with its head off, that he'd hardly spoke to us sence we landed, but Phil scarcely ever left us, so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he comes back from a beat into the next room, and he says:

"There's a lady here that's jest dyin' to know you gentlemen. Her name's Granby. Tell her all about the Cape; she'll like it. And, by the way, my dear feller," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you want to please her — er — mightily, congratulate her upon her boy's success in the laundry bus'ness. You understand," he says, winkin'; "only son and self-made man, don't you know."

Mrs. Grandby was roostin' all by herself on a sofy in the parlor. She was fleshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and when she moved the di'monds on her shook till her head and neck looked like one of them "set pieces" at the Fourth of July fireworks. She was deaf, too, and used an ear-trumpet pretty nigh as big as a steamer's ventilator.

Maybe she was "dyin' to know us," but she didn't have a fit tryin' to show it. Me and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be sociable, and so we set, one on each side of her on the sofy, and bellered: "How d'ye do?" and "Fine day, ain't it?" into that ear-trumpet. She didn't say much, but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn to whichever one of us had hailed, heelin' over to that side as if her ballast had shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, but everybody that come into that parlor — and they kept pilin' in all the time — looked more'n middlin' joyful. They kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell we let out echoed, as you might say, all 'round. I begun to git shaky at the knees, as if I was preachin' to a big congregation.

After a spell Jonadab, not bein' able to think of anything more to say, and remem-

berin' Phil's orders, leans over and whoops into the trumpet.

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

Well, sir, Phil had give us to understand that them congratulations would make a hit, and they done it. The women 'round the room turned red and some of 'em covered their mouths with their handkerchiefs. The men looked glad and set up and took notice. Ebenezer wa'n't in the room — which was a mercy — but your old messmate, Catesby-Stuart looked solemn as ever and never turned a hair.

But as for old lady Granby — whew! She got redder'n she was afore, which was a miracle, pretty nigh. She couldn't speak for a minute — jest cackled like a hen. Then she busts out with: "How dare you!" and flounces out of that room like a hurricane. And it was still as could be for a minute, and then two or three of the girls begun to squeal and giggle behind their handkerchiefs.

Jonadab and me went away, too. We didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a "sneak" would come nearer to tellin' how we quit. I see the cap'n headin' for the stairs and I fell into his wake. Nobody said good-night, and we didn't wait to give 'em a chance.

Course we knew we'd put our foot in it somewheres, but we didn't see jest how. Even then we wa'n't really onto Phil's game. You see, when a green city chap comes to the Old Home House — and the land knows there's freaks enough do come — we always try to make things pleasant for him, and the last thing we'd think of was makin' him a show afore folks. So we couldn't b'lieve even now 'twas done a-purpose. But we was suspicious, a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, gittin' ready to turn in, "'tain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is jest havin' fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wond'rin' that myself."

And we wondered for an hour, and finally decided to wait a while and say nothin' till we could ask Ebenezer. And the next mornin' one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub, and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore-breakfast ice-boat sail, and would meet us at the pier in ha'f an hour. They didn't have breakfast at Ebenezer's till pretty close to dinner time,

eleven o'clock, so we had time enough for a quite a trip.

Phil and the ice-boat met us on time. I s'pose it 'twas style, but, if I hadn't known I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bed-clothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticin', and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one. And it made me think of my granddad to see what he had on his head — a reg'lar nightcap, tassel and all.

Phil said he was sorry we turned in so early the night afore. Said he'd planned to entertain us all the evenin'. We didn't hurrah

much at this — bein' suspicious, as I said — and he changed the subject to ice-boats.

That ice-boat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a flat-iron on skates was somethin' bran-new. I didn't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab didn't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough prayin' in the next ha'f hour to square up for every Friday night meetin' I'd missed since I was a boy. Phil got sail onto her, and we moved out kind of slow.

"She couldn't speak for a minute"



"Now, then," says he, "we'll take a little jaunt up the river. 'Course, this ain't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still —"

And then I dug my finger nails into the deck and commenced: "Now I lay me." Talk about goin'! 'Twas "F-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from home. "Bu-z-z-z!" and we was jest gettin' ready to climb a bank; but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over and we'd whirl round like a windmill, with me and Jonadab bitin' the plankin', and hangin' on for dear life, and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knockin' the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would grin, and drawl: "'Course, this ain't like a Orham cat-boat, but she does fairly well — er — fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

It struck us — I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of invitin', if only to git somewheres where 'twas warm. That February wind went in at the top of my stiff hat and whizzed out through the legs of my thin Sunday pants till I felt for all the world like the ventilatin' pipe on an ice-chest. I could see why Phil was wearin' the bed-clothes; what I was sufferin' for jest then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. If he'd stopped right then, when the fishin' was good, I cal'late he'd have fetched port with a full hold; but no, he had to rub it in, so to speak, and that's where he slopped over. You know how 'tis when you're eatin' mince-pie — it's the "one more slice" that fetches the nightmare. Phil stopped to get that slice.

He kept whizzin' up and down that river till Jonadab and me kind of got over our variousness. We could manage to git along without spreadin' out like porous plasters, and could set up for a minute or so on a stretch. And 'twan't necessary for us to hold a special religious service every time the flat-iron come about. Altogether we was in that condition where the doctor might have held out some hopes.

And, in spite of the cold, we was noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three-cornered sneak-box — noticin' and criticizin'; at least, I was, and Cap'n Jonadab, bein', as I've said, the best skipper of small craft from Provincetown to Cohasset Narrows, must have had some ideas on the subject. Your

old chum, Catesby-Stuart, thought he was mast-high so fur's sailin' was concerned, anybody could see that, but he had somethin' to larn. He wasn't beginning to git out all there was in that ice-boat. And jest then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two other chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, roundin' his flat-iron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbin' his night-cap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a settin' hen. "Permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate of Orham on the Cape."

I wasn't expectin' to fly an admiral's pennant quite so quick, but I managed to shake out through my teeth — they was chatterin' like a box of dice — that I was glad to know the feller. Jonadab, he rattled loose somethin' sim'lar.

"The Cap'n and the Admiral," says Phil, "havin' sailed the ragin' main for lo! these many years, are now fav'rin' me with their advice concernin' the navigation of ice-yachts. Archie, if you're willin' to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles, I'll race you on a beat up to the p'int yonder, then on the ten mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the Club, and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it for a case of wine. Is it a go?"

Archie, he laughed and said it was, and, all at once, the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was "fav'rin'" him with advice, 'cause we hadn't said a word; but that beat up to the p'int wa'n't ha'f over afore Jonadab and me was dyin' to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas wuss than ever. The way Phil see-sawed that piece of pie back and forth over the river was a sin and shame. He could have slacked off his mainsail and headed dead for the buoy, but no, he jiggled around like an old woman crossin' the road ahead of a funeral.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racin' was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was settin' on a pin-cushion. By and by he snaps out:

"Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can't you see where you're goin'?"



" 'Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know bow?'"

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was: "Be calm Barnacles, be calm!"

But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no longer, and I busts out with: "Keep her off, Mr. What's-your name! For the Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the life out of you!"

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder than the wind, if such a thing's possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come out into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer.

"You're spillin' ha'f the wind!" he yells. "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how? Here! let me show you!"

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller, and jammed it over.

She jibed — oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody says she didn't you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flat-iron jibed

twice — once for practice, I jedge, and then for bus'ness. She commenced by twistin' and squirmen' like an eel. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens onto the little brass rail by the stern and hold on; then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom come over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot somethin'. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of lockin' my mitten clamps fast onto that rail while the rest of me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scootin' back towards Dillaway's, with the sail catchin' every ounce that was blowin'. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Honorable Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs lookin' like a pair of compasses, and skimmin' in whirligigs over the slick ice towards Albany. *He* hadn't had nothin' to hold onto, you understand.

Well, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so



"She jibed — oh, yes, she jibed!"

long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start that I thought he'd *never stop* a-goin'. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heavin' spray like one of them circular lawn sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain, if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled, soon's I could git my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezin' the tiller and keepin' on the course; "We'll come back for him by and by. It's our bus'ness to win this race."

And, by ginger! we *did* win it. The way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on runners over the ice was pretty—yes, sir, pretty! He nipped her close enough to the wind'ard, and he took advantage of every single chance. He always *could* sail; I'll say that for him. We walked up on

Archie like he'd set down to rest, and passed him afore he was within a ha'f mile of home. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, puttin' on all the fancy frills of a liner comin' into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of weddin' comp'ny down by the landin'.

"Gosh!" says Jonadab, tuggin' at his whiskers: "'Twas Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to gittin' over water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla?"

Ebenezer came hoppin' over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

"Where's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil and I guess Jonadab had, by the way he colored up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil?" Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

But old Dillaway had somethin' to say.

"Cap'n," he says, lookin' round to make sure none of the comp'ny was follerin' him out to the ice-boat. "I've wanted to speak to you afore, but I haven't had the chance.

You mustn't b'lieve too much of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you mustn't always do est what he suggests. You see," he says, "he's a dreadful practical joker."

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginnin' to look sick. I didn't say nothin' but I guess I looked the same way.

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy like; "Now, in that matter of Mrs. Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to askin' her about her son's laundry. Yes? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact is, her boy is a broker down in Wall Street, and he's been caught makin' some of what they call 'wash sales' of stock. It's against the rules of the Exchange to do that, and the papers have been full of the row. You can see," says Dillaway, "how the laundry question kind of stirred the old lady up. But, Lord! it must have been funny," and he commenced to grin.

I looked at Jonadab, and he looked at me. I thought of Marm Granby, and her bein' "dyin' to know us," and I thought of the lies about the "hod of change" and all the rest, and I give you my word I didn't grin, not enough to show my wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the ice an inch wide would have held me, with room to spare; I know that.

"Hum!" grunts Jonadab, kind of dry and bitter, as if he'd been takin' wormwood tea; "I see. He's been havin' a good time makin' durn fools out of us."

"Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly that, p'raps, but —"

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other ice-boat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his bus'ness all right. I

never saw anything better. Phil — why, where *is* Phil?"

I answered him. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was *that* Phil?" he hollers, and then the three of 'em jest roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know!" says Archie; "that's the funniest thing I ever saw. And on Phil, too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club — hey, boys?" And then they jest bellered and laughed again.

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer and he says: "That takin' us out on this boat was another case of havin' fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was goin' to put Cape Cod on ice this mornin'."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was jest gettin' to shore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice-water must have felt, and what a long ways 'twas from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge load of joy in every ha'f inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

"Tain't exactly what you'd call summery jest now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the ice-boat up to the wharf, and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, puttin' in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to git the best of Cape folks on wash sales and lyin', but when it comes to boats that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil'll agree with you," I says.



THE SNITCHER

BY

FRED L. BOALT



HEY called him The Snitcher. A "snitcher," in the parlance of the Reform School, is one who bears tales to those in power, to the undoing of wrong-doers. The boy who snitches is sometimes rewarded by privileges not enjoyed by other boys. He is generally a sneaky rat of a boy. But The Snitcher was not a sneak.

The Master stood over him, a long and broad sole-leather strap in hand, and demanded the name of the boy who had smuggled tobacco into the school. The Snitcher told because he was stupid and because he was afraid of the strap. It was an ingenious strap, full of holes. When the strap struck one's back each one of those holes raised a blister. The next time the strap fell the blisters were broken. One hundred blows made it next to impossible to sleep o' nights. Of these things the boy thought, and told, and after that he was The Snitcher.

But his nickname was the least of The Snitcher's troubles. He had been in the Reform School so long he could hardly remember that other life, that free life in the city, where there were no taskmasters to drive him on, no grinding routine, no rules to be broken, and no punishments that maimed the flesh and numbed the soul.

He remembered a shanty in the Flats where he lived with a sodden individual whom he called "th' ol' man." He had experienced a feeling of relief when his father was sent to the "works," for drunkenness and general cussedness. He lived on in the shanty, alone.

He remembered, with a vague sort of homesickness, the factories in the Flats, the stench of the refuse from the oil-tanks, the rattle of the freight trains over the frogs in the railroad yards, the noisy tugs towing barges to and from the lumber-yards above, the soot, the smoke, the clangor, and the freedom.

But when "the ol' man" went to the "works" the dago boys, who lived on the cliff back of the shanty, hurled rocks down one day, and The Snitcher, being a coward, fled. He came to that part of the city where the crowds were thickest, where the street-cars followed one another in endless processions, and where department stores took the place of the factories which The Snitcher knew so well. It was a part of the city of which he knew nothing.

There he met The Moocher; newsboy and vagabond, wise in many things which are better not known. The Moocher was older than The Snitcher, and while he was no less dishonest, he was much smarter, which is very much the same thing. The Moocher was a "dip" in a dilettante sort of way, and his particular graft was boarding street-cars with his papers and grabbing women's pocket-books. Being little, and wiry, and quick, and shrewd, he was made for the graft. The Snitcher wasn't.

The Snitcher tried The Moocher's graft and, being a fool, was caught. He grabbed the pocket-book of a fat German woman, who grabbed him, raising a great outcry. A policeman took The Snitcher to the station where he was registered on the "blotter." He spent that night in a cell, but he did not whimper. That was characteristic of him. Later the boys at the Reform School were wont to remark: "The Snitcher's the boy wat kin take his beatin's. Yeh don't get no yealp out-a Th' Snitcher."

In sodden silence he heard the policeman in court next day say: "At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, yer honor, I seen this here kid swipe a lady's pocket-book on a street-car. I took him to a box and sent him in. They's a bad crowd hangs 'round that corner, yer honor, an' this here kid is the leader of the gang."

It was the same old story. Every boy a policeman arrests is "the leader of the gang." The Snitcher had nothing to say. What

was the use? Besides, he was badly scared. Then he went to the Reform School "until twenty-one unless sooner discharged."

That was a long time ago. Two years had passed and The Snitcher had not improved. His face was the face of an old man, but his body was puny. No one would have called him pretty save in jest. He shambled when he walked. His right shoulder was lower than his left and his mouth, set in a vapid, mirthless grin, was twisted around to the side of his face. Over his eyes was the film of misunderstanding, and back of it was cringing fear, like the eyes of a whipped cur.

Two years had wrought this change. The Snitcher had started in badly. He ran away before he had been in the Reform School two weeks. He did not reason, as did the officers of the school, that such conduct was ruinous to discipline. He was homesick for the Flats, that was all, and so he ran away. Had he been clever he would have taken warning from the first words that the Master said to him.

"If you are a good boy," said The Master, shaking his pudgy finger in The Snitcher's face, "you will get along all right. If you ain't good — ." The Master shrugged his shoulders and turned away. There was eloquence in the hunch of those hulking shoulders. But The Snitcher was a fool.

The whistle at the power-house blew loud and long, and by that token the farmers roundabout knew that a boy had run away. So they turned out — for there was a reward for the man who caught the runaway — and scoured the countryside, and they found The Snitcher.

"Didn't I tell you," said The Master, when they had brought The Snitcher back, "that if you were a good boy you would get along all right? Shackle for six months and three whippings."

The shackle weighed twelve pounds and was locked to The Snitcher's ankle. The first "beating" was administered the day after The Snitcher tried to make his "get-away." The Master laid the strap to The Snitcher's back one hundred times, and left it raw and furrowed and bleeding. The Snitcher grinned his vapid grin and uttered no word of complaint.

The other boys told him he was a fool for trying to make his get-away in that amateurish fashion.

"Wat wit yer head shaved an' them ragouts, did yeh tink yeh cud make yer git-away?"

Yeh got-a have a pal on th' outside." That was what they told him. The Snitcher listened stupidly, not understanding, and his gait was more shambling than ever because of the shackle that weighed down his leg.

He would not have minded so much if it had not been for the shackle. It was clamped over the bare flesh and chafed to the bone. At night he would wrap rags around his ankle, but they did little good. He wore the shackle day and night.

The Snitcher belonged to the road squad; he was too stupid to learn a trade. The grounds about the Reform School were extensive and a road was being cut through a hill. The road squad worked with picks and shovels, while The Master, hickory stick in hand, stood guard. The Snitcher was given a pick. The pick meant harder work than the shovel, for, while The Snitcher worked his way through shale and rock and stubborn clay, the shovel boys rested. For The Snitcher there was no rest.

He marched with the others to and from work and to meals. He had to keep up, and the shackle grew intolerably heavy toward the day's end. No talking was permitted in the great dining-room, which suited The Snitcher admirably. He was not a talker. One finger meant soup, two fingers bread, and three fingers coffee. The Snitcher often went hungry because he could not remember how many fingers meant soup.

Twenty minutes each day was given the boys for play. They generally played ball. But there was no play for The Snitcher. During that time he would stand with his face to a brick wall, motionless, dejected, his shoulders drooping pitifully. This was part of his punishment for trying to run away.

Then he snitched and earned the name that clung to him through all the years that followed. Snitchers are not popular, and the boys persecuted him in many ways, but he took the persecution as he took everything else, without complaint.

By the time for the second whipping the raw place under The Snitcher's shackle was festering. He had not slept for the pain of it. The Master raised the strap, and The Snitcher turned with a snarl. It was the beginning of a long transition. The next instant the lean, scarred flesh of The Snitcher's back was writhing like tiny ripples under the pain of the blows.

In the dormitory above the boys listened and counted the blows. They heard no

outcry. It was then they said one to another : "The Snitcher's th' boy wat kin take his beatin's."

No, The Master "didn't git no yap out-a The Snitcher." It was his only boast.

When six months had passed the shackle was taken off. He ran away again. Of course he was a fool. He was the same sodden fool who had bungled when he grabbed the woman's pocket-book in the street-car ; the same fool — but with a difference. He scratched and bit the farmer who caught him.

More beatings and the shackle.

Once The Snitcher caught the strap and held it with his feeble strength. For this the number of blows was doubled. Those holes in the strap were The Master's own invention and went a long way toward preserving discipline in the school.

The Snitcher was now eighteen years old. The change which had begun long ago did not show in his face. The grin of the twisted mouth was just as vapid and mirthless as before, his gait was just as shambling, but under his phlegmatic calm a new force was working. He hated The Master, but he did not think of vengeance. The well of his nature had been pumped dry of all good, and the bottom was stagnant, bitter, and dangerous. Work and no play, gloom and no sunshine, the petty torments of the boys, and the punishments for things in which he could see no wrong — these chafed his soul as the shackle chafed his ankle. He rebelled against the condition, but was too stupid to seek the cause. The Reform School had worked its reformation on the boy. He was the finished product.

There came a day when The Master was in a worse temper than usual, which was very bad indeed. Under his eye the road squad worked diligently and in silence. The Snitcher, dragging his shackled ankle, worked steadily but without diligence, like an automaton. His face was without expression. His pick rose and fell at exact intervals.

When The Master's back was turned, a boy, longing for something to break the

monotony of toil, tossed a rock which struck The Snitcher between the shoulders. The squad tittered.

"Silence !" roared The Master. "O'Shea, what's the joke ?"

"I — I wus laughin' at him," said O'Shea, cringing and pointing to The Snitcher. "He wus makin' faces."

"Oh, he was, eh ?" The Master strode over the broken clay and struck The Snitcher sharply with his stick. "Making faces, were you ?"

"Yeh lie !"

The squad stopped giggling. The Master had been called a liar. And it was The Snitcher, the coward, who had called him the name. The Master stared with jaw dropped in amazement ; then the stick fell from his hand and with clenched fist he struck The Snitcher squarely in the mouth. Then, his duty done, he turned away, lighting his pipe.

The Snitcher got to his feet slowly. He was dazed and his mouth was bleeding. Stupidly he regarded The Master's broad back, and then — the transition was complete.

His hand went out and held the pick. His twisted mouth stretched in a grin that was not vapid, for the lips were tightly drawn and yellow teeth showed through. Nor was there mirth in The Snitcher's grin. The kinks in the bent back straightened and, as The Snitcher drew near The Master, the shamle left his gait. With cat-like motion he drew near.

Now that his pipe was drawing well, The Master puffed contentedly. The squad looked on in wonder ; something was about to happen, they knew not what. The Snitcher crouched behind The Master ; then stood erect — gaunt, mad, a tragedy in brogans, shoddy trousers, and denim shirt. A shaven-headed tragedy, there he stood. And as the fever of his fury drove the fog from his brain, a hundred memories crowded in. The shanty and "th' ol' man," the Flats, the railroad yards, the factories and the noisy tugs in the rivers ; these memories lent him strength. The Master smoked on.

The pick rose, fell, and the steel point sank deep into The Master's skull.

A HUNT FOR A PLAY

BY

CLARA MORRIS

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ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN



HAD been successfully starring for several seasons in the same plays I had started with, and feeling that the patience of my patrons deserved some reward I determined to offer them a new play for their entertainment — a thing, alas, that was easier to decide upon than actually to do, for, in theatrical parlance, it was hard to "fit" me to suit the public. Personally I had always a marked preference for even, well-balanced, good general work — the perfection of the whole cast giving me more pleasure than the most brilliant individual effort made in a star play, where the natural movement and action, the proper development of other characters are sometimes sacrificed for the enlargement and the glorification of the star's part — a custom in practice up to the period of Monsieur Rostand's great vogue in America, when his "Cyrano de Bergerac" received a second production in New York, and to the stupefaction of the literary and artistic world, many of the hero's noblest lines, his strongest speeches came from the lips of Cynthia. It was inartistic, absurd, but the lady was the star and the manager knew that the public expected much from a favorite; the part was not very prominent and he took drastic measures to make it so.

You see, the public does not value general excellence so highly as individual effort on the part of the man or woman who is their favorite star. Again, if there is the slightest touch of the peculiar, the unusual, about an actor or an actress — if one chances to be a brilliant fencer, or has an exceptionally gurgling, mellow laugh, or sheds real tears in harrowing situations — never, never will that unhappy star quite satisfy the public in a play that does not demand a fight, much

laughter, or a flood of tears. All this I knew when I began looking for that new play on this side of the water, while any and every friend I had on the other side searched diligently through English and French haystacks for a dramatic needle suited to my use. But, alas, I was known as a strong actress, and also as a shedder of tears, and had mighty Will, himself, risen from the grave to offer me a play without tears then would the people have said: "Yes, it's very fine, but she does not make us cry. Give us the old plays, where we can surely weep for four out of five acts."

At last I heard of "La Martyre," in Paris — a daughter's self-sacrifice to save a beloved mother whose youthful sin is about to find her out. Ah! that looked promisingly teary, but the Jezebels, the Coras, the Miss Multons had made the public expect strong scenes. Were they forthcoming, I wondered? Finally learning that there was a shooting in my presence, a dismissal from home and child, and a piteous plea for permission to meet the daughter secretly at the grandparents' home, I determined to risk all, and announced that I would produce the play in San Francisco, calling it, at my manager's advice, "Renée de Moray" — the name of the heroine.

I had my gowns made in New York and to my great regret had to proceed on my journey westward before the play's production in New York, where it was in preparation, with one of those amazingly fine casts that Mr. Palmer was noted for. Watching eagerly for its *premiere*, imagine my crushed stupefaction when it failed. There was no mincing of matters, no ifs or buts. Beautiful scenery, perfect costuming, people specially engaged for some of the characters, careful rehearsing — all had gone for nothing!

The improbability of this play — which was great, be it admitted — alone impressed the audience. I was aghast! What, I asked myself, could I do in the way of a production to compare with Mr. Palmer's effort? Then I began to hunt for the cause of the failure. I studied the story of the play carefully. The weak point was quickly found. Many a daughter would sacrifice herself to save a beloved mother (the mother remaining unconscious of the service), but when that daughter is happily married, is herself the proud mother of a girl-child; when the assuming of the elder woman's sin means the breaking up of home and the dishonoring of worshiped husband and child — why that is unnatural, if one stops to think. Ah! I repeated the words, "If one stops to think!" Probably that was what had killed the play. The actors were too calm, too collected — they gave the house time to think, to discover the improbability of a woman making such a martyr of herself. Only the headlong impetuosity of a sentimental and intensely affectionate temperament, an utter abandonment to her emotions, done with absolute sincerity, could sweep an audience on a great wave of sympathy high into that region where reason is for a time lost in excitement and emotion. Then I looked eagerly at the cast and saw that for *Renée* Mr. Palmer had engaged one of the finest high-comedy women on the stage, but who was noted for her coldness in emotional characters. My faith in the play began to revive. Still I offered to recall its announcement if the California management desired me to. The gist of their answer was "that I might withdraw the play if I was afraid of it."

There they had stepped on the tail of my coat — pugilism was in the air at that time. I forgot my good manners and answered "that I never threw my hat in the ring unless I intended to follow it in person," an expression that brought joy to the hearts of the "powers that were," and they answered: "*Renée de Moray*" announced for second week and we're betting on you."

Thus with that dreadful anxiety, that "to be or not to be a success," ever in my mind and making of me a *vraie martyre*, I took *Renée* by the hand, and turning our backs upon Chicago we faced westward toward the Great Divide, the rolling prairies, the stultifying deserts, the irritating snow-sheds, the glorious Sierras and the downward swoop to

the great City of the Coast, where hand-in-hand we would face our public and try to stampede it into such a rush of sympathy that logic should be forgotten — until next day.

Later on I made the trip to California in a private car, thereby enjoying all the privacy and most of the comforts of home-life while traveling, but it certainly was a bit monotonous compared to this journey, which proved one of the liveliest on record. As I was just recovering from an attack of single-pneumonia, my husband was anxious to establish me comfortably in my state-room before the starting of the train. Having done so, he and the maid had no sooner left me to attend to checking and some small last matters than a great hubbub arose at my very door. The conductor, with patient self-control, was receiving the hysterical attack of one of those wealthy, boastful American women whom I had been meeting for years in foreign novels, but had never, never encountered in real life before. She was the wife, she declared, of Mr. Great-man, who was a millionaire more times than the conductor had fingers and thumbs. She had in her own right more money than he had ever dreamed of. She demanded that that state-room be cleared out at once, that her maid might arrange it for her occupancy! Did he suppose that *she* was going to sleep in a section-berth like a common person? She, who could pay three times the usual price, and by right of her position and her husband's power the room was hers! Where was his authority for favoring this nobody at the cost of her convenience? Higher and higher arose the nasal tones, angrily she repulsed someone who tried to calm her! Greatly distressed, I arose from the sofa and, opening the door, anxiously asked the conductor if I was unconsciously encroaching on another's rights?

"Not at all," he replied. "Your room was engaged more than forty-eight hours before this lady asked for it. She can secure state-rooms clear through to 'Frisco by waiting until to-morrow," and very gently he pushed me back toward my pillowed nest on the sofa. And just then, as the excited lady stamped her foot and ordered me to withdraw at once, a messenger ran alongside the train calling: "*Clara Morris! Is Clara Morris in this car?*"

"Oh!" exclaimed Madam Millions, grasping the wrist of her companion, "oh, is she

on board? How lovely! We must get a good look at her!"

And then the conductor called out: "This way — here she is!" and handed the message to me. There came a sound like the sudden squawk of a startled hen, then a gasping cry: "Salts!" One single inhalation followed, and in that instant of time she had shifted her position — had turned her coat. With quivering voice she commanded her companion to "follow that conductor, get his number and his name. I know he doesn't go clear through, but he shall be punished all the same, as he deserves to be, placing me in a false position, deceiving me into a seeming insult to one I admire and honor! Oh, my husband will see that he suffers!" She broke from her friends; she pushed into my room to ask "if I ever knew of such malice as that man had shown — hiding my name from her, and leading her on by false statements to make unkind suggestions of removal? But," she closed, "I am a very wealthy woman, Miss Morris, and he shall suffer for causing you such needless annoyance. Let me cover you up — don't you want my salts?" etc., etc., and that was the beginning of the journey.

Next, I was told that one of the star criminals of the great West — the unwilling guest of a too zealous sheriff had been ushered into our car, causing a great flutter there; and I arose from my sofa and, drawing aside the door-curtain, stood swaying back and forth while I tried to peep at the wrongdoer who had been taken in the toils and was on his way now to an undoubted life-sentence. But look as I would I could not find the prisoner. In one man I saw the ideal Western sheriff, but there was a fair-haired young chap beside him who would not fill the bill at all. At last I walked out to the end of the car, ostensibly looking for my husband; on my way back I met the conductor and a little girl, and we stood chatting a moment. I was wearing a rather peculiar bracelet, formed as a horseshoe, the open space being filled with a horse's bit. The conductor declared it a perfect design for a man's bracelet, at which the little girl was contemptuous over the idea of a man wearing such a thing.

"Oh!" I laughed, "the first gentleman of England wears one!" and then a clear, well-modulated voice beside me added: "Oh, yes, Sissy, and Tum-Tum is not the only man to wear a bracelet by a long shot. Why,

we wear them over here sometimes, only the devil of it is they are made double here!"

I glanced at the speaker. He was the fair-haired chap, and he wore the shameful bracelets of the criminal. There's something revolting in the sight of a manacled human being, and the surprise turned me very white, I know, for he leaned forward and said quickly: "I beg your pardon. I thought everybody knew." And I stammered stupidly, "Pardon me!" and hastened back to my room, thoroughly ashamed that I had yielded to such curiosity.

The time passed slowly. The horse-thief and forger outside was behaving well — no trouble at all — but he was bored to extinction, so was every one else for that matter, who could not play cards day and night both. As the afternoon was closing in the porter brought me a note from the sheriff, who wrote that his prisoner, never expecting to see the outside world after next week, never expecting to meet an interesting human being again, begged of my charity a little chat, asking it only in the name of the good woman he had called "Mother." "He," the sheriff added — "that *Doc* (as he called him), had behaved so mighty well since he had been nabbed for his funny business with a stage and a Wells-Fargo box, that he'd like to make things pleasant for him if he could, and the day was dull even for a free man."

I consulted my husband. He asked: "Do you want to talk to the man?"

"I thought that a stage-robber, horse-thief and forger, who found the end of his tether fastened securely to a prison door, might prove interesting; but if he objected, why —"

"Oh, no! every one to their taste," he laughed. "Go on and talk, but don't expect him to lower his mask for you."

Directly then I dropped into the seat behind the sheriff and the fair-haired chap, who was so many kinds of a bad man. Many people had begged pillows from the porter and were napping. Two women were knitting. The engine seemed to be making up lost time, judging from the unusual speed. The prisoner was chatting away about the comfortable arrangements of the interior of one of the old wagons known as "prairie schooners" in the old days, and in his effort to face me he several times hurt his hand-cuffed wrist to the wincing point.

At length the sheriff, glancing out at the flying landscape, laughed a little, and, unlocking the bracelet from his own wrist, arose and said good-naturedly: "Take my place, Doc, and talk comfortably. I'll sit over here."

We both stared at him in amazement, but as he sank into the seat opposite he pushed his coat out of the way and sat with his hand resting on his hip-pocket. He was not taking such chances after all.

Doc's eyes and mine met, and in a flash each read the other's thought. He smiled and asked: "Did you ever catch a weazel asleep?"

And I smiled back: "Not in a Pullman car."

We told stories, he stroking my little dog's head. I told him some canine adventure, but he screwed up his face into a laughable sort of deprecation, saying: "He didn't bank much on dogs, since the hounds had run him down after his last job." I shivered. "What a sensitive woman you are," he said. "I should think your profession would tear you all to pieces. But you're right enough. It's an awful thing to be tracked by dogs, which have become a single sense personified; which take no heed of hunger, thirst, darkness, nor light; which, between heaven and hell, recognize just two things, the master's voice that says: 'Seek! Find!' and the scent, that is *your scent* — the trail that you must either swim or fly to avoid leaving behind you."

His breath came quickly, like a man's who had been running. Suddenly I leaned forward and touched the shameful thing upon his wrist: "Oh!" I exclaimed, "why, why did you ever do it?"

Again he twisted up his face: "Why? I guess," he answered, "it was because of too much and too hard religion from dad, and too much bad company right 'round the corner. Ministers always seem to think they are all heaven and their boys are all hell."

"But your mother?" I interrupted.

"Mother was all right," he sharply answered. "She was fair to a fellow. She used to tell dad that when young blood danced and all the bones and muscles were growing, a boy just had to jump and rush and caper; that he couldn't walk slow and solemn and silent, even on Lord's day. Oh, she was the best woman, she —" He stopped short and instinctively tried

to draw the steel bracelet up into his sleeve.

"Yet you're —" I reproached.

"Oh!" he interrupted, "she died, you know, and then — well after you once begin you can't stop, because, you see, you never begin alone! There's always some chump who knows, and can betray you, if you try to draw back." Then a sullen frown came on his face: "Prison for life!" He looked off at the reddening west. "No more sunrise or sunset — no! no!" he swallowed hard; then, almost violently, he continued: "And do you know that there were fool men, back there at Omaha, who came to congratulate me — good God! to congratulate me that I was so sure to miss a death sentence! I wonder if you can understand at all?"

"Oh, yes; I knew a murderer once," I started, when he cried out, "What, you? You knew a murderer?" "Yes," I answered, "I used to play with the sheriff's little son about the jail corridors, and this man mangled himself horribly with a tiny penknife, in an effort, paradoxical as it sounds, to kill himself to prevent the executioner from doing it."

A sort of flame sprang into his light blue eyes, of a sudden his lips pressed into a tense line.

"Right!" he sharply exclaimed. "Right, he was! Why, you ought to understand that; and I believe you do, too! It wasn't the mere dying that kept the fellow awake nights, for all stand to die sometime! And we — the boys who write too well for our own good, and toy with other people's horses, and are hunted quite as often as we hunt — expect to step up lively when we pass in our checks! No, a man's not afraid to die, but, by thunder, you don't want to be trussed up like a fowl, and then have some measly fellow with dirty hands sling a rope around your neck and shove you through a trap to twirl in the air like a d——d sheep-killing dog! You want to die like a man, not like a cur, and a chap feels some self-respect when he bosses his own job. If I had a chance —" his eyes turned toward the figure of the sheriff, who sat, his left elbow on the window sill, the hand supporting his drooping head. Were his eyes closed? With stealthy swiftness Doc arose, to find the sheriff's face grimly smiling into his and the sheriff's revolver pointing straight at his heart.

An instant they stood, then, very quietly :
 "I wanted a drink," said the bad man.

"Oh!" responded the watchful one jocosely, "I thought perhaps you were going to call my attention to our lessening speed?" This with a malicious glance toward the free hands of the prisoner. "Well, I'll have the water brought to you." And under my breath I remarked: "It didn't work, did it?"

"No," he answered, "not that time," and I believe his captor had given him an idea, for from that moment he began to talk at random. He had been pale, but a spot of color was soon burning upon his rather prominent cheek bones. Hitherto his had been the frank, open manner of the well-brought-up, middle class young Western man, now a subtle change was coming over him; his voice lowered, his pale eyes had a greenish glare in them, and they stole side glances beneath narrow lids that quivered slightly. I began to see this man's relation to the great cat tribe, stealthy, strong, flexible, cruel. He was passing his tongue over his parched lips, was speaking broken sentences, while his nostrils quivered and expanded. The man was laying some desperate plan. I was so sure that involuntarily I whispered to him: "Don't! don't do it!"

He looked at me fixedly, then went on: "Yes, he was right, that murderous friend of yours —" then suddenly he pressed his hand to his stomach and bent over. Mr. Sheriff was at his elbow instantly. "Too many railway doughnuts," groaned Doc.

"Have a drop of this brandy," advised the friendly sheriff.

"We are nearing the supper station," I remarked, "and I must go and prink a little."

"Oh!" said the suddenly sick man, "how like the old Iowa home those words sound, 'to prink.'"

I arose to go. The sheriff stooped to lock the prisoner's wrist to his own. At my state-room door I turned my head. The prisoner's eyes were glaring greenly at me, and like lightning the forefinger of his free hand flashed to his lips, pleading, cautioning, warning — all were in that swift, secret gesture.

I sank trembling onto the couch. I wanted no supper. "Ought I to speak?" I asked myself. But speak of what? What had I to tell? Only a change of manner, a single gesture. I wiped my forehead and

started surprisedly. The scent of tobacco clung to the handkerchief I had picked up instead of my own. I dropped it with a nervous shiver, then sat and waited.

Supper was over. People were settling for evening games or chats, for we were off again. Then I heard through the rear door of my state-room the satisfied voice of the thief-taker. He was answering the questions of one who had come aboard at the last

session: "Yes, thank God, this was his last night of responsibility. He would have passed his man over to the prison officials this time to-morrow. No, he had never lost sight of his prisoner, even for a moment before, but he was a pretty sick man this evening, and he was therefore allowed the privilege of entering the wash-room alone; but," he added, "the speed of the train and the revolver at the door made that safe enough. Still — yes, he was staying rather a long time." And the sheriff knocked, calling: "Come, Doc! if you feel seedy yet, better come and lie down." (knock, knock.) "Oh, Doc!" a suddenly tried knob, and then between desperate kicks at the panels of the locked door the repeated cry: "An ax! an ax!"

"T-that ax's only to be used in case of fire or accident, sir!" stammered the porter, "but I can unlock —"

He never finished. The door burst open — the room was empty! A wild cry rang through the car. With a ghastly face the sheriff hurled himself at the bell-cord, jerking it like a madman to an accompaniment of sulphurous oaths. The passengers were thrown in a turmoil. The train was stopped, was searched, then it was backed, and women began to cry or to turn faint over mental pictures of what might be found out there. We stopped again and the confusion was transferred to the outside. Lanterns were bobbing in the darkness. Suddenly I heard a voice saying: "He's just bringing them up from Green River. They're right in the baggage-car, and he'll lay 'em on for you if you'd like."

With oath-garnished gratitude the frantic sheriff accepted this offer, which meant bloodhounds, and next moment he was tearing into the car searching for something of Doc's that would give "a scent" to the two gaunt, long-eared brutes who were being led out for a man-hunt. With a gasp I caught up the handkerchief and thrust it deep, deep into the dressing-bag, and then sat



"Doc arose to find the sheriff's face grimly smiling into his and the sheriff's revolver pointing straight at his heart"

immovable, watching, listening, wondering ! The wires were hot with messages, men were hot with profane argument ; but ours was a fast-mail train, and on we went, leaving men on horseback and men on foot, aided by melancholy, lop-eared hounds, and lighted by torches and lanterns, who searched either side the track for what might be left of the fair-haired bad man, who had preferred to "step up lively and pass in his checks" by way of a car-window and a flying leap to death, rather than molder through the sunless years of a life imprisonment ! And being sleepless all that night, I filled the hours with study of the second act of "Renée de Moray," and so it came to pass that ever after, in the shooting of *Claude Burel*, I saw not the face of the man who acted him but the glaring eye, the dilating nostril and warning, pleading gesture of the man who had that night made himself part of the mighty mystery of the plains, the silent plains, that seem to be stricken dumb by the stupendous import of the message they may hold for man !

Wrapped in a gauze veil, the feathered, laced, and ribboned hat I had worn to the train hung safely out of the way, while for my hurried platform walks at various stations I donned a small Scotch cap I had brought from Edinburgh for steamer comfort, the bonnet known to some as the *Glen-garry*. Among the very closest of my friends there was a soldier who had gained an uncomfortable knowledge of Chief Joseph, that had been bought in the *Nez Perce* campaign. At my request he had given me the tarnished, battered regimental badge from the front of the old cap that had been soaked by rains and scorched by suns and often used as a dipper at the finding of precious water, that drop for drop was of greater value than molten rubies could have been, and I had pinned the crossed muskets and the regimental number in the front of my own cap. Next morning after the escape I was tramping up and down the platform when two men passed, and one, glancing at me a second time, stopped suddenly, drew

his heels together and gave me a military salute. I smiled at his mistaking me for some one else and continued my exercise. So I was coming again upon the men, both of whom were somewhat in liquor and working hard to pick a fight with the station loungers, when some one called out, "Let the lady pass!" both men turned and seeing me, straightened up, shoulder to shoulder, eyes front, while with tipsy gravity they saluted with the sharp precision of mechanical toys. Then, indeed, was I angry, for no one living is more sensitive to ridicule than I am. I started off in search of my lord and master, but was met by the porter who, with the familiarity of his class, addressed me as "Miss Cla'h" and asked what was the matter. I told him, and, hot with anger and swelling with importance, he proceeded to look into the matter while I returned to the car. In a few moments the darky was back crying: "Miss Cla'h, dey ain't no ornary, low-down fellows tryin' to plague you; deys mighty proud, 'case you alls come from de same state. Yes'm, deys Ohio men, and — and dey sent you a message, Miss Cla'h, only I ain't goin' to give it to yer till I see your little cap."

"My cap!" I cried, glancing toward it. He picked it up, looked at it a moment and broke into the contagious laughter of his race, saying: "I'se bound to give you that message, now for sure. Deys Uncle Sam's boys, Miss Cla'h, an' dey say, very 'spectful, dey like to give you de tip — dat if you don' want to be saluted by any soldiers you meet you musn't wear de badge of de 21st Infantry on de front porch of your cap. For, you see, dey all belongs to de 21st deyselves."

And then apologies were in order, and they came from me.

After that I devoted myself steadily to "Renée de Moray," and having a quick study was rough perfect when we found ourselves nearing the end of our long journey, and I said to myself: "In this last quiet lap of our run, with nothing more to upset my tired nerves, I can make myself unshakingly letter-perfect in my lines, and thus be free to devote all my thought to the directing of the coming rehearsals." Ah, that was a wise person who so earnestly advised against the practice of counting chickens before they were hatched. With jest and laughter, exchanging mutual congratulations upon its being the last station dinner we would have

to reckon with, we were rising from table when the inevitable practical joker, seeing a train moving in the opposite direction to our own, thrust his head into the dining-room and yelled: "All aboard! look lively! your train's moving!"

Those who noted the presence of our own train-crew at their corner table merely smiled, but, alas! one young girl sprang up. There was a startled cry, a crash of china, and then she was flying out of the door, across the open space straight toward the track and the moving cars. "Come back! stop!" cried many voices. The train-men leapt to their feet and dashed after her. The gray-haired conductor shouted: "Child! child! for God Almighty's sake, that's not your train." I heard one great, united, agonizing shout of "Don't! don't!" cut across by a shrill shriek that something stopped in mid-utterance, then silence fell. My husband's arm was about me, his shaken voice was saying quietly: "Turn the other way, Clara; we will just go back by that lower path," and sick at heart I realized he was trying to spare me the sight of something on the upper path. Two fainting women were being carried back to our train. Then, as I knew he would do, the porter came to me, gray looking and stammering, to tell me all he knew of the dreadful happening: "For Cod, Miss Cla'h," he said, "dat 's de worst t'ing I've seen yet. Dat little, red-cheeked girl, only sixteen years old, jist cut from Ireland, poor and pretty, friendless and — and dere she lies, white as a stone image," he gulped hard a moment. "with one leg left for her to hobble on like a little hurt sparrow!"

"Oh, poor child! poor little Irish lass! crippled in a strange land!" I whispered tearfully. Dreadful details were given till I begged for mercy. Then he assured me she had been going out to service, and was alone in the world. They would take her to the hospital in 'Frisco now, "but Lord, Miss Cla'h, dey don't keep 'em dere long, and den what's to 'come of her? And even in de hospital it's hard to be without a cent!"

"But," I asked, "has not that wealthy California lady offered to help her?"

"No, mum, she hasn't!" he snapped angrily.

"Perhaps she has not heard her story yet?" I suggested.

"Yes, she has, too!" he contradicted. I heard de conductor telling her, and she said

'it was very sad, and such mishaps were trying to delicate nerves,' but she never offered a picayune for her help."

I found in the almost empty maw of my pocket-book one lean, lonely five-dollar bill, but an idea came to me. I begged the porter to get me an envelope, and then scribbled on a card: "For one month I can be found at the Palace Hotel or at the Baldwin Theater. A note from your doctor or nurse will command any service in my power, any comfort or convenience you may need, and pray have no hesitation in addressing one who sympathizes with you from her heart." The bill and the card I slipped into the envelope and the porter promised to put it into the afflicted girl's hand. He came back directly to say that, drugged with opiates, she was unconscious, but he had pinned the envelope to the bosom of her gown.

When I felt a little less shaken I tried once more to resume my study. Some hours had passed when, oh, good gracious! the wretched porter came to my room and, stammering and stuttering broken apologies for "de mistake" and blaming "some fool fellow that told him so anyhow," he gave me a letter. I read and I burned from my head to my feet. There was a five-dollar bill inclosed — not mine, as I saw at a glance, but still a bill for five dollars—and the note said: "My poor young niece was sent out to us to become our daughter, if she felt contented here, and I came a day's ride up the road to meet and welcome her, and I have found a maimed and, I greatly fear, a dying child. A mistaken story reached every ear, but no one heeded it but you. So long as we live we will keep that bill, and will preserve the generous promise you made to one you believed to be penniless and forlorn." And this was signed by a well-known and wealthy citizen of San Francisco.

Oh, me! I must have had an expressive face for, though I never spoke one word, as I glanced up at the porter he cried out: "W-why, w-why, Miss Cla'h, for de Lord's sake, w-hy don't!" and he incontinently fled.

I heaved a great sigh of relief when, at last, I reached my rooms at the hotel, for heaven only knows what might have happened had the journey lasted a day longer!

And then began an almost killing week of acting by night, of rehearsing by day, with all the time that deadly, nauseating fear of failure.

There is no body of American people who can enthuse with such utter abandon as a California crowd. They enjoy their own generosity; they are adepts in the delicate, delightful hypocrisy of successful hostesses. They will welcome you with such shining eyes, such becks and nods and radiantly wreathed smiles, that the "poor player" feels a sort of "Willie we have missed you" atmosphere inclosing him; and for the moment he will actually believe that these people have spoken of him in their homes, have looked forward to his coming, and his heart will be touched and grateful; and they seeing that will be pleased that *he* is pleased. Thus they are attuned, all keyed up to concert pitch, and, with half a play to work out, a great occasion may be expected. Do not think them lacking in the critical faculty. They are as sensitively alert to catch the author's meaning as the artist's expression. They have, too, a sturdy independence of judgment. A thousand nights run in the East will not induce them to accept a play that displeases them. They decline to follow a leader, but they are warm, they are genial, they are emotional. And what is so contagious as enthusiasm? There is much foreign blood there and its "bravas!" and "bravos!" are frequent and add a peculiar note of triumph to a burst of applause. The California audience when aroused enjoys its own excitement, and it is a joy indeed to act well enough to arouse it.

At the last rehearsal I stood a woful moment and then burst out: "Oh, boys and girls! this won't do! You must not drag if you want me to succeed, and I know you do. You must rush the house. I don't mean you are to gabble your lines, but be sincere, intense, swift. You, Miss Wilton, have this adventuress to represent; it is a great part. Play it desperately, remembering that if you win you are established for life amid sumptuous surroundings, in social security; if you fail, you face a house of correction, or the lowest slums known to ruined gamblers. Play it with desperate determination. Here is a great opportunity. If you can take the play away from me, do it, only, for heaven's sake, never let down for a moment! We will try this act again."

The night came, the house was packed. The first act, which was not any too brilliant in action, was laid out cold and dead by the hand of the electrician, who, in his desire to get an effect from the lighted city of



"WE SUCCEEDED IN STAMPEDING THE AUDIENCE"

Aix-les-Bains in the distance, kept the stage in semi-darkness. Oh, it was dreadful! One could not distinguish the colors of the costumes, to say nothing of the expression of the faces. I heard the leading man growling off to some one: "This is a nice, large, wet blanket spread over us, isn't it?" And under all my gentle, pure-minded, self-sacrificing speeches seethed a burning desire to exterminate by the sword's edge the entire race of electricians.

There was some courteous applause at the curtain's fall, but wild horses could not have dragged me before the curtain. Shaking with silent anger, sick with terror for the next act's fate, I waved people away and rushed to my distant room to change. As I was going out my maid, discreetly silent, offered a small cup of coffee. I drank it and with a brief thanks went to meet my fate, for somehow I felt all hung upon the acceptance of that act. I had a curious, numb feeling, my brain seemed blank of every memory or thought save the coming shooting. I wondered dully if that was madness. Then the act was on. I do not remember anything about it until, in hurling myself upon my husband, struggling to reach the revolver, a voice that did not seem to be mine, in such piercing anguish, cried: "For God's sake, you would not fire upon an unarmed man?" Then a mortal terror seemed to possess, to shake me to and fro. The shot was fired, the charge of infidelity made! Then the physical horror of the dead brother lying there that, to my imagination, bore the face of the fair-haired bad man of the train. The anguished dread of my mother being suspected, followed by the demand of the husband: "Confess — you loved him!" pointing at the victim of his rage.

Suddenly I changed my answer, that should have been: "Yes, I loved him!" into the more subtle one with its double meaning: "Yes, he loved me!" Then, in a sort of mad defiance of my mother's honor, my father's shame, my husband's rage, I repeated again and yet again the words: "He loved me! the dead man loved me, yes!" with the ever-rising cry of utterest hysteria: "*He loved me!*" The curtain was falling, but the shrieked-out self-accusation went madly on: "*The dead man loved me!*" until finally it was heard faintly through the fallen

curtain. Then I caught up my skirts and staggered to my room, leaving the actors amazed by this unrehearsed outburst, standing in their places.

Many times I laughed afterward over Dr. Campbell Shorb's telling of how that night I was under his care, and how he came to my room to see if his aid was needed. He used to say: "I rushed around there from the front, with my eyes sticking out of my head far enough to hang your hat on, and that patient of mine came reeling up to me and laid a hand as cold as a dead frog into mine and, with great, scared, blank eyes staring out of a chalk-white face, she gasps: 'What are they thinking out there, doctor?' 'Thinking?' I replied, 'why, good God, they're past thinking! They haven't any sense left. They are standing up howling like hungry wolves. And what in thunder are you doing here?'"

"Just then the call-boy and the prompter came butting up together, roaring out: 'Miss Morris! Miss Morris! Oh, please hurry, please!' and she turned and fled down the stage. I stood in the room and I'm blest if it wasn't just like a madhouse, with the inmates extra bad. Roar, roar, then a frantic howl! Roar, roar, howl! and I understood presently this meant her coming and going before the curtain. I tell you it was impressive even away up there. At last she came back, flushed, smiling, beaming. Now listen. At sight of me she gave a little start and said: 'Oh, good evening, doctor,' gave me a thin, hot hand, and added: 'Do you know, I believe the play will go, after all!' I'm blest if she even remembered having seen me before that night! She had been half mad with anxiety. By Jove! a woman earns all she gets in such nerve-racking work as that!"

He was right. I did not remember the first meeting. The play was a success. Failing in the East, it triumphed in San Francisco. We succeeded in stampeding the audience. The papers pointed out, as in duty bound, the weak points in the story, but every soul who wept and reared up on end and roared approval at our swift, tensely earnest presentation of it advertised the play and the players, and for years after "*Renée de Moray*" was "my bunkie," or at least she was one of them.



"AT THE SAME TIME HAHN PULLED HIS GUN AND SHOT
HIM THROUGH THE MIDDLE."



ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC

THE RANCH FOREMAN'S YARN: THE CATTLE RUSTLER STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

DAWN broke, so we descended through wet grasses to the cañon. There, after some difficulty, we managed to start a fire, and so ate breakfast, the rain still pouring down on us. About nine o'clock, with miraculous suddenness, the torrent stopped. It began to turn cold. The Cattleman and I decided to climb to the top of the butte after meat, which we entirely lacked.

It was rather a stiff ascent, but once above the sheer cliffs we found ourselves on a rolling meadow table-land, a half-mile broad by, perhaps, a mile and a half in length. Grass grew high; here and there were small, live oaks planted park-like; slight and rounded ravines accommodated brooklets. As we walked back, the edges blended in the edges of the mesa across the cañon. The deep

gorges, which had heretofore seemed the most prominent elements of the scenery, were lost. We stood, apparently, in the middle of a wide and undulating plain, diversified by little ridges, and running with a free sweep to the very foot of the snowy Galiuros. It seemed as though we should be able to ride horseback in almost any given direction. Yet we knew that ten minutes walk would take us to the brink of most stupendous chasms — so deep that the water flowing in them hardly seemed to move; so rugged that only with the greatest difficulty could a horseman make his way through the country at all; and yet so ancient that the bottoms supported forests, rich grasses, and rounded, gentle knolls. It was a most astonishing set of double impressions.



'I SAW HIS HORSE JUMP BACK, DODGIN' A RATTLESNAKE OR SOMETHIN'''

We succeeded in killing a nice, fat, white-tail buck, and so returned to camp happy. The rain held off. We dug ditches, organized shelters, cooked a warm meal. For the next day we planned a bear hunt afoot, far up a manzanita cañon where Uncle Jim knew of some "holing up" caves.

But when we awoke in the morning we threw aside our coverings with some difficulty to look on a ground covered with snow; trees laden almost to the breaking point with snow; and the air filled with it.

"No bear to-day," said the Cattleman.

"No," agreed Uncle Jim dryly. "No b'ar. And what's more, unless yo're aimin' to stop here somewhat of a spell, we'll have to make out to-day."

We cooked with freezing fingers, ate while dodging avalanches from the trees, and packed reluctantly. The ropes were frozen, the hobbles stiff, everything either crackling or wet. Finally the task was finished. We took a last warming of the fingers, and climbed on.

The country was wonderfully beautiful with the white not yet shaken from the trees and rock ledges. Also it was wonderfully slippery. The snow was soft enough to ball under the horses' hoofs, so that most of the time the poor animals skated and stumbled along on stilts. Thus we made our way back over ground which, naked of these difficulties, we had considered bad enough. Imagine riding along a slant of rock shelving off to a bad tumble, so steep that your pony has to do more or less expert ankle work to keep from slipping off sideways. During the passage of that rock you are apt to sit very light. Now cover it with several inches of snow, stick a snowball on each hoof of your mount, and try again. When you have ridden it — or its duplicate — a few score of times, select a steep mountain side, cover it with round rocks the size of your head, and over that spread a concealing blanket of the same sticky snow. You may vary these to the limits of your imagination.

Once across the divide, we ran into a new sort of trouble. You may remember that on our journey over we had been forced to travel for some distance in a narrow stream-bed. During our passage we had scrambled up some rather steep and rough slopes; and hopped up some fairly high ledges. Now we found the heretofore dry bed flowing a good eight inches deep. The steep slopes had become cascades; the ledges, waterfalls.

When we came to them, we had to "shoot the rapids" as best we could, only to land with a *plunk* in an indeterminately deep pool at the bottom. Some of the pack horses went down, sousing again our unfortunate bedding, but by the grace of fortune not a saddle pony lost his feet.

After a time the gorge widened. We came out into the box cañon with its trees. Here the water spread and shoaled to a depth of only two or three inches. We splashed along gaily enough, for with the exception of an occasional quicksand or boggy spot, our troubles were over.

Jed Parker and I happened to ride side by side, bringing up the rear and seeing to it that the pack animals did not stray nor linger. As we passed the first of the rustlers' corrals, he called my attention to them.

"Go take a look," said he. "We only got those fellows out of here a few years ago."

I rode over. At this point the rim-rock broke to admit the ingress of a ravine into the main cañon. Riding a short distance up the ravine I could see that it ended abruptly in a perpendicular cliff. As the sides also were precipitous, it became necessary only to build a fence across the entrance into the main cañon to become possessed of a corral completely closed in. Remembering the absolute invisibility of these sunken cañons until the rider is almost directly over them; and also the extreme roughness and remoteness of the district, I could see that the spot was admirably adapted to concealment.

"There's quite a yarn about the gang that held this hole," said Jed Parker to me when I had ridden back to him. "I'll tell you about it sometime."

We climbed the hill, descended on the Double R, built a fire in the stove, dried out, and were happy. After a square meal — and a dry one — I reminded Jed Parker of his promise, and so, sitting cross-legged on his "so-gun" in the middle of the floor, he told us the following yarn:

There's a good deal of romance been written about the "bad man," and there's about the same amount of nonsense. The bad man is just a plain murderer, neither more nor less. He never does get into a real, good, plain, stand-up gun fight if he can possibly help it. His killin's are done from behind a door, or when he's got his man dead to rights. There's Sam Cook. You've all heard of him. He had nerve, of course, and

when he was backed into a corner he made good; and he was sure sudden death with a gun. But when he went out for a man deliberate, he didn't take no special chances. For a while he was marshal at Willets. Pretty soon it was noted that there was a heap of cases of resisting arrest, where Sam as marshal had to shoot, and that those cases almost always happened to be his personal enemies. Of course, that might be all right, but it looked suspicious. Then one day he killed poor old Max Schmidt out behind his own saloon. Called him out and shot him in the stomach. Said Max resisted arrest on a warrant for keepin' open out of hours! That was a sweet warrant to take out in Willets, anyway! Mrs. Schmidt always claimed that she saw that deal played, and that while they were talkin' perfectly peaceable, Cook let drive from the hip at about two yards range. Anyway, we decided we needed another marshal. Nothin' else was ever done, for the Vigilantes hadn't been formed, and your individual and decent citizen doesn't care to be marked by a bad man of that stripe. Leastways, unless he wants to go in for bad-man methods and do a little ambusheerin' on his own account.

The point is, that these yere bad men are a low-down, miserable proposition, and plain, cold-blood murderers, willin' to wait for a sure thing, and without no compunctions whatever. The bad man takes you unawares, when your sleepin', or talkin', or drinkin', or lookin' to see what for a day its goin' to be, anyway. He don't give you no show, and sooner or later he's goin' to get you in the safest and easiest way for himself. There ain't no romance about that.

And, until you've seen a few men called out of their shacks for a friendly conversation, and shot when they happen to look away; or asked for a drink of water and killed when they stoop to the spring; or potted from behind as they go into a room, it's pretty hard to believe that any man can be so plumb lackin' in fair play or pity or just natural humanity.

As you boys know, I come in from Texas to Buck Johnson's about ten year back. I had a pretty good remuda of ponies that I knew, and I hated to let them go at prices they were offerin' then, so I made up my mind to ride across and bring them in with me. It wasn't so awful far, and I figured that I'd like to take in what New Mexico looked like anyway.

About down by Albuquerque I tracked up with another outfit headed my way. There was five of them, three men, and a woman, and a yearlin' baby. They had a dozen hosses, and that was about all I could see. There was only two packed, and no wagon. I suppose the whole outfit — pots, pans, and kettles — was worth five dollars. It was just supper when I run across them, and it didn't take more'n one look to discover that flour, coffee, sugar, and salt was all they carried. A yearlin' carcass, half-skinned, lay near, and the fry-pan was full of meat.

"Howdy, strangers," says I, ridin' up.

They nodded a little, but didn't say nothin'. My hosses fell to grazin', and I eased myself around in my saddle and made a cigareet. The men was tall, lank fellows, with kind of sullen faces, and sly, shifty eyes; the woman was dirty and generally mussed up. I knowed that sort all right. Texas was gettin' too many fences for them.

"Havin' supper?" says I cheerful.

One of 'em grunted "yes" at me; and, after a while, the biggest asked me very grudgin' if I wouldn't light and eat. I told them "no," that I was travelin' in the cool of the evenin'.

"You seem to have more meat than you need, though," says I. "I could use a little of that."

"Help yourself," says they. "It's a maverick we come across."

I took a steak and noted that the hide had been mighty well cut to ribbons around the flanks, and that the head was gone.

"Well," says I to the carcass, "no one's goin' to be able to swear whether you're a maverick or not, but I bet you knew the feel of a brandin' iron all right."

I gave them a thank-you, and climbed on again. My hosses acted some surprised at bein' gathered up again, but I couldn't help that.

"It looks like a plumb imposition, cavallos," says I to them, "after an all-day, but you sure don't want to join that outfit any more than I do the angels, and if we camp here we're likely to do both."

I didn't see them any more after that until I'd hit the Lazy Y, and had started in running cattle in the Soda Springs Valley. Larry Eagen and I rode together those days, and that's how I got to know him pretty well. One day, over in the Elm Flat, we ran smack on this Texas outfit again, headed north. This time I was on my own range, and I

knew where I stood, so I could show a little more curiosity in the case.

"Well, you got this far," says I.

"Yes," says they.

"Where you headed?"

"Over towards the hills."

"What to do?"

"Make a ranch, raise some truck; perhaps buy a few cows."

They went on.

"Truck farmin'," says I to Larry "is fine prospects in this country."

He sat on his horse lookin' after them.

"I'm sorry for them," says he. "It must be almighty hard scratchin'."

Well, we rode the range for upwards of two year. In that time we saw our Texas friends — name of Hahn — two or three times in Willets, and heard of them off and on. They bought an old brand of Steve McWilliams for seventy-five dollars, carryin' six or eight head of cows. After that, from time to time, we heard of them buyin' more — two or three head from one man, and two or three from another. They branded them all with that McWilliams iron — T O — so, pretty soon, we began to see the cattle on the range.

Now, a good cattleman knows cattle just as well as you know people, and he can tell them about as far off. Horned critters look alike to you, but even in a country supportin' a good many thousand head, a man used to the business can recognize most every individual as far as he can see him. Some is better than others at it. I suppose you really have to be brought up to it. So we boys at the Lazy Y noted all the cattle with the new T O, and could estimate pretty close that the Hahn outfit might own, maybe, thirty-five head all told.

That was all very well, and nobody had any kick comin'. Then, one day in the spring, we came across our first "sleeper."

What's a sleeper? A sleeper is a calf that has been ear-marked, but not branded. Every owner has a certain brand, as you know, and then he crops and slits the ears in a certain way, too. In that manner he don't have to look at the brand, except to corroborate the ears; and, as the critter generally sticks his ears up inquiren'-like to any one ridin' up, its easy to know the brand without lookin' at it merely from the ear-marks. Once in a great while, when a man comes across an unbranded calf, and it ain't handy to build a fire, he just ear-marks it and let's

the brandin' go till later. But it isn't done often; and our outfit had strict orders never to make sleepers.

Well, one day in the spring, as I say, Larry and me was ridin', when we came across a Lazy Y cow and calf. The little fellow was ear-marked all right, so we rode on, and never would have discovered nothin' if a bush rabbit hadn't jumped and scared the calf right across in front of our hosses. Then we couldn't help but see that there wasn't no brand.

Of course we roped him and put the iron on him. I took the chance to look at his ears and saw that the marking had been done quite recent, so when we got in that night I reported to Buck Johnson that one of the punchers was gettin' lazy and sleeperin'. Naturally he went after the man who had done it; but every puncher swore up and down and back and across that he'd branded every calf he'd had a rope on that spring. We put it down that some one was lyin', and let it go at that.

And then, about a week later, one of the other boys reported a triangle H sleeper. The triangle H was the Goodrich brand, so we didn't have nothin' to do with that. Some of them might be sleeperin' for all we knew. Three other cases of the same kind we happened across that same spring.

Sofar, so good. Sleepers runnin' in such numbers was a little astonishin', but nothin' suspicious. Cattle did well that summer, and when we come to round up in the fall, we cut out maybe a dozen of those T O cattle that had strayed out of that Hahn country. Of the dozen there was five grown cows, and seven yearlin'.

"My Lord, Jed," says Buck to me. "They's a heap of these youngsters comin' over our way."

But still as a young critter is more apt to stray than an old one that's got his range established, we didn't lay no great store by that neither. The Hahns took their bunch, and that's all there was to it.

Next spring though we found a few more sleepers, and one day we came on a cow that had gone dead lame. That was usual, too, but Buck, who was with me, had somethin' on his mind. Finally he turned back and roped her and threw her.

"Look here, Jed," says he, "what do you make of this?"

I could see where the hind legs below the hocks had been burned.

"Looks like somebody had roped her by the hind feet," says I.

"Might be," says he, "but her bein' lame that way makes it look more like hobbles."

So we didn't say nothin' more about that neither, until just by luck we came on another lame cow. We threw her, too.

"Well, what do you think of this one?"

Buck Johnson asks me.

"The feet is pretty well tore up," says I, "and down to the quick; but I've see them tore up just as bad on the rocks when they come down out of the mountains."

You sabe what that meant, don't you? You see, a rustler will take a cow and hobble her, or lame her so she can't follow, and then he'll take her calf a long ways off and brand it with his iron. Of course, if we was to see a calf of one brand followin' of a cow with another, it would be just too easy to guess what had happened.

We rode on mighty thoughtful. There couldn't be much doubt that cattle rustlers was at work. The sleepers they had ear-marked, hopin' that no one would discover the lack of a brand. Then, after the calf was weaned, and quit followin' of his mother, the rustler would brand it with his own iron, and change its ear-mark to match. It made a nice, easy way of gettin' together a bunch of cattle cheap.

But it was pretty hard to guess off-hand who the rustlers might be. There were a lot of renegades down toward the Mexican line who made a raid once in a while, and a few oilers livin' near had water-holes in the foot-hills, and any amount of little cattle holders, like this T O outfit, and any of them wouldn't shy very hard at a little sleeperin' on the side. Buck Johnson told us all to watch out, and passed the word quiet among the big owners to try and see whose cattle seemed to have too many calves for the number of cows.

The Texas outfit I'm tellin' you about had settled up above in this Double R cañon where I showed you those natural corrals this morning. They'd built them a 'dobe, and cleared some land, and planted a few trees, and made an irrigated patch for alfalfa. Nobody never rode over his way very much, cause the country was most too rough for cattle, and our ranges lay farther to the southward. Now, however, we began to extend our ridin' a little. I was down towards Dos Cabezas to look over the cattle there, and they used to send Larry up into the

Double R country. One evenin' he took me to one side.

"Look here, Jed," says he, "I know you pretty well, and I'm not ashamed to say that I'm all new at this cattle business — in fact, I haven't been at it more'n a year. What should be the proportion of cows to calves anyhow?"

"There ought to be about twice as many cows as there're calves," I tells him.

"Then, with only about fifty head of grown cows there ought not to be an equal number of yearlin's?"

"I should say not," says I. "What are you drivin' at?"

"Nothin' yet," says he.

A few days later he tackled me again.

"Jed," says he, "I'm not good, like you fellows are, at knowin' one cow from another, but there's a calf down there branded T O that I'd pretty near swear I saw with an X Y cow last month. I wish you could come down with me."

We got that fixed easy enough, and for the next month rammed around through this broken country, lookin' for evidence. I saw enough to satisfy me to a moral certainty, but nothin' for a sheriff; and, of course, we couldn't go shoot up a peaceful rancher on mere suspicion. Finally, one day, we run on a four-months' calf all by himself, with the T O iron onto him — a mighty healthy lookin' calf, too.

"Wonder where *his* mother is!" says I.

"Maybe it's a 'dogie,'" says Larry Eagen — we calls calves whose mothers have died 'dogies."

"No," says I, "I don't hardly think so. A dogie is always under size and poor, and he's layin' around water-holes, and he always has a big, sway belly onto him. No, this is no dogie; and if it's an honest calf, there sure ought to be a T O cow around somewhere."

So we separated to have a good look. Larry rode up on the edge of a little rim-rock. In a minute I saw his horse jump back, dodgin' a rattlesnake or somethin', and then fall back out of sight. I jumped my hoss up there tur'ble quick, and looked over, expectin' to see nothin' but mangled remains. It was only about fifteen foot down, but I couldn't see bottom 'count of some brush.

"Are you all right?" I yells.

"Yes, yes!" cries Larry, "but for the love of God get down here as quick as you can."

I hopped off my hoss, and scrambled down somehow.

"Hurt?" says I as soon as I lit.

"Not a bit — look here."

There was a dead cow with the Lazy Y on her flank.

"And a bullet-hole in her forehead," adds Larry. "And, look here, that T O calf was bald-faced, and so was this cow."

"Reckon we found our sleepers," says I.

So, there we was. Larry had to lead his cavallo down the barranca to the main cañon. I followed along on the rim, waitin' until a place gave me a chance to get down, too, or Larry a chance to get up. We were talkin' back and forth when, all at once, Larry shouted again.

"Big game this time," he yells. "Here's a cave and a mountain lion squallin' in it."

I slid down to him at once, and we drew our six-shooters and went up to the cave openin', right under the rim-rock. There, sure enough, were fresh lion tracks, and we could hear a little faint cryin' like a woman.

"First chance," claims Larry, and dropped to his hands and knees at the entrance.

"Well, d—— me!" he cries, and crawls in at once, payin' no attention to me tellin' him to be more cautious. In a minute he backed out, carryin' a three-year-old girl.

"We seem to be in for adventures today," says he. "Now, where do you suppose that came from, and how did it get here?"

"Well," says I, "I've followed lion tracks where they've carried yearlin's across their backs like a fox does a goose. They're tur'ble strong."

"But where did she come from?" he wonders.

"As for that," says I, "don't you remember now that T O outfit had a yearlin' kid when it came into the country?"

"That's right," says he. "It's only a mile down the cañon. I'll take it home. They must be most distracted about it."

So I scratched up to the top where my pony was waitin'. It was a tur'ble hard climb, and I most had to have hooks on my eyebrows to get up at all. It's easier to slide down than to climb back. I dropped my gun out of my holster, and she went way to the bottom, but I wouldn't have gone back for six guns. Larry picked it up for me.

So we went along, me on the rim-rock and around the barrancas, and Larry in the bottom carryin' of the kid.

By and by we came to the ranch house, so I stopped to wait. The minute Larry hove in sight everybody was out to once, and in two winks the woman had that baby. They didn't see me at all, but I could hear, plain enough, what they said. Larry told how he had found her in the cave, and all about the lion tracks, and the woman cried and held the kid close to her, and thanked him about forty times. Then when she'd wore the edge off a little, she took the kid inside to feed it or somethin'.

"Well," says Larry, still laughin', "I must hit the trail."

"You say you found her up the Double R?" asks Hahn. "Was it that cave near the three cottonwoods?"

"Yes," says Larry.

"Where'd you get into the cañon?"

"Oh, my hoss slipped off into the barranca just above."

"The barranca just above," repeats Hahn lookin' straight at him.

Larry took one step back.

"You ought to be almighty glad I got into the cañon at all," says he.

Hahn stepped up, holdin' out his hand.

"That's right," says he. "You done us a good turn there."

Larry took his hand. At the same time Hahn pulled his gun and shot him through the middle.

It was all so sudden and unexpected that I stood there paralyzed. Larry fell forward the way a man mostly will when he's hit in the stomach, but somehow he jerked loose a gun and got it off twice. He didn't hit nothin', and I reckon he was dead before he hit the ground. And there he had my gun, and I was about as useless as a pocket in a shirt!

No, sir, you can talk as much as you please, but the killer is a low-down ornery scrub, and he do n't hesitate at no treachery or ingratitude to keep his carcass safe.

Jed Parker ceased talking. The dusk had fallen in the little room, and dimly could be seen the recumbent figures lying at ease on their blankets. The ranch foreman was sitting bolt upright, cross-legged. A faint glow from his pipe barely distinguished his features.

"What became of the rustlers?" I asked him.

"Well, sir, that is the queer part. Hahn himself, who had done the killin', skipped

out. We got out warrants, of course, but they never got served. He was a sort of half outlaw from that time, and was killed finally in the train hold-up of '97. But the others we tried for rustling. We didn't have much of a case, as the law went then, and they'd have gone free if the woman hadn't turned evidence against them. The killing was too much for her. And as the precedent

held good in a lot of other rustlin' cases, Larry's death was really the beginnin' of law and order in the cattle business."

We smoked. The last light suddenly showed red against the grimy window. Windy Bill arose and looked out the door.

"Boys," said he returning, "she's cleared off. We can get back to the ranch to-morrow."

(The next story of this series, "Cyclone Bill's Yarn, The Mining Camp Story," will be published in May)

ON THE RANCH

BY MOIRA O'NEILL

I—THE LAST OF WINTER

OH, not for us the primrose faint, the south wind's *bush-a-low*
Down shining aisles of the beech trees that knew us years ago!
Here there's a long, long silence, and the dumbly falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills are covered deep,
The water springs in the coulées are sleeping a frozen sleep,
The sun-days glimmer for a storm; how long shall winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle 'tis weary work to ride
And see the weak-kneed mothers go stumbling side by side,
Nuzzling under the crusted snow for where new grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the last year's growth is rank,
Sodden and brown beneath the snow on hill and bottom and bank,
Every horse is a brute this month, and every man is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when two can sit apart
Within the light of the fire they lit, cursing the winter's smart;
The hand is warm in another hand, the heart is safe with a heart.

II—THE FIRST OF SPRING

There was a sound of whistling wings over the house last night,
And the wild duck dropped in the creek below, resting upon his flight
Now the mallard with his emerald neck is swimming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came pouring like a tide,
The strong Chinook has broken the heart of winter's icy pride,
And the snow has all gone up like smoke from a prairie sunny and wide

Here are gray buds of the crocus, but shut and silvery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears on the willows red and slim;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in the manner approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in streams bubbling and dark as wine;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills, well do we know that sign!
And soft clouds blowing across the blue have a beauty half divine.

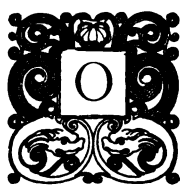
New grass and sweet will soon be here, and the patient herd grow strong,
They will forget the cruel frost and all the winter's wrong;
None can be glad as we are glad unless they have waited as long.

WITTE: A GREAT MAN FACING FAILURE BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "WHAT AILS RUSSIA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



NE Czar after another has had need of him, and to each one he has done good service. But the weakest of them has overtaxed him, and to-day Sergius Yulievitch Witte Count and Minister, is a man who has failed. His great work as a fiscal strategist, his dramatic achievements as a diplomatist, these avail him nothing, for they but buttressed the autocracy which he was called upon to save and could not. Whatsoever his claim to a place of honor in history, he knows, and knows with a serenity of ineffectual effort, of staled hope, and sterile endeavor, that his greatest task was beyond him.

Not the Man He Was at Portsmouth

There was a deputation of working-men that visited him in December of last year, when every issue in Russia was fogged with the miasma of revolt. He had been forced to hear them, and they filed into his vast room in the Winter Palace where he has been allotted quarters, and took the chairs that were ranged for them opposite his desk. He sat in his place, his big head propped on a hand, and watched them as they came with something of a frown of thoughtfulness. He was tall and massive as ever, with a fluff of ill-kept beard finishing his rugged, harsh face whence the wonderful eyes looked out inscrutably; but he was not the purposeful man that had set out for America at the beginning of the year, with a mind already clenched for the fight of wits. There was a clouding of doubt upon him; he seemed to be groping for a clue to the convictions and activities of these

men who should have been so plastic to his moulding, but who were not. He seemed to be wondering, guessing fearfully; he was not incisive, not direct as of old. Indeed, in his attitude and the slowness of his speech there was something strange, suggestive of an appeal, of the deprecation of a man who has been taken off his guard and is held at a disadvantage.

The audience came to nothing; it was merely an incident in a series of negotiations, and presently the deputation went away. Each man ducked his head in a habit of deference as he passed the great man, and Count Witte sat watching them go, nodding to each salute. There was still that wonder on his face, that weakness of doubt; it made me realize suddenly, as a thing not known before, that he was an old man, heavy with years. It spiced one's thoughts of him with pity, as for something fine and sturdy that has been mishandled and ill-used. Big and gross and bowed, he is a strong man and a great one; and here he is at his finish.

Doomed Now to Failure at the Summit of His Career

His commission to restore order in the country was given by the Czar personally soon after M. Witte had returned from his triumph over the Japanese plenipotentiaries in the United States. His career was then at its summit; the man who had started as a railroad official at Odessa was the first figure in Russia. The appointment had the more weight in that he was already unpopular with what is called the Court party—that group of highly placed men and Grand Dukes who are able to use the Czar directly, who create the atmosphere in which the autocrat moves and works. He has ever

been the butt of intrigue, and it is easy to believe that his mission in America and his success in it did nothing to reconcile those who have always seen in his rise an encroachment on their particular preserves. But he was too much the strong man of the moment to be passed over when the present crisis commenced to obtrude its problems and difficulties, and when the nature of his work is examined, one sees plenty of reasons why those who have persistently intrigued against him, and used all the force of high station and Royal birth to belittle his work, should have abstained from opposing his appointment. He was commissioned accordingly to restore order in Russia, to tranquilize the people with as little resort as possible to the traditional methods of reaction which are so unpopular with other Governments in Europe, and particularly without yielding one jot or tittle of the Imperial and autocratic privilege. He was to stay hungry stomachs with nothing more costly than words, to lighten the ship without the jettison of any of its burden. And he accepted the task.

It was — it is — Herculean. To gauge it accurately, one must discard the notion that the revolution in Russia is a matter of politics, that continental socialism is its source and motive force, that dreams and ethical science are alone at stake. It is no froth on the surface of life, this revolution; it is not manifested in the local unrest, the limited riots which are reported from day to day, whether in the streets of Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, or in the little fevered towns of the provinces. No; it is a natural process of national evolution, the struggle of a great people to move up another stage in the development of the race. Russia is moving on the very lines on which the Anglo-Saxon stem has emerged from the Ancient Britain, save that the Russian has much more to hamper him and weigh him down. This revolution is the uprising of human beings against the old, bloody falsity that men can be the owners of men, that enlightenment is for the few, and labor, service, and humility are the meed of the mass. This is Count Witte's difficulty. If only principles were in question, if it were a matter of the contagion of socialism, who, better than he, could answer the turbulent workmen and fog the dreary brains of the impatient peasants? But words will not avail here, and the only answer that will satisfy these importunates cannot be packed into

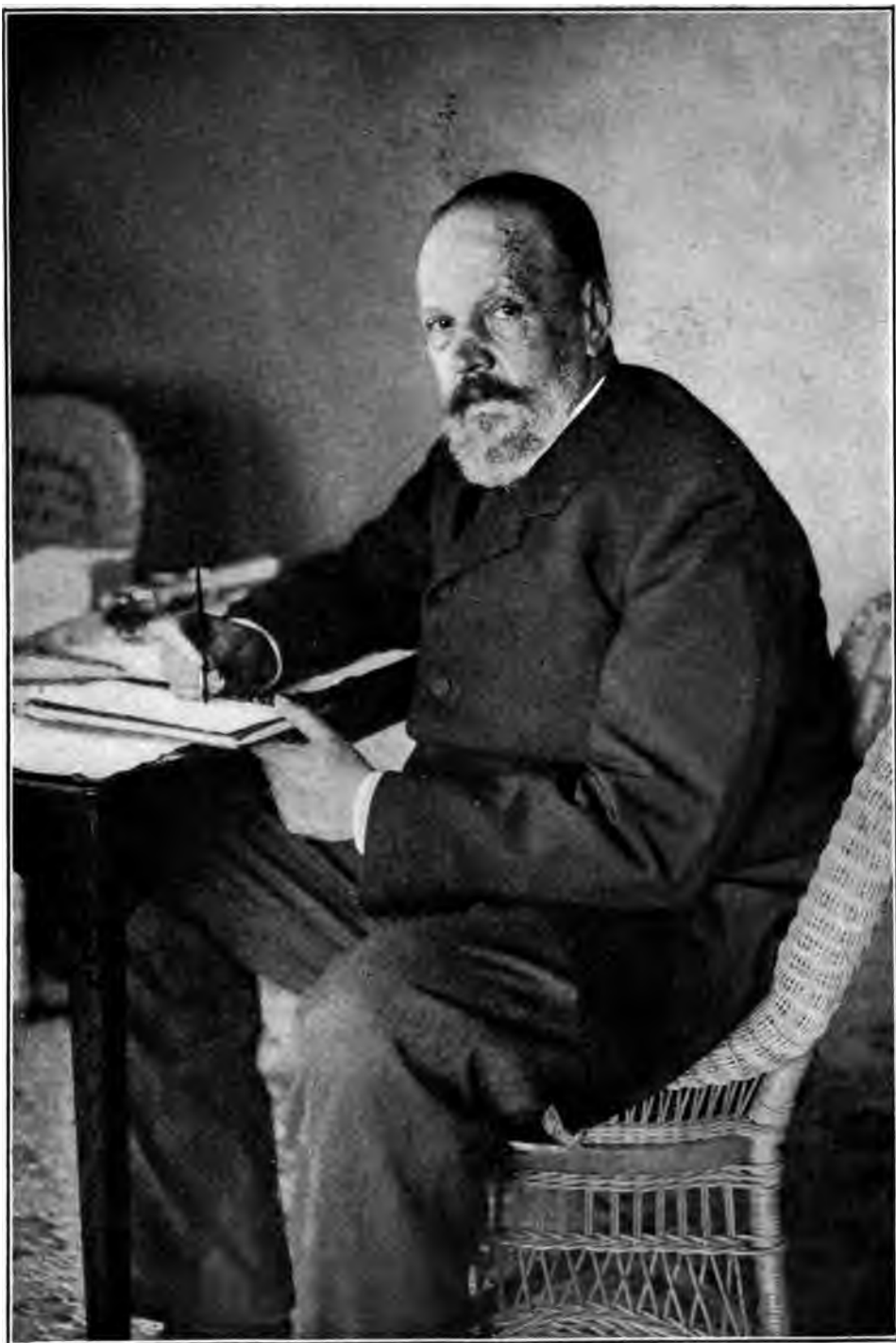
careful phrases. He is a diplomatist lost among facts, a trafficker in words who is face to face with the brutality of unglossed actualities. It has broken him.

I heard a Russian speak of him in St. Petersburg, having just returned from visiting him at his official quarters. "This business identifies him definitely with the reactionaries," he said, "and Witte by no means relishes that. It was always his pose to be a buffer. But this is the end. De Plehve went out in flame; Witte will gutter out like a foul wick."

A Presence That Hides Rather Than Reveals the Real Witte

Count Witte's personality is one which like his work, leaves one doubtful of the man it shields. His is a presence that screens rather than reveals the man who wears it. He is fifty-seven years of age, and until recently he carried his years lightly. It is only of late days that they have burdened him, when his other loads oppressed him and a touch of paralysis came as an index to the fearful strain under which he carries on his work. But it was a great man who accepted this great charge, a robust veteran of an iron frame, who has never wasted tissue on the littlenesses of social life, who bears to this day the imprint of rough work when he was young. He is over six feet in height, and when he straightens from a stoop that he has acquired he is yet a big and bulky man. He squares a pair of shoulders as thick through and as well-padded as those of a blacksmith. And his gray head is massive and brooding; he is a figure of the rudest, full-blooded force, slow in motion, incredibly ungainly in every action, with vast worn hands that swing athwartships as he walks.

He is almost contemptuously casual and careless in all matters that concern his attire and outward appearance. He has the completest, most unconscious disdain for these trifles and his clothes hang on him fortuitously. But all this is the mere supplement to the face that crowns the whole. Hairy and hard, with a beard ill-kept and a mustache *au diable*, the same ruggedness pervades it that characterizes his every feature. It is stolid, direct, and deeply lined; there is nothing of compromise in the expression, no art of grace, no study in the cast of it. So looms some oppressive village elder; so stares the man who is given



Joseph Witten



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WITTE'S INSCRUTABLE, MESMERIC EYES

"They are the eyes of an Oriental, wise with an infinite subtlety, discriminating pitilessly, discerning infallibly . . . in them lives the real Sergius Witte, the artist in the statesman, the wolf or the weasel in the man, the genius in the artisan. If it were anything but living truths, immune from doubt and double-dealing, that he had now to handle, how these twin fires would go to the heart of the thing and grip at once upon its weakness."

to blurting forth the obvious; and so looks Count Witte, who is neither. The head is remarkable in that it is quite flat behind, rising from the neck to the crown with no curve. And then, there are the eyes.

Eyes of an Oriental, Wise With Infinite Subtlety

They and they alone betray the fact that in this man there dwells a spirit not manifested in the grossness and crudeness of his aspect. Shrined under heavy brows, they are pale and indeterminate in color, but lit with a spark that is eloquent enough. They are lambent, inscrutable, mesmeric; they are the eyes of an Oriental, wise with an infinite subtlety, discriminating pitilessly, discerning infallibly, probing without ruth

or scruple to the core of each matter that invites them. They redeem the face and the person and set them at a discount; in them lives the real Sergius Witte, the artist in the statesman, the wolf or the weasel in the man, the genius in the artisan. If it were anything but living truths, immune from doubt and double-dealing, that he had now to handle, how these twin fires would go to the heart of the thing and grip at once upon its weakness.

Mistaken Idea That He Comes of Lowly Origin

There is an impression that Count Witte is of poor and lowly origin. In point of fact, he comes of a family connected with several of the greatest houses in Russia.

He was born at Tiflis in the Caucasus on the 17th of June, 1849, the son of Yuli Feodorovitch Witte, who was at that time Director of the Department of Agriculture of the Caucasus; and his mother was a daughter of the noble house of Fadeyeff, a family which has long been distinguished for the military leaders it has produced and for two generals in particular, whose writings on the trade of war have achieved some authority. She was also niece to the Princes Dolgourouki, those strangely ineffectual men who have lacked in their time no talent save that of thoroughness. Among other folk with whom Count Witte is connected, there is Madame Hahn, who has been acclaimed as the Russian George Sand; Madame Zhelikhovsky, a graceful and popular writer who had a considerable vogue in her day; and Madame Blavatsky, of theosophical notoriety. In short he was of a family of which every branch has its man or woman of parts, though besides himself, not one has captured a more than national renown; he is the only one of them who became great in the cosmopolitan sense.

His early education was on conventional lines. He was not one of those fortunate heirs who are aimed high by ambitious parents, and his progress in fame and fortune owes nothing to either protection or influence. His first school was in his native city, where nothing especial is remembered of him. While he was yet a boy, his father was appointed to a post at Kishineff, and there he entered the Gymnasium. It is said that he was distinguished at this establishment by his taste for mathematics and a certain resoluteness of character, but no story takes account of him till, in 1866, he entered the New Russian University at Odessa.

*As a Student Wrote Letters He Would
Now Regret*

During what corresponds to his undergraduate days he first showed the leaning towards journalism which he retained till he had reached an official position too high to be reconciled with a taste so questionable. The Russian student to this day writes for papers as the English schoolboy smokes cigarettes; 'tis a symptom of his growth. Sergius Witte had his immature phases like other men; there are extant articles of his embodying a philosophy which he would be sorry to own nowadays. One was on the moral aspect of the autocracy; it concerned

itself mainly however with the immorality of that system. I am no judge of the tone in which it is written — whether it bear the imprint of sincere dissatisfaction with the principle of government in Russia or not — but it was one of several which he fathered, and therefore seems to justify one in assuming that Witte is not one of those who have upheld the autocracy as the result of inborn convictions. He was not suckled in that



WITTE IN AMERICA

Count Witte on the veranda outside his quarters at Newcastle, N. H., during the Portsmouth Peace Conference. This is a characteristic pose, and it suggests the melancholy air of brooding which is the dominant trait of his countenance.

creed outworn, so to speak; he has found it for himself and accepted it upon trial.

Long before he took his degree, he had joined with M. Asmidoff to found The Odessa New Russian Telegraph, and a long letter in one of its earliest numbers, which advances



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COUNT WITTE ON THE "MAYFLOWER"

leaving Oyster Bay for Portsmouth after the formal presentation of the envoys by President Roosevelt. Beside Count Witte stands his fellow peace commissioner, Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador to the United States.

the dogma that a law is not morally binding on those who have not assented to the making of it, is attributed to him. These are but trifles; their bearing is on the fact that the Witte of the early days was by no means the sure source of the great minister of the nineties or the diplomat of yesterday. They are the product of subsequent influences and opportunities. He left the University in 1870, with a degree as Candidate of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty, and at once entered the service of the South Western Railway.

*Always Enthusiastic for Work —
Physical Work*

He was an admirable railway man. Indeed, he had chosen the work because it appealed peculiarly to his taste for mechanics, while it also gave scope to his mathematical ability. Though he was naturally in the clerkly branch of the concern, he spared no pains to make himself an adept in every department of railroading which was accessible to him. He learned to drive an engine, to lay a rail, to handle a signal-lever, and M. Boutchok, the engineer, who was in the employ of the line at that time, has since told how he remembers young Witte in a laborer's blouse, toiling as a volunteer hand in a breakdown gang. In short, he seems to have brought to this part of his life an enthusiasm for work — and particularly for physical work — which rather endears him to one's thoughts. He was boyish then, at any rate, with a boy's delight in the process that shows an immediate result, the effect of which is at once visible to its author, and he has never been boyish since. His enthusiasm and industry brought their sure reward, and promotion was rapid for this fervid worker. When the Turko-Russian War broke out, he was Chief Superintendent of the line and well-equipped to take occasion by the hand and profit by this, the first of his great opportunities. He was able so to facilitate transport of troops and munitions that he drew attention in the highest quarters. Here was first exhibited that contempt for formalism, for red-tape and its concomitants, which has always characterized him, and he so overrode the neolithic order of things which then paralyzed the railways generally, that he was at one time in danger of disgrace for the flattest disobedience of express orders. He sidetracked a hoary general and his decorative staff for two days

and a night in order to let the guns get down to the front unhindered. There was a hideous fuss about it, but the people at headquarters had already perceived how Witte was smoothing the way of the army, and it came to nothing.

*Made Minister of Finance by
Alexander III*

He had various experiences subsequently, and was finally rewarded with the post of Director of the whole Southern system of railways, which was then worked from Kieff. Here he made his first powerful friend in M. Vishnegradsky, who soon afterwards became Minister of Finance. On the 30th of August, 1892, on his retirement through illness, Witte was appointed to succeed him by the Czar Alexander III. He was then only forty-three years of age.

When he had been appointed, Alexander is reported to have talked characteristically on the subject with one of his brothers.

"Do you really think that Witte resembles me?" he asked, for it was commonly said that this was the case. The Grand Duke nodded. "H'm," pondered the Emperor. "Well, in that case he won't waste any time before his mirror."

It cannot serve any purpose to enter upon the details of M. Witte's career as Minister of Finance in this place. But a little must be said. He had now entered upon his later mental phase, when he allied himself definitely with the ruling party, while claiming to be an official of the Czar, devoted to his master, who yet had the cause of the people at heart. He had newly become an extreme Protectionist, and was the author of a monograph, urging the imposition of a tight tariff in order to create native industries and make Russia a self-sufficing economic unit. As Minister, he embarked at once on a tariff war with Germany, which led to the suspension of all trade between the two countries, and proceeded to open out the work which has since been recognized as his greatest achievement. This consisted in the establishment of a gold standard, of a State liquor monopoly, and in the industrialization of the country. The second of these is the most interesting, for neither of the other two is quite free from the stigma of merely partial success. The monopoly has certainly not lacked profit to vindicate it, for in 1900 the State netted a return of 190,490,644 roubles, and two years

later the profit was estimated at a quarter of a million of millions of roubles.

It is as Minister of Finance, therefore, that most records deal with him, and during the whole of his service in this capacity, the highest in the state under the Czar, he meddled little with general politics in the bulk, where they did not touch his own schemes. He never sought social success; but he was careful to keep the regard of the people by an occasional activity against irritant policies. He took sides with the Finns, the students, and the dissenters, and was consistently and openly hostile to foreign adventures. For instance, it is well known that he wrought to the utmost of his power to secure the evacuation of Manchuria, and so to avert the war with Japan, which he afterwards did so much to repair. But the taint of the reactionary never left him. Even when he was doing most to keep the regard of the people, when he was actually compromising himself at Court by his open advocacy of methods less drastic than those which in Russia are conventional when the suppression of disorder or the elimination of a disturbing element are concerned, he could seek the aid of Constantin Pobiedonostzeff to shut down a newspaper which criticized him too freely. He was never bound by principle; never the bondman of a single creed. One would think he were a skeptic where faith in human kind is concerned, so cynical is the instability which he manifests when he has only men and women to deal with.

*Never Accused of Corruption, But
Never Really Trusted*

He surrendered his trust as Minister of Finance with all honor. It has never been said of him, as it is said of most men in Russia who have the fingering of public money, that he stole all he could whenever he could. There are no definite charges against him of corruption and self-seeking; and this is as much as to say that he has, for an official Russian, a good name for honesty. But somehow, he has never inspired confidence. What one man may fail to observe, a crowd of men sees at once, and the people of Russia have never been deceived into placing their trust or their hopes in Count Witte. He has not impinged on their consciousness; that flavor of insincerity, of calculation, of deference to the expedient has betrayed him. He rings untrue, they say, and they will

have none of him now that he needs them as he never needed them before.

*Finally Forced to Throw in His Lot
With the Czar*

So now he stands alone, hated of the Court party, loathed and despised by all those to whose class he has aspired, with only the weak, flaccid Czar to stand between him and their enmity, and cast off by the people. He is a man dependent on himself; the faculties that brought him forth from the ranks in the first place, the indomitable will, the brisk and brusque strength of personality, these remain his chief standby at this hour. When the revolution commenced, the leaders of the people had hopes of him, for it was evident he had not made up his mind as to which side should have his best aid. He began by flickering indeterminately; he was reluctant to commit himself whether as a friend to the reformers or a convinced reactionary. But when they began to move openly, to flout authority, to answer the first signs of repressive action with great strikes that left the authorities helpless, his hand was forced. For him, then, a declaration was necessary, and he threw in his lot with the Czar. There was pluck in it, too, for this old craftsman must have known well enough that in so doing he courted the last memorable failure that should overshadow all his foregoing victories.

*Still Game as a Ferret; Still One
to Be Cautiously Dealt With*

In November came the visitation of the slight paralysis of which I have spoken. It took him with the brutal suddenness of murder. He was leaving his desk at mid-day, when the thing struck him down as though he had been bludgeoned. Two days later he was back at his work, an old man, tenacious, game as a ferret, but with a weakness now to fight on the side of his enemies. How a man's errors dog him! All his life he had had no mercy on personal weakness, on the lame soul that craved a helping hand, on the poor thing that sought the aid of friends. And now there was none for him. Yet I think, if I were one of those who have the guidance of this revolution in charge, I would walk warily yet when I came to deal with Count Witte. I would place no hope in his weakness and his discouragement; for this is one of those men to whom the feeble flesh and its flaws are but a trumpery

fetter. Those eyes are yet brimming with the fire of the indomitable soul within. There is still a potency that can be dangerous.

When one of the great strikes left St. Petersburg's streets unlighted, and they turned the Admiralty searchlight on the Winter Palace every night, that Count Witte might not be blown up in the darkness, he

came once to his window, and looked up along the quivering beam of light that deluged the Palace with radiance. About him the city hummed uneasily, pulsing with the troubles of its people. He smiled at the ray and spoke to one who stood with him.

"They seem to think," he said, "that I would not as willingly die in the dark as in the light."

SONG OF THE SOULS THAT FAILED

BY

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

WE come from the war-swept valleys,
Where the strong ranks clash in
 might,
Where the broken rear-guard rallies
 For its last and losing fight ;
From the roaring streets and highways,
 Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded byways,
 To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
Not ours is the idler's shame ;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
Will ye whelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal and have striven
As they strive who win or die ;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
And thrill to the victors' shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
At the fate that cast us out ;
For we heed one music only,
The sweet far Voice that calls
To the dauntless soul and lonely
Who fights to the end, and falls.

We come — outworn and weary —
The unnamed hosts of life ;
Long was our march and dreary,
Fruitless and long our strife.
Out from the dust and the riot —
From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
To cover our grief, and rest.

[illegible]

MR. NICKERSON'S STAR

BY

MARY MOSS

AUTHOR OF "A POMPADOUR ANGEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON-PRESTON

"THE fact is"—Henry Mount at last roundly produced the truth about which he and Nickerson had been fencing for days, "'King Alfred the Great' does not afford me scope! It was a mistake my ever identifying myself with a purely picturesque character."

Nickerson only raised patient eyebrows, remembering how Henry Mount had objected to any but a romantic part, because a disgruntled newspaper man chose to hint that an accomplished tailor, rather than histrionic gifts, formed a large share of the star's professional equipment.

"It's all very well for you to say," the actor went on as Nickerson remained speechless, "that a gentleman will always look like a gentleman no matter what he wears, but I'm conscious that my particular thing, the unmistakable air of good society, is entirely effaced by that swineherd's cloak in the second act."

"All the same, you make a big hit every night, burning those cakes." Nickerson was indignantly reflecting upon his bill for Druidical scenery and Anglo-Saxon costumes.

"Not a personal hit," Mount pointed out. "I think people like the smell. I was never in favor of putting on real batter, and every time they applaud I see plainer and plainer that the attention has strayed up stage, to the left by the fire, while I'm sitting lost in meditation down stage to the right. In my experience the very best meditation drags without something to do, rolling cigarettes, or the leaves of a book to turn."

Nickerson closed thin lips on unspoken — blasphemy. Henry Mount's name on a poster, in his opinion, spelled money found; also rival managers lay eagerly in wait to capture his star. Inwardly fuming, the victim tried to reckon how often, in the course of their connection, life had been made intolerable by the actor's sleepless jealousy of — five leading ladies, eleven second gentle-

men, all comic relief, a faithful steed, a tame canary, and now — a concoction of eggs and milk. As the manager eyed the straight back, unwrinkled trousers, and handsome countenance, he fairly hated his leading gentleman.

"I've just about decided"—Mount fastened the large pearl clasp of one beautiful glove—"not to go on with 'King Alfred.' Even if it has a long run, I don't care to be identified with that style of play. It's not beneficial to my reputation." He airily dismissed all discussion. "Better put on our last year's triumph for six weeks or so, while we rehearse something new."

"Suppose you glance over that." With sardonic self-control Nickerson picked up a fat bundle from the desk and poked it towards Mount, who seemed pleasantly at ease, now he had spoken his mind. "It's just come; hasn't been looked at yet; but I'd judge that the stuff was new right enough, from the girl who brought it." The despairing manager snatched at any means of diverting his tormentor's resentment from the batter which nightly gobbled too much fat.

Slowly drawing off his gloves and displaying fine, manly, white hands, Mount indifferently opened the manuscript. Presently he looked up with a delighted smile. "Do you know, this might do."

"Impossible," grunted the manager. "Miss Mary Wheeler, or whatever her name is, talked as if she'd never seen a theater."

"Yes, yes, crude no doubt"—Mount was rapidly skimming through scene after scene—"but a play itself matters so little, if it chances to supply an available medium. Now, in this I see points; in fact, there is a coincidence—quite appropriate—"

"What has she got hold of?" Nickerson continued to regard the unfortunate greenhorn as a safety valve.

"Why the plot seems to be that a very strictly brought up parson's daughter, a



Mary Wilson. Painter of

"'The fact is . . . "King Alfred the Great" does not afford me scope'"

Baptist, meets an actor, without ever suspecting he's an actor, and falls in love with him. Then of course there is trouble." Mount smoothed his thick, glossy hair, just faintly touched with gray at the temples, and beamed.

"Can't say I see anything much there," Nickerson mumbled.

"Oh!" Mount elucidated; "it's the coincidence. Exactly that thing once happened to me."

"What became of the girl?" Nickerson artfully scattered false scent.

"She was my second wife," Mount replied with simple dignity, his tone dramatizing a proper reverence for the sanctity of matrimony.

"The one on Eighty-second Street?" Nickerson feigned interest.

"No; that is Ethel. Margaret prefers to make her home in Paris." Gently disposing of the ladies, Mount came back to business. "You see, the subtlety of such a piece is specially adapted to my personality. Most men would queer the part by looking and seeming theatrical." He lapsed into

reminiscence. "How well I remember her amazement when she found I was on the stage."

"Handled right"—Nickerson showed returning animation—"your story might help the advertising."

Mount felt ready to begin at once. "Yes! and we can remodel these scenes and give out to the press that I am to create the romance of my own life. A thing no one has ever done before."

"What does she call her play?" Nickerson asked, sparring for wind.

"Well, of course, the name is absurd, 'The Struggles of Esther.' But we can easily change to 'How Love for Henry Won,' or something of that kind." He studied the last page. "Hullo! She ends it wrong. Her girl goes South to teach niggers and he gives up the stage and follows. A mere detail to put that straight!"

In spite of Henry Mount's sensibilities, for a good month 'King Alfred' appeared to be holding his own. Then the matinee girl awoke to the fact that she could not love her hero in

open-necked tunic, with Old Testament arrangement of hair and beard. He was always graceful and virile, but she missed delicious little intimate thrills at the customary sight of demi-toilette involved by a change of waistcoats or footgear. Mount in ravishing shirt-sleeves or embroidered, open-work socks had wrecked her heart for many successive seasons. Moreover, astonishing as it was for the star under any circumstances to dislike himself, the miracle came to pass that he fairly winced at the image of his correct person tricked out like a common Italian or German opera singer. Finally there arrived a day when even Nickerson's optimism could not ignore the first intangible symptoms of waning public enthusiasm.



"Henry Mount's name on a poster . . . spelled money found"

About this time Mary Wheeler's morning mail brought a letter marked "Globe Square Theater." A sight of its contents caused that luckless young woman to gulp down her boarding-house coffee and pray for two o'clock, the hour at which her tedious duties as secretary ceased and she daily became a free though quite unrecognized aspirant for literary fame. After running the gauntlet of a cross door-keeper and a pert messenger-boy, with beating heart and insecure knees she drew breath in the manager's office, a large bare room with shabby furniture and a chaotic, undusted desk.

Of the following interview she never could recall the smallest detail, but at its close she had actually signed a contract, and the play was to be put in immediate preparation. Mary dimly realized that Mr. Nickerson reserved the right to make a few alterations; but the royalty surpassed her wildest hopes, so why not trust a liberal manager who had sufficient discrimination to see the merit of an unknown playwright?

That evening her excitement culminated in a prostrating headache. The next morning she awoke with a sore throat; by afternoon alarming sensations led her to expect sudden death; at eight P.M. the doctor's verdict was "measles!"

One long month passed before she again found herself at the theater, but this time seated alone in the parquet, witnessing one of the last rehearsals of her precious play. The empty auditorium was dark and redolent of last night's audience. Women with mops and buckets crept about in the gloom. Electricians laid coils of wire. Messengers strolled in with dressmakers' boxes. Far back, under the balcony, a group of men and girls laughed and whispered. Their conversation seemed rather concerned with salaries and food than with the more artistic side of a dramatic career. Mr. Nickerson bustled up. "Glad to see you out, Miss Wheeler; you'll find we made quite a lot of improvements."

"Who plays Esther?" In her quarantined seclusion Mary had utterly failed to glean the smallest information.

"Esther! Oh, yes! Why, to tell you the truth, no experienced actress could be got to take a part like that — so negative and insignificant!"

"Insignificant!" Mary gasped. "Isn't she my heroine?"

Mr. Nickerson's smile was full of indulgence. "Well, so she seemed to you, but the man really is the piece."

"The man!" Mary wondered how long fever delusions usually persisted after measles. "Except in the last act, Rodman had hardly anything to do but look nice and —"

"Yes," Nickerson soothed. "That was a great defect, having his lines so lean, but we gave him most of hers."

"How can that make sense?" Mary expostulated. "They're meant for a girl. The whole play is nothing but *her* life, *her* struggles"

"Of course." Mr. Nickerson's patience knew practically no limits. "That would be the author's point of view, but you see, my dear young lady, I've worked over this business a great while longer, pardon me, than you, and I know certain conditions of the drama as a pilot knows his tides."

"A play then," Mary's voice showed edge, "is just unclaimed raw material drifting about, like a lump of ambergris, or something in the sea, into which a writer chances to bump, without knowing what it is or how to use it."

"Aren't you a bit sarcastic with me?" the manager protested good-humoredly. "Really, I'm getting afraid to face you, when you've seen Esther, though she was the very best I could do so late in the season. Hardly out of the amateur class, and that's a fact! With no more idea of dressing! She wants to come on in little cotton waists and short skirts. But we can soon rig her up some stunning costumes. Embroidered broadcloth, pale rose-colored with a long train, for one."

"Walking skirt and white wash blouse are exactly what girls like Esther wear in summer," Mary objected.

"Do they, sure?" He conscientiously considered this, ending with unshaken purpose. "But you don't seem to understand that what goes in actual life won't do at all for a play. The values would never get over the footlights. No audience will stand a squalid stage picture, and the women expect dresses they can go home and copy. But don't you worry about Esther. You'll be so tickled with our man you won't look at her. We've kept him dark till now, so as not to hurt the piece he was in until the new one should be practically ready. Give you three guesses?"

Mary shook her head.

"Well, I never did hear of a beginner having your luck, Miss Wheeler." He paused, artistically enhancing his effect. Then he let her have it. "Rodman is Henry Mount!"

This time Mary's speech failed her.

Presently he went on, genially confident. "I thought that would surprise you."

Mary found her voice. "But the whole point must be Esther's not seeing that Rodman is an actor."

Nickerson took pity on her dullness. "Yes; that's your play, and we have given it to Henry Mount, the most perfectly gentlemanly young man on the stage. Why, he's been doing nothing else for fifteen years."



"bad wrecked her heart for many successive seasons"

"So long as that!" Mary was loosing her grip.

"Are you people never going to commence?" Nickerson suddenly bawled out into the echoing darkness.

The curtain slowly rose on a pleasant scene of rocks, sand, wind-blown pines, and two children with spades and pails. Mary's spirits revived until Nickerson whispered in her ear: "A little business we introduced to prepare for him. They don't come in again at all, but boy and girl kid always take with an audience. I just dashed off a short dialogue myself."

Mary watched in horrified silence. "Aren't they pretty squeaky?" she presently asked.

"Hush! Here he comes! Henry Mount!" In his friendly excitement, Nickerson grasped her elbow.

From the instant of Henry Mount's entry, Mary vowed to foreswear the drama and work overtime at secretarial work, or, if need be, turn companion to a fussy old lady. He was handsome, prosperous, faultlessly attired. Savoring every syllable, in a mellow

and modulated voice, he deliberately declaimed his lines, undaunted by the fact that they would have come with better reason from Esther. His lambent amiability warmed and lit the stage; its values found no difficulty in getting over the footlights and embracing even an empty auditorium. He basked and luxuriated in the charm of his own personality. If there could be one stagy trick, gesture, or intonation in the whole range of society comedy which for the minute escaped him, Mary felt sure that Henry Mount's Rodman would discover the omission and supply it at subsequent rehearsals.

"Isn't he the *real thing*?" Mr. Nickerson sincerely exulted.

At that particular moment Rodman was subjecting Esther to a broadside of fascination, composed of swelling chest, tender eyes, a celebrated manner, and the smile of thirty-two undamaged teeth. Esther looked and played her shorn part with taste and comprehension. It was hard to imagine that so intelligent a young lady should not instantly suspect Rodman's connection with public life. Hamstringing its central motive pitifully lamed the play.

"Too little head room under that tree; I must see the carpenter." Nickerson bustled off, leaving Mary on the verge of tears.

"How are you satisfied, Miss Wheeler?" A young man sauntered up out of the shadows and dropped into a seat by her side.

"Esther leaves nothing to be desired." Mary could not trust herself to mention the star.

The newcomer, a stripling of agreeable appearance and civilized way of speech, here

glowed with gratification. "Now that's what I think too, but they are all down on her—say she lacks—well, everything. She's ready to cry or throw up the whole thing and go home to her mother." Fearing the loss of her only consolation, Mary made a gesture of protest.

"She's so nervous," the stranger went on "she hasn't been able to sleep or eat for a week. She has no end of grit, but with every man of them jumping on her——"

"Perhaps you could introduce us, if you are a friend of hers?" Mary wistfully saw the comfort of a pleasant untheatrical adviser.

"Shall I introduce myself first?" His tone was responsive, but filled with gloom. I'm Laurence Leland, Henry Mount's understudy."

"Have I ever seen you play?" Mary frankly inspected the well-favored young face.

"No, and you never will, unless you live to be ninety. He takes care of his health and never misses a performance." Leland openly mourned.

"Why not join another company?" Mary found him doubly sympathetic as unfortunate and loathing Henry Mount.

"No use; I'm side-tracked. Too good for second parts, not authority enough for leading man, so they say, but how on earth I'm to get it, loafing about here and watching him pose and grin, year in and year out. Shall I bring Esther now? They're

going to strike that scene and set it differently. Mount's afraid the low branch hides his eyes from the gallery."

Esther proved a small, spirited creature, trembling between collapse and revolt. The bond uniting her and Leland needed no



"caused that luckless young woman to gulp down her boarding-house coffee"



"She had actually signed a contract"

expounding. They would be married when his earnings should at least equal hers. The three rebels confided largely in each other, Mary's story being no more than the dull one of thwarted aspiration, hard work, small pay.

"I never thought it equal to Suderman or Pinero," Miss Wheeler lamented, "but 'The Struggles of Esther' was a coherent little play, while this thing——"

"Slush!" Leland sadly agreed.

"Can any public possibly stand such twaddle?" Mary wondered. "I almost hate to think so."

"That's the real trouble," Leland sighed. "There is absolutely nothing they won't stand except a demand upon average adult intelligence. They are really to blame for Nickerson and Mount and those awful children."

"Even as it is," Esther strove for consolation; "with a decent Rodman we could

pull it up. Did you see him come near easing his trousers at the knee before he sat down on the rock?"

"And Nickerson believes that stuffed shirt is the living image of a swell!" Leland did justice to the manager's sincerity.

"Nickerson," Esther scoffed. "The poor old thing has never seen the way ordinary human beings live and behave. His impressions are exclusively taken from plays staged and adapted by himself. That's why his ideas grow more fantastic every year. He's got so now that any piece of furniture or business which creates an illusion of normal life bothers him like a cinder in his eye."

"I'm not coming again; it's too harrowing," Mary declared. "And I hope it will fail. Yes," she felt a martyr's exaltation, "I'd rather lose the money, and goodness knows I want it, than believe my fellow creatures will swallow such trash."



"the doctor's verdict was measles"

"You may dodge the out-of-town copy-right performances," Esther foretold; "but he'll not let you off the real first night here."

Esther knew her world, and a week later the manager himself stationed a limp and wretched Mary in the rear of a box, and left her with many reassuring phrases as to Henry Mount's undisputed triumph.

Mary had read notices of the provincial opening, she had likewise read between the lines that cautious critics wavered. If the public should tolerate the play, these gentlemen had no wish to damn a popular favorite; but their praises were guarded enough to quote as prophecies in case of failure. All of them, however, found common ground for approval in the clever device of using a romantic episode of Henry Mount's career—a legend fruitlessly combatted by Mary, and spread broadcast through innumerable advance paragraphs, in spite of her outraged denials of all knowledge of Henry Mount's first, second, or third courtship.

With a benumbed brain, Mary peeped out at the crowded house. They would not be

rude, these well-dressed, lethargic people. They would simply radiate stony disfavor. Well, she might have the heroic privilege of rousing them to demanding better things. But why did the curtain stay down? A noisy orchestra had been in full swing for a quarter of an hour—twenty minutes. A queer restlessness pervaded the house; the gallery even began to stamp and faintly whistle. At last the violins glided into "Silvery Waves" and, with a sigh of mingled relief and torture, Mary saw Master Frederick and Miss Muriel go through their comedy bit with a phosphorescent oyster, "Left by Fairies," as they announced in the voices of unabashed slate pencils.

Enter Rodman! But what had befallen him? The same clothes, the same manner, the same swelling shirt-front, but a slim and unimposing Rodman without spirit or conviction. The would-be full tones lacked authority, his sumptuous fascinations dwindled to feeble leers.

An usher brought a note to the back of the box—a line from Nickerson. Mary read: "This really is a frost. I don't know how to break it to you. Mount slipped and sprained his foot. Laurence Leland is doing his best, following all Mount's directions, but he simply isn't IT."

During the whole dreary act, Mary was destined to feel that there might be one trial greater than Henry Mount—a half-hearted, inexperienced imitator. Mount at least showed unfailing vigor, while Leland might have been suffering from colic or suicidal mania. His depression was rapidly gaining Esther. Drilled in subordinating herself to an overwhelming personality, the little actress could hardly supply enough presence to animate a space one yard square, and, since Rodman was barely perceptible, the scene gave an impression of forlorn loneliness. The values did not reach the footlights, much less "get over," while the attention wandered like an irresponsible, rudderless derelict. Mild perfunctory clapping followed the claque's best efforts at the end of Act One. People rustled and chattered with the relaxation usually succeeding a lecture or lengthy bout of classical music. They counted the acts on their programs and sank into weary resignation at seeing three yet to come.

Act Two found Esther in her modest home awaiting a visit from Rodman. In the teeth of every argument, Nickerson had decreed her an elaborate costume of chiffon with

many frills, very fashionable and costly. He even defrayed the expense himself, and conceded a chastened shade of dove color (relieved by spangles) in view of Esther's Baptist affiliations.

Mary rubbed her eyes, looked again. Little Esther wore a frock of charming pink chintz, fitting like a glove, crisp, immaculate. She sang and hovered about the stage, innocently gay and cheerful.

Nickerson appeared in the back of the box. In a remote paraphrase he accused Esther of kicking over the traces. What he literally uttered was quite unfit for print.

Enter Rodman—transformed—whether by discarding over-gorgeous white flannels for ordinary citizens' attire, or from a subtler inward change, Mary could not at once decide; but the scene immediately took on new sparkle and interest. The two young people seemed much in earnest. Sometimes they stood with their backs to the footlights, sometimes they almost appeared to forget the audience. Whenever this occurred Mr. Nickerson showed the utmost apprehension of the effect of such slights upon the feelings of his public.

Whispering in the parquet had ceased. The values fairly steeplechased over the footlights. The united attention pounced upon the minute when Esther, glancing at a paper, saw Rodman's picture in the *Dramatic News*. The curtain fell amid hearty applause.

An usher brought a note for Miss Wheeler: "If it loses me my job, I'll be hanged if I sit up and try to act like Henry Mount's ghost gone dotty. L. I."

"Confound them!" Mr. Nickerson stormed at the end of Act Three. "In thirty years' experience I never even heard of such a thing. The pair have clean bolted. Not one piece of business the way it was fixed. When she told him it was all up between

them Esther made no fuss at all, hardly raised her voice. And when Rodman went off, he just walked out and closed the door behind him. Mount always puts his head in again and makes a gesture of blessing her while she weeps."

"Yes," said Mary, "but to-night the audience does the weeping. Even that fat woman with the pearls was crying a little. It's the Maeterlinck theory, have your spectators take a hand with the work."

Mr. Nickerson was long past resenting a sarcasm. "You see, Miss Wheeler," he deplored, as the fourth act progressed amid evident approval, "it's all very well for once, but they are going to get it stuck in their minds that this is how the play goes. After to-night we shall never be able to put it on as it really is with Henry Mount."

An usher brought a note to the back of the box.

"Get ready to be called on with us.

"Esther and Rodman."

"Then," Mary whispered ruthlessly, "you will have to let Laurence Leland keep this and find another part for Mount. There is nothing else to do."

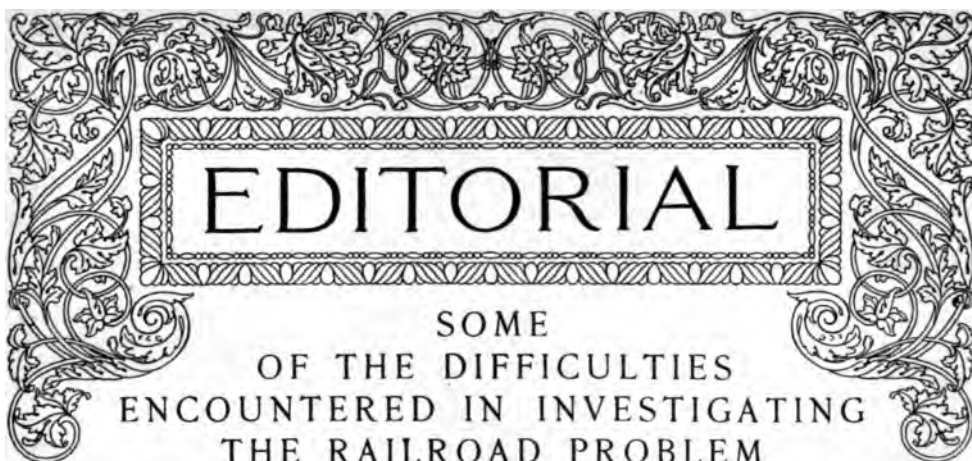
"After all"—Mr. Nickerson, as a practical man fundamentally without prejudices, prepared slowly to readjust himself—"it's not such particularly bad luck finding yourself with two stars instead of one. But think of the people liking this, that's what gets me!" he went on in candid bewilderment. "A man spends his entire life in a theater studying scenery and costumes and business—then suddenly a surprise like this makes him almost wonder if it's possible to guess what the public really wants!"

At that minute, as the curtain dropped, the public for once unmistakably indicated its wish by a resounding and unanimous cry of—

"Author!"



"Even that fat woman with the pearls was crying a little"



EDITORIAL

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN INVESTIGATING THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

THE UNRELIABILITY OF OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

IT is a platitude, that truth is elusive, but how elusive it really is, one does not appreciate until he has sought it in the mazes of a modern "problem" where men's immediate and personal interests are involved. It is the chief concern of the courts to decide what facts are true facts; but even court decisions rarely meet the approval of all the parties concerned.

It is not surprising, then, that the journalist, seeking diligently to set down the full truth regarding a great problem like that of the railroad, where the business existence of many men is affected, should often find it difficult to decide what the facts really are. Even official documents, followed with precision, may prove unreliable.

Two striking examples of this difficulty have appeared in connection with my December and January articles in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

The Case of E. L. Philipp of Milwaukee

In my January article I said in substance, that E. L. Philipp of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, and his company, had received commissions or rebates from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. I used Mr. Philipp and his company merely as an illustration and gave but small space in my article to them; but in this instance, as in every other, I endeavored to found every statement upon documentary evidence or upon sources of information equally well authenticated. My statements concerning Mr. Philipp and his company were based largely upon an official report made by Railroad Commissioner Thomas, of

Wisconsin, to Governor La Follette. I was supplied by Mr. Thomas with a list of the vouchers and the amount of the commissions actually paid. These facts and figures were used in a public speech delivered by Governor La Follette at Milwaukee, Mr. Philipp's home city, on November 4, 1904. They were subsequently published in the newspapers, and Mr. Philipp did not publicly controvert or deny them at that time, or since, until the publication of my article.

Upon the appearance of my article, Mr. Philipp denied the facts as I had given them — following accurately an official report — and asserted *that the report itself was incorrect*. He went to Madison and induced Mr. Thomas and his experts to re-examine the books of the Milwaukee Railroad and issue a revised report under date of January 10, 1906. According to the revised report it appears that neither the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, nor Mr. Philipp, as its president, received the rebates mentioned in the first report.

Inasmuch as the official report which I followed has been shown to be incorrect it is no more than right that my account of the incident should also be changed. But it is important that the full truth should accompany the correction.

It seems that Mr. Thomas and his experts made a mistake in the identity of the companies which received the commissions. While the revised report shows that neither E. L. Philipp as president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, nor this company, received the commissions charged, it also shows that E. L. Philipp, vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit

Company, did receive commissions or rebates from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. From other sources we know that the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company of which Mr. Philipp was vice-president, rented its cars from the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of which he was president.

Mr. Thomas' experts in their revised report give the following explanation as to the manner in which the name "Union Refrigerator Transit Company" was substituted for "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company":

The reasons for the inaccuracy of our former report in this respect are as follows:

We made diligent inquiry of the officers of the railway company as to the identity of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company, which appeared on the records as one of the companies to whom payments were made, but could secure no satisfactory information as to the identity of this company and were referred by the various officials to the "Official Railway Equipment Register," copies of which for a portion of the year 1903 were furnished to us by the superintendent of transportation. We found on page 248 of the issue of July, 1903, under the head of "Union Refrigerator Transit Company" that E. L. Philipp was then president and traffic manager, and as the "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company" did not appear in the "Register" we were advised by some of the officers of the railway company that in all probability the correct name of the corporation was the "Union Refrigerator Transit Company," instead of the "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company."

It is an interesting story, this story of Mr. Philipp's companies. It not only illustrates the very great difficulties which beset the path of the investigator, be he a state officer or a magazine writer, but it gives us an inside view of some of the wheel-within-wheel methods of modern corporate business affairs and shows how the public may be blinded and confused by them.

In the first place Mr. Philipp was until 1903 president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of Kentucky, the business of which was to own and rent private refrigerator cars.

In Milwaukee there are two great shippers of beer — Pabst and Schlitz. In 1902-3 Pabst had a private car line called the Pabst Refrigerator Line — a separate corporation from the Pabst Brewing Company, but owned largely by the same stockholders. Schlitz beer was carried mostly by the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company of which Joseph E. Uihlein, son of one of the owners of the Schlitz breweries, was president, and E. L. Philipp was vice-president, and in which he says he owned one share of stock.

Both of these beer companies rented refrigerator cars from E. L. Philipp's Kentucky company. In the latter case E. L. Philipp, in his capacity as vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit

Company, was dealing with E. L. Philipp president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company.

In a few months time, according to both Mr. Thomas' reports the Pabst Refrigerator Line received large sums in commissions, presumably for the benefit of its stockholders, who were also largely stockholders in the Pabst Brewing Co. And this shows how legal corporate machinery may accomplish such an act. In the same way commissions paid on shipments of Schlitz beer presumably went into the pockets of a son of one of the owners of the Schlitz brewery — and into Mr. Philipp's pocket, as a stockholder in and vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company.

In 1905 when the Elkins law made rebating more easily punishable, a general change took place in this corporate machinery. Mr. Philipp reorganized his car-line company, making it a Wisconsin corporation instead of a Kentucky corporation. The Pabst Refrigerator Line eliminated the name Pabst and became the Milwaukee Refrigerator Transit Company — but it was still owned almost wholly by the Pabsts, it still rented cars of Mr. Philipp.

Now, when Mr. Thomas and his experts came to investigate the subject of rebates they discovered all this tangle of companies. The Pabst Refrigerator Line was listed in the "Official Railway Equipment Register" under the same heading with Mr. Philipp's Union Refrigerator Transit Company from which its cars were rented, and it was assumed that both the Pabst Line and the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company which also rented Mr. Philipp's cars all belonged together — a clear case of mixed and mistaken identity.

Mr. Thomas's revised report shows, then, that neither the Union Refrigerator Transit Company nor Mr. Philipp as its president received any of the rebates charged. It does show that the Pabst Refrigerator Line, exactly as stated in my article, received \$22,980.41 in commissions. It also shows that E. L. Philipp, vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company (which rented its cars from Mr. Philipp's other company, the Union Refrigerator Transit Company) received for the following sums:

Voucher	995	Dec. 1902	\$2,881.29
Voucher	996	Dec. 1902	2,910.31
Voucher	1205	Jan. 1903	1,029.96
Voucher	832	Mar. 1903	1,560.00
			<hr/>
			\$8,381.56

Besides these payments to Mr. Philipp, vice-president, the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company also received \$1,714.72 on June 2, 1903, receipted for by J. E. Uihlein president. Mr. Philipp and the Union Refrigerator Transit Company have both sued McClure's Magazine for libel—

because of this error in names — which shows one of the dangers of following official reports and the importance of being legally accurate.

A Pennsylvania Railroad Correction

One other case deserves attention. In my December article I told the story of the rebates paid to R. D. Wood & Co. of Philadelphia. I took pains to follow with precision the testimony given before the Interstate Commerce Commission. I showed that various railroads bid, by offering rebates, for certain large shipments of iron pipe to be made by R. D. Wood & Co. The Agent for the Great Northern finally secured the shipment. A rebate of \$1500. in cash was afterwards paid. Since the publication of my article the Great Northern Railroad has been indicted in the Federal Courts for paying this rebate. I made the statement in my article that the Pennsylvania Railroad also offered a rebate to get the business. This statement was based upon the testimony of Thomas L. Morton, traffic manager of R. D. Wood

& Co. before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr Morton said: "Their proposal (that of the Pennsylvania Company) was 49 cents, (the lowest combination rate) but I was informed that a lower rate could be made."

J. B. Thayer, fourth vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, writes to me protesting that no rebate was offered by the Pennsylvania. He says:

As to the allegation that a lower rate could have been obtained, the only evidence of this is the statement of Mr. Morton. The fact is that no such rate was offered. Even Mr. Morton simply indicates a possibility, but surely even if such act was illegal, it would be unfair to convict the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. simply upon the statement of an interested shipper without giving them an opportunity to deny or disprove the charge.

There is weight and justice in Mr. Thayer's arguments. We give opportunity for this denial here. It is fair to say that no railroad in the country has taken a stronger stand against rebating than the Pennsylvania Railroad.

AN UPLIFTING STORY

GATHERED in church the people of a little New England town watched the old year out and the new year in while one among them read aloud Mr. Steffens's great impressive story of Mayor Fagan of Jersey City, published in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for January. Various expressions of wide and genuine interest in this story have been reported to the author and publishers in hundreds of letters, newspaper clippings, and personal messages. The following letter from an American missionary in Turkey was sent to us for Mayor Fagan:

SALONICA, EUROPEAN TURKEY,

AMERICAN PROTESTANT MISSION, JAN. 15, 1906.

DEAR MR. FAGAN: I am a total stranger to you, but you have done me good, and I want to tell you about it and thank you for it.

For the last two or three years I have been reading in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* about the Standard Oil Trust, the "Shame of the Cities," your own and other "Traitor States," etc. Last evening I took up the article about you in the January number. After reading it about half through I had to lay it down to attend to some family matters. My heart was sick with the disclosures of the corruption and villainy which you have had to fight at every step. I was oppressed by the thought that probably many of these worst corruptionists are members of Christian Churches "in good and regular standing." I was thinking

as I passed along the hallway: "Here I am preaching Christianity to the people of Turkey. But Christianity is breaking down in my own country. Its commerce, business, and politics seem honeycombed with rottenness from top to bottom. How can I have the face to go on recommending to others a religion which is proving powerless to keep my own countrymen even ordinarily honest? What ought I to do?"

Then I sat down to finish the article, and read how you are finding your strength to carry on your great fight by prayer and trust in God; and how He helps you to scent temptation when it is coming, and gives you grace even to forgive your slanderers and enemies. And then with a great gladness in my heart I realized that after all He is the source of all goodness and all hope for the world. If many wear a cloak of Christianity whose hearts are not Christian, it still does not make the grace of God "of none effect" in those who sincerely and loyally love Him.

So you see, my dear Sir, that all unwittingly you have done good to a lonely man way out here in Turkey. This morning I read the last two pages of Mr. Steffens's article to my wife, and it brought tears to her eyes. Together we shall pray for you often that God may help you to be firm and true and wise at all times.

Yours respectfully and sincerely,

EDWARD B. HASKELL.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Story of Life Insurance

IN the May number of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* will begin a series of articles telling the "Story of Life Insurance." Both the development of life insurance itself and the careers of the men who have most conspicuously contributed to it will be described in detail. With no attempt at sensationalism, and with the desire of relating simply and truthfully the actual facts, both the good and the bad will be given. On one hand will be described the work of the great men who made the American life insurance system one of our greatest claims to national distinction; and, on the other, the work of the corrupt men who have done so much to degrade it. For nearly a year Mr. Burton J. Hendrick has been working on these articles which will continue for many months.

Recent revelations in life insurance management have tended to focus public attention upon a few dishonest men. The unmasking of certain public characters has indeed been deplorable; but there is some danger that its real significance will be misunderstood. Not only have these men prostituted themselves, but the whole system of life insurance. They have fastened themselves upon one of the noblest institutions of modern civilization and transformed and deformed it.

The story of American life insurance naturally revolves about two remarkable personalities. The first, Elizur Wright, a great mathematician, a great abolitionist — a friend of Garrison and other early workers for the slave — a man of wonderful mental capacity and great moral force, found the institution unjust, unsafe, unscientific, and dishonest. He thus discovered in it a most congenial field both for his mathematical genius and his moral enthusiasm. Practically single handed, and in the face of united corporate opposition, he reformed it; made the failure of a life company, so long as his laws were observed, a mathematical impossibility; and so changed conditions that all policy-holders obtained absolute justice. Hardly had he finished his work when another dominant genius appeared; Henry B. Hyde, the founder of the Equitable, who proceeded to undo a large number of Wright's reforms, and re-established the system on the basis of dishonesty and injustice. Nearly everything that is sound and equitable in life insurance to-day is thus traced to Wright; nearly everything that is unsound and unjust can be traced to Henry B. Hyde. The growth of these two schools, the conflicts between the men that have ranged themselves on

either side, and the immediate effects upon the insured — this is the subject of these forthcoming articles. Unquestionably public opinion on this subject is now much distorted.

While these two men, Wright and Hyde, were the protagonists in this remarkable half-century struggle, there are many others who have ranged themselves on one side or the other. Among those who have fought for the good are such men as Jacob L. Greene and Amzi Dodd — the story of whose struggle for honesty and reform will portray business careers of which every American may be proud. It is the conviction of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* that life insurance itself will not suffer, but gain, from the present upheaval; and it is our hope that, before this series is concluded, the needed reforms will be clearly indicated and generally understood.

The first article, published in the May number, will be introductory, explaining in simple terms life insurance itself, and describing the ultimate root of the whole life insurance evil — the "surplus" and the deferred "dividend" system. This will make clear things which are, to many people great mysteries; and will form a solid groundwork for the ensuing story.

A New Kipling Series

From the first Kipling has been a wizard who took us into strange lands and made us friends with unknown beings and generally interpreted the inscrutable; and now in his very last work, more the wizard than ever, he raises a spell that puts us in touch with the England of the old Romans, then with Elizabethan England. Historical romance? About as much like other peoples' historical romance as "Soldiers Three" is like the Rollo books. These half-dozen tales to begin publication in *McCLURE'S* in May "raise the dead" for us, and gratify our curiosity as if we were at a "materializing seance" of strange proportions and authenticity. But that is only a part of the richness of this unique set of stories; nearly everything that Mr. Kipling excels in doing he does here; two children of to-day living on a thousand-year-old English farm are the guides who as friends of the lost fairy in England introduce us to the Past, and they are such delightful children as Mr. Kipling has created only in his maturity, since he has models of his own to work from. And the farm, the old, old farm, still with its forge and its mill where our young friend, the Roman Centurion, sharpened lances and ground corn on the anvil,

it is full of the quaint places and people that make the charm of England; a charm that Mr. Kipling can evoke for us so much better than any home-born Englishman because (for one thing) he can see it from the outside, as we ourselves do.

That young Centurion of Maximus tells us three stories, and it seems pretty stingy of him not to tell us three times three, when we are so hungry for more when he finishes. He wakes us up extraordinarily when in the beginning he says he is one of the thousands of Romans who have never seen Rome, and that his family have lived for generations on their English land. He is just the kind of Roman, then, we know least about, and are most intimately connected with. And he is as real a young "orf'cer bhoys" as ever went to war in Kipling's pages, and as good a story-teller as Mulvaney himself. He tells his three tales of his personal adventures with Picts and Emperors and other people in the May, June, and July numbers of McCCLURE'S.

More of Schurz's Wonderful Experiences

Carl Schurz had many exciting adventures after he rescued his friend Kinkel from prison (see page 579), and before he came to America. The narrative will go right on in the May, June, and July numbers of the magazine, carrying the story up to the time Schurz and his young wife landed in New York in September, 1852. To the August number Mr. Schurz will contribute an account of his impressions of the celebrated French actress Rachel whom he saw many times in Berlin while he was cautiously preparing to rescue Kinkel. Publication of the American memoirs will begin in the November number.

Kinkel and Schurz got away from Germany in a little 40-ton schooner. Although it was late in November and winter storms were coming on, they sailed around Denmark and across the North sea, a two weeks' dangerous journey. In the next number of the magazine Mr. Schurz tells all the details of that remarkable trip.

In London they stopped at the London Coffee House. Their fame as exiled revolutionists caused many persons to hunt them up. Among those who left cards for them was Charles Dickens. They saw the great Macready play Macbeth and

Henry VIII, and had many most interesting experiences which Mr. Schurz describes fully.

Kinkel stayed in London. Schurz settled down in Paris as a newspaper correspondent and student. He lived in the Latin Quarter. Of many curious happenings there he writes entertainingly. One unusual story is of the extraordinary predictions of a certain clairvoyant whose skill he tested. He was in Paris when President Louis Napoleon was getting ready for his coup d'état which was to upset the republic and put him in possession of monarchial power. Because of his standing as a German revolutionist he was himself arrested and thrown into jail with a common thief.

Schurz was in London when the great scheme for raising a "German National Loan" was suggested. He was there when Kinkel came to America to induce German-Americans and Americans to subscribe. Kinkel traveled all over this country and was everywhere well received. The plan, ingenious but visionary, is most entertainingly described.

During this period Schurz met many remarkable persons. He was invited to call upon Mazzini, the famous Italian patriot and revolutionist. Mazzini was regarded as a sort of mysterious power. Wonderful stories were told of his secret journeys in countries in which there was a price upon his head, of his sudden, almost miraculous appearance among his followers, of his equally miraculous disappearance as if the earth had swallowed him, and of the unequalled skill with which he possessed himself of the secrets of governments, while he knew how to conceal his own plans and acts. Schurz and Mazzini talked together in French for a long time. Mr. Schurz describes Mazzini fully, and calls him one of the three most wonderful conversationalists he ever met.

Another famous man whom Schurz met in London in 1851, and whom he describes, was Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and orator.

Now came the coup d'état of President Louis Napoleon of France, and the practical collapse of the revolutionary movement in Europe. In August, 1852, young Schurz sailed from Portsmouth for America. With him came his young bride, whom he had married in England a few weeks before setting out for the new world.

The First Hands



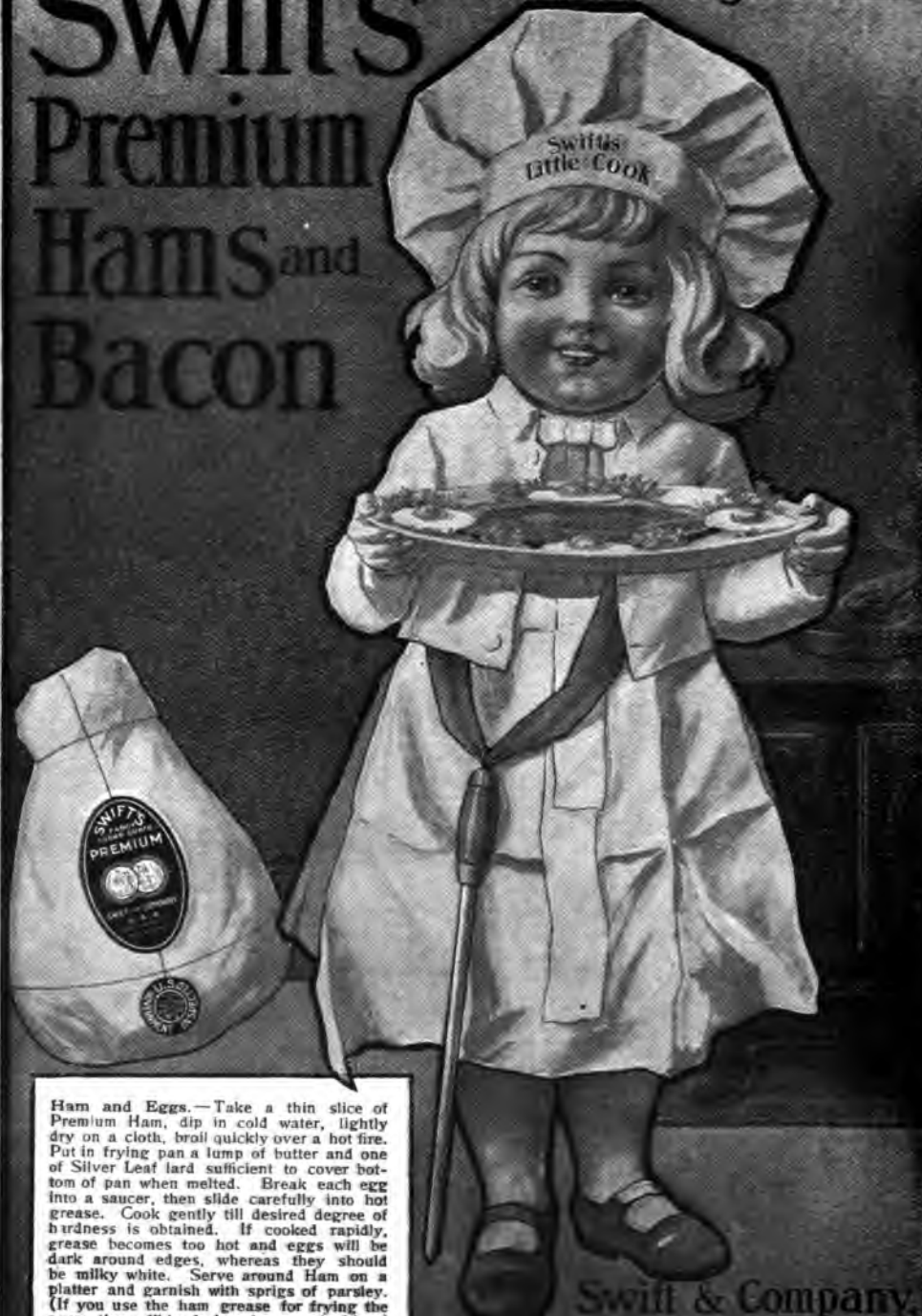
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The illustration shows a young girl with blonde hair, wearing a white chef's hat with "Swift's Little Cook" written on it, a white apron over a light-colored dress, and dark shoes. She is holding a round platter with food on it. To her left is a large bag of Swift's Premium Ham and Eggs, which has a label with the Swift logo and the words "PREMIUM" and "U.S. SWEET CURED".

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Swift & Company,
U.S.A.



McClure's Magazine

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Before you begin to read what is here set down as the April number



just glance at what we have in mind for the May McClure's. Then ask yourself if McClure's Magazine is not a magazine you must have. If this is a casual copy you are reading, either plan to buy it every month, or better still, subscribe for a year.

A Series of Stories by Kipling

The first important, interesting feature of the May McClure's will be the beginning of Rudyard Kipling's new series of stories. The name of the series is "Robin Goodfellow — his Friends." The first one, "The Centurion of the Thirtieth," will give a good idea of what is to come. These stories are full of the charm of old England.

We do not question how Parnesius, the British-born Roman, came to the children of our own day in the Far Wood; we are just greedy for his story of the great Roman wall across



England. He was friend and centurion to the Emperor Maximus, and

as the story progresses he becomes Commander of the Wall. He holds it against Picts and Danes while his Emperor seeks world conquest on the continent. The tragedy of Maximus' death, and the fall and regaining of the Wall is dramatic and engrossing beyond anything Kipling has done. The illustrations by Andre Castaigne help us to live in the fascination of Old Britain.

The Life Insurance Articles Begin

Nearly all of you have your lives insured. If you had not, the life insurance companies could not have given banquets that make Nero look



to his accounts; or fancy-dress balls of the sort that sent the Bourbons into bankruptcy. The first article will be on the "Surplus: the basis of corruption." After that Mr. Hendrick will tell how Life Insurance developed along honest lines under Elizur Green and others — then how the dishonest methods gained control through the genius of the elder Hyde; how they debauched and demoralized the business. These articles will be a history of Life Insurance documented at every point.

Carl Schurz

tells of his flight across Germany and the escape to England, after rescu-

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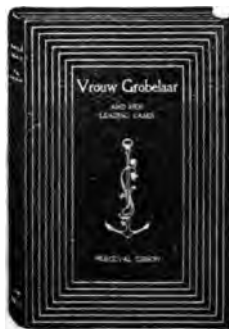
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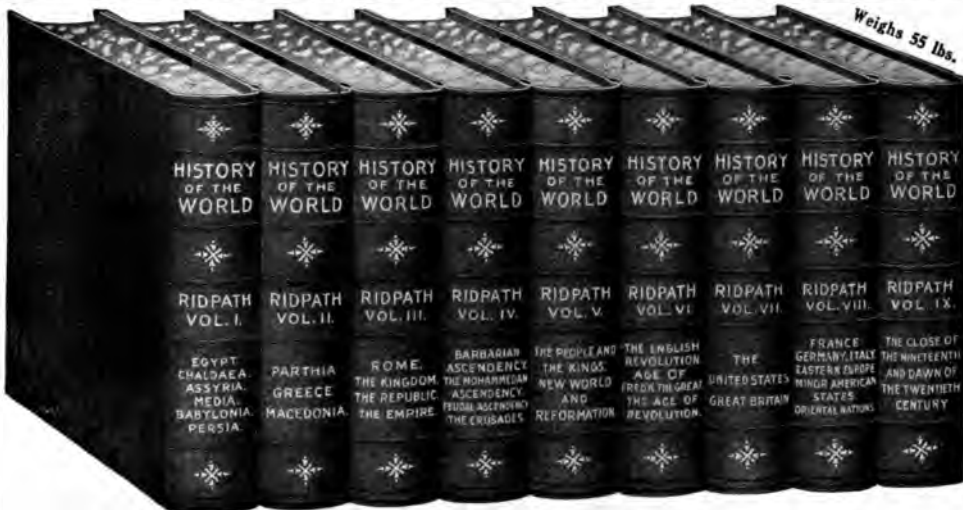
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Desk E



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21st Year

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Desk H



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S. S. McCLURE COMPANY
44-60 East 23d Street
New York City

The Road to Success

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W. P. PERKINS
conducting a highly successful advertising business in New York City, was past forty when he realized the great opportunities in this business, and enrolled with us.



M. ANNIE POAGE
advertising manager for the Daily Independent, Ashland, Ky., was reporter on a newspaper before she prepared for advertisement writing with the Page-Davis Company.



J. W. IRWIN
advertising manager for C. J. Heppe & Son, piano manufacturers of Philadelphia, was filling an ordinary stenographic position when he became our student.

The question with every man whether he owns a business or is employed at a salary is "HOW CAN I INCREASE MY INCOME." If he possesses common-sense and has a common-school education, the question can quickly be solved, providing he will look into the matter intelligently. The excuses men make for themselves constitute their greatest obstacle to success. It doesn't cost anything for you to find out THE VALUE TO YOU OF A PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING COURSE; to find out why hundreds of men and women who were working for as small an amount as \$12.00 a week are to-day, after COMPLETING A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE WITH THE "ORIGINAL SCHOOL," MAKING \$2,000 AND \$3,000 A YEAR. If you will stop for a moment's thought, you will see that there must be a reason for such rapid advancement. If you could be in my office for one week, and read the ENTHUSIASTIC LETTERS FROM SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS, you would then wonder how it is possible that other men and women postpone the study of advertising. You could read letters from clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, and men in every known vocation who are stepping OUT OF THEIR NARROW CONFINES INTO \$25.00 TO \$100.00 a week POSITIONS AFTER HAVING LEARNED ADVERTISING. Not in one case alone, not in a hundred cases but in thousands of instances. You would also realize the need for men and women trained to write advertisements, because there is a continual and ever-growing demand for efficient advertisement-writers. ADVERTISEMENT-WRITING IS THE MOST FASCINATING BUSINESS IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST PROFITABLE ONE AS WELL. Send in your name and we shall be glad to demonstrate to you how thousands of men and women have increased their incomes from 25% to 100%, and we will also tell you what we can do for you. It is a straightforward business proposition where there is nothing to lose and everything to gain. Fill in the coupon, and mail to-day. You will receive by return post, our large beautiful new prospectus, which lays the whole field before you, so plainly and practically, that you can see opportunities for yourself.

The most successful concerns in the world have put PAGE-DAVIS men in charge of their advertising departments, because they know the character of this institution. The two largest piano manufacturers in America have employed PAGE-DAVIS men to manage their advertising. One of the largest jewelry concerns in the world has placed a PAGE-DAVIS woman at the head of the advertising department. The greatest publishing house in the country has a PAGE-DAVIS man doing its advertising. The leading department stores in all the largest cities in America are advertised by PAGE-DAVIS men. In fact, in every line of business, you will find PAGE-DAVIS men, and usually with the leading concerns in each line. A school that prepares men to do this class of work is surely the school to qualify you. Insure success to yourself by enrolling with the "Original School"—the school with a long record of helping men out of the rut.

Is As Straight As An Arrow

Page-Davis Company, Address } 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
Either Office } 150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

Notice to Employers—Concerns desirous of engaging competent ad. writers are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.



FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH or ITALIAN

To speak it, to understand it,
to read it, to write it, there is
but one best way.

You must hear it
spoken correctly, over
and over, till your ear
knows it.

You must see it
printed correctly till your
eye knows it.

You must talk it and
write it.

All this can be done
best by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

Combined
with Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

With this method you buy a professor outright. You own him. He speaks as you choose, slowly or quickly; when you choose, night or day; for a few minutes or hours at a time.

Any one can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

The method has been recommended by well-known members of the faculties of the following universities and colleges: Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Minnesota, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, De La Salle, St. Joseph's, St. Francis Xavier.

We simply ask you to investigate this marvellous system. Send for booklet, explanatory literature, and facsimile letters from men who know, which will tell you of the great merit of our system, also special offer.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

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New System Which May be
Mastered By Home Study
In Spare Hours.

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is different in principle from all other systems. The first radical improvement in shorthand since 1839. It is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading, as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men may now learn shorthand for their own use. Thousands of business and professional men and women find their shorthand a great advantage. By learning the Boyd Syllabic System, speeches, lectures, conversations, ideas, contracts, memoranda, etc., may be committed to paper with lightning speed. The Boyd System is the only system suited to home study. Our graduates hold lucrative, high grade positions everywhere. Send today for free booklets, testimonials, guarantee offer, and full description of this new Syllabic shorthand system. Address

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If on the farm or in a small town where there is no newsdealer, we want to tell you about our new liberal offer to special representatives. It will open your eyes. Send for prize circular and particulars to-day.

McClure's Magazine

44-60 East 23rd Street, N. Y. City.

Desk R



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AS LINCOLN DID. The Home Law School Series, just completed, prepares ambitious students for the bar, easy theory & practice covered actively, comprehensively. Bench and Bar concede it. Limited number at \$PEOD. Write at once. Frederick & Co. 219 E. Madison



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE IN HIS PLACE?



Easier Position— Better Pay.

I have something of vital interest to say to every young man and woman who desires to earn from \$25. to \$100. a week.

I have something to say to every clerk, bookkeeper and underpaid subordinate who sees only continued slavery ahead, and little or no increased financial prospects.

I want them to investigate the very rapidly expanding field of advertising, and realize that the demand for trained ad writers to-day is *more than three times* what it was last year or any other year.

The experience of Mr. Smith, whose portrait and success are given herewith, is a mere duplicate of daily occurrences, for the widespread demand for Powell graduates is breaking all records.

It will interest the ambitious to know that this demand, due to the enormous increase of business generally, now comes from the very largest advertisers and agents, and the tendency is to offer higher and higher salaries. Mr. L. A. Munger, Ozone Park, N. Y., has just become advertising manager of the syndicate of shoe stores operated by Frazin & Oppenheim, New York, at *double the salary* they told me they were willing to pay. A typical case, too.

The National Herb Co., Washington, D. C. wrote me yesterday to secure a Powell graduate, who could manage both advertising and factory. One of the largest Pittsburgh advertising agents advertised last week in *Pittsburgh Gazette* for a Powell graduate and got him without waiting me. Pretty eloquent testimony to my standing. Practically every advertising journal in America calls to me when subscribers ask for private information to which correspondence course of advertising

Mr. and Mrs. A. EUGENE SMITH

Mr. and Mrs. Smith both enrolled as Powell students early in September, 1905, from Wilmington, N. C., where they then resided. About the first of the New Year Mr. Smith intimated that he would like to give up traveling on the road, and his preference being a western city I secured him a position as advertising manager of Swaine's Sanitarium, Cleveland, O., and his last letter shows how thoroughly the Powell System and a good man are appreciated. Mr. Smith's success, coupled with Mrs. Smith's ability to earn a good income on her own account, will result in a pretty large partnership income.

No less than four others, friends of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, have taken the Powell System, and enthusiastically endorse it.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 29th, 1906.

My dear Mr. Powell:

Your letter to this company and myself is before me, and I thank you very much for your kind wishes. I anticipate no trouble in making good.

I was informed night before last that in connection with my other work, I should become general manager and have full charge of the office and financial end of this institution. This is rather a larger bite than I expected; however, you know me, and I will endeavor to deliver the goods undisturbed.

Under separate cover I mail you our photograph. Believe me as ever
Your friend,

A. EUGENE SMITH.

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If you want to learn all about the increasing demand and the Powell system, I will mail you free my elegant Prospectus and "Net Results" on request.

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PEARS'

IT'S THROUGH PEARS'
THAT BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS
COME IN EVERY SEASON -

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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Three Generations of Piano Manufacturers

INTERESTING RECITAL OF THE GROWTH OF A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY
CONCEIVED, DEVELOPED, AND CONTINUOUSLY CONTROLLED

BY THE KNABES SINCE 1837.

ION and Dixon's Line divided pretty much everything in this country once upon a time. It even divided piano-

While others, for instance, were laying foundations of great concerns devoted to industry in the Northern States, William Knabe was laying the foundations of a similar one on the broadest and solidest lines in one of the States of the South.

A fact curiously characteristic of our American history is that not until after the Civil War was it generally known in the North that one of the greatest pianos in the world was made in the Southern people had found it only a quarter of a century. Even before 1840 they had not realized that they need not go far from Maryland's chief city to find what was best in the art of piano-making. They did not go to Germany. They bought their pianos in Baltimore. The superb piano had been for years in the hands of the homes of the South because it was hardly heard of in the North. To those of the present generation, familiar with the sight of pianos from Maine to Texas, it comes as something incredible to be told that for nearly half of a lifetime these instruments were in universal use in one half of the country, and all but unknown in the other.

William Knabe the first, the head of the principal family of American piano-makers, came to this country in 1833, he intended to make it his home. His father had been a successful merchant in Kreuzburg, Saxe-Weimar, and William was intended for the same trade and a profession. In the wreckage of Napoleon's invasion of Germany the fortune of the Kreuzburg merchant was wrecked. Now it came to pass that Germany lost

a man of strong character and of a high order of ability for one of her professions, while America gained such a man for the creation of one of her great industries.

Although William Knabe did not go to the university, he was well grounded in elementary education, after the solid, thorough-going German way. Besides, he had some knowledge of music. But he had to go to work. He was first apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. Cabinet-making is the first step in the art of piano-making. All the Knabes — William the first, who founded

the great house of to-day; William the second, who, with his brother Ernest J., carried on the business from the point where the first William left it when he died; and William the third, together with his brother Ernest J., Jr., who are now carrying it on and so broadly extending it — all these began at the cabinet-maker's bench, and worked their way conscientiously through every branch of the intricate art of producing a perfect piano.

But before William the first left Germany he had graduated from cabinet-making and had served an apprenticeship in a regular piano-making establishment. That was at Gotha, and the manufactory was

the then famous one of Langenham. Thus equipped with a knowledge of music and with skill as a piano-manufacturer, he came to America — started for Missouri, where he had friends and relatives. But the American port at which he landed was Baltimore. Baltimore in 1833 was the great metropolis of our Atlantic seaboard. It promised to eclipse even New York. William Knabe was thirty years of age when he first saw this bustling American city. Baltimore then, as it is now, was an exceedingly attractive place. He liked the people he met there. Why should he go any farther?



WILLIAM KNABE I



WILLIAM KNABE II

He remained in Baltimore—married the young lady to whom he had been engaged in Germany, and settled in Baltimore, determined to build up there a piano-making business.

But to begin a piano-manufacturing business on even a small scale requires a little capital, and William Knabe did not have even a little capital. He had absolutely no capital at all. That is, in cash. He had

a tremendous capital in energy, thoroughness, and sagacity. For an honest, square-dealing man there happens to be no way to get cash capital save by earning it.

To persons endowed with spirit and energy labor is not dreary. William Knabe took cheerily to labor in his new home just as he had in the old home in Germany when family reverses had thrust the necessity of labor upon him. He first earned five dollars a week in Baltimore. Then his pay was increased to eight dollars. To be sure, money went farther in 1833 than now. But five dollars or even eight dollars per week is not precisely what would be called a bewildering income. Yet William Knabe lived on it and saved money on it. With still more increases of his wages and with continued thrift he found himself in 1837, four years after his arrival, a capitalist—sufficiently a capitalist to begin business in a very small way.

William Knabe then lived in a little old one-story cottage at the corner of Liberty and Lexington streets in Baltimore, still standing up to a

few years ago. In a little back room of that house—a mere box of a room with just space enough for a workbench, a little raw material, and elbow-room for one man to work in—in that cramped area was the first Knabe piano-manufactory. Its picture by the side of that of the vast Knabe plant of to-day puts the germ and the present result of the germ's evolution in striking contrast.



ERNEST J. KNABE

The original Knabe factory was little more than a pigeonhole. The Knabe factory of to-day covers five acres. It has 300,000 square feet of floor space. It is divided into seven large buildings, besides the recent great additions to the old buildings. The working force of the original Knabe manufactory was William Knabe. The working force of the William Knabe Company of 1906 is over eight hundred hands. The contrasts of vastness of growth might be carried on indefinitely. It would only be cumulative enforcement of the same fact.

The two sons of Ernest J. — William the third and Ernest J., Jr. — who now are in sole control of the vast business, went through a hard school of training. From the Pennsylvania Military University at Chester, where they were graduated, they went abroad and studied music. Then it was the lunch-pail, the overalls, hard work at the bench, for them. They went through every department of the piano-making business, working as piece-work and salaried mechanics for four full years, just as their father and their grandfather had done. There was not merely the general mystery of piano-making, from the beginning up, to master. There were special Knabe manufacturing secrets and traditions with the reasons for their existence to know all about. For them there was less indulgence for errors and negligence than even for any other of the paid mechanics.

It was not merely a great piano-making industry that William Knabe made and left behind him. He left a family, a trained hierarchy of skilled artists in piano-making as well. A business organization that appreciates to the fullest extent its opportunities and responsibilities, and takes advantage of both by giving to the world the standard by which all other pianos are judged.



WILLIAM KNABE III



ERNEST J. KNABE, JR.

From Harper's Magazine

The first derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men



THE DE LUXE

THE KNAPP-FELT

THE C & K DERBY

Knapp-Felt, a fabric of unusual beauty and durability, is the result of combining the best materials with the most intelligent and artistic workmanship.



hats cost more than others because they are worth more—their superior quality is as easily apparent during all the stages of wear as when they are new. The satisfaction of having the best appeals to the man of taste. They are made in a sufficient variety of smart shapes to assure a properly becoming hat for every face and physique—a very important improvement over the old method of limiting a man's choice in fine hats to one style. Two grades—the De Luxe quality at \$6 and the Knapp-Felt at \$4. The best hatters sell them.

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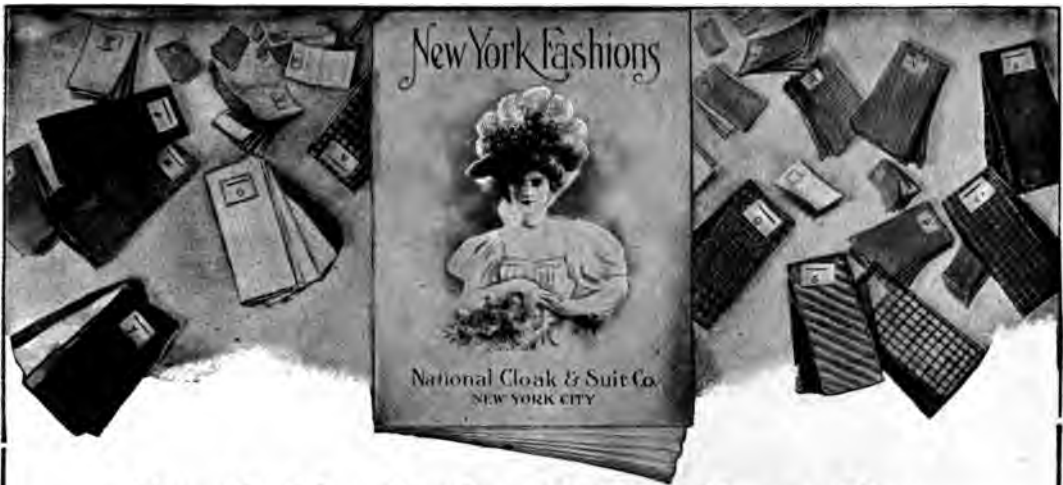
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Ask the best clothier you know of to show you; you'll get all-wool and no cotton if you get our label. The Spring Style Book, sent for six cents, shows other styles.

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To all persons at a distance from trade centers this Blue Book is a great convenience, as it conveys suggestions and gives prices of articles suitable for gifts. It is often as difficult to think of an appropriate gift as to find money to pay for it. The Tiffany Blue Book obviates the first difficulty.—*A. V. V. Register*

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NO STOPPING. NO HONING.

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"The Gillette" blade is made of steel of neolithic hardness, fused and rolled into plate under a thermolytic heat and tempered by the most wonderful process of the 20th century.

20 to 40 satisfying shaves from each blade. "The Gillette" saves \$52.00 each year. "The Gillette" saves 15 days time each year.

"The Gillette" keeps the face clean, smooth, wholesome, and free of rash.

Triple silver plated set with 12 blades } In Seal Leather Velvet
Quadruple gold plated set with monogram } Lined Cases.
Special combination set with brush and soap in silver holders.

10 Extra Blades, 20 Sharp Edges, Good for a Year 50 cents. At this Low Price no Blades Exchanged.

No Hinges that Rust. No Clasps that Break. No Springs that Weaken.
One Sturdy Frame of Mechanical Completeness.

Our New Combination Set with razor, including soap and brush in silver holders for traveling men.

Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.

Ask to see them and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.

Gillette Sales Company, Times Building, New York City.





A CHEST OF REED & BARTON STERLING SILVER TABLEWARE.

NO GIFT to the bride, save the wedding ring itself, can supersede the chest of silverware. It is the one essential gift, the foundation of the "family silver"—the heirloom of the future.

No table service will be more highly prized or give more enduring satisfaction than one of the exquisite and exclusive designs from the famous REED & BARTON Silver Works.

REED & BARTON Sterling Silver Productions cost but a trifle more than other makes, but the value is unquestionably there in weight, workmanship and artistic individuality of design. A comparison with other makes is earnestly invited.

Sold everywhere by the better jewelry stores. Write us for Catalog **D-2** showing late designs and prices of the various pieces, together with suggestions and prices of chest combinations. A valuable reference book for wedding or holiday time.

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Established 1824

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Consider the skin
as a porous fabric.
Do you cleanse it as
a fabric, or merely
wash it off as
you would a
china
plate?

To Get the Skin thoroughly Clean

the dirt must be worked out—the skin must be kneaded just as you would knead a cloth garment in the tub. Pompeian Massage Cream is first rubbed into the pores, loosening the dirt imbedded in them, then it is rubbed out, bringing the dirt with it, removing the cause of the sallow, lifeless complexions, restoring the healthy circulation, taking away the wrinkles, and animating the tissues. For men,

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takes away soreness after shaving. By removing the soap from the pores, it allays the irritation so distressing to those whom a thick, fast-growing beard makes constant shaving a necessity.

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This is the jar the barber uses.

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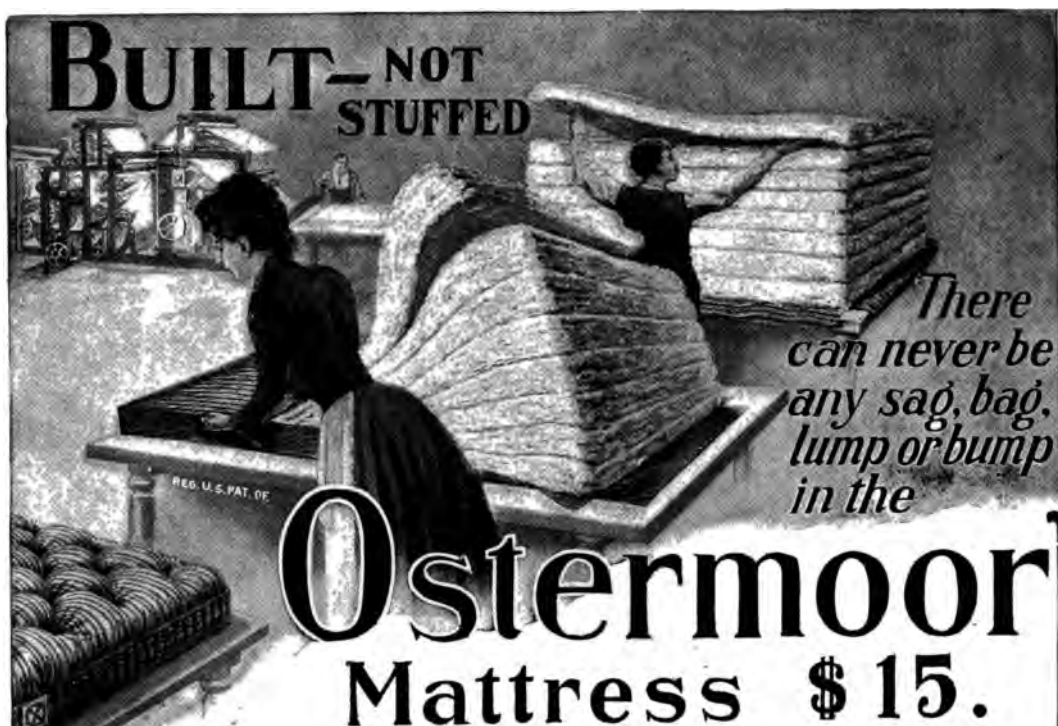
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There can never be any sag, bag, lump or bump in the

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Mattress \$15.

for it is **built** of the soft, springy, *uniform* Ostermoor sheets—and **hand-laid** in the tick. This insures, now and forever, a perfect resting-surface, conducive to absolute relaxation, the most essential thing in sleep. Impossible with any mattress that is **stuffed**. Even an *expensive* hair mattress soon becomes saggy and bumpy. And think of sleeping over a decaying mass of animal matter, germ-laden and disease-breeding (*proof* of this point sent to doubters on request). Ostermoor sheets of downy softness are antiseptic and germ-proof—the tick may be removed and washed. Send for

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All 6 feet 3 inches long.
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be sure to ask *us* who he is—will show you a mattress with the "Ostermoor" name and label. That alone stands for mattress excellence the world over. *Be sure to look for our name and trade-mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

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The Hair Mattress STUFFED—not built



*If you made a Plaster Mould of
your foot and
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Ralston
Shoe **HEALTH** \$4.
you would find them identical

because every Ralston Shoe is shaped to the Ralston last, and the Ralston last is moulded to reproduce every curve of the human foot.

Note how the Ralston sole follows the hollows and mounds of the foot-bottom. That means instant comfort. You do not have to wait until you have stretched Ralston Shoes into shape; they fit perfectly the moment you put them on.

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Superior leathers worked into snappy styles and artistic shapes that reproduce faithfully every line and curve of the high-priced custom-makers' finest models.



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It shows you a wide range of *this* season's styles approved by those who make dressing a fine art. It explains in full the wonderful construction of **Ralston Health Shoes**.

We have agents in most places. On request we will send you the name of our agent nearest you, or we will send your shoes direct by mail at the regulation \$4.00, plus 25c. for carriage. We guarantee style and fit or refund your money. Price in Canada, \$5.00. *Union Made.*

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It will insure satisfaction and money-saving in your next purchase.

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the dirt must be worked out—the skin must be kneaded
just as you would knead a cloth garment in the tub.

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loosening the dirt imbedded in them, then it is rubbed out,
bringing the dirt with it, removing the cause of the sallow, life-
less complexions, restoring the healthy circulation, taking away the
wrinkles, and animating the tissues. For men,

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takes away soreness after shaving. By removing the soap from the pores, it allays
the irritation so distressing to those whom a thick, fast-growing beard makes
constant shaving a necessity.

For gentlewomen it is the most wholesome and beneficial toilet preparation
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That's about as low down as a Victor Talking Machine will take us, but you can already see that you've got a first-rate variety show tied up in a Victor and its records.

But let's take a trip in the opposite direction. Mind you, it's the same Victor which is taking us to the opera tonight, when the seats are five and ten dollars apiece.

No, we don't have to put on our dress suits, nor must we eat a late supper, with consequent bad digestion and a worse temper the next day. Here we are, with fine seats and the programme before us. What a cast! Caruso, Melba, Sembrich, Gadski, Patti, Campanari, Tamagno, Calvé, Eames, Scotti, Plançon. Before we are aware of it Caruso is on the stage and singing "*Celeste Aida*." The next we know we are pinching ourselves to be sure we didn't see him. Surely we could see his breast heave as he recovered from one of those masterfully sustained notes. He is, indeed, an incomparable artist.

One after another the stars appear, sing, shine and are recalled, while we can hear even the applause that greets each, and surely here is enough to justify the wildest enthusiasm for a machine which can so materialize the spirit of song.

But this is the perfume of a memory.

That old ballad, "Ben Bolt," brings back the odor of spring in a village cottage years ago. There were lilacs in a vase on the center-table; there was a simply-gowned girl at a piano. This song was sung, and you were enthralled. Ah, no, the Victor can't do justice to that scene, but you insist on hearing



Schumann Heint



Plancon



Homer

I cannot help thinking what a privilege it is to students to be able to hear, over and over again, such perfect reproductions of all the famous songs sung by so many of our most celebrated artists.—*Louise Homer.*

In listening to the discs of Caruso, Plancon and others it seemed to me that these artists were actually singing in my salon. I never heard anything to equal this instrument.—*Adelina Patti.*

it again and again, and at every fresh rendering the odor of the lilacs is more distinct and the face at the piano more beautiful.

And now sentiment has hold of us, and we gather 'round this same piano, a whole family of us, and sing sacred songs as the Victor recalls this, that and the other of the gospel hymns cherished in the memory of us all, finishing with record 97, "Lead, Kindly Light," as sung by the Haydn quartette.

All this and much more is yours in a Victor Talking Machine. Nay, rather, just simply a Victor.

Yours, yes indeed, for we feel almost sure that it is yours now.

The call of music is in your veins and the desire to listen to everything all at once must be satisfied. The Victor library of descriptive literature is yours for the asking. Volume I. sent free on request. Send to us for it if you want it. Visit the nearest dealer and if he can't suit you with just the Victor you desire, or just the records, let us know and we will supply him or direct you elsewhere.

But please remember that all you need do is to ask for the Victor and look for the faithful little fox terrier who is constantly listening for "His Master's Voice."

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

CAMDEN, N. J.





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O'Sullivan's

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Health is the first consideration. Rubber heels procure more health to the square inch than anything in evidence. That's a fact! — my teacher told me so, and he told me to teach it to my friends.

I dislike to admit that rubber heels are a benefit, but I have to. Come down to business and be honest with yourself, — rubber on your heels is the correct thing. Be sure and secure O'Sullivan's: they are the only heels of New Rubber. Remember the name when ordering — don't cost you any more. Any dealer or the makers,

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



Old "Dr. Goose" is a Great Friend of the Tailor

THE Flat-Iron is the "dope" of the clothing business.

With the hot pressing Iron a slack section of cloth can be *SHRUNKEN* in a minute, to any desired degree.

Or a tight section may be *stretched* to any given degree in the same manner, at trifling cost as compared to the sincere hand-needle-work required to produce a similar result in a *permanent* manner.

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And, any Garment that owes its shape to the *Flat-iron* will need the *constant* use of that same Flat-iron to *keep* it in shape.

That's a big thing to remember, Reader.

We are telling you about this vital point of Style-insurance, and Economy in Shape-retention, because *we* are makers of the "Sincerity-Clothes."

And every "Sincerity" Garment is faithfully shaped to a finish *by the needle* instead of by the faky Flat-iron.

Every defect in workmanship of Sincerity Clothes is investigated and, when found, is permanently corrected by Sincere *hand-needle-work*, instead of by the quick, easy, and tricky Flat-iron.

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And, a Coat so made, inspected, and so revised (if necessary) will hang well, look square shouldered

without excessive padding, and *keep* its shape with one-third the "Pressing" that a Coat *faked* into shape by the Flat-iron would need.

To men who would dress well on a moderate outlay this fact is mighty important.

Now, if Shape-insurance, and Style-retention are *worth* anything to you, Mr. Reader, look for the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers" on your next Coat or Overcoat.

That label reads, as follows:

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MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

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The softest and safest toilet-tissue made. Keeps absolutely free from dust and dirt in sealed pasteboard boxes.

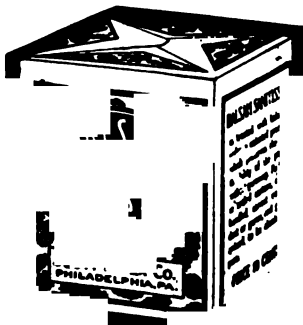
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To the greybeards of America, and to their gentle companions with silvery hair; to the people of middle age, and to those who have passed beyond early youth—to you all

THE SCRAP BOOK

will bring back to your mind and heart the delight that a piece of mother's pie would bring to your palate—a big, juicy piece that used to taste so good, so unspeakably good, in the hungry play days of youth.

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has 20 years of experience behind it—it is *not* in the experimental stage.

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THE Racycle

pushes farther and faster with one-fourth less work than any other bicycle.

It's all in the Crank Hanger.

Here's a lesson in *distance-covering* that you should take to heart, if you've better uses for your stored-up strength than *legging it* or *pumping it away* on an old-fashioned bike. Note this—

A man in walking two steps goes five feet.

On an ordinary bicycle he covers seventeen feet in one pedal revolution.

But—on a Standard-gear'd RACYCLE, twenty-one feet is what he covers with one pedal turn.

The 1906 Racycle is better in *go-ahead-ness, strength and beauty* than any of its famous former models.

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We have no cheap RACYCLES, but try and secure agency for your town and get yours cheap.



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By the Brooks System

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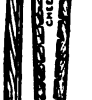
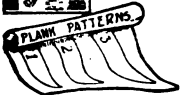
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Watch for next month's picture "The Man with a Cap and Ball."

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considered his weapon the ideal small arm, although it was practically but a small muzzle loading gun.

The Man with a SMITH & WESSON

has the advantage over holders of other makes, both in power of projection and in an accuracy that wear doesn't impair. Rigid inspection by the makers is a guarantee of the user's safety.

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SMITH & WESSON

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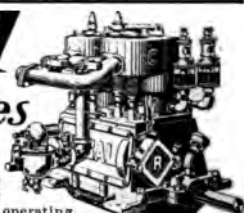
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Our customers say we are the only manufacturers who put GOOD WORK into a SMALL ENGINE. Made in three types, 1 H. P. and 5 H. P.—single cylinder; 8 to 20 H. P. double cylinder; 20 H. P. & 4 cylinder.

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**AT HALF
THE COST
OTHER
REVOLVERS
SELL FOR?**



**PRICE
\$2.50**

The HOPKINS & ALLEN Double Action, Self Cocking, solid frame revolver is a dependable and well-made arm. It has a safety rebounding hammer which is always on the safety or rebounding notch when not being fired.

The hammer cannot touch or reach the cartridge unless the trigger is pulled. It can be used as a single action or target revolver by pulling the hammer back with the finger to full cock, and then pulling the trigger in the same way as a double action revolver or self cocker. The frame is made of solid steel beautifully nickel plated and has a rubber stock or handle of neat design.

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DESCRIPTION OF SIZES:	22 and 32 calibre for Rim Fire Cartridge.	Regular length of barrel 2 1/2 inches, price \$2.50
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Successors to Whitman Saddle Co.
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**\$15
to
\$65**

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JUST the thing for the boy with red blood in his veins, who loves to be out under the open sky and feel the thrill of pleasure that comes from looking along the barrel, and pressing the trigger of a real gun.

That boy should have a Daisy Air Rifle. It trains eye, hand and brain, without danger to him or anxiety to you.

Shoots with force and accuracy by means of compressed air instead of powder. Has hammerless lever action, perfect sights, genuine oval walnut stock, beautifully polished, and nicked steel barrel.

**1,000 Shot
Daisy costs \$2**

Other Daisy \$1 to \$1.75
Models

Sold by dealers everywhere or sent charges prepaid on receipt of price, direct from factory. The "Daisy" book, telling all about them, is free; write for it.

DAISY MFG. CO.
Dept. A, Plymouth, Mich. U.S.A.

Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go.

We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.

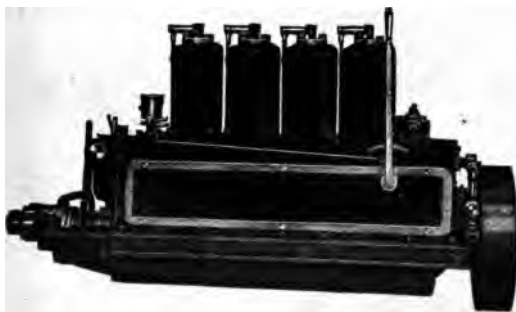


A perfect engine would be one without noise or vibration *absolutely*. We have never built a perfect engine in all these eighteen years. But Ideal Engines (all high speed) border so closely onto perfection that a silver dollar will stand upon the cylinder and one can scarcely hear a sound under test. They run in oil, using their lubricants over and over. Ideal Engines are built for general power purposes. They are built in all sizes and many styles. The Ideal Compound direct connected are extremely popular for electrical purposes on account of fuel saving, simplicity and regulation.

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Builders of suitable machinery for boats from 20 to 150 feet
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1½ H. P. Gasoline Auto-Marine Engine

Built like a watch. Beautifully Finished. Accurately Constructed. Light, Strong, Reliable, and Noiseless in operation. Suitable for launches from 15 to 19 feet in length. Price complete, \$75.00 net, no discount. Thoroughly guaranteed. Perfect Speed Control. Complete descriptive Catalog upon application. M'd'd by

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THIS Gun has many advantages over any other gun. The barrel reacts against a stiff spring, reducing the recoil and thus preventing shooter's headache and flinching. There is no hammer to catch and cause accidental discharge. The solid breech and side ejection of the shell insure safety.

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Should have their buggies equipped with Cately's Buggy Top Springs and Levers.

A simple device by means of which a lady or child can raise or lower a buggy top from the inside. The danger of a closed top is averted by the addition of these Springs and Levers which prevent broken bows—rattling joints and can be attached to old or new buggies without change of irons.

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Pony Rigs For

Boys and Girls



This nobby Governess cart, one of the favorites in our famous Tony Pony Line, would give your little folks more pleasure than anything else you could buy for them. It is so strong, so roomy, so "comfy"—high quality through and through—made for durability as well as appearance. Let us tell you more about it and all the other up-to-date Tony Pony vehicles. Our Pony Farm is the best stocked in the West, and we make prompt shipments of pony rigs complete—pony, harness, cart and all the trimmings. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue free. Address, Michigan Buggy Co., 47 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

YOU STORAGE BATTERY
will always be full of "juice" and ready to give fat, hot sparks, if you install an APPLE BATTERY CHARGER on your car, boat or engine.

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Print Your Own Cards

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Send for our 1906 Catalogue showing designs. Get your order in early.

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You Can Trust a Truscott



That is what you want in a pleasure craft—certainty—reliability—dependableness.

That is what you get in the trustworthy TRUSCOTT—absolute certainty when you go out that you will get back in comfort, in safety, and in good time—without fuss or bother or delay. It is the *certainty* about the TRUSCOTT boats that have made them the standard launches of the world—

The Boats You Can Depend Upon—the Craft of Quality.

Trustworthy Quality. Every owner of a Truscott—and you find Truscott's everywhere,—is sure that he has the most graceful, the most comfortable, the most convenient in operation and control, the safest and the most dependable of all boats.

Quality is the explanation of his satisfaction.

For the Truscott is not a "cheap" boat, built for "bargain sales."

It is built for men of discrimination who are satisfied by nothing but *the best*.

It is built with the determination to make it *the best* in every detail.

And it is really *built* not assembled from job lots of parts.

The design, the hull, the complete equipment, are all the product of the Truscott plant—the largest factory in the world turning out small power crafts.

The plant contains the equipment and the facilities for producing boats of the highest excellence.

We have the knowledge and the ability that come from 20 years actual work in boat building, to enable us to use this equipment to the best advantage.

The most complete equipment—exceptional experience and the determination to produce *the best*—these are what make the Truscott trustworthy beyond all other pleasure craft.

This is Why. The trustworthiness of the Truscott is the result of infinite pains in every detail.

We ask a comparison of the Truscott with any other boat made, point by point, in design, in construction, in equipment, in finish and in everything that goes to make a boat dependable.

We ask you to note particularly

—the absolute simplicity of the 1906 Truscott engine—one lever control—automatic timing of ignition,—no chance of "kick-back"—no possibility of broken arms or other accidents. You can trust the Truscott engine, too;

(This new model Truscott engine will be used in all standard size launches, or sold separately.)

—the Truscott noiseless exhaust—under water,—and so designed that it actually accelerates the speed of the boat;

—the reversible propellers which reverse the boat's motion without reversing the engine;

—the Truscott test which subjects every boat we build to the test of the big waves of Lake Michigan—and not the placid calm of a mill pond;

—the Truscott facilities which enable us to produce the Standard launches of the world;

The Truscott guarantee—without time limit;

—the beauty and variety of the Truscott designs;

—the Truscott record which has made the Truscott reputation.

Investigate.—It will pay you—once in money—ten times in satisfaction.

Send For Catalogue.—It tells the story and gives the proof—a book of vital interest to you—80 pages. Free for stamps. May we send it?

Please Address Dept. H.

Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co.

St. Joseph, Mich.

Selling Agents in all principal cities.
Boats of special design built to order. Write.

"THE BOOK OF BOATS"—A complete history of small boat building from earliest period down to the present time. Fully illustrated—138 pages. Sent postpaid with a year's subscription to our interesting quarterly, "The Launch" for 50 cents.



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Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon

Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed. Best hickory wheels, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our Factory Price. We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

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Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. You save dealers' profits. We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from \$35.50 to \$150.00. 50 styles Harness, \$5.00 to \$30.00. Write to-day for our 300 page Illustrated Style Book. Free for the asking.

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THE
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD
TIRE




The man who carefully considers the appointment of his equipage, the action of his horse, the mountings of his harness, the livery of his men and the trim of his carriage, cannot be indifferent to the merits of a tire as perfect as the Kelly-Springfield Tire. The makers of the smartest turnouts would not use them unless they were the best.


Booklet, "Rubber Tired," for the asking

Consolidated Rubber Tire Company
Akron, Ohio 39 Pine Street, New York

RUSHTON CANOE

"INDIAN GIRL"

Lengths, 15, 16, 17 & 18 ft.  Weight 56-80 lbs.



Is the name of the canoe most popular last summer.

These will be still more in use this season, judging by the orders now rushing in upon us. Built of Northern White Cedar, covered with a specially prepared canvas, which stands tremendous wear. Very light, very staunch, speedy and graceful. Net price \$32.00 to \$44.00, F.O.B. cars at Canton, N. Y.


Send for illustrated catalogue of paddling, sailing and cruising canoes, row boats, sail boats, paddles, oars, sails, fittings, etc., mailed free. Write for one to-day.

J. H. RUSHTON, 818 Water Street, Canton, N. Y.

**Running water for
your
stock
garden
house == "Economy"**

You need the Economy Hot Air Pumping Engine for a reliable and constant supply of running water right through the year. No explosion; no noise. To prove that it is the most all-round satisfactory pumping apparatus, we will send it and let you use it two weeks. If it isn't satisfactory, we will pay you for its return. Write for "Our Selling Plan."

Thomas & Smith, 12-17 S. Carpenter St., Chicago, or Dept. 8, 288 Hudson St., N. Y.





Patented July 4, 1905,
by the company, the product of
which is interwoven with the world's
history. The new COLT is posi-
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charge. It operates ONLY when
YOU pull the trigger. Has the
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Superior for any use where a revolver is required.
The COLT guarantee is the standard of the
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THE EARTH
is a good
Revolver,
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This is not a large profit for owners of Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no mechanical knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write today for catalogue and particulars.

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COAT SHIRT

Combines all the features of custom made shirts—selected materials, excellence of workmanship, and correctness of fit, whether in white or color-fast fabrics.

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Big Faucet Water Motor Outfit \$2.50

Attaches to any faucet. Our big outfit contains one Union Water Motor (12 inches high) emery wheel, polishing wheel, 10 inch three-bladed fan, wood pulley, 12 feet leather belting, one Union faucet connection to fit any smooth faucet, polishing material, washers, etc. For sharpening, polishing and grinding. Runs all kinds of light machines, cooling fans, etc. Send \$2.50 today for this outfit.

Money refunded if you are not satisfied. For 25 cents additional, we will pay carriage charges anywhere. Send order to-day, or send for our Union Water Motor Book Free. Agents wanted.

Union Seed Co., Dept. G, 104 Hanover St., Boston
Dealers in all kinds of Water Motors.

MYSTERIOUS SKULL!

Great fun! Shines in the dark with a fearsome blue light! Funny ghost! price 15cts. post-paid. We will send our new illustrated catalog of Magic, Tricks, Illusions, etc., containing hundreds of tricks, accessories, etc., absolutely FREE

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For every purpose—Farm, Poultry, Lawn, Park. Double-strength horizontals, coiled to provide practical elasticity. Continuous cross bars; heaviest coating of galvanizing. Lasts longest. First ones sold have been in use 20 years and are still good fences. Write for proof.

We also make a complete line of Wrought Iron Fences and Gates. Ask for Wrought Iron Catalog.

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Women

Flowers and Luck

Many people think they are unlucky with flowers. Possibly they have never been lucky enough to secure a copy of Dreer's Garden Book. It is better than ever for 1906, and more than ever a necessity to the woman who wants to be envied for the beauty and variety of her flower garden.

DREER'S GARDEN BOOK for 1906

makes "luck with flowers" a matter of mere selection and personal taste. Selection is made easy by more than 1000 illustrations, including colored plates. There are 7000 choice flowers and vegetables listed, ranging from the old-fashioned sorts, of grandmother's time, to the latest achievements of the horticulturist's art.

If you will send 10 cents for cost of mailing and mention this magazine, we will send **Dreer's Garden Book for 1906** to any address and will also send 1 packet each of choice varieties of Pink, Pansy, Poppy, Phlox, Aster and Sweet Peas, free.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

REO



REO TOURING CAR
16 h. p., 1600 pounds, 90-inch wheel base, 5 passengers, side-door detachable tonneau. Speed, 35 miles per hour. \$1250.

The Positive Car

There's nothing half-way or negative about REO cars. Both in make-up and performance they are positive clear through.

Begin with the double-opposed motor's long six-inch reaching stroke, pushing the car up hill with a steady powerful positive drive unequalled in any other motor of its rating or price. Take the positive, mechanically operated spur-gear valves; the positive gear-pump cooling system with its ingenious sectional radiator which positively cannot be put out of action by freezing or any ordinary damage; the positive-acting springless commutator; the positive carburetor for each cylinder, without a single moving part except the float; the positive force-feed oiler, forcing an exact measured charge exactly where and when it is needed; all gears, joints, bearings and connections absolutely strong, smooth-acting and certain—no dependence upon gravity, uncertain pressure, or chance of any sort. No "perhaps" anywhere in the entire car; but every part positively performing the positive and certain work for which it was designed and perfected by an inventor with twenty years experience and positive success.

No wonder that REO cars took their place in their first season among the foremost of positive performers, positive cup winners, and positively phenomenal sellers.

REO Four Seat Runabout—8 horse-power; 1000 pounds; 2 passengers; 25 miles per hour. \$675.

REO-GRAPH, showing the inside of a typical motor in actual moving operation, sent to you for six cents in stamps addressed to Dept. 40.

Catalogue Free

REO MOTOR CAR CO.

Sales Department, Lansing, Mich.
R. E. Olds, President R. M. Owen, Sales Manager

Agencies throughout the United States

Avoid a Trip to the Police Court



The fine amounts to little—it's the hours of delay, the inconvenience and possible humiliation for you and for those in your company that try the patience and spoil the pleasure of the whole trip.

All this can positively be avoided by equipping your car with

The Warner Auto-Meter

(Registers Speed and Distance)

This little instrument always tells the truth. It registers with ABSOLUTE ACCURACY from $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to 60 miles per hour. It attaches to any Automobile made.

Without it you never know your *exact speed*—and the temptation to go a little faster and a little faster is almost irresistible—you know how it is. And you know, too, what happens to you and your party when you *think* you are going 8 miles an hour and the Policeman's stop watch says 15.

Don't guess yourself into trouble—KNOW and keep out of it. The Warner Auto-Meter is your salvation.

And it's your **ONLY** salvation.

Because the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicator which is sensitive enough to be absolutely and unflinchingly accurate at speeds under 10 miles an hour.

Because it's the only one which works perfectly in all positions and at all angles, on rough roads or smooth, up hill or down.

Because it's the only one which changes with the *speed alone* and in which the indicator does not dance back and forth from the jar of the car.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicator which is actuated by the same fixed, unchangeable Magnetism which makes the Mariner's Compass reliable FOREVER under all conditions.

No one else can use Magnetism to determine the speed of an Automobile, though it's the only *positive and sure way*. Because there is just one way in which Magnetism can successfully be used for this purpose and *we have Patented that way*.

There is nothing about the Warner Auto-Meter which can give out, or wear out, or get out of adjustment. It is the only speed-indicator made without cams, plates or levers, and in which there is *no friction*. Friction wears away the cams and levers in other speed indicators, which are necessarily so small that 1-1000 of an inch wear will throw out the reading from one to five miles per hour.

One Warner Auto-Meter will last a lifetime. It is as sensitive as a Compass and as *Solid as a Rock*. Otherwise it couldn't stand our severe service-test, which is equivalent to a trip of

160,000 Miles at 50 Miles per Hour on Granite Pavements Riding Solid Tires.

The practical Warner Testing Machine is shown in Fig. 1. The wheel connection of the Auto-Meter is attached to a shaft running

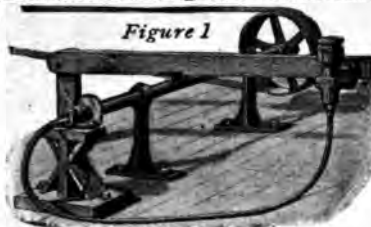


Figure 1

200 revolutions per minute. Across this shaft lies a plank which is hinged at one end and has the Auto-Meter attached to the other. Brazed to the shaft is a knob of steel, which at every revolution "bumps" the plank, giving to the Auto-Meter 200 shocks per minute while it is showing a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Each one of these shocks is more severe than would be suffered in an entire season's riding. After running 10 hours a day for THREE MONTHS, actual tests show the Auto-Meter to be recording the speed with the same accuracy as at first within 1-1000 of 1%, or less than 6 inches p. + mile.

No other Speed Indicator on Earth could Stand this Test.

This is why we sell each Auto-Meter on a **10 YEARS GUARANTEE**

and why we gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is less accurate than 1-10 of 1% after 10 years use.

We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us. If you write TODAY we will send you something every motorist will prize—our

Free Book—"Auto Pointers."

The Warner Instrument Co., 156 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)



Model H, 16-20 H. P. Touring Car.
Price \$1,450.

LAST YEAR

The greatest number of automobiles ever sold by a manufacturer in an initial year.

THIS YEAR

Two new factories and an assured output of 3,500 cars, a large proportion of which are already sold.

WHY?

Because the Maxwell was built on the firm foundation of **experience** and **common sense**. It was **proved** first and sold **afterwards**.

Because it is **capable**: covering ground with capacity, safety and surety.

Because it is **simple**: obviating the necessity for expert attendance.

Because it is **reliable**: with an ability to travel over any kind of road in any kind of weather.

Because it is **durable**: with the power to resist daily wear and tear, that insures long life and usefulness.

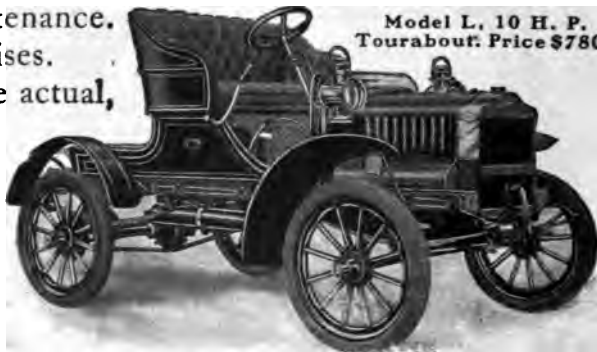
Because it is **accessible**: permitting easy inspection and ready adjustment of all primary parts.

Because it is **economical**: with a lowest possible first cost and smallest possible cost for maintenance.

These are **facts**, not promises.

Each claim is backed by the **actual**, everyday records of Maxwell cars that were sold last year and are now in use.

Every buyer of a Maxwell is a Maxwell enthusiast, and **references** are yours for the asking.



Model L, 10 H. P.
Tourabout. Price \$780.



10 H. P.
Gentlemen's Speedster.
Price \$800.

"Maxwell" cars are the natural product of the

"Maxwell" Doctrine

It is to the close adherence to this constructive principle or "doctrine" that the designer of the Maxwell credits much of the car's phenomenal success.

THE "DOCTRINE."

1st. A cylinder of 5-inch bore with 5-inch stroke is ideal for a double-opposed gasoline motor.

2d. A double-opposed motor, 5x5 inches, when properly made, develops about 20 actual horsepower.

3d. To use four cylinders for motors of 20 or less horsepower is unnecessary, because thereby the number of wearing parts is unnecessarily increased.

4th. Twenty actual horsepower not momentum or flywheel horsepower, is enough for every re-

quirement except excessive speed or extreme fashion. Therefore a two-cylinder, 5x5-inch, double-opposed motor is the best, and it is as evenly balanced as four-cylinder construction, is very much less complicated, and much more reliable. It would take four 4x4-inch cylinders to develop the same power as two 5x5-inch cylinders, properly made.

5th. Four-cylinder cars appeal largely to "Fad and Fancy" only; two-cylinder cars produce reliable service.

There is not one experiment in the "Maxwell" make up. Every principle of automobile construction that has been proved best is there. Motor up in front. Shaft Drive Multiple Disc Clutch. Large Roomy Steel Body. Pumpless Water Circulation. Three-Point Suspension Motor and Transmission Case in One Unit. Not a theory among these features; every one has a practical advantage.

It is the belief of the MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR COMPANY that what the American automobile public wants is not a racing machine, built to go a mile a minute for but a few minutes, nor do they believe that a machine especially equipped by its manufacturers for some important contest should be a basis for a reputation. But they do believe that what is eagerly sought for is an honest car, one that will average twenty-five to thirty miles an hour on the road all day long with the lowest attendant cost.

The foregoing is not an implication that we do not believe in races or economy tests. We do believe in them; but the MAXWELL idea is that cars in such races and contests shall be stock cars with standard equipment, and not freak racing machines such as would not be sold to the ordinary purchaser.

All contests in which we have participated have been with stock cars, either standard or stripped to meet the conditions imposed by the contest. In not a single instance has the chassis of a MAXWELL been changed in any respect, either with regard to engine transmission, rear axle, or any other important point. The following gives only a partial list of the victories won by both the Model H and the Model L. The latter, a standard runabout, is yet to be defeated in its class either for weight or cost.

Glidden Tour. Perfect score, 1,004 miles without a single adjustment, made with Model H. *Four first-class certificates.*

"Climb to the Clouds," up Mt. Washington. Model H won the event and the highest honors in its class. *Gold Medal.*

Long Branch. Model H won the two mile free-for-all race for cars costing from \$1,000 to \$1,700, defeating cars of several times its rated horsepower.

Model L won the free-for-all handicap race, making a mile in 1 minute 18 seconds.

Model L won the runabout event for cars costing \$1,000 or less.

Cape May Races. Model H won the mile race for stock cars of 20 h. p. or less.

Poughkeepsie Races. Model L defeated the entire field including cars of several times its rated horsepower.

Waverly Races. Model L won the five mile handicap

against eight cars in the fastest time ever made on the track for that distance, the track two laps to the mile, in 5 minutes 48 seconds.

Philadelphia Motor Club Races. Model L won in the runabout class.

Baltimore Races. Model L won every race in the meet, defeating cars of double its rated horsepower and several times its cost.

Model L won a special road race between Baltimore and Washington, a distance of 40 miles, in 1 hour 4 minutes, breaking the record held by a 40 h. p. car by 35 minutes. The time made by the Maxwell was within four minutes of that made by the Congressional Limited over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is noteworthy that after this sterling performance the car was driven back to Baltimore without its engine having been stopped since it left that city.

Besides the 16-20 H. P. Touring Car and the 10 H. P. Tourabout, we have brought out this year a new type which we call the "Gentlemen's Speedster," or "The 50 mile an hour car." It is our greyhound, fashioned after Model L, but with a lighter body and greater speed.

It will appeal to the owners of fast, high-priced touring cars as an auxiliary, as sporty as it is speedy. Our "Doctor Maxwell," a 16-20 H. P. Tourabout with phaeton top, attained great popularity last year among physicians. It may be just the car to suit your requirements.

The Maxwell catalogue gives full specifications of our whole line, which includes, in addition to the above cars, a Limousine Touring car and a particularly practical delivery wagon. We will send this catalogue free to any address, but we would urge prospective purchasers to visit one of the many "Maxwell" agents and see for themselves just what a splendid investment a Maxwell car is.

Write to Department 11 for Catalogue.

MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.,

MEMBERS AMERICAN MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

CHICAGO

FACTORIES
TARRYTOWN
Main Plant

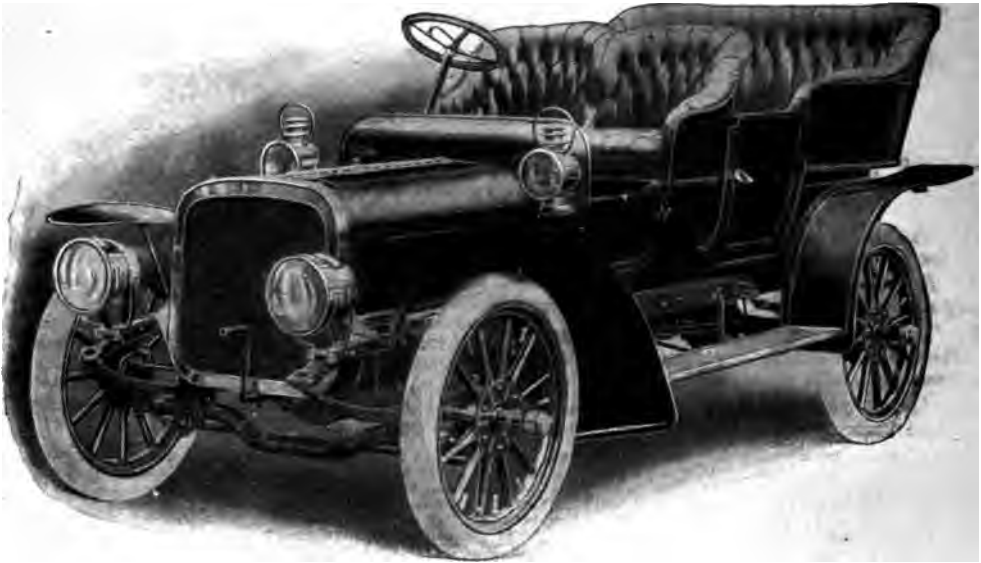
PAWTUCKET

BRANCHES { Maxwell-Briscoe Co., Inc. New York. N. Y. Morrison-Tyler Motor Co., Boston, Mass. Maxwell-Briscoe Chase Co., Chicago, Ill.
Maxwell-Briscoe McLeod Co., Detroit, Mich. Fisher Automobile Co., Indianapolis, Ind. E. Irvin & Co., Foreign Representatives.

NOTE.—The very latest "Maxwell" product is a 4 cylinder Touring Car of 22-40 H. P. to be sold at \$3,000. This automobile is bound to make a sensation with the "motor public," and you owe it to yourself to get the particulars about it. Although not as yet listed in our catalogue, specifications may be obtained from any Maxwell agent.

Aerocar

*The car for today, tomorrow and years to come.
Built by practical men.*



The one motor car driven by a reliable, test-proven air-cooled motor
24 h. p.—Four Cylinders—45 miles an hour—Five Passengers—Weighs under 2,000 pounds—Price, f.o.b. Detroit, \$2,800

¶ The Aerocar from start to finish is the work of successful motor car builders. There isn't a single detail of experiment in the entire car. It is the culmination of practical achievement in mechanical construction. The air-cooled motor of the Aerocar is the result of eight years continuous, incessant testing, and for the past two years it has not been possible to improve it. It is therefore the time-tried, time-tested, absolutely proven successful air-cooled motor.

¶ A magnificent car in appearance. A body of peculiarly graceful design, elegantly equipped. All appointments thoroughly up-to-date.

¶ The Aerocar, because of its marvelous air-cooled motor, is always ready for business, every day in the year, under all conditions of weather and temperature. Runs cool on a hot day, and has nothing to freeze on a cold day. Runs as smooth as velvet, its motor purring with the rhythm of an electric dynamo, and with the force and strength of full standard 24 horse-power.

¶ It is important that you should know more about the Aerocar.

¶ If possible let us give you a practical demonstration of its running qualities and the luxury it brings to the motorist.

If you send us 10 cents in stamps we will mail you a handsome gold-plated scarf pin of our trademark

The Aerocar Company, Detroit, Mich.

Members American Motor Car Manufacturers Association

IMPERIAL AUTO CO., 104 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

AEROCAR COMPANY OF CHICAGO, 347-349 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OSCAR M. BERGESTROM, 249-251 S. Third Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

AEROCAR COMPANY of New York, 73rd Street and Broadway, New York





Wayne

We make a car for every requirement at a price to suit every purchaser.

Simplicity is the key note of Wayne design and in all our cars, the one aim has been to get *all* the engine power to the wheels without waste.

Which of these six models interests you?

Model F.	Seven passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 50 h. p. motor	-	\$3500.00
	(Limousine \$4500.00)		
Model K.	Five passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 35 h. p. motor	-	2500.00
Model B.	Five passenger touring car, 4 cylinder 24-28 h. p. motor	-	2000.00
Model C.	Five passenger family car, 2 cylinder opposed 20 h. p.	-	1250.00
Model G.	Five passenger family car, 2 cylinder opposed 14 h. p. engine under hood	-	1000.00
Model H.	The business man's two passenger runabout. Same engine as Model G.	-	800.00

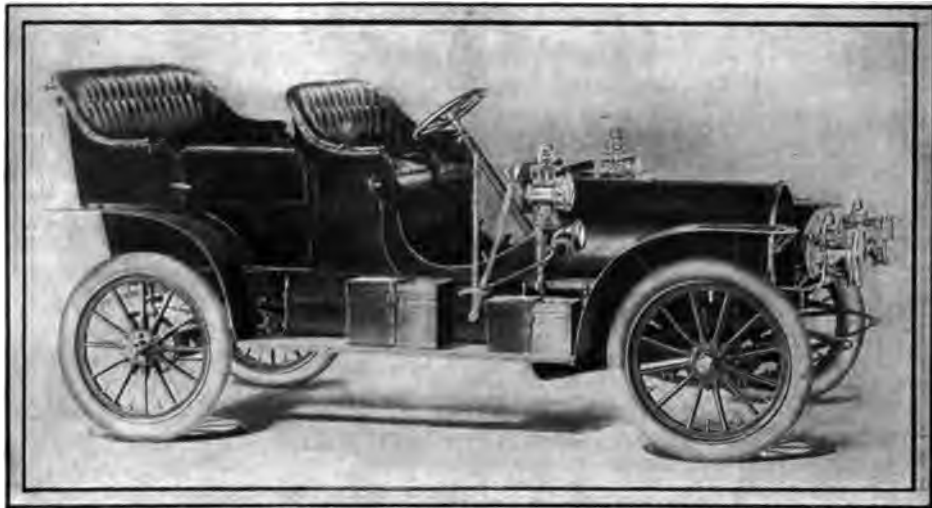
Let us send you catalog and full particulars about any of these cars.

Wayne Automobile Co.

Dept. N

Detroit, Michigan

FRANKLIN



Type D. Four-cylinder Touring-car \$2800

Five passengers. Air-cooled motor. 20 "Franklin horse-power." Three speed sliding gear transmission. Shaft drive. Disc clutch. Force-feed oiler on dash. 100-inch wheel base. 1800 pounds. 45 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$2800. f. o. b. Syracuse.

Buy with your mind as well as your eyes.

Buy power and capacity, not mere bulk. Buy strength, safety and all-day mileage, not useless weight and extravagant tire-bills.

Buy the genuine luxury of real comfort.

The Franklin is the modern "grey-hound" type of motor-car; impressive, not for eye-filling avoidupois, but the mind-satisfying ability and enjoyability which comes of an extremely efficient motor in a strong roomy flexibly-framed perfectly-suspended light-weight car.

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and the unusually full power thus obtained is produced continuously under full load without hindrance, leakage or loss of any kind.

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"The ultimate goal is the production of a strong, serviceable, reasonable-cost vehicle, capable of going without faltering over all sorts of roads, and so simple in construction that any one can handle it."—EVERYBODY'S

MAGAZINE. ¶ "It is

in the running of a car, the handling of it, the feeling of command over it, and its obedience to one's

will, that the keenest enjoyment of automobiling is found."

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Design. The first gasoline Locomobile had four cyl. motor, enclosed timing gears (no fibre), gear-driven electrical generator, gear-driven centrifugal pump, sliding gears, direct drive on high gear, etc. The 1906 Locomobile is the result of continuous, consistent development of the correct type of touring car. Second year of make-and-break ignition, with low-tension magneto, the simplest and best system known.

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4-cylinder, \$2,500.00.

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Up hill and down dale; over rough and rutty roads — always on the high speed if you like, and always good-tempered, smooth and even.

It can't go out of commission because there are no valves, cams or gears to put it out of commission.

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It's not surprising the Elmore two-cycle idea is forcing its way into the best four-cycle factories in the country — it's surprising it didn't happen before.

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Mark this prediction — If you investigate the two-cycle, 4-cylinder Elmore in contrast with the best four-cycle four-cylinder car you can find — you'll buy an Elmore.

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A 6,000 mile run in early winter, through deep sand and mud and over a mountain range—at a total repair cost for the two cars making the trip only of \$1.50—is a pretty good demonstration of endurance.

Before being accepted as the cars for 1906, the two Haynes—one Model 'R' and one Model 'O'—made such a trip with that result. The route was purposely selected because of its difficult roads. There were absolutely no serious troubles or delays en route, and when the cars got back and were taken apart it was found that the bearings showed no wear whatever. The roller pinion—an exclusive Haynes feature—which overcomes every objection to large shaft-driven cars, was not the least worn. Stripping of gears in the transmission and roller pinion is impossible.

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(Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America.)

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MEMBERS A. L. A. M.

Model "R" Four-Cylinder Touring Car.

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5½x6 inches, 50 H.P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base, 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price, \$3,500, f.o.b. Kokomo. Full equipment.



THE CAR WITHOUT ONE WEAK SPOT

Cleveland

Model F, 30-35 H. P.

5 to 55 miles per hour on third speed. Guaranteed for one year.

CONSIDER THE COST OF MAINTENANCE

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Imported Simms-Boech low tension magneto with make and break spark is used—doing away with spark plugs, coils, wiring and batteries. Weighs 2400 lbs. equipped for road.

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CLEVELAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. 6, Cleveland, Ohio

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Model 14
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A modern touring car of the highest possible quality at every point.

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It is only the enormous facilities of the largest and most complete automobile factory in the world that renders possible the production of such a car at such a price, and we cordially invite your most critical inspection that we may prove our claim that it is the *right car* at the *right price*.

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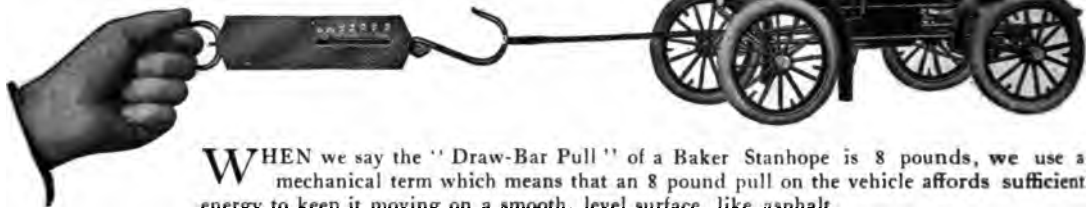
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"Rigs That Run"

TYPE XVI

32-36 ACTUAL H.P.
Touring Car, Price \$2500.

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TRANSMISSION.—Sliding type, three speeds forward and reverse. All shifts made with one lever.

CONTROL.—New style rack and pinion with ball and socket joints. Spark and throttle control placed conveniently under steering gear. **DRIVE.**—Bevel gear. **BRAKES.**—Three, will hold car at any grade. Two controlled by feet, one by lever at side of car. **WHEEL BASE.**—110 inches.

SPEED.—4 to 50 miles per hour on high gear.

FRAME.—Pressed Steel. Carries five passengers comfortably, beautifully finished, luxuriously upholstered. Fully equipped, \$2,500.

Our type XV St. Louis Touring Car is 4 cylinder, water cooled, 30-40 Actual H.P., 104 inch wheel base. Is a beauty. Price, \$2,200.

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Of all the reasons why the Cadillac is the car you should own, the greatest is this: *Never-failing serviceableness at a minimum of operating expense.* Whether runabout or touring car, it is an example of careful motor building—a car behind which stand

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In design the 1906 Cadillacs are strikingly beautiful; in finish they are truly works of art.

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30 h.p. Touring
Car
\$2,500,
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ing lamps).



Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$750.
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Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, \$3,750.

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ORIENT FRICTION DRIVE BUCKBOARD

The maximum of value in motor car construction at the lowest price in the world. **4 H.P. Air-Cooled.** Weight, 550 lbs. Runs 35 miles on one gallon gasoline and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint oil. Maximum power 40 to 1. Innumerable speeds forward and reverse. Speed 25 miles an hour. Its ability to negotiate steep grades and sandy roads admits of no comparison.



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Waltham-Orient construction has been specially designed to embody the utmost simplicity and accessibility, making it possible for each owner to adjust and tune his car without expert assistance. The simple Waltham-Orient method of Air-Cooling, insures a uniformly cool engine at all times, entirely free from overheating or pre-ignition and reduces weight, which increases the elasticity and responsiveness of the car. The absence of confusing complications of control enables a woman to drive it with ease.

Write for new 1906 Catalogue and "Air-Cooled" Story.



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 Model N. 20 H.P. \$2000. Model R. 20 H.P. \$2250.
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WALTHAM MFG. CO. Waltham, Mass.
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THOMAS



50 H. P.—\$3,500.00

New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia—at all the great Shows and in all the great automobile centres—the heaviest sales recorded were and are those of the magnificent fifty horsepower Thomas Flyer.

In full and direct competition with the highest priced foreign product the Thomas has won the splendid honor of being pronounced the most thoroughly standardized car in the world. Briefly, this tribute is earned by these distinctive and standard features:—
 Sixty miles an hour; full 50 h. p.; nineteen expensive bearings;

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To attempt full consideration of this wonderful car in this limited space is impossible—you must, for your own sake, confer with the nearest Thomas agent. Write for the catalogue.

THE THOMAS MOTOR COMPANY, 1190 Niagara Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Model K

WINTON Reserve-Power

THE life of a Cannon is 100 Shots.

So say Military Experts and Government records.

The life of a motor may be estimated, in similar manner, at so many Piston-strokes and Revolutions of the Crank-shaft. Why not?

Now a Motor that must turn-up 1,200 revolutions per minute to produce a road-speed of 30 miles an hour is *wearing-out* more than twice as fast as a Motor making the same road speed with 600 revolutions per minute. Why not?

And, there is the *distorting* influence of Heat, in high-speed revolution, to consider, as well as the Wear from friction.

Don't forget that the piston of a *Single-Cylinder* Motor must *work* twice as *often*, to produce 600 revolutions per minute, as the *two* alternating pistons of a *Double-Cylinder* Motor must work.

That means *twice* the Wear,—on each Piston and Cylinder—half the *Life*, per mile traveled.

In this same way a *Four-Cylinder* Motor divides the *Work* and the *Wear* of driving a single Crank-shaft at a given speed, into *one-fourth* the effort for each Piston, each Cylinder, and each set of Valves that would be required from a single-cylinder motor.

* * *

Figure that out on a year's Mileage!

Now, the Winton Model K is what many call a "Surplus-powered" Car.

But there can be no such thing as *Surplus-power* in a Motor Car.

"Reserve-power" is the correct term.

And "Reserve-power" may, of course, be used to obtain a *racing* road-speed or track-speed.

But, it has *other* and *better* uses.

"Reserve-power" of the Winton Model K kind, translates into ease of operation, *long-life*, durability, coolness of bearings in regular running, economy of lubricant, minimum wear on bearings, on valves, and on friction parts.

It means all *these*, through the fact that a "Reserve-powered" Car, like the Winton Model K, can make a satisfactory road-speed with *one-half* to a *fourth* the number of piston strokes required by other cars to produce the same road-speed.

That's one advantage in "Reserve-power."

Another vital advantage in "Reserve-power" is discovered and appreciated, when you want to climb a steep hill, on the *high-speed-gear*, without *shifting a lever* to the low speed gear.

Or, when you have a heavy load of passengers to carry over a very bad road, and want to make good

time over it without inviting any of the Party to walk or push the Car at critical places on the tour.

Or,—when you feel it is your religious duty to take the vanity out of some Motorist who wants to *pass* you on the road,—Ah, *that's* the time you glory in the splendid *Reserve-power* of your Winton Model K, which permits you to walk away from the Vainglorious Competitor and put him back in the dust-clouds, where he wanted to put you.

Thirty Horse-power, or better, delivered *direct* to the big Driving Wheels with minimum loss in Transmission—That's the Winton Model K equipment.

Worth more than a 40 Horse-power Motor would be with the *usual power-wasting Transmissions*, and with the usual faulty system of Lubrication.

Winton Speed is controlled by Compressed Air—on somewhat similar principle to the Westinghouse Air Brake system as used on Express trains.

Infalible in action, and dispenses with all need of several Speed levers in regular running.

Because, the Winton Pneumatic Control gives you a graduated Speed range of from 4 miles an hour to 50 miles an hour, by the simple pressing of your right foot on a soft spring pedal.

The more you press, the faster you go.

The less you press, the slower you go.

Take your foot off the pedal altogether, and the Winton Car automatically stops, if you wish it to stop that way.

* * *

Then you can start the Winton Model K again *without leaving your seat* and without "Cranking," by simply shifting the Spark lever with your thumb, and pressing down Speed pedal a little with your right foot.

In eight years of constant use the strongly patented Winton Pneumatic Speed-Control has not *once* been known to fail in an Emergency.

Our book, "The Motor-Car Dissected," tells all the details and explains why.

The Winton Model K has

30 H. P. or better.

4 Cylinder Vertical Motor.

Cone-Clutch "Velvety" Transmission.

Winton-Twin-Springs, self adjusting to light loads or heavy loads.

34 inch Best Pneumatic Tires.

Superb Tonneau, dashing Style, and thoroughly tested materials!

Price, \$2,500, and only one model made this year.

Write for copy of "The Motor-Car Dissected."

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept B, Cleveland, Ohio.

NORTHERN

You must buy the Silent Northern if you want to get the highest value out of your automobile money. Here is a car whose construction is a guarantee of low cost of maintenance—a car whose simplicity and silent operation is unequaled by any other car at any price. All the efficiency, all the luxury that can be produced; graceful body design, smoothly operating motor, minimum vibration—and the *only* car which is *dustless* on the road. Catalogue gives full information and illustrates seven distinct models, including

Sturdy Northern Runabout, 7 H. P.....	\$650	Model "C" 20 H. P.....	\$1,800
Model "C" Limousine 20 H. P.....	\$2,800		
Model "K" 30 H. P., Four Cylinder Car, air controlled with air brakes	\$3,000		

All prices f. o. b. Detroit
Send for the Catalogue.
We want you to have it.
Write today.



Silent Northern 20 H. P. Car, with gas and oil lamp equipment.....\$1,800

Northern Mfg. Co., Detroit, U. S. A.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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This is our popular \$50.00 guaranteed solid rubber tire driving wagon, equipped with roller rub irons, genuine French open head springs, padded dash, quick-shifting shaft couplings, double bent high-braced shafts, second-growth split hickory wheels, dust-proof axles, spring cushion, and our new improved 1906 stick seat. Price \$50.00. Legally guaranteed for two years. Shipped anywhere on Thirty Days Free Trial. We manufacture our own goods. When you buy from us you save two profits—all the way from \$25.00 to \$100.00. Our new 1906 Catalogue, 180 pages of all styles of vehicles and harness, will be sent free to anyone inquiring.

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Peerless Direct Drive Motor Cars

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Our Catalogue Gives a Good Idea

of the unique mechanical features of the Peerless, and we will send it to you on request. Let us also send you a letter of introduction to our nearest representative and you can see for yourself—the Peerless car and the matchless record of Peerless achievements, we are sure will be more than enough to convince you.

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season is not so far away now, and it is well to remember that your order, placed at this time, will insure prompt delivery at the season's opening. **THE LOZIER STOCK MODELS**

for the season will include our Special 20-foot \$325 Open Boat, the Regular 21-foot \$500 Open Boat and the Regular 26-foot \$800 Open Boat.

THE \$325 OPEN BOAT—Design No. 2000—is 20 ft. Over All—has 5 ft. 3 in. Beam and Extreme Draft of 20 in.—the Motor is a 1 H. P. Model B, LOZIER. This boat is splendidly constructed from first-class materials throughout, and is equipped for either salt-water or fresh-water use, and offers greater value for the money than any other launch we have ever built. It will comfortably accommodate six passengers, but can be made to do duty for eight or even ten.

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in Two-cycle and Four-cycle
Types from 1 to 55 Horse-power.
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The King, 500 shot, costs **\$1.50**
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Sold by the leading dealers
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Let us send you our booklet
telling about all our rifles.

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Largest Air Rifle Factory
in the World.

DO YOU WANT A LAUNCH, CANOE, SAIL OR ROW BOAT? BUILD IT YOURSELF

Save two-thirds of the boat builder's price. We sell you a complete set of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into a boat, illustrated working instructions and itemized bill of all material required, omitting nothing, not even a nail. We tell you how to do everything necessary to build the boat, and anybody can do it.

We are builders of every style of pleasure craft from a twelve-foot row boat to a fifty-foot cabin launch. Every pattern we send is from a boat we have made and tested; our patterns are guaranteed perfect. We sell patterns \$3.00 and up, of all sizes and kinds of boats.

SPECIAL OFFER

To illustrate the method of building boats from our patterns we will send for the next **30 Days** a complete set of patterns and instructions for a twelve-foot row boat for **25 Cents**.

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We also sell the completed frames for all boats with a complete list of plank patterns and illustrated instructions for finishing. Each frame is set up ready for the planking in our factory before shipment. Every piece is numbered and then taken apart and shipped to you in knock-down form. Cost \$10.00 and up, according to style and size of boat.

Quotations on completed boats furnished on application.

Catalogue showing 100 different styles of boats free.

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Wharf: 16 BAY CITY, MICH.



The GOODYEAR AUTO TIRE on Universal Rim Can be Removed in Thirty Seconds



That's gospel truth, though it sounds like a "fish story." Stop for a minute at any Branch Store and **do it yourself.** Have a friend hold the watch. Then you'll know we're not exaggerating a particle.

You won't need a single tool—just your fingers. You see the flanges on the Universal Rim are *Rings*. You lift out a locking-ring (held in the right hand in the illustration) and then pull the outside flange right off, like a ring off your finger. Then slide off the tire.

It's ridiculously *easy* and much different from perspiring away for two or three hours before an interested audience, prying away with "jimmies" and other burglar tools.

Now there are other good features about THE GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE ON UNIVERSAL RIM, just as important—just as trouble saving, just as money saving.

Taken together they wipe out at one sweep full 90 per cent of all Auto Tire Troubles.

It won't *Rim Cut*. You can ride it *absolutely flat* for

miles without even marring the casing.

It won't *Crack*, though not mechanically fastened to the rim in any way.

It is the *liveliest* and most resilient Auto Tire on the market, though (paradoxical as it may seem) it is the most durable.

This Tire is 90 per cent *puncture proof*.

These are general statements. We haven't space for further details. But every one of these statements is *true* and WE CAN PROVE IT.

Now, let us prove it—give us the *opportunity*, that's all we ask. Just drop into one of our Branch Stores for a couple of minutes, and we'll *show you* there. Or, *write us*, and we'll send you a book that will *show you*.

Don't spend a cent for this tire and rim, and don't ask the maker to put it on your next season's car till you are *convinced* on every point. But in your *own interest*, if you are seeking relief from Tire Troubles, give us a chance to *convince you*. WE CAN DO IT.

**No Tools
but the Hands.**

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Cincinnati.....242 E. 5th St.
San Francisco, Geo. P. Moore & Co.....560 Golden Gate Ave.
Detroit.....12 Jefferson Ave.

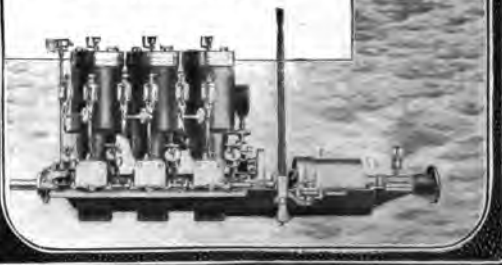
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DEAD RIGHT

During quiet moments, when you have an opportunity to think calmly, your better judgment always tells you that in the long run the best is always the cheapest and that you cannot purchase something for nothing, and you are right, DEAD RIGHT. Don't loose your head when it comes to buying an engine for your boat; investigate carefully and choose wisely. For 10 cts. in stamps we will forward our complete and handsomely illustrated catalogue. Address Dept. G.

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Engines this year, manufacturing the motor complete from foundry to finished engine, not merely assembling parts made in various factories, and that is why we are able to sell a first-class motor with a guarantee at

1 1/2 H.P. \$33.15 Engine only.
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This and a complete line of "MURRAY" style

Driving Wagons, Buggies, Stanhopes,

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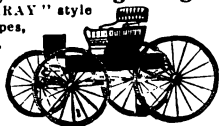
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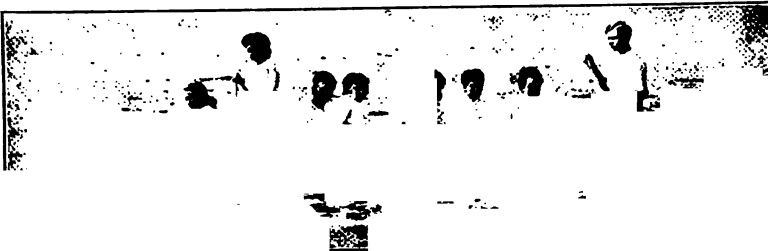
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After the day's work or sport there is a wealth of comfort in a Heywood-Wakefield chair. You sink into it, it rests you all over.

THAT is characteristic of all Heywood-Wakefield furniture. It is built on broad, restful lines. It has been designed by expert designers. It has been tried by the thin and the portly, the tall and the short, the young and the old. If it is found comfortable then it is adopted as a standard pattern and placed in our regular line. Into its making goes only the best rattan, selected in the East Indies by our representatives. It is hand-made, sanitary, and wonderfully light and graceful. That is why

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Furniture is Different

Do not make any purchase without asking your dealer to show you Heywood-Wakefield furniture. Be sure that it bears the little white tag *Heywood-Wakefield* the guarantee of superior workmanship, material and durability. If your dealer does not handle our goods, accept no substitute, but write at once to our nearest warehouse giving his name. Let us know which of these catalogues interest you and we will forward it by return mail, and tell you how to order through your dealer.

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Illustration shows Chair, Style No. 6766 C

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Garment Fastener



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SLIDE

It's in
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**Have You SEEN Them?
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They are something new and the very best garment fastener you can buy. Cost no more than the ordinary kind.

They slide shut and *stay* shut. "Just slide them open."

They are flat, strong and on the garment altogether invisible. Cannot catch or tear the garment.

Guaranteed not to rust.

Cuffs and Collars fit snug and secure if you use Number 60, the smallest Nottahook.

Number 25 on tape as a skirt supporter holds your skirt and waist together without the least sagging.

For the placket and back or front of waist, Number 55 on tape (mercerized) is perfect.

The reason we advocate the use of Nottahook tape goods is because the Nottahooks are riveted to the tape by machine at the Factory. All you need to do is to sew the tape on your waist or placket and it outwears a dozen waists or skirts. Being riveted on tape *there are no threads that will cut or pull loose.*

With Nottahooks in the house you have a Garment Fastener that does away with the use of Hooks and Eyes, Pins and Buttons. You have a Garment Fastener that can be sewed on

1st YOUR PLACKET

2nd YOUR WAIST

3rd YOUR COLLARS AND CUFFS

4th YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU WITH NOTTAHOOKS

send 12 cents in stamps and we will send you by mail prepaid sufficient Nottahooks for your Placket also one Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter—OR—Send 50 cents in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts. Nottahooks to sew on your Placket and enough for the front, collars and cuffs of a Waist. **STATE COLOR WANTED.** Sew-ons in Black and Nickel-Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

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Canvassing agents can make good money by selling Nottahooks. Correspondence from dressmakers solicited.

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The fruit of forty years' experience as makers of high grade shoes of exceptional style, fit, comfort, and wear.

ALTHOUGH the large advance in leather during 1905 has greatly increased the cost of our ALL AMERICA SHOES, yet we guarantee every purchaser of these shoes, at

\$4.00 and \$3.50

per pair, the same high standard of design, workmanship, and quality of material, which created their well-deserved popularity.



THEY ARE A "TREAT FOR THE FEET."

Our Catalogue of Advance Spring Styles will be sent free for the asking.

THE best dealers sell, or can get, ALL AMERICA SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN. If you have any difficulty in finding them, send direct to us, mentioning size, width, leather, and shape of toe desired, and adding 25c. for delivery charge. Your order will have our immediate and careful attention.

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The Wear of One Pair

will not only convince you that **25 cents** will buy remarkable hosiery value (if you insist on getting *Iron Clads*) but you will be surprised at the surpassing smooth, silky feeling and appearance of these half-hose. Try a pair of our **No. 488** in either Black Tan or Champagne color. Medium weight for late winter and spring wear. The heels and toes are re-enforced with an extra thread, and the hose possess genuine

25 Cents

'Iron Clad'

durability with a handsome, stylish appearance in texture and color impossible to secure in other brands selling for 25 cents.

If your dealer can't supply you just send us his name and 25 cents for a pair of the color and size you prefer.

SEND FOR THE STYLE BOOK anyway. The most beautiful hosiery guide ever seen. **Free.**

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Tight-fitting underwear
in hot weather creates
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Wear
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Coat Cut Undershirts
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and be cool and comfortable.

Accept no imitation. If your retailer cannot supply you with B. V. D. underwear (identified by B. V. D. Red Woven Label), mail us your chest and waist measurements with \$1.00 and we will send you an undershirt (No. 76 N) and a pair of drawers (No. 15 K). All charges prepaid. **FREE** descriptive booklet B for the asking.

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We Show Here *Three Vital Points*

of "FLEXO" garter construction. No other garter has either of them.

The hand at the right calls attention to our "Flexo" curved plate. This holds the garter in an easy position and permits the clasp portion below to swing freely with every movement of the leg—no friction or rubbing.

To this plate is attached our "Flexo" niched loop—easily attached—holds firmly—easily detached—no strings or cords to wear out or break.

The hand at the left indicates our "Flexo" button and clasp—lays flat against the leg—cannot come loose—cannot tear the hose.

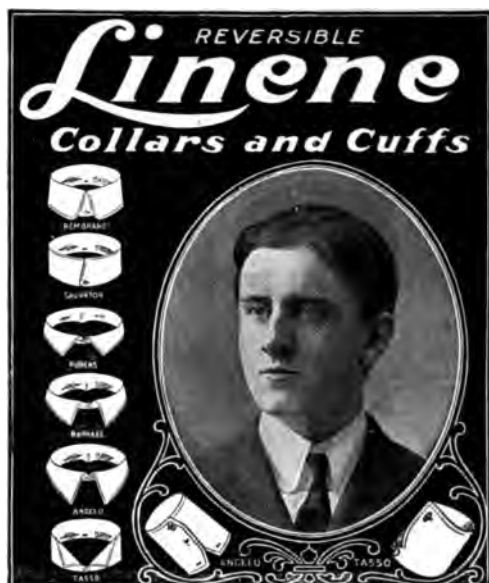
Either one of these features would warrant our claim of **"Flexo" Garter** superiority. Then, there's that guaranteed elastic webbing we have already told you about.

All progressive haberdashers carry "Flexo." If yours is out, send us his name and 25 cents and we'll supply you. Beautiful ribbed cable silk at 50 cents.

Stein & Co. Chicago, Ill.

309 FRANKLIN ST.

REVERSIBLE
Linene
Collars and Cuffs



REVERSIBLE
Collars and Cuffs

Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"—; but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at the stores 25 cts. for box of ten. (2½ cts. each).

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. By mail 10 collars or 5 pairs of cuffs 30 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. Stamps. Give size and style.

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BULL DOG
50¢



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SUSPENDERS

Will outwear three of the ordinary kind

More elastic, non-rusting metal parts
Absolutely unbreakable leather ends

Guaranteed best 50c suspender made

Can be had in light and heavy weight
for man or youth, extra length same price

Suitable for all classes

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"The Guaranteed Kind"

You may be absolutely certain that
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THIS GARMENT IS GUARANTEED
To give good wear and perfect satisfaction
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MAKERS. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

We sew it into every coat we make

Free { Style Book B . . . } Write
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YACHTING - 2 in.

Corliss-Coon Collars — 2 for 25c.

will outlast others, no matter what you pay for them, because they are always four-pay, and "wear spots" are reinforced or renewed as needed. Mark your collars every time they go to the laundry and know by this sure test which collars wear longest.

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The Newest Summer Collar

This shape, originated by us, has broken all selling records on new styles.

Its success has led to a demand for the same shape in a collar slightly lower than "Outing"—our original style.

"Yachting" follows the same good lines and has that perfect fit and set attained in our "Outing" Collar—a perfection other makers have tried for in vain, in attempting to copy our design.

Where other collars break in folding, the Corliss-Coon maker cuts away enough material to let the collar fold without straining the fine surface linen.

Turned-in edges are bound with an "Over-stitch" to prevent raveling inside, and in standing styles, the "Gutter Seam" puts off the day of rough edges that saw the neck.

Ask your dealer to show you Corliss-Coon Collars—or write for "Collar Kinks," our book of new and leading styles. If your dealer does not willingly send for any style you like, we will supply you by mail direct from the factory at 2 for 25c.—\$1.50 per dozen—the regular price.

Write at once for "Collar Kinks," or send 25c. for two "Yachting" collars and enjoy their solid comfort, good style, perfect fit and long wear.

Corliss, Coon & Co.

Dept. A.

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MAKERS

"NO BETTER IN THE WORLD"

AMERICAN HOSIERY UNDERWEAR

Nine Highest Awards.

Why buy foreign underwear which, like foreign clothing, is notoriously ill-fitting, when you can buy "American Hosiery" Underwear, made to wear under clothing fitted by the most skillful tailors in the world. The highest grade in all kinds.

Leading dealers everywhere can supply American Hosiery Underwear in wool, silk, cotton or linen, for men, women and children. All weights adapted to all climates and seasons. Every length of sleeve and drawer. Insist upon having your correct size. If your dealer cannot supply you, write

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American Gentleman SHOE



"With the Character of the Man"

\$3⁵⁰



\$4⁰⁰



Style 1034.—Ideal patent colt vamp, fox and lace stay, dull matt top, welted single sole, Blucher Oxford, made on the graceful, easy "Empire" last, combining comfort and style.



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Without a peer for real distinction and exclusiveness. For sale by over 15,000 shoe dealers.

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Largest in the World
Means to You

"Largest in the World," a common enough phrase in advertising, means in this instance that the

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company (*largest Shoe House in the World*) by reason of its buying and manufacturing capacity, does offer **unusual values** in shoes on a very narrow margin of profit.

Send for the latest "**Shoelight.**"

The standard Style Book of Men's Shoes, sent free.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

"CARTER"

Form-Fitting Underwear

is the inevitable choice of the critical purchaser.

"CARTER" and "quality" are synonymous words. "CARTER" goods wear longer than other kinds because they are made of better material by skilled operatives, on machines almost human in their wonderful precision. Yet they cost you no more than many inferior makes.

"CARTER" Union Suits do not roll up, bag, chafe nor sag at the seat, being reinforced at this point, and made with extra wide perfectly closing flap—exclusively a "CARTER" feature.

"CARTER" Union Suits are soft and pleasing to the skin, of permanently even tension, and great durability. They retain their original faultless shape until absolutely worn out. This perfection in fit and long durability represents thirty years of unceasing effort on the part of experts.

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Made in union and two-piece suits for women and children; union suits for men. Also a complete line of shirts and bands for infants.

Refuse all substitutes. Look for the "CARTER" trade-mark. Ask any high class dealer, or write us for booklet, samples and full information.



THE WM. CARTER CO., Highlandville, Mass.

Sole Manufacturers

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EVERYWHERE

Hawes
\$3 HATS



7802

THE
HATS
OF
LATEST
VOGUE



9370

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9372



9371

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EVERY
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GUARANTEED

On the "Money Back" basis, to give better all-around hat satisfaction than comes with hats offered at nearly twice the \$3 price.

The Hawes \$3 Hats are made and marketed by modern methods in largest quantities and the greatest varieties of styles, shapes and colors, and are sold to a larger number of discriminating wearers than any other hat offered at an equal or higher price.



7803

HIGHEST
AWARDS AT
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MAIL ORDERS

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is recognized as a piano masterpiece, with the tonal elements of volume, sonority and singing quality — as well as evenness of scale — developed to highest possible perfection. The most eminent authority on acoustics, THOMAS A. EDISON, says:—"Of all instruments tried, my experimenters prefer the Blasius." The scientific reasons why, are found in the *55 distinctive improvements* combined only in the Blasius. It is peculiarly the piano for the cultured home, where surpassing excellence is most appreciated.

*Write for testimonial letters
from world's celebrities.*

WITH The Blasius Book before you,

containing photographic representations, accompanied by minute descriptions of each of our various styles, you will find the selection of a satisfactory piano not in the least difficult. The tone, of course, you will wish to hear, before you finally decide. So, if we have no representative in your locality, we will *place the Blasius in your home on trial*, free of charge; you can test the Blasius action and hear the Blasius tone before you buy.

Write to-day for further particulars of this unusual offer; and for shipping instructions blank to fill out.

BLASIUS
SONS

1004 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia.



**Examine it on Your
OWN HAND
Before You Buy
—Then Easy,
Credit Terms—**

Let us send you this Diamond at our own Expense and Risk. Then examine, test and prove it before you pay a penny. See for yourself that it's a True Gem, absolutely white, perfect in every facet and without the slightest flaw. Put the ring on your hand and watch the never-ending play of

sparkling rays. Then decide. If you find it entirely satisfactory and even better than you expected, pay **\$40** for this **SPECIAL APRIL OFFERING** — \$8 down and \$4 a month, or the special all cash price in 10 days — **\$36.80**. If you decide not to keep the ring, simply send it back at our expense. You have paid nothing and owe nothing.



Marshall's "F" Grade Diamonds are so different—so much better than ordinary "commercial" diamonds—that they actually **SELL THEMSELVES**. If you examine one, you'll want to keep it. They're so good—so perfect—such wonderful value—that they practically never come back.

If you would prefer a different setting or a larger or smaller stone, ask for catalogue showing over 1300 illustrations from our stock of Diamonds, Watches, Silver, Cut Glass, etc.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc.

99 State Street CHICAGO

W. D. HYDE, JR., President. A. S. TRUE, Secretary.

FREE—Ask for our 112-page Catalog and the "Marshall Monthly," for Diamond Lovers.

25,000,000 TEETH



Sacrificed annually in spite of the use of all the old-time tooth powders, pastes, washes and dentifrices and all the claims made for them.

Nevertheless decay of the teeth IS preventable

CALOX

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

A new idea in dentifrices. It generates oxygen which preserves the teeth by freeing the mouth from the germs that cause decay. It neutralizes acids, whitens the teeth and keeps the whole mouth clean and healthy.

A sample sufficient for several days' trial, sent free to every applicant.

Of all druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
Dept. A, 91 Fulton St., N. Y.



Here is a Poultry House Covered with Rex Flintkote
 On request we will send you a book showing *all* kinds of structures from poultry houses to railroad terminals and public buildings covered with this same remarkable roofing.
 There is only one reason for this wonderful range of uses.

Rex Flintkote ROOFING

has unmatched roofing qualities, and yet is as easily laid as a carpet. Tin will rust in spite of paints. Shingles warp, crack, blow off, blaze at the touch of a spark. Both require expert labor. Any one can lay Rex Flintkote and be sure of a roof absolutely proof against all kinds of weather, chemical action and fires from sparks.

WE SEND SAMPLES FREE
 Make your own tests. Read our Free Book on roofing.
 The best dealers keep Rex Flintkote. Of course, there are "just-as-good" kinds, made to sell at bigger profits for the dealer and less roofing-value for you. Your protection is the trade mark. "Look for the Boy" on every roll.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
 71 India Street, Boston, Mass.
We Have Agents Everywhere

Ideal



A REASON WHY IT RESTS.

The Foster Ideal or "400" Spring Bed is constructed on unique, patented lines. Each coil spring acts independently, compressing sufficiently to conform to every curve of the body. Springs bearing no weight remain in shape, thus preventing the "hammock effect" so peculiar to all other beds. The upper tier of springs carries all the weight of light persons; the central metal strips prevent any side wobbling, and distribute the weight of heavy persons over the lower tier. A boon to invalids and people troubled with sleeplessness. Busy men who must crowd a whole night's rest into a few hours, waste no time "thrashing" on this "easiest spring bed." Write for our free booklet containing some Wide Awake Facts About Sleep.

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co. 17 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
 1400 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

This Trade Mark

is on all our goods.

LIQUID VENEER

For HOUSECLEANING

IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL, because a little child can renew your Piano, Furniture and Woodwork by just wiping the surface with a cloth moistened with it. When we say renew, we mean that the whole interior of your house, from the parlor to the kitchen, from a \$1,000 Piano to a 50c. Kitchen Chair, will glisten exactly like new, by just wiping the surface as though dusting with a cloth. It will draw grimy, dusty matter from every nook, corner and crevice and carry it away, leaving the surface smooth, sanitary and with a beautiful, high glossy newness.

THINK OF IT! It's not a varnish, and there's no drying to wait for, no stickiness, muss, brush or cans, and no expensive painters to bother with. Use it on your picture frames, fancy gold chairs, chandeliers, etc., and you will get nothing but delightful results; nothing but good.

ABOVE ALL, don't hesitate to use it on your piano! Piano makers and dealers use it to keep instruments looking new. Write us for proofs.

NEW BOTTLE, 4 OUNCES, 25c.

12 ounces, 50c. A 50c. bottle entirely renovates the average home. At Drug-gists, Grocers, Hardware and Furniture Dealers.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 391 ELLICOTT ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.



A CHILD CAN APPLY IT

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

Send us your dealer's name and address and we will mail you a trial bottle entirely free.

"Saved 20 Times Its Cost"



THE ANGLE LAMP

"I am writing this," says E. C. Carmelee, Highlands, N. J., "by the light of one of your Angle Lamps. In fact, I would not think of using any other light. They are THE lamps. Everyone who has seen mine is impressed with them. Why I have saved at least 20 times their cost in oil, burners, chimneys and 'cuss words!'"

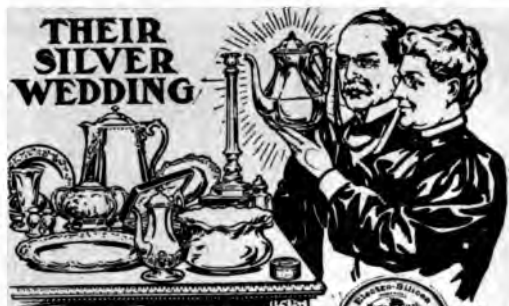
The Angle Lamp is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Fills the room with light and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. **WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG "D"** and our proposition for a

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Write for our Catalog "D," listing 32 varieties of the Angle Lamp from \$1.80 up, now—before you forget it—before you turn this leaf—for it gives you the benefit of our ten years' experience with all lighting methods.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 75-80 Murray St., New York.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING



An Event

that marks the flight of time and the respect and esteem of friends expressed in Silver. To retain its beauty and brilliancy it should always be cleaned with

ELECTRO SILICON

Its cardinal merit, great brilliancy without abrasion, has made it famous around the world. At grocers and druggists. Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Trial quantity for the asking.

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits. 15 cents.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Ivers & Pond Pianos.



Have you a little room in which you have wished it were possible to place a Grand Piano? We have enabled you to do so. For a quarter-century we have patiently experimented to reduce the size and price of Grand Pianos to adapt them to the limited space and purse of many music lovers. In the "Princess" we have at last produced a Grand that meets musically the requirements of the most exacting tone critic. This dainty, beautiful instrument charms all who hear and see it. The "Princess" has $7\frac{1}{3}$ octaves, overstrung scale, Capo d'Astro bar, agraffes, duplex scale, the true grand action of the French-Swiss repeating model, and other features of concert-grand construction. May we send you our new catalogue fully describing this unique instrument and contain-

ing pictures of all our charming new styles? Ivers & Pond Pianos are constructed of the choicest material by expert piano-makers. Their phenomenal durability and capacity for tune-staying are important considerations with careful purchasers.

HOW TO BUY. We can supply you with one of our Pianos though you may live in the most remote city or village in the United States. On request we will give you information of interest, and if no dealer sells the Ivers & Pond in your locality, quote prices and explain our Easy Pay Plan—12, 24 or 36 months to complete purchase. The piano will be carefully selected by experts conscientiously following your preferences in every detail, and shipped subject to approval, to be returned if not entirely satisfactory. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 161 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



HOUSE CLEANING ?

Do it on the G.-W. Plan—unit by unit instead of book by book—then many vexations will cease, and you will enjoy an occasional rearrangement of the books that was never possible under old conditions.

Globe-Wernicke units are made in three-quarter as well as in full length sections, which will enable you to fit most any space in your library.

All units controlled by our patent non-binding door equalizer.

Write for our new catalogue showing attractive library plans.

Uniform prices everywhere. Carried in stock by over 1,000 dealers. Where not represented we ship on approval—freight paid.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 105-M

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI

BRANCH STORES:

Boston
81-93 Federal St.

Chicago: 224-228
Wabash Ave.
New York
380-382 Broadway

Young Men Invest Your Savings

Buy a 4% Coupon Bond of

Security Mutual Life Insurance Company

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

CHAS. M. TURNER, President

The contract possesses all the advantages of an Endowment Policy without its disadvantages. For full particulars, address, giving date of birth,

A. B. HOWE

Assistant General Manager

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



Look for the Pouyat Marks

The supremely important characteristic of *Pouyat China* is its peculiar glaze. Applied after the artists, in shaping, decoration and color, have completed their perfect work, this transparent glaze, of adamant hardness, *protects forever* the exquisite beauty of *Pouyat China*.

It is important to remember that while "Limoges Porcelain" is a rather indefinite term, the name **POUYAT** is a precise designation of the very finest, most durable product of the famous Limoges potteries. *For sale at all good china stores.*

LOOK FOR THE POUYAT MARKS

A booklet, illustrating specimen pieces and giving salient facts regarding ancient and modern porcelains, will be sent free on request. Ask for Booklet No. B

PAROUTAUD & WATSON
Representing J. Pouyat

37 Murray Street, New York City

Tobey Handmade Furniture



¶The illustration of this hall-table gives but a faint idea of the exquisite beauty of the finish, the fine grain of wood and delicacy of the carving; nor does it show its excellent construction.

¶No printed descriptions or photographs can do justice to our handmade furniture. It must be seen to be appreciated.

¶If you contemplate purchasing a piece or set of fine furniture, we invite you to visit either our Chicago or New York store, where our exclusive productions are on display. Correspondence solicited.

The Tobey Furniture Company

Wabash Av. and Washington St., Chicago

11 West 32nd St., New York

McCLAMROCH ART MANTELS



The finishing touch of art and elegance is always attained or missed according to the mantel installed. McClamroch mantels are absolutely correct in every particular. They are constantly chosen by the most select, discriminating buyers, and give universal satisfaction.

They are made in great variety of styles, for every taste, for every purse. They are the cheapest mantels on earth, because—WE SELL DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY in the great oak forests to the room of the purchaser. We give you actual, first-hand factory prices.

Write immediately for 84-page catalogue of mantels and ornamental grilles. You need it if you intend to buy.

McCLAMROCH MANTEL CO. Dept. B, 226 Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

"LEST WE FORGET"



DUE respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect not only

ARTISTIC but ENDURING MEMORIALS

Marble has proved such a failure that some cemeteries now prohibit its use. Granite gets discolored, moss-grown, cracks, crumbles, and decays. Besides, it is very expensive.

WHITE BRONZE

monuments are cheaper and infinitely better. They are strictly everlasting. Rust, corrosion, and moss-growth are impossibilities.

They cannot crumble from the action of frost.

WHITE BRONZE

is far more artistic and expressive than any stone. It was awarded both the

GOLD and SILVER MEDALS

at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.

We have hundreds of beautiful designs at prices from \$4 to \$4,000. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Distance is no obstacle. Write at once for designs and information if you are interested, stating about what expense you anticipate. No obligation to buy.

AGENTS WANTED

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.

354 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE BEST COOKING RANGE MADE

Sold for Cash or on Monthly Payments

\$10.00 to \$20.00 Saved
Freight paid. Your money refunded after six months' trial if

Clapp's Ideal Steel Range

is not 50 per cent. better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a considerable saving of \$10 to \$20. Send for free catalogue of five distinct lines. 50 styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

CHESTER D. CLAPP

610 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio
(Practical Steel Range Man)



Noiseless Casters



with leather wheels when used with FAULTLESS PIVOT bearing sockets are a success. Particularly adapted for Hard Wood Floors. Indispensable for Hospitals, Hotels and Private Homes. Ask your dealer, or write us for catalogue E.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY, Nebraska City, Neb.

Stallman's Dresser Trunk



Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand-riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. with privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 59 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.



Claude Bragdon, Architect, Rochester.

USE DEXTER BROTHERS' ENGLISH SHINGLE STAINS

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING
YOUR PROPERTY.

OUR AUSTRIAN GRAY is a delicate, neutral tone.
NO OFFENSIVE ODOR

Send for samples and circulars.

DEXTER BROTHERS COMPANY
103, 105, 107 Broad St., Boston

The following firms act as our Agents: H. M. HOOKER CO., 57 W. Randolph St., Chicago; W. S. HURSTON, 22 East 22d St., New York; JOHN D. S. POTTS, 218 Race St., Philadelphia; SMITH & YOUNG, San Francisco, Cal.; agents at Central Pacific Coast Ports.



YOU only pay for the hot water you use with the MONARCH Instantaneous Water Heater.

With nothing more than a turn of the wrist—you draw hot water from cold pipes instantly—for as long as you want it. When you draw a cupful—you only pay for a cupful—at the rate of ten cents a 100 gallons with artificial gas—or two cents a 100 gallons with natural gas. The expense doesn't start until you turn on the heater—it stops when you turn it off.

A MONARCH Automatic Instantaneous Heater is as much a necessity as a bathroom. Its installation-cost begins to come back to you from the day it is put in. For shaving—or bathing—hot water bags in the night—the baby's food—it's always ready—the fire in the range may go out—but you have hot water when you want it.

<p>The MONARCH Automatic Instantaneous Water Heater is placed out of the way in the basement. It supplies hot water instantly to every faucet in the house. It gives 100 gallons of hot water for ten cents. Shown in lower corner of this advertisement.</p>	<p>The MONARCH Junior is placed over lavatory tub—or sink—wherever you want hot water. Is constructed with heavy copper coil which cannot burn out or corrode. There's no waiting or waste. The fire is out when you stop using. Inexpensive and convenient. Shown in upper part of this advertisement.</p>	<p>The MONARCH Lion Storage Tank Water Heater is an independent heater, made to attach to the kitchen boiler—to heat the tank when there is no fire in the range. Made with self-cleaning coil of heavy copper pipe—no rusty water—no leaky joints—jacket of cast iron, and cannot rust out. Enough hot water for a bath in fifteen minutes.</p>
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Literature on request

Write us today for descriptive booklets—and where and how you can buy and install the MONARCH best adapted to your needs. Be sure that the Lion's Head is cast in relief on the Heater you buy. No other heater is as economical or efficient.

MONARCH WATER HEATER CO.
 1306 River Avenue NORTH PITTSBURGH, PA.



M & M PORTABLE HOUSES

THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE

Summer Cottages
 Automobile Houses
 Children's Play Houses
 Hunters' Cabins
 Photograph Galleries, Etc.

Made by automatic machinery where the wood grows. Better built and better looking than you can have constructed at home and at much less cost. Wind and water tight. Artistic in design. Constructed on the *Unit System*. (Panels interchangeable.)

Houses shipped complete in every detail. Can be erected and ready for occupancy from 6 to 24 hours after arrival at destination, according to size of house.

NO NAILS. NO STRIKES. NO CARPENTERS. NO WORRY.

Everything fits. Anyone can erect them.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Write today for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price at once. Please enclose 2c stamp in your inquiry for our handsome illustrated Catalogue.

MERSON & MORLEY COMPANY.
 610 Broadway, SAGINAW, MICH.





IT NEEDS NO MATCH
IGNITO
IT HAS NO MATCH

MODERN MAGIC!

The only Gas Mantle in the WORLD
that lights itself. No matches required.

Turn On the Gas and IGNITO Lights.

IGNITO Self-Lighting Outfits are
ECONOMICAL, BRILLIANT, DURABLE AND SAFE.

They use less gas, give a greater volume of light
and cost less than ordinary gas outfits.

They PREVENT the POSSIBILITY of ASPHYXIATION

Because IGNITO lights as soon as gas enters the Mantle.

AUTO LIGHTER CO., New York.

New York, June 25, 1905,

Gentlemen:—I have had your IGNITO outfits in my house for more than four months, and I require six more outfits to fit up the rooms on the second floor. Send six IGNITO outfits at once, and oblige,
Yours truly,

BERTHA MITCHELL, 116 East 59th St., New York.

The entire Outfit, consisting of **Ignito Self-Lighting Gas Mantle, Ignito Gas Regulating and Economizing Burner** (Burners are branded "IGNITO"), **Ignito Imported Opal "Q" Air Hole Globe**, to be had from your dealer or send money order for \$1.25 direct to us, and we will send a complete **Ignito Outfit**, with "instruction booklet," express prepaid.

AUTO LIGHTER CO., Park Ave., 130th & 131st Sts., N. Y., U. S. A. Sole Manufacturers

The Murphy Varnishes

The Varnish that lasts longest.

When Mr. Wanamaker was Post Master General there came a great demand for the parcel post. He said "There are four reasons why we cannot have the parcel post. The first reason is The American Express Co. The second reason is The Adams Express Co. The third reason is The United States Express Co. The fourth reason is The Wells-Fargo Express Co."

There is just one reason why all other Varnish Companies make but 34 per cent. of the Piano Varnish used in America. The Murphy Company makes 66 per cent. of it. There is no better Varnish than Piano Varnish. It shows the Murphy quality. Wherever the best finishing material is required the demand for Murphy Varnish increases.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland,
St. Louis, Chicago.

Natural asphalt is the life of a roof. Combined with knowledge, it is lasting life.

Genasco Ready Roofing has life—the life of pure natural asphalts from Trinidad Lake and other sources. Nothing else can give a roof such lasting fighting power.

Natural Asphalt alone can not give this power. But the makers, who refine and sell more than half the world's asphalt supply, know how to perfectly refine and expertly combine the right natural asphalts; and they know how to put this life and power of natural asphalt into *Genasco Ready Roofing* in such a way that it will last.

This makes *Genasco*—a ready roofing that does not dry out, does not crack, does not run, nor rot, nor rust.

Easy to put on without experienced help.

Ask your dealer for *Genasco Ready Roofing*. Write us anyway for Book O and samples.

**THE BARBER ASPHALT
PAVING COMPANY**

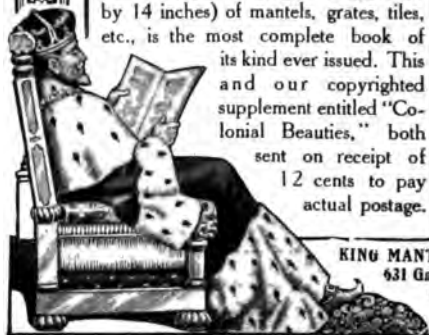
Largest producers of asphalt in the world
New York PHILADELPHIA Chicago

KING MANTELS

are strictly high grade mantels at the price of medium. A hackneyed statement, but true in this case, and possible because we are located in the heart of the hardwood country, with labor conditions much in our favor. All intermediate profits are eliminated, you are dealing with the manufacturer direct.

Our little book "Evidence" is proof and will be sent free if you will state number of mantels wanted.

Our elegant 72 page catalogue (11 by 14 inches) of mantels, grates, tiles, etc., is the most complete book of its kind ever issued. This and our copyrighted supplement entitled "Colonial Beauties," both sent on receipt of 12 cents to pay actual postage.



KING MANTEL CO.
631 Gay St.
Knoxville
Tenn.

"THE STAR" Asbestos Pad

for Dining
Tables



THE only protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes.

Easy to handle; MADE TO FOLD to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless. Made to order for any size table. Leaves for extension if required.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square, or oblong, 5 to 18 inches in size.

Write for descriptive booklet

L. W. KERNEY & CO., 249 W. 62d St, Chicago, Ill.

THE TIFFANY STVDIOS AS INTERIOR DECORATORS

THE art of interior decoration—practised by many—is mastered by few. It is seldom that within the scope of one organization, are found all of those facilities which the thorough execution of an elaborate decorative plan, demands.

The Tiffany Stvdios form a complete center of the interior decorative art. Whether they be looked to for the initial conception of a plan of decorative treatment, or to execute the details of an architect's specifications, their organization contains the artist and the artisan trained in intellect and ability to conceive and carry out each step.

These steps comprise planning the scheme of treatment as a whole, also the working out of its details, which include cabinet trim, wall and ceiling decoration, stone and metal ornamentation, leaded glass windows, floor coverings, tapestries, hangings and furniture.

The many successes the Tiffany Stvdios have achieved in the decoration of churches, houses and public buildings, testify to the extensiveness of their activities.

Correspondence is invited relative to suggestions, preliminary sketches and estimates.

TIFFANY STVDIOS
MADISON AVENUE & 45TH STREET
NEW YORK

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace **Saves One-Half to Two-Thirds on Your Coal Bill**

And does it clean as a whistle
Cuts out all your heating troubles

Of course you have heard of the Peck-Williamson Underfeed. But did you ever get down to solid thinking as to what it will accomplish in your home—the money it will save, and the comfort it will bring?

Right now is the time to consider this question, when the matter of fuel expense is fresh in your mind—when the stub-ends of your check-book remind you that you've been hit, and hit hard by that coal-greedy heater in your cellar.

There is a way out of this needless expenditure and annoyance. It is by the installation of the one furnace built on scientific principles.

The One Furnace That ***Burns RIGHT END UP*** ***That Almost 'Tends Itself***

In other furnaces, which burn wrong-end up, the fresh fuel smothers and dulls the fire at least twice a day. Even with the best grade of coal you must be forever coaxing them. Unburnt gases and smoke go up the chimney—a big waste of heat.

In the P.-W. Underfeed the fire is fed from below, it is always aglow at the top with uninterrupted heat. In this furnace a ton of cheapest grade coal is made to produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade. The gases and smoke are consumed as they pass through the fire, immunity from smoke, gas and dirt; no clinkers, less ashes; simple and strong in construction; easy to operate.



Dr. G. H. Henderson, a prominent dentist of Springfield, Ills., in a recent letter, tells of the saving and satisfaction of the Underfeed:

"My coal bill for the Winter was \$20.25, a saving of \$13 over the previous Winter, and this in spite of the fact that I built to the house a kitchen, pantry and bath-room last Summer. I have no trouble in regulating the Underfeed. I never saw black smoke coming out of the chimney. From my experience with furnaces I unhesitatingly say the Peck-Williamson Underfeed is the cheapest, cleanest and best furnace I ever have used."

We will gladly send you an interesting Underfeed book, explaining scientific points of construction and superiority, and fac-simile letters, all voluntary, fully substantiating every claim we make.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department absolutely Free. Don't delay—write to-day—and please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 337 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.

Berkey & Gay

Furniture Co.

Grand Rapids Mich.

The Auto Valet

The Auto Valet which we brought out for the first time in the summer of 1904 is undoubtedly the most successful novel piece of high grade furniture that has been offered the public.

Its popularity is due to the fact that it is exactly what the well-groomed man needs.

His requirements have been considered most searchingly and the result is a piece of furniture that completely supplies each need in a convenient, satisfactory way that admits of no criticism.

There is a place for each thing from an overcoat to a fastener for a white button and all included in a handsome mahogany or oak cabinet that is the highest attainment in furniture workmanship.

There are six nickel-plated frames for suits—each one can be tipped forward; trousers hangers, shaving mirror, secret drawers, hat compartment, drawers for linen and underwear; racks for ties and cuffs; boxes for shoes, jewelry and buttons.

Auto Valets are made in several patterns, beginning at a low price, in mahogany or quarter-sawn oak, finished any shade.

Our Shop-mark guarantee

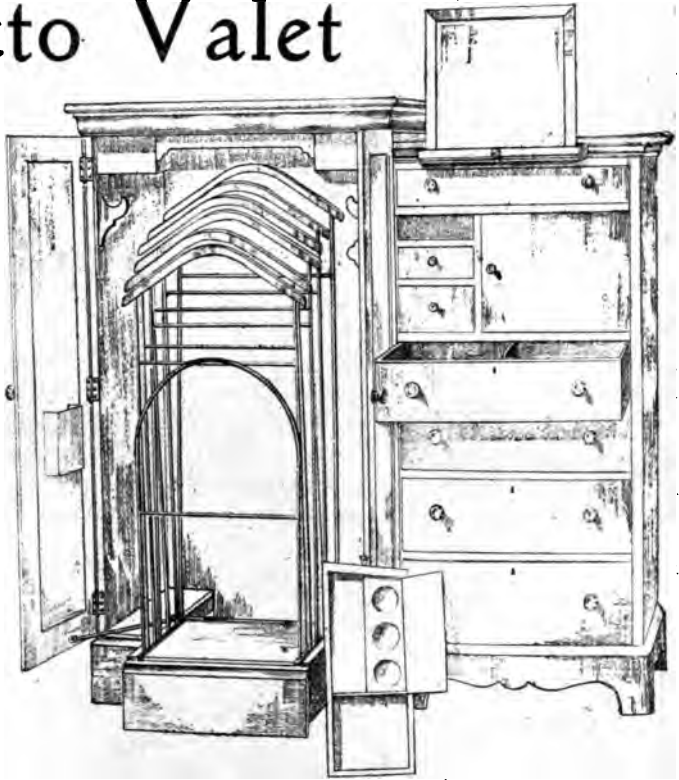


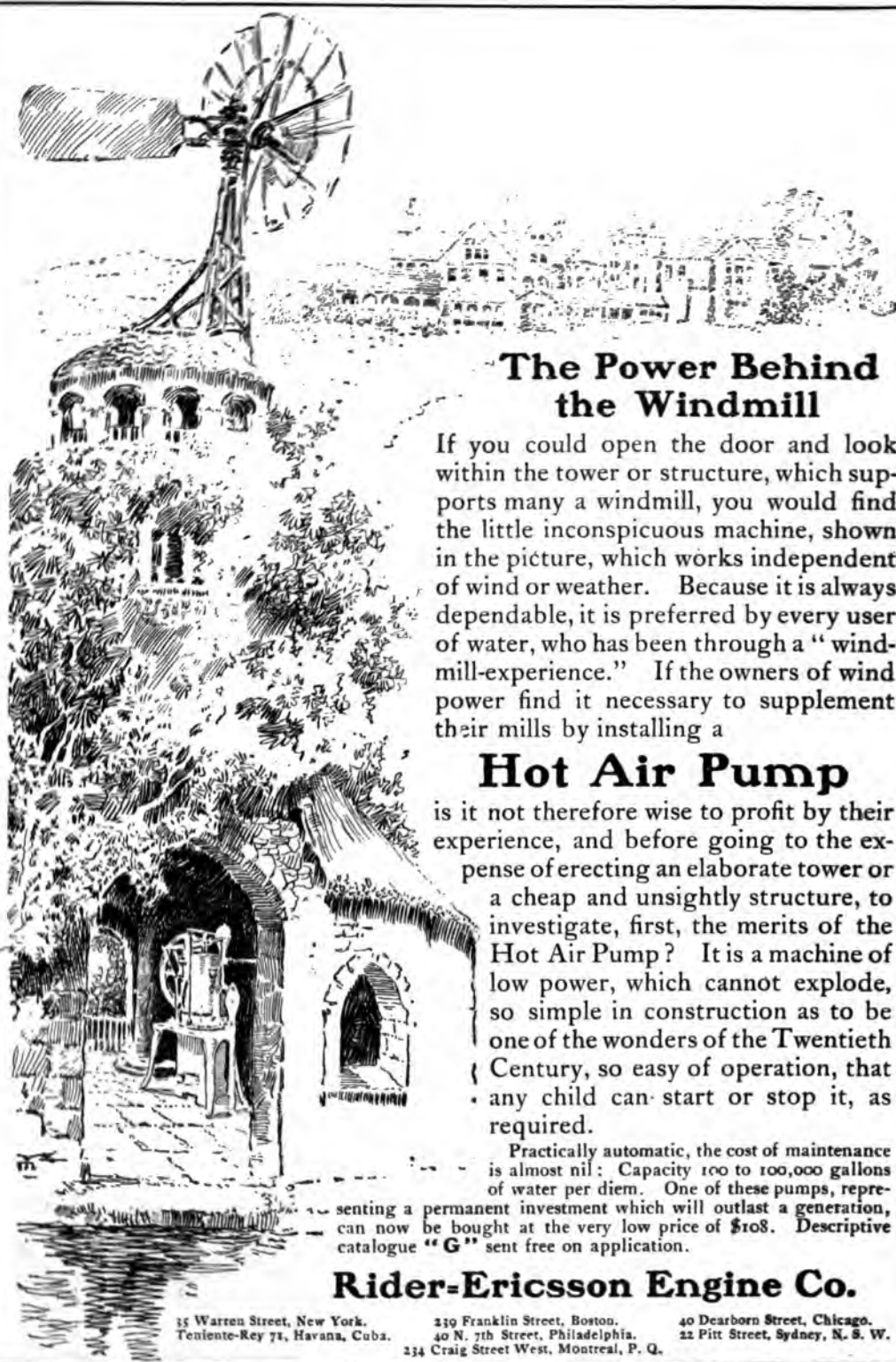
for Furniture of Character.

Our booklet on the Auto Valet tells more about it and the different patterns in which it is made. Can be had on request—address Dept. F.

We would also like to have you ask us for our illustrations of "Forefather Furniture" showing what we consider Furniture of Character.

All of our product can be distinguished by the shop-mark which is inlaid in the wood itself in every piece. Leading furniture dealers handle it.





The Power Behind the Windmill

If you could open the door and look within the tower or structure, which supports many a windmill, you would find the little inconspicuous machine, shown in the picture, which works independent of wind or weather. Because it is always dependable, it is preferred by every user of water, who has been through a "windmill-experience." If the owners of wind power find it necessary to supplement their mills by installing a

Hot Air Pump

is it not therefore wise to profit by their experience, and before going to the expense of erecting an elaborate tower or a cheap and unsightly structure, to investigate, first, the merits of the Hot Air Pump? It is a machine of low power, which cannot explode, so simple in construction as to be one of the wonders of the Twentieth Century, so easy of operation, that any child can start or stop it, as required.

Practically automatic, the cost of maintenance is almost nil: Capacity 100 to 100,000 gallons of water per diem. One of these pumps, representing a permanent investment which will outlast a generation, can now be bought at the very low price of \$108. Descriptive catalogue "G" sent free on application.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

15 Warren Street, New York.
Teniente-Rey 71, Havana, Cuba.

219 Franklin Street, Boston.
40 N. 7th Street, Philadelphia.
234 Craig Street West, Montreal, P. Q.

40 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
22 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

There is a good reason
why you can

"Hammer the Hammer"

of a loaded Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without having it go off—why you can kick it, bang it, drop it, put dents in the wall with it—all with *perfect safety*.

THIS IS THE REASON:

The Hammer never touches the firing pin. When the trigger is pulled all the way back

The Safety Lever is raised to a point between

The Firing Pin and the revolver hammer, where it receives the hammer blow, and transmits it to the firing pin, resulting in a sure discharge of the weapon.

THAT'S WHY AN

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

is not subject to the invariable cause of accidental discharge, namely, "a blow on the hammer."

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," treats upon all the points necessary to fully explain this safety principle and tells you also why it's accurate and reliable. Gladly sent on request together with our handsome catalogue.

Hammer \$5-- Hammerless \$6

For sale everywhere by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers. Look for our name on the barrel and the Owl's Head on the grip.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
136 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers Street.

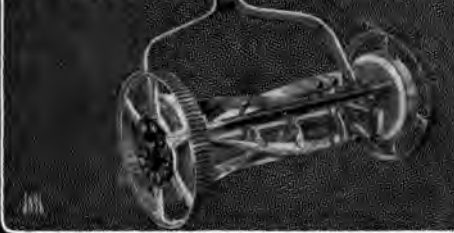
Pacific Coast Branch:

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY. Do not accept any substitute.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease"

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For nearly fifty years we have made Rose growing a specialty. With seventy greenhouses and a stock of over one million plants, we may fairly claim to be the **Leading Rose Growers of America**. Once a year we make this special offer of **Our Great Trial Collection of 18 D. & C. Roses for \$1.00**. Sent by mail postpaid anywhere in the United States. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Each variety labeled. Superb, strong, hardy ever-blooming kinds; no two alike. All on their own roots. Will bloom continuously this year. The collection includes the famous **Baby Rambler** Rose that blooms every day in the year; **Keystone**, the only hardy ever-blooming Yellow Climbing Rose; also **Pink Maman Cochet**, the queen of all pink garden Roses. Orders booked for delivery when directed.

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70 Greenhouses. Established 1850.

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*Hardy Shrubs, Trees, Vines,
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A large and fine stock of well-rooted plants, grown in sandy loam. Good plants: best sizes for planting; very cheap. Priced catalogue free on application.

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"HENDERSON" LAWN GRASS SEED.

25c. per quart, \$1.50 per peck, \$5.00 per bushel. 1 quart sows 300 square feet

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is apt not to receive much attention until at some critical moment it fails to do its work. Then you'll wish you hadn't been content with "any old battery."



The **SPECIAL 1900 RAPID FIRE** cell solves satisfactorily the oft annoying ignition problem. It's made expressly for automobile ignition service.

If your dealer hasn't "**RAPID FIRE**" batteries let us send them to you direct.

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anything you may need in the way of a vehicle or harness. We make a complete line and offer the largest choice of styles and variety. With us it is **QUALITY** first, price afterward. There may be "cheaper" buggies than ours, but we can prove there are none better. We have pleased thousands of others and can do the same for you. Remember our **GUARANTEE** "Satisfaction or Money Back."




Write to-day for our new Catalog. It is **FREE**.
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A painting and Whitewashing Machine
DOES THE WORK OF 20 MEN
with brushes, and does it better. Send for Catalogue No. 1, which is free. **J. A. del SOLAR, 108 Fulton St., New York, N.Y.**

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I grow in quantity here in cold New England are the best hardy garden sorts, the old reliable kinds that everybody wants for the border or shady corner. Also the best hardy Ferns and Wild Flowers of New England suitable for cultivation. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.

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SOUTHWICK - - - MASS.

 **GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE** of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains **Fine Chromo**, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents.
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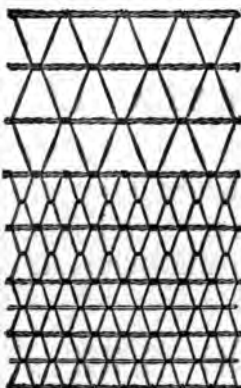
The simple, sure, dependable kind. Used by thousands of successful poultrymen and women. Our free **Incubator Book** tells about them—tells how to make poultry pay. 24 years experience. Don't buy until you read it. Warehouses: Buffalo, Kansas City, St. Paul.



We pay the freight Address
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We guarantee Ellwood Fence because we know how it is made. All the resources of the greatest steel and wire mills in the world are brought to bear in getting as near perfection as it is possible.



We mine the ore from our own mines, make it into steel in our own mills, draw it into wire and weave it into the fence—all under our own eyes from the ground until it is ready to staple to the posts. The best known processes are employed. Dealers in every place.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE CO.

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INVESTIGATE THE POULTRY BUSINESS

Write for a free copy of my book which describes the

Profitable Combinations
OF

Egg, Broiler & Roaster Farms



It gives the prices paid for eggs and poultry week by week for the past three years. It tells how and when a hatch taken off each week in the year could be most profitably marketed. It shows how you can make \$2.00 on a large winter roaster. It tells what profits can be made with each of the popular breeds, and the costs of production.

I have helped thousands to make money with poultry. My Model Incubators and Brooders are used on the money-making farms. It is my business to teach those who use them to do so profitably. Whether your needs are small or large, I will furnish, without charge, estimates and plans for a complete equipment that will insure success without your spending a dollar uselessly. Send for my complete literature.

CHAS. A. GYPHERS

4549 Henry St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Fitchburg Puritan Cloths

(London Shrunk)

Unsurpassed at Home and Abroad

Made of the purest wool obtainable on the highest type of worsted machinery by the largest and best equipped concern engaged in this manufacture in the world.

Why do You Ask Your Tailor for Imported Cloths ?

Undoubtedly because you are under the impression that foreign fabrics are superior to or better styled than those of our manufacture.

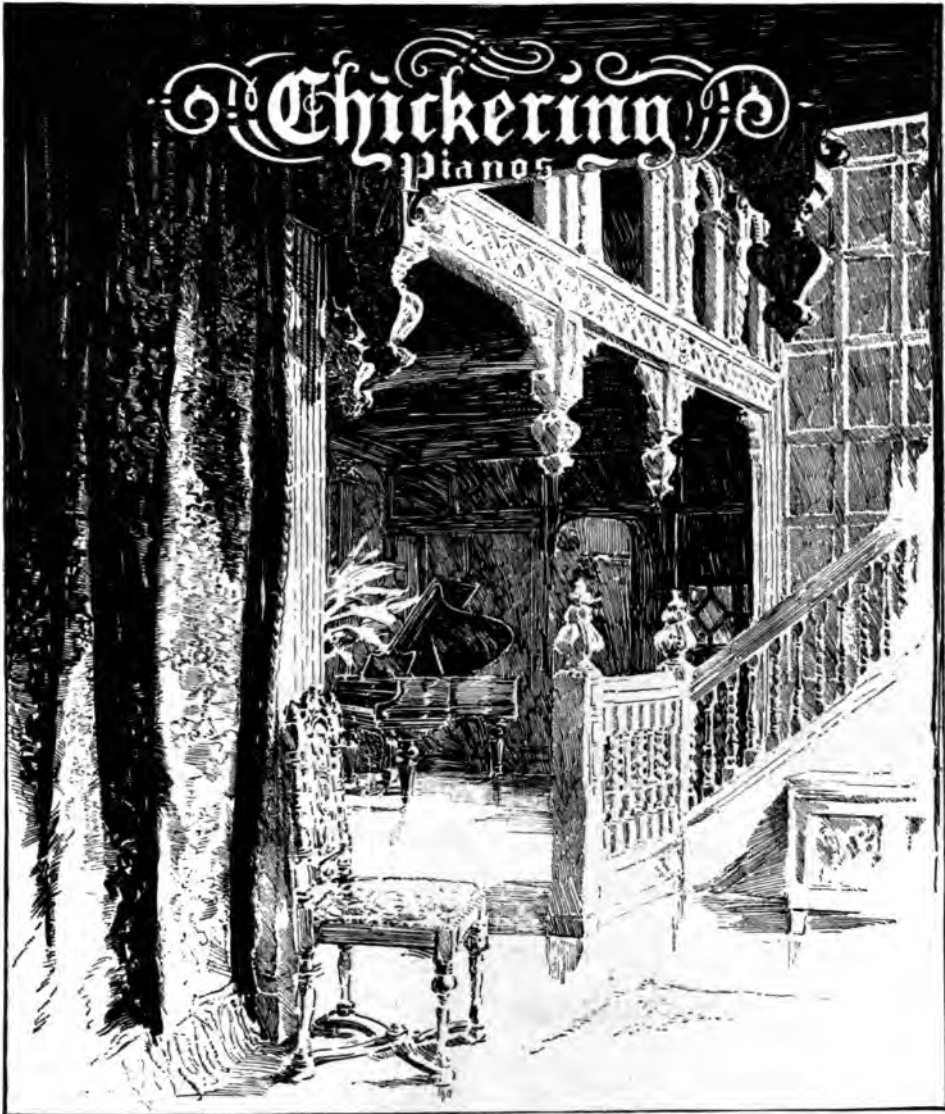
Would it surprise you to learn that nine-tenths of the "imported" goods shown you are of domestic production ?

**Just ask to be shown a piece of Fitchburg
Puritan Cloth and satisfy yourself.**



American Woolen Company

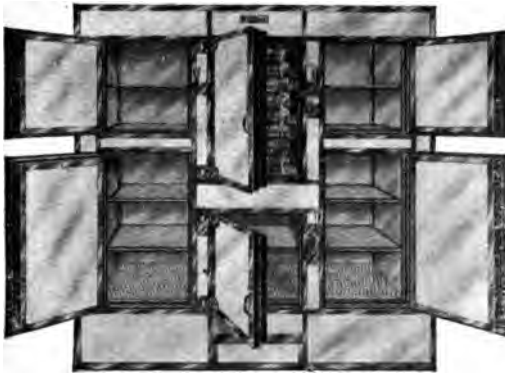
WM. M. WOOD, President, Boston, Me ss.



IN all departments of the arts and sciences the oldest devotees are the most perfect in their profession. ¶ The subtle knowledge that comes of a life-long experience is intensified in the making of Chickering Pianos. ¶ The founder of this house began in 1823, more than eighty-one years ago, to make the pianos that bear his name. ¶ Always famous for the excellence of their tone, they are to-day the unquestioned superiors of all others. ¶ Catalogue upon request.

We would especially call attention to the "Quarter ($\frac{1}{4}$) Grand," the smallest Grand embodying modern principles ever made.

CHICKERING & SONS, 789 Tremont Street, Fenway Station, BOSTON
Established 1823



One Refrigerator Uses 50 lbs. of Ice a Day Another only 25 lbs.

You ought to know the reason for this great difference in the ice bills before you buy a new refrigerator. You pay for an "Ice Eating" refrigerator over and over again while a good refrigerator soon pays for itself in saving of ice.

When you go into a store to buy a refrigerator, the dealer will tell you about the refrigerator he has to sell—he will not tell you the good points of other refrigerators, nor will he tell you the bad points about his refrigerator.

Let us Tell You Why

the McCray Refrigerator is the best refrigerator built—why it uses less ice and why it protects your health.

Your name and address on a postal card will bring you our large catalogue, and a valuable book "How to Use a Refrigerator."

Zinc-Lined Refrigerators Cause Disease

The zinc corrodes and the oxides poison milk and food, causing serious disease. An unsanitary refrigerator, (whether lined with zinc or anything else) often causes serious sickness, yet few people think of laying the blame where it actually belongs. Children are especially liable to sickness caused by refrigerator poisoned milk.

McCray Refrigerators Opal Glass, Tile, or White Wood Lined

are built in all sizes for Residences, Clubs, Hotels, Hospitals, Grocers, Markets, Florists, etc. Endorsed by physicians, hospitals, and prominent people. The McCray System of Refrigeration insures a perfect circulation of pure cold air so absolutely dry that salt and matches can be kept in a McCray Refrigerator without getting damp. McCray Refrigerators are lined throughout with Opal Glass, Tile, or Odorless White Wood, (no zinc is used.) They are dry, clean and hygienic, of superior construction, are unequalled for economy of ice and can be iced from outside of house. Every refrigerator is guaranteed.

McCray Refrigerators are also built to order. Catalogues and estimates free.

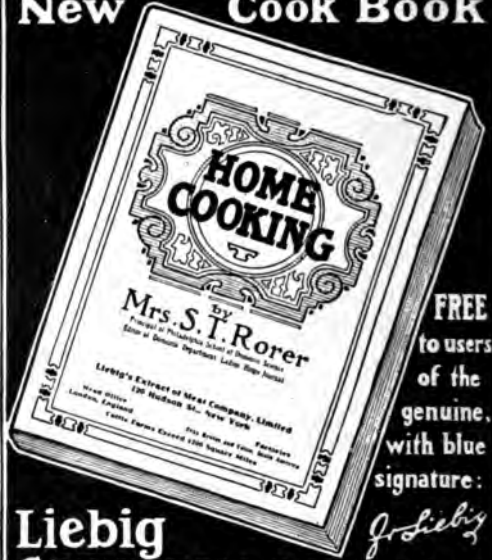
Catalogue No. 81 for Residences, No. 46 for Hotels, Public Institutions, etc., No. 57 for Meat Markets, 64 for Grocers, No. 71 for Florists.

McCray Refrigerator Company

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of the
genuine,
with blue
signature:

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Send postal asking for New Cook Book to
Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., Ltd.,
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Leonard Cleanable Porcelain Lined Refrigerators



Excel all others. The porcelain lining is real porcelain fused on sheet steel and indestructible. The Doors are air-tight. This means your Ice Bill is cut in half.

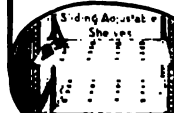
The shelves slide in metal bars and are adjustable to any height (see cut.) There are nine walls to preserve the ice—(see cut below.)

Best style, 36x22x46
Polished Oak Case
Quarter Sawed Panels
\$27.50

The price is $\frac{1}{3}$ less than tile lining and the refrigerator better. Write for free sample of porcelain lining and catalog showing 50 other styles.

For sale by all the best dealers or will ship direct from factory. Freight prepaid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Beware of imitations made with white paint; the lead is poisonous and not durable, you can scratch it with a pin.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY,
12 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



The LEONARD LOCK that makes it AIR TIGHT



How the Railroads Determined Which Refrigerator Is Best

REFRIGERATION is a business with the railroads. The saving in "keeping things" longer means thousands of dollars to them for every extra hour.

So one after another, separately and individually, they made every conceivable test of every known system of refrigeration.

The truly wonderful result is that every railroad in America uses the Bohn Syphon System exclusively.

* * *

Now, that means something startling to every housewife. For can you estimate how many dollars' worth of milk and other foods spoil on *your* hands every year?

If you could, you wouldn't be without the low cost

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

because that awful waste amounts to many thousands of dollars more, every year, than is spent for all kinds of refrigerators.

* * *

How the Bohn "Keeps Things" Longer

You know it's germ life that sours milk and spoils other foods.

Well, while cold discourages germ life, moisture encourages it. And that's why other refrigerators can't "keep things" as long as a Bohn—the moisture helps the germs multiply almost as fast as the cold hinders them. And it's the moisture that carries the odor and taste from one food to another, until everything in the provision chamber tastes alike.

The Bohn is so much colder and *drier* than any other because the Syphons pass the air through the ice chamber so many more times, and don't let it stay there long enough to absorb moisture from the melting ice,—and carry contamination from food to food.

The never-failing thermometer proves the Bohn 10 to 20 degrees colder than any other—so, of course, even the ice keeps longer.

And the Bohn is so dry you can keep matches in it—and they'll light. Put matches in *your* refrigerator tonight and see if you can strike them in the morning. If you can't, remember the same moisture that put your matches out of business is breeding souring germs in your milk and making that milk

taste of cantalope or something else you are keeping cold.

Things "keep" right in a Bohn, and keep enough longer to soon make up its cost in the waste saved.



"Makes things taste so good"

It's this same wonderful system of refrigeration we want you to

Try for 10 Days FREE

in your own home so you can know for yourself how *much* longer the BOHN really does keep perishable foods.

Then, too, you must see a Bohn to appreciate its beauty. Opalite or Enamel Lined—Finest durable cabinet construction finish.

* * *

Our dealer will deliver one for you to try,—or we will direct, freight prepaid. Keep it and use it for 10 days—if it doesn't "prove up," tell the dealer to come and get it, or send it back at our expense.

56-Page Book on "Keeping Things" FREE

This book gives valuable information about keeping all kinds of perishable foods; illustrates and describes regular and special Bohn Syphon Refrigerators for homes, clubs, restaurants, private cars and yachts, and at low prices varying according to size. You can use this book whether you need a new Refrigerator or not, and we want to send you one free, so write for it today.

We export to every country on the globe.

White Enamel Refrigerator Company
1369 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Made of Glass



Get the Book

OPAL Refrigerators

Ice-cold! Glass-clean! The combination is the nearest thing to perfection in food protection, and is found only in the OPAL REFRIGERATOR.

Perfect food protection is equally important with critical food selection. That is why you will be interested—vitaly interested—in our Book. We send it free. It tells you all about the OPAL REFRIGERATOR; the wonderful snow-white glass of which it is made; the simple and sanitary construction that makes it easy to keep it spotless and odorless inside and out—as clean, and as easily cleanable as a glass bowl.

All OPAL REFRIGERATORS are lined throughout, ice and provision chambers alike, with heavy Opal Glass. Will never crack or "craze," and is practically everlasting. Absolutely non-absorbent and non-corrosive. Galvanized ice rack, removable for cleaning. Top, base, walls and doors insulated with one-inch wall of Compressed Block Granite Wool, two courses of insulating fibre and one inch dead air space. 25 per cent. saving in ice guaranteed.

Furnished with either Opal exterior or oak case. Write for illustrated book and detailed descriptions of the most perfect refrigerator in the world. The Book is **FREE**.

EUREKA REFRIGERATOR CO., Box F, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Oriole Go-Basket

The Automatic Nurse

Makes straight-backed children

Possesses superior advantages peculiar to itself. In addition, takes the place of Go-Cart, Folding Go-Cart, High Chair, Jumpet, Bassinet, and is an improvement on each. Useful from birth to three years. Light and strong. **Saves from \$5 to \$20 on baby's needs.** Read these extracts from **Unsolicited Testimonials**:

"Baby loves to sleep in it." **E. E. KAUFMAN, Lancaster, Pa.**

"I would not take \$100 for mine." **MRS. NELLIE COCKRELL, St. Louis, Mo.**

"Baby cries for it every time he sees it." **MRS. C. F. MCNEILL, Fern Hill, Wash.**

"I consider it as necessary as Baby's clothes." **MRS. FRANK SPROULS, Denison, Texas.**

Write to-day for **FREE booklet. T-It's how to secure an Oriole Go-Basket C. O. D., with privilege of examination.**

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For Bathrooms, Halls, Restaurants, Lavatories, Kitchens

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Designs and colorings suitable for every purpose. Nothing else "just like it."

"**ENAMETILE**" has been successfully used from Turkish Baths to Refrigerators, and endorsed by representative architects. **Sample and Catalog** mailed **FREE**, with instructions for erecting, if dealer don't supply.

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AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 456 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Just \$94.50 for this complete launch. This is not a small rowboat with an engine, but a full sized modern power boat. We are the largest manufacturers of power boats, canoes and dinghies in the world. Write to-day for catalog.

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DETROIT BOAT CO. 1290 JEFFERSON AVE. DETROIT, MICH. MEMBERS N.A.A.S.P. BOAT & YACHTING



**60 Day
Free Trial**

Lowest Factory Prices

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

THE Monroe Refrigerator is ready to *prove* its superiority to your satisfaction, right in your own home—free of any expense or obligation on your part. Just write us. We will send you the Monroe Catalogue. Pick out the style you want to try. We will send you the Refrigerator you select, all prepaid. Test it in your home for 60 days. If it is not all we claim, if it isn't satisfactory to you, just notify us and return it at our expense. The test won't cost you a cent.

We make this 60-Day Free Trial Offer because we want you to *convince yourself* of the superiority of the Monroe Refrigerator through *actual use*—not because of any statements that we make.

We are the only refrigerator manufacturers who dare to make such an offer, and we alone can afford to do this because we *know* the Monroe will stand such a test. If it *couldn't* stand the test we couldn't afford to send it on a 60-Day Free Trial, because every one would come back to us.

You cannot buy a Monroe Refrigerator or anything like it from *any* dealer or agent. We sell direct to you, and to you we are directly responsible.

Send us your name and address now.

Keep Sickness Out of Your Home

The Only Refrigerator that is
FREE of Breeding Places for
Disease Germs—

DO you know how to tell a *good* refrigerator from a *bad* one? *Look into the food compartments.* They *always* tell you the *whole truth* about a refrigerator.

Are the food compartments made up of *separate pieces*? Do you see metal, porous, tiles or thin, easily-broken glass, or white enamel on metal? Do you see slats, joints, bands, screw-heads, cement, cracks, corners, crevices? Well, all such places get clogged up with decaying food and germ life. You *can't* get at them to clean them out. They absorb moisture. They throw out foul, poisonous gases—as dangerous to health as sewer gas. Foods—particularly butter and milk—readily absorb these gases. So food is *poisoned*. It is known that cholera infantum is often caused by it. Typhoid fever has been traced to it, many times. Ask your physician.

You can see why such refrigerators furnish ideal breeding places for the germs which *cause decay and disease*. A refrigerator like that is—or would be—a constant menace to the health of your family.

The "Monroe"

Now—open the door of a *Monroe* Refrigerator. The rush of cold, pure air makes you hungry. You look into food compartments of smooth, solid, snow-white, unbreakable Porcelain ware, made in one single piece with rounded corners. As fine and dainty as Haviland China. The food in there looks as inviting as if set upon your spotless table linen. No darkness, no dampness, no cracks or corners to hide decaying food and germs.

Now, you know why a *Monroe* Refrigerator is *really* free from germs—gases—odors. That's why food preserved in a *Monroe* Refrigerator actually *tastes better* and does not lose a particle of its *nutritive power and digestibility*. Food loses all its good qualities to some extent if kept for any length of time in any other refrigerator where it is subject to the attacks of germs and gases.

The Porcelain Food Compartments in the *Monroe* Refrigerator are as easily cleaned as a china dish. This Porcelain can't discolor, crack, chip, break, craze or absorb moisture. Tap it and see how solid it is. Pass your hand over it—see how smooth. There is only one way to make Porcelain food compartments like this. We have patented the only way. No other refrigerator maker can use them.

Monroe Refrigerators maintain a perfect, dry air circulation. They're always dry. Unequalled as ice-economizers. The one and a quarter inch thickness of Porcelain naturally stays *stone cold* and helps economize ice.

Monroe Refrigerators are made of the choicest materials and faultlessly finished. Perfect cabinet work.

A *Monroe* Refrigerator lasts a lifetime. The food of a lifetime goes into it. Health largely depends upon it. Ice bills entirely depend upon it. That's why it pays to get the best—the *Monroe*.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

Station C Lockland

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers of Solid Porcelain Refrigerators

The Billion-Dollar Steel Trust

THE development of the Steel and Iron Industry is an **absolute** romance. No other business has ever plunged forward **with** such titanic strides. Indeed, the last thirty years have **produced** more Iron and Steel than all the previous years of known **history** in the entire world.

The story of this marvelous development, which covers **the** Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, the men creating it and the **properties** entering into it, begins in

Munsey's Magazine

FOR APRIL (issued March 24th)

It gives the complete history of Iron and Steel making in America from the first feeble efforts in the early days of the Colonies to the present time. And in this history is incidentally the Story of a Thousand Millionaires—real people of our own country, not creations of fancy. **George Washington's father and Abraham Lincoln's great-great-grandfather were both ironmasters. The molding and shaping of iron makes men—strong men.**

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

which is the fourth in our great series of Race Articles, also appears in the April MUNSEY. This series covers **The Jews in America, The Scotch, The Germans, The Irish, The English, The French, The Dutch, The Canadians, The Welsh, The Scandinavians, The Spaniards, The Italians, and finally The Americans in America.**

**DON'T MISS THIS STORY OF STEEL AND THESE RACE
ARTICLES. AND DON'T LET YOUR FRIENDS MISS THEM.**

F r a n k A . M u n s e y .



The Wage Earners' Declaration of Independence

Everybody knows what the stroke of a pen did for this great nation.
Do you realize what the stroke of a pen or pencil will do for you?

The Coupon shown below is the Wage Earners' Declaration of Independence.

Signed as directed it opens the way to freedom from overwork and underpay. Because the welfare of those who sign it becomes of interest to the International Correspondence Schools; that great institution founded and maintained for the benefit of workers who would otherwise spend a life time struggling in poorly paid positions.

The signing of this coupon costs nothing, it simply gives the I. C. S. an opportunity to demonstrate how you may qualify for promotion in your present line of work or for a better salary in a more congenial occupation.

Is it possible that there is a small salaried man anywhere, so lacking in the desire for success, as to pass this offer made by an institution of world-wide standing, the records of which show the names and addresses of thousands—men who have been made independent by this easy method.

Sign your Declaration of Independence and mail it to-day.

International Correspondence Schools Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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... The **J.B.** Corset

Most women know from experience that the J. B. Corset is the embodiment of Grace, Comfort and Durability.

They know, moreover, that each season's New Models are creations—not copies; and that they may be absolutely depended upon for *Correct Style* as well as for every other excellence that it is possible to put into a corset.

Style 513, here illustrated, is made of fine batiste, handsomely trimmed with lace and ribbon, with front and side supporters attached; suitable for the average figure; price **\$2.00**

Other styles from \$1.00 upward. Catalogue mailed to any address upon request.

Note:—Leading retailers all over the United States sell and recommend the J. B. Corset. If yours doesn't you may send your order direct to us with the certainty that it will be promptly filled.

Joseph Beckel & Company,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
434 Broadway, New York



THE
Packard
SHOE FOR MEN



\$3.50 \$4.00
\$5.00


No. 310
Patent Colt
Lace Oxford
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Price, \$4.00

Packard Shoes are sold by leading retailers in every city. If not found, write us, giving size and width and enclosing price, and we will send you the shoes postpaid anywhere in the United States. Address Dept. C.

M.A. PACKARD COMPANY
SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON, MASS.

Shur-On



Eye-glasses

You don't run any risk of getting defective material when you buy *Shur-On*. We back them up with this guarantee: Any broken part of

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within one year, by any optician in the United States.


All shapes at all opticians. *Shur-On* on every pair.

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Contains information of value to everybody. Free for the name of your optician.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. C.
Established 1864. Rochester, N. Y.

When you buy a Rain Coat ask for the
genuine
"Cravenette"
"Rain will neither wet nor spot them."

Be sure to look for
this circular trade-
mark stamped on the
cloth, and this label at
the coat collar or else-
where.



Rain Coats with-
out this trade-
mark are cheap
imitations and are
not rain-proof.

Write for interesting booklet—FREE.

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Manufacturers of Black Dress Goods, Mohairs,
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MONTREAL, CANADA.

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and nourishes the skin roughened by
spring winds. As an April shower
brings forth the delicate tints of
the flowers, so does LABLACHE
rejuvenate and beautify the com-
plexions of those who use it.

Refuse substitutes. They may
be dangerous. Flesh, White,
Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of
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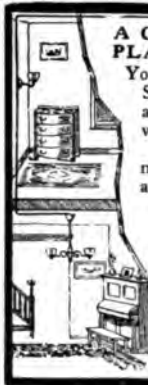
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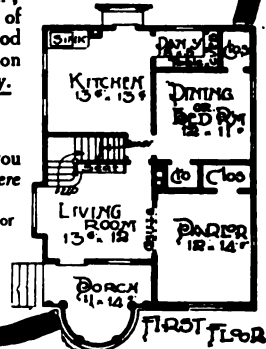
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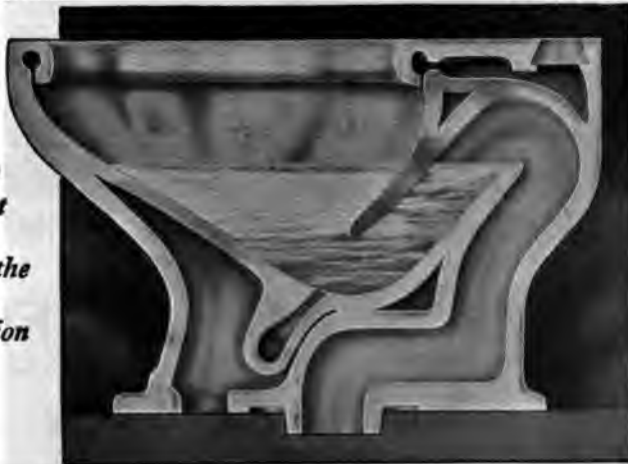
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together with our question-blank, which, filled out, will bring an answer (free) telling what treatment your floor needs.

We guarantee our finishes to give entire satisfaction when used as directed, or refund your money.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
Dept. L, Cincinnati, Ohio
Largest exclusive manufacturers
of Floor Wax in the world.



To any one sending before July 1906 the name of their dealer in paints and roc. to pay for forwarding, we will send — only one to a family —

FREE A FULL SIZE 25c BOX OF "OUR FAVORITE" GOLD ENAMEL.

Rare Chance to Housewives

to be convinced of the rich smooth, durable Gold surface easily obtained, by any one, on frames, chairs, baskets, bric-a-brac, gas and lamp fixtures, etc., with

"Our Favorite" Gold Enamel (WASHABLE)

Easily applied and articles gold enameled with it can be handled without rubbing or tarnishing, and restored by washing, if need be.

"SAPOLIN" ALUMINUM ENAMEL

A brilliant untarnishable, washable, silver finish for any surface, indoors or out. For Sinks, Pipes, Railings, Garden Seats, Auto Motors, Yachts, etc. ¼ pint can 20 cents and larger sizes.

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Steel Row Boats
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BUYS STEEL LAUNCH
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One Mail has Contained 143 Orders
PEOPLE'S LAUNCHES
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DETROIT STEEL BOAT WORKS
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All the Standard Machines **SOLD** or **RENTED** ANYWHERE at 1/2 to 3/4 **W.P.'S PRICES**, allowing **RENTAL** TO **APPLY** ON **PRICE**. Shipped with privilege of examination. **Write for Illustrated Catalog**
TYPEWRITER REPORIUM, 308 LaSalle St., CHICAGO

¶ When the President of a Well-known Corporation found the (carbon) file-copy of an important letter so blurred in correcting that he couldn't prove whether he "did" or "did not" agree to do a certain thing—he declared in disgust that even

the mussy, slow-going letter press was preferable to carbon-copy in-accuracy. ¶ It was just then that a "Y and E" man happened in. ¶ "Let me put in a "Y and E" Letter Copier on thirty days' free trial"—he proposed. ¶ The "Y and E" Copier came, and *it stayed!* And note this: It produced *facsimile* file-copies, infinitely Clearer and 60 per cent. Cheaper than carbon copies, and in *half the time* required to insert second sheets, etc. ¶ We'll mail to any business or professional man "Y and E" Copier Catalog 326; Sample of Work; and Special Free Trial Offer—*write or phone us!*



(1) "Y and E" Copying Paper is a continuous roll (instantly inserted)—making about 2000 copies at a cost of only 50 cents.

(2) Perfectly even pressure of letter against copying paper is secured by pressure roller. You can make THREE TO FIVE PERFECT FACSIMILE COPIES of each letter, and you can decide AFTER the letter is written just how many copies you want!



(3) A practical demonstration at any of our stores, or better still—"Y and E" Copier on 30 days' free trial—will convince you that it will save 60 PER CENT. of your present copying expense.

(4) Copies wind automatically on a drying reel. The continuous strip of paper is broken and copies are quickly separated by a cutting knife, for filing IN ORDER OF DATE with original letters.

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Look up our Local Phone Numbers
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Easy to Remember,
"Y and E"



Stands for
Simpler
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Mimeograph Letters

- Are quickly prepared—
- Are cheaper than printing—
- Are all done in your own office and therefore as confidential as an individual letter—
- Are done when you want them and not at the convenience of a printer—
- Can be made personal by using our ink-matching ribbons to fill in the address.

The New Edison Rotary Mimeograph



turns out letters at the rate of one a second.

The stencil is written on the type-writer on a prepared paper. This goes into the machine and the rest is merely turning the crank.

Let us tell you how the Mimeograph expedites business.

Your name on a postal will bring our booklet.

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Because it is the only machine on which a simple key touch does the work.

Others have a handle that must be pulled for each item added. It takes time and labor to pull that handle.

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We have thousands of pleased customers who doubted this at one time. They tried it and now see the result in reduced expenses.

Suppose you try it? For the mere asking we would be glad to send full description or furnish a Comptometer to try for thirty days.

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Commercial Brains
measure every typewriter—quality for quality—attribute for attribute—by the

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How approach it in responsiveness—in mechanical perfection. How resemble it in appearance, design and finish. Its increasing fame makes permanent the Standard—

THE ORIGINAL OF ITS KIND
Imitations are Never so Good

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CLASS OF WORK TABULATION
TOUCH TURNED OUT
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Columbia
THE ONLY TYPEWRITER

That has all the WORK in sight all the time
That is made with both "Duplicate" or Shift-key Keyboards
That will write a letter, Invoice, Postcard, with equal facility
That will manifold and cut Stencils in correct alignment
That will address 350 Envelopes per hour
That will do ALL your work 25 per cent. quicker than other typewriters.

Catalogue furnished by

The Columbia Typewriter Mfg. Co.
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Now, of course, if a man—say in New York, for instance,—has time to succeed in his shirt-sleeves, there is no objection to it. The idea of having as one's address the best hotel, or in writing one's business on the best paper, is not that a man could not succeed in his shirt-sleeves, if he set out to, but that he hasn't time. He gets little things out of the way and proceeds to business.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

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is used by people who know.

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

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The Dividing Line Between

The Ill-Kept Office and the Systematic Office.

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THE RAZALL LOOSE LEAF LEDGER

will bring system into your office. Will save time and money and for that reason is of interest to both business men and bookkeepers. A system which entirely eliminates all dead-wood, retaining only the live, active accounts. It means a big saving in office help. Does away with night work, and makes possible "Accurate Work Quickly done."

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The Standard American Brand OF STEEL PENS

Samples for trial, 12 different numbers for all styles of writing, sent postpaid on receipt of 6 cents postage.

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The 1906 Model

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with its new billing attachments and instantly interchangeable carriages, tabulator and two-color ribbon movement, is the most complete combined

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THE Velvet Grip

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ADDS-SUBTRACTS
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NO MENTAL WORK

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1/4 SIZES **15¢** TWO **25¢** 3/4 SIZES

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The Standard Desk Adding Machine

This machine on your desk for totaling deposit slips, checks, expense accounts, statements, cash book items, ledger accounts, trial balance items, etc., will give you **absolutely correct results** and save hours of time usually lost in locating errors. It is the only **durable** adding machine that is **handy and serviceable**. Guaranteed for two years. Costs from \$15.00 to \$30.00 according to capacity. Sent on **20 DAYS FREE TRIAL** to responsible persons. English Model adds pence into shillings into pounds—45. Architects Model—10th of an inch into inches, into feet. 6 dial—\$20.00. Send for Catalogue No. 5.

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Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.

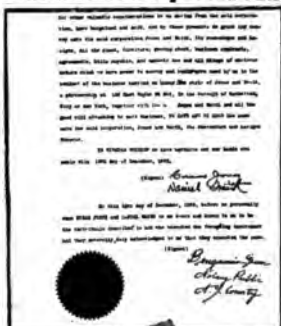
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Adults' 50c. Youths' 25c. Children's 15c. By mail or at dealers. Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."

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Black Record for documents to be preserved



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AMOUNT	PERCENT	AMOUNT	PERCENT
100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00
20.00	20.00	20.00	20.00
30.00	30.00	30.00	30.00
40.00	40.00	40.00	40.00
50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00
60.00	60.00	60.00	60.00
70.00	70.00	70.00	70.00
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The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter gives the business world its three essential kinds of typewriting with **one** machine and **one** ribbon. It writes as the arrow points—record, copying or red, changing from one to another almost instantaneously. Because it combines with this three-color idea all the superior features of the latest regular models, there is no machine so satisfactory and efficient for all around office work as the

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Just a quick, simple pressure of the thumb and **Conklin's Self-Filling Pen** is completely filled. A collapsible ink reservoir in the barrel of the pen compresses, and when released, instantly draws in the ink through the feed channels at the point, filling the **Conklin Pen** ready to write within 10 seconds after it becomes empty. Dispenses entirely with the old-fashioned drop-filler method. So simple that you can't go wrong—you can't get your fingers inky, or entail any loss of time. The lock-ring shown in the lower left hand corner prevents the ink from being forced out after reservoir has been filled, either when pen is in use or in the pocket.

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE Conklin's Self-Filling Pen

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**Combined Detachable Leaf Ledger
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The right hand page shows how all Journal entries are made in duplicate by means of a sheet of carbon paper - the original being torn out at the end of the month and mailed as a statement of the customer's account. The amount shown on the duplicate is then posted as a debit to the ledger leaf at the left, with a corresponding credit posting to the sales or merchandise account.

For \$18.75

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Always ready for use, its great adhesiveness, combined with its keeping qualities in all climates, has made this possible. Invaluable in household use for Furniture, China, Ivory, Books, Leather, and wherever a strong adhesive is desired. Does not set quickly like the old style glue; has four times the strength (Official test, one in. sq. hard pine butt, registered 1620 lbs. before parting). Used by the best mechanics and manufacturers everywhere.

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are like the Glue, unequalled, the best of their kind in the world, and are put up in convenient and attractive packages.

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If not, what he needs is not medicine, but that great natural outdoor developer,—an **"IRISH MAIL"**

The Car that makes the youngsters well, strong and happy. Endorsed by physicians. The "goated" car. Speediest, safest, simplest control. Rubber tired, smooth, easy running. A perfect beauty, finished in coaching green and scarlet. See your dealer. If he can't supply you, we will sell you our "Irish Mail" direct at factory prices. Write today for catalog.

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Express
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Your money back if not satisfied

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Is antiseptic; preserves while it beautifies. No spilling or wasting; convenient and economical.

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STRONG'S Arnica Jelly

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Keeps the skin free from roughness and pimples. Nothing better for sunburn or chapping; also for cuts, bruises, burns and all eruptions. Keeps the skin soft, smooth and delicate. The collapsable metal tube is convenient and unbreakable.

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Cotton Colds are caused by Cotton Underwear "matting" against the skin so that the pores are choked and stop work.

The pores, you know, are our heat regulators. They keep the temperature of the body even and never let it vary more than a degree summer or winter. That is if they are allowed to work. When they stop work you are likely to "catch cold."

Ninety per cent of all colds are Cotton Colds or Woolen Colds—your Doctor will tell you this is true. He will also tell you that you really ought to wear Linen next the skin. And that's about the pleasantest prescription the Doctor ever suggested.

For nothing can compare with the firm, dry, clean feeling of Linen. Linen is immaculate in its cleanliness. Nothing "sticks" to the firm, glossy flax-fibre from which Linen is made.

Linen Mesh is flexible but does not hug the form nor "pack" and "mat," nor does it get perspiration soaked and make you feel "sticky" and uncomfortable, by encasing you in clammy dampness.

The manufacturer's strong wear-guarantee stands behind every garment. If it does not wear satisfactorily your dealer will replace it on his judgment without consulting us—or we will if you deal direct with us. Our sweeping wear-guarantee protects both our dealers and the wearer.



**Kneipp
Wear-Guarantee**

Linen Mesh is a perfect absorbent. But because its threads stand apart as woven the air circulates through it freely—drying it quickly and cooling the body naturally as it is intended perspiration should do.

Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear is best because it is "open weave" next the skin, giving the pores perfect freedom.

And the closer surface-weave protects the body against sudden changes of temperature. The streamers of the seal show a strip of Kneipp Linen Mesh, folded so you can see both sides. But you may have samples for the asking.

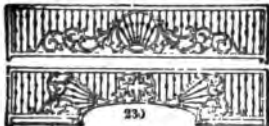
Kneipp Linen is nothing but Linen,—the only unmixed linen underwear.

Sent For Free Inspection

The best dealers everywhere sell Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear for Men, Women and Children. On request we will send samples of the different weights and meshes and give you the names of our dealers in your town. If we have no dealer near you we will send Kneipp Underwear direct to you for free inspection. Write today for free Linen Book. It tells the simple proved truth about Linen for Comfort and Health.

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\$13.25

No. 225—48 x 12 inches, \$1.60. Retail value, \$7.00
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Retail value, \$9.00.
Others from \$2.50 up. Largest assortment. Division
Screens and special Grills to order.

buys this solid oak Mantel, 80 in. high, 54 or 60 in. wide
28 x 16 Mirror. Heavy columns and elaborate capitals.
Tile facing and hearth. Club house grate, \$10.00.
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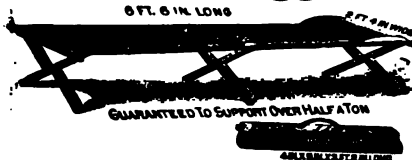
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SUIT CASE FREE
EVEN IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT
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The frames, made of *steel* and *copper*, are less than half as wide and a third as thick as wooden frames.

Finished in enamel or dull antique, they have an inconspicuous beauty and trimness impossible to obtain in wood.

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THE HIGGIN MFG. CO.
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A. B. Chase Small Grand

This is our latest production in grands.

Entirely New Scale throughout.

This piano is small only in actual measurements.

Under our system of construction, the 5 feet 6 inches length of case permits a Volume and Beauty of Tone that is surprising even to those who have learned to expect great results from all.

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Style R is designed to meet the demand for a Grand Piano possessing Power and Purity of Tone and yet not cumbersome in an ordinary sized parlor.

It is a great success.

We have never placed our Unlimited Warranty on an instrument more cheerfully than we do on this New Grand.

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THE A. B. CHASE COMPANY

Established 1875

Department B

Norwalk, Ohio

Bonds for Investment

In our magazine advertising during the past few months, we have presented the salient features of Municipal, Railroad, and Public Utility First Mortgage Bonds as safe and profitable investment for institutional and private funds. This month we offer a high-grade security of each class, selected from the 85 different issues which we own.

WE OWN AND OFFER SUBJECT TO SALE

\$1,000,000 City of New York 4 per cent. Gold Bonds:

Dated November 1, 1905. Due November 1, 1955. Interest Payable May 1 and November 1. Fully registered in any amount. Direct obligation of the City of New York. First 4 per cent. issue in 25 years. Legal for trust funds and tax-exempt in New York City. Price at market to yield about 3.60 per cent. (Complete information on request.)

\$200,000 Chicago and Alton Railway 3 1-2 per cent. Gold Bonds:

Dated April 1, 1900. Due July 1, 1950. Interest payable January 1 and July 1. Secured by First Mortgage on 53.56 miles of Railway, and deposit of over 98 per cent. of capital stock of Chicago & Alton Railroad. Under consolidation plan, these bonds become a DIRECT LIEN on the Chicago & Alton Railroad subject to the refunding 3's which sell on a 3.85 per cent. basis. Many millions of these Railway 3 1-2 per cent. Bonds are held by Life Insurance Companies, Banks and other Financial Institutions. Listed on New York Stock Exchange. Price at market to yield about 4.50 per cent. (Descriptive booklet, 32 pages, and map on request.)

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Dated February 1, 1905. Due serially 1915 to 1950. Interest payable February 1 and August 1. Redeemable after February 1915 at 103 and accrued interest. Secured by 1st and refunding mortgage on gas plants at Joliet, Aurora, Elgin and La Grange, Illinois, having annual sales of 490,000,000 cubic feet at \$1 per thousand. Largest gas company in Illinois outside of Chicago. Serves population of 141,000 in prosperous and rapidly growing community. 420 miles of gas mains in use supplying 25 cities and towns. Unusually attractive franchises. Competition physically impossible. Earnings over twice interest charges and increasing. Strong sinking fund. Outstanding securities largely held by well known capitalists in the Central West. Price at market to yield about 5 per cent. (Descriptive circular, map and statements of experts who examined this property for us, mailed on request.)

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rates will be:
From Chicago, \$75.00; from St. Louis, \$69.00; from other points, proportionately low. For tour in one direction via Puget Sound and Portland, rates will be: From Chicago, \$88.50; from St. Louis, \$82.50; from other points proportionately low.

During special periods even lower rates will be available. The usual low rates will also be in effect for trips to Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, the Black Hills and Yellowstone Park.

To Seattle with choice of
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Rates to Spokane, Wash., will be \$5.00 less than those quoted above. Rates to Helena, Butte and Anaconda, Mont., will be \$10.00 less than those above.

The Pacific Coast Tours of the Burlington Route are of the highest standard. They have been developed and elaborated year by year since 1882, with the result that they are to-day unsurpassed.

It will be a pleasure to help plan your tour. Our handsome new booklet, "Pacific Coast Tours," will answer nearly all your questions and the others will receive personal attention. The use of this booklet will save you the trouble of getting and combining the separate ones of the many different roads.

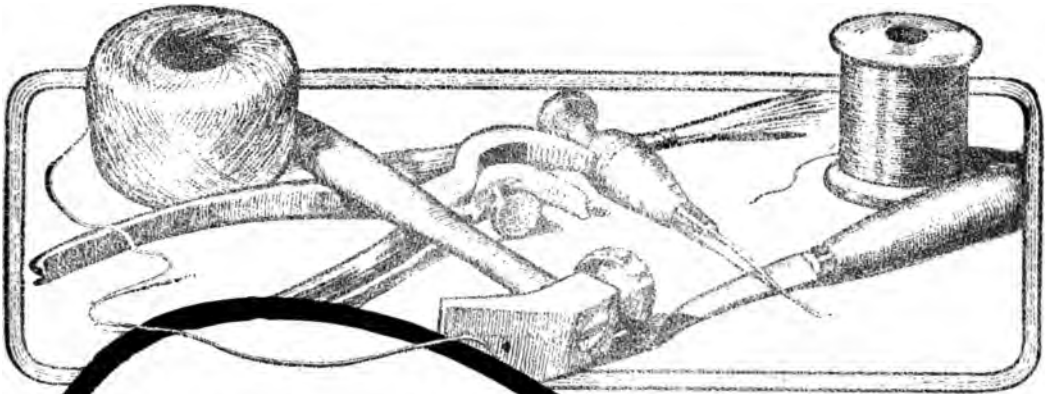
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is due to the minute attention to details in the hidden and unseen parts. Men who look for the best in footwear will find it in this shoe. If your local dealer does not sell The Stetson Shoe write us, giving his name and we will see that you are supplied. Send for the Stetson Style Book.



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We have taught over 200,000 people how to make savings grow and yield large dividends.

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All the comforts, conveniences and advantages of FIVE ROOMS, with only two to care for—
THE HOUSE WORK CUT IN HALF

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The illustrations herewith shown are reproductions of photographs of a two-room, buffet kitchen and private bath suite in the Pickwick Apartments at 833 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Apartment Houses and Flat Buildings equipped with these **PATENTED FIXTURES** are revelations over the old style buildings of this nature. They have more conveniences, and added luxuries. And the housewife, instead of five rooms to care for has only two.

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In **"THE HOUSE IDEAL"** which illustrates and describes in detail our **PATENTED WALL BEDS AND FIXTURES** there are many facts and much food for thought in connection with the above statements. Hotel owners, managers, capitalists, architects, contractors and builders of Apartment Houses, Hotels, Homes and Cottages should send for a copy and study its contents. It tells you how to best construct your building for your tenants as well as yourselves. It tells you how to reduce the cost of construction and how to increase the income from 25 to 33½ per cent. **IT IS MAILED FREE UPON REQUEST. SEND FOR A COPY TO OUR ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.**

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Flour is put in at the top—and comes out through the sifter at the bottom—thoroughly sifted. No bending over with a scoop—as in old-fashioned flour barrels or bins in other cabinets.

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—the special spice cans neatly japanned—the housekeepers' want list of everything used in the kitchen—a wonderful aid to the memory—a card index recipe box—the Hoosier aluminum extension sliding table top—a special cake and bread box—the large cupboards and drawers all supply ample room for cooking utensils—tinware—crockery—cereals, etc.

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Hoosier cabinets made of solid oak—last a lifetime. Groups everything needed in preparing a meal in one place. Cuts your kitchen work in two.

Here is the thing in a nutshell. Buy the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, which combines every convenience in most perfect form, and offers you the above special features that can be found in the Hoosier alone, at the lowest possible price.

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guarantees complete satisfaction or your money refunded. You take no risk.

Easy payments if desired. We prepay freight—East of the Mississippi River and North of Tennessee and that far to points beyond.

Send for our fine free catalog which gives valuable information about kitchen cabinets and tells how much kitchen work the Hoosier saves, and why we can afford to sell the Hoosier at such a low price.

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and none of the
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your coffee in a



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References: Dun and Bradstreet's



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PLATE GLASS
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Financial Condition, December 30, 1905

Assets	\$7,683,067.93
Reserve for Unearned Premiums	2,943,243.89
Reserve for Outstanding Losses as required by law }	1,462,891.81
Surplus to Policy Holders	2,986,463.85

Insurance that Insures

LOSSES PAID to December 30, 1905, - \$21,742,060.27

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spoon, the pure silver plate remaining would still be almost heavy enough to eat with.

It is this especially heavy plate of pure silver which makes Community Silver look so well and wear so well—which gives it in fact, the appearance of Sterling. The price is low.

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EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC brings perfect health to the scalp and hair. It removes all dandruff and the cause of it, and makes the hair lustrous and beautiful—gives it new life and health. Its delicate perfume renders it agreeable and pleasing. It is a delightful necessity to people of good breeding and refinement. It has been the world's standard for over 100 years.

Francis Wilson, the well known actor, says in an unsolicited testimonial

"After a period of years and having used many preparations for the invigoration of the hair, none has proven so satisfactory to me as ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC. I make this acknowledgement all the more sincerely because it has been unsolicited."

Very truly yours,

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Josef Hofmann says: "The Pianola is beyond all competitors."

Kubelik says: "I have seen all the different piano attachments, but the Pianola is the only one which could be considered seriously, for it is the only one which is musical or artistic."

Chaminade says: "The Pianola is the only instrument that allows the player to interpret the feeling and the emotion that the work which he interprets inspires."

Discriminating buyers of to-day understand that the best article of its class is the cheapest in the end, especially when it costs no more than "the next best." Every Pianola, to be genuine, *must* bear the name of The Aeolian Company.

The Aeolian Co.,

Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, near
Thirty-fourth Street, New York

124 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O. 114 Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
LONDON: 135 New Bond Street PARIS: 32 Avenue de l'Opera BERLIN: Unter den Linden, 71

The Chase & Baker Piano-Player

is acknowledged to be the best constructed instrument of its kind. Unexcelled for delicacy, ease of operation, workmanship and durability.



The Chase & Baker music rolls for piano-players of standard scale are superior to any other music rolls for excellence of material and exactness of arrangement. Our special arrangements for the piano-player are the nearest approach to orchestral effects.

The Chase & Baker Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

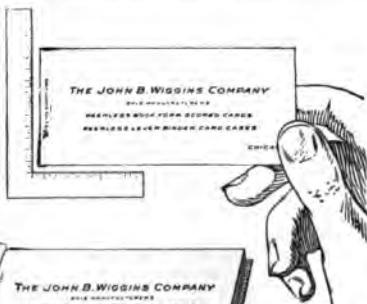
Catalogues upon application.

LONDON, W. Eng.
45-47, Wigmore St.

CHICAGO, Ill.
250 Wabash Ave.

BERLIN, Germany.
174 Friedrichstrasse

**True
Square
Straight
Edge**



They are held firmly in neat leather case, and when withdrawn, all edges are smooth.

Our customers say that the man who is not equipped with our BOOK FORM CARD is "missing something good." Get out of the rut and be modern.

These cards will be shown in the process of printing at the OFFICE APPLIANCE SHOW, to be held at the Coliseum March 17th to 22nd inclusive. We also will have a very interesting display of Die Embossing; the actual work being completed in our booth.

THE JOHN B. WIGGINS COMPANY
Sole Manufacturers Peerless Patent Book Form Cards
Engravers, Embossers, Stationers
147-149 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO

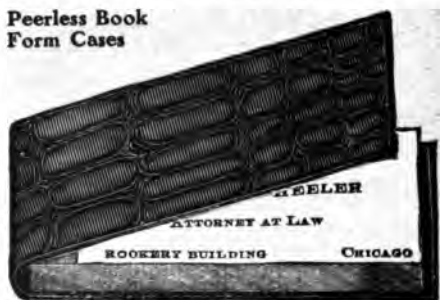
A Square Deal

No rough or perforated edges. When card is detached from book all edges remain perfectly smooth. The card is clean-cut from stub.

Our PEERLESS BOOK FORM is the only card for the up-to-date business man; because the up-to-date business man is looking for improved methods. If he can use 100 cards from 100 purchased, and every one of them in perfect condition—no worn off edges—no discoloration or marring of any kind—he has hit upon an improved method.

Write us for sample tab of engraved cards and be convinced that we are devisers of a wonderfully improved method. Bound together in tabs of 25, with a tissue over each one, the cards can not become soiled in any way.

**Peerless Book
Form Cases**



Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges



Are You Interested In Saving Gas?

¶Would you like lower gas bills? Then buy a gas range that is scientifically constructed—that economizes gas. ¶See that the *Jewel* Trade-Mark and the name "Detroit Stove Works" is on the range you buy. It is for *your* protection. It is your best guarantee of low gas bills.

¶Let us get to the heart of this gas range matter. *Detroit Jewel* Gas Ranges are designed and built by experts, and actual tests prove that they will do better work, with less gas consumption than any other range. Isn't that interesting?

¶There are good reasons back of this gas saving. In *Detroit Jewel* Gas Ranges the steel oven walls, oven top and oven bottom are made of double sheets of steel instead of only a single thickness, and the exterior wall is made in one piece without seam or joint. The *Jewel* direct flue construction prevents any loss of heat, and *Jewel* star-shaped removable burners are made in one piece and cannot leak gas. And each burner is equipped with *Jewel* adjustable valves which can be instantly adapted to your local gas pressure. Go to the dealer, have him show you the



No. 52-16 Series
NEW DETROIT JEWEL

A plain handsome range, strong and substantial. 16, 18 and 22 inch ovens. Equipped with *Jewel* interlocking removable linings, star shaped gas saving burners and all *Jewel* improvements. Ask the dealer.

Newest Jewel Patterns



80-18 SC Series

NEW DETROIT JEWEL

Latest and best construction. An exclusive *Jewel* pattern. Side oven and broiler within easy reach. Saves stooping. Saves your back. Two warming closets and lower boiling oven. Ask the dealer.

¶Have him show you the double, blue planished steel body which requires no blacking, always looks neat, and needs no paint to cover up defects. Ask to see the square deep ovens with our patented interlocking removable linings. Have him take out these linings for you and note how easily it is done. Have him show you the powerful double oven burners which give a rapid, steady heat, and the safety pilot light which prevents any possibility of explosion. Examine the heavy cast frame. Note the strong, substantial construction throughout, and you will know why *Jewel* Gas Ranges last; why they save gas; why they are cheaper in the long run than any other gas range made.

¶"COOKING WITH GAS"—Send 2-cent stamp for a copy of this handsome booklet. Contains a choice collection of recipes for dainty dishes easily prepared, and valuable information about gas ranges. Write today for a copy.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

Largest Stove Plant in the World
DETROIT and CHICAGO

PAINTING THIS SPRING?

THEN SPECIFY

"ALLPINE" PAINTER'S TURPENTINE

It is best for painting purposes.

It is free from insoluble rosin; (others contain at least 2%).

It is sold in sealed five gallon cans, which are opened by punching a hole beneath the screw cap and which prevent adulteration and loss by evaporation and absorption in barrels.

It is free from any products of destructive distillation of wood; (such as tar, creosotes, etc.).

It is deodorized, being scientifically distilled with steam, not "cooked" over a fire in the woods.

It is free from all adulteration; (much turpentine is adulterated with petroleum).

IT HAS OUR GUARANTEE ON EVERY PACKAGE

Sample Case (two Cans) 10 Gallons, \$8.50

THE CHARLES E. SHOLES COMPANY, 164 Front Street, NEW YORK

SOLE SELLING AGENTS

Georgetown Chemical Works, Georgetown, South Carolina

Also manufacturers of "ALLPINE" NAVY TURPENTINE, made to accord with U. S. Navy Specifications, and of all grades of rosin

BISSELL'S

"Cyclo" Bearing Carpet Sweeper

is the modern, sanitary labor saving appliance for every day use in sweeping carpets or rugs. The corn broom simply scatters the fine dust and grit, never cleaning a carpet or rug, whereas the rapidly revolving brush of a BISSELL lifts the fine dust and grit out of the carpet, depositing it in the pans, and confining all the dust. If a woman could realize the true value of the BISSELL Sweeper, she would not let a day pass until she had purchased one. It reduces the labor of sweeping 95 per cent, confines all the dust, does the work in one-quarter of the time a corn broom requires, protects your curtains and fine furniture from dust, in fact, makes sweeping a pleasure instead of a drudg-



ery. For sale by all first-class dealers. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00

Buy a "Cyclo" Bearing Bissell now, send us the purchase slip and receive a neat useful present free.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., Dept. 40 A, Grand Rapids, Mich.
LARGEST SWEEPER MAKERS IN THE WORLD.

NATURO

The Slant of Health



NATURO the Closet with a slant, has the enthusiastic endorsement of the medical profession.

"Prof. Chiene of Edinboro, is of the opinion that the impeding of the function of defecation, which takes place with the use of the high closet, is a great factor in the causation of chronic constipation, and possibly appendicitis." (See British Medical Journal, April 15, 1905, Page 830.)

But send for our book A, which tells in detail, why

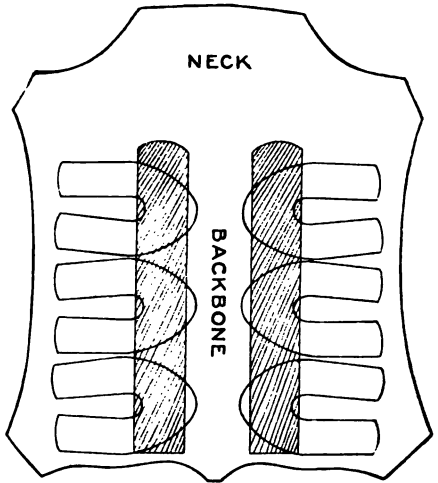
NATURO is a necessity in every home.

The **NATURO** Company, Salem, N. J.

Why Hanan Shoes Hold Their Shape

SEE THAT CALFSKIN? 

NOTICE the shaded strip about six inches wide on either side of the backbone. The strips show the strongest, toughest parts of the whole skin—it's almost impossible to tear or stretch the leather there, though it's as soft and pliable as velvet. Where the backbone comes it is weak, and on neck and the belly parts it is spongy and stretches easily.



Now notice the patterns drawn on the skin—toes all to the center, so that the tough, strong leather comes right where the foot bends in walking. That's why Hanan shoes never stretch out of shape the way ordinary shoes do.

Now count the patterns. Only six—just three pair of shoes from a whole skin.

Not so with the ordinary cheap shoe—belly, neck and backbone go into them, with the result that this same skin yields four pair of shoes.

Get a Hanan shoe cut in the expensive Hanan way—the only right way to cut shoes. The best is the cheapest in the end.

There are dozens of other reasons why Hanan shoes at \$5.00 to \$7.00 are the cheapest shoes you can

buy, to say nothing of the ease, comfort and style which go with Hanan Shoes.

Send for the Hanan Style Book C and dealer's name.

If our shoes are not sold in your city, we will supply you direct from our factory, by mail, on receipt of price of shoe plus 25 cents to cover cost of transportation.

We give the agency to only one—the best dealer in a city.



DON, \$5.00
STYLE NO. 201B
A Gun Metal Calf
Blucher Oxford

Hanan & Son

Fine Shoes for
Men and Women

Front, Bridge and Water Streets

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.



PARIS SUGAR CORN

FOR 30 YEARS THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF QUALITY

Grown only in Maine from choicest, selected seed; harvested when the kernels are full, tender and creamy; canned immediately by skilled methods, with care and scrupulous cleanliness; absolutely free from chemical sweetening, bleach or adulteration.—A wholesome, nourishing food,—tender, sweet and creamy.—At your grocer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for booklet, "Five Foods, Ready to Serve" and a set of Maine Souvenir Post Cards, free, for your Grocer's name.

Ask your Grocer for Burnham and Morrill Co's

Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder and Extra Quality Baked Beans

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., 12 Franklin St., Portland, Maine.



OUR BUILDING

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

¶ No matter where you live, you can send your money to us and have it under your own control.
 ¶ Let us send you our free booklet "D" telling all about this large, safe bank and why we can pay 4% compound interest on savings of any amount from \$1.00 to \$10,000.00.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
 CLEVELAND, OHIO. THE CITY OF BANKS.
 ASSETS OVER FORTY TWO MILLION DOLLARS

THIS BEAUTIFUL SET OF SCISSORS FOR \$1.40

WORTH \$3.50



Made of best razor steel with
 hand chased gold plated handles
 —direct from maker to user.

Frank S. Betz Co.
 Hammond, Ind.

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Stain and Varnish Combined
INDISPENSABLE AT MOVING TIME

This perfect rejuvenator of everything about a home
from cellar to garret will prove the greatest factor in
HOUSE CLEANING ECONOMY

JAP-A-LAC is a high grade colored varnish for renewing the finish on any old, dilapidated piece of furniture, interior woodwork or articles of wood or metal. It dries quickly with a hard, beautiful luster, and retains its brilliancy through wear and tear right down to the surface.

There are many methods of making varnish, but no other manufacturer has been able, so far, to make anything which will take the place of JAP-A-LAC.

Colored JAP-A-LAC is made from pigment colors. Pigment is a dry, organic coloring substance which is unaffected by atmospheric or chemical changes. Any one of the JAP-A-LAC colors will retain its original shade throughout its entire life. Aniline colors are frequently used to color varnishes, and although varnishes colored with aniline appear brilliant and effective when first put on, they soon fade and become dull. Chemical changes in the atmosphere will kill their brilliancy in a very short time. The air is often contaminated with sulphurous gases from furnace or heating apparatus—other injurious gases are constantly coming in contact with varnished surfaces, and unless the varnish is colored with the best pigment, it cannot withstand the damaging effect of such an atmosphere. Aniline is nothing but a dye. If you want a lasting, brilliant finish don't accept a substitute for JAP-A-LAC. JAP-A-LAC is the original colored varnish, manufactured by our special process which makes it more beautiful, lasting and artistic than anything else on the market. You can reclaim many an old piece of furniture which you are ready to throw away—you can beautify everything about your home from cellar to garret at small cost—you can do your own varnishing and take pleasure in the work as you see its wonderful effectiveness wherever applied. Natural JAP-A-LAC is a clear varnish of the highest grade. All varnish used in the manufacture of JAP-A-LAC is as good as can be made. The name Glidden on a can of any kind of varnish stands for highest quality; quality demonstrated by one of the oldest and best known varnish manufacturers in the United States. Ask your dealer about JAP-A-LAC—economy in every can. All sizes from 15c. to \$2.50.

COLORS OF JAP-A-LAC

FLAT WHITE
DEAD BLACK
GLOSS WHITE
OX BLOOD RED
BRILLIANT BLACK

OAK
BLUE
GOLD
CHERRY
NATURAL
MALACHITE GREEN

GROUND
WALNUT
DARK OAK
ALUMINUM
MAHOGANY

USES FOR JAP-A-LAC

WIRE SCREENS
REFRIGERATORS
PORCH FURNITURE
WICKER FURNITURE
INTERIOR WOODWORK

CHAIRS
TABLES
FLOORS
RADIATORS
RANGES
WEATHER BEATEN DOORS

ANDIRONS
LINOLEUM
CHANDELIERS
PICTURE FRAMES
PLATE RACKS

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DEAD BLACK

FOR

ANDIRONS.

You, no doubt, have admired, many times, those old-fashioned, hand-wrought andirons of our forefathers. They were so uniquely fashioned by real craftsmen of generations ago and so particularly appropriate for their use that every manufacturer of today is attempting to imitate them. Dead Black JAP-A-LAC will give that wrought-iron appearance, that clear, dead smoothness, to any andiron at small cost. It will cover up the rust, and rough places caused by heat, and give your fireplace the cosy, homelike appearance of the olden hearth.



A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO SUBSTITUTES.

Some dealers will try to palm off a substitute, which they claim is "just as good" as JAP-A-LAC. Why do they say—"it's just as good as JAP-A-LAC?" For this reason, they know that JAP-A-LAC is the *best* colored varnish made. Every manufacturer of an imitation tells the dealers his material is "just as good" as JAP-A-LAC. This is pretty good proof that JAP-A-LAC is the *best*. If you want the *best*, insist on JAP-A-LAC.



If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10c. (except for Gold which is 25c.) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a *FREE* sample (quarter pint can), to any point in the United States.

The Glidden
Varnish Co.

Address Dept. R-4
409 Rockefeller Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

DISTILLED WATER IS PURE WATER

AND HAS THE LIFE AND SPARKLE OF THE
FINEST TABLE WATERS WHEN MADE BY A

RALSTON HOUSEHOLD WATER STILL

This still is scientifically constructed of cold-rolled copper, block tin coated, and is used by the U. S. Government for purifying water. Send us \$10.00 and we will ship one to any place East of the Mississippi, express prepaid. Write for free booklet. "PLAIN FACTS ABOUT THE WATER QUESTION" and know the truth about the water you drink.



Fits the hole of a kitchen stove (or any heat will do) and provides Distilled Water for the entire family at no expense

We also Manufacture Large Water Stills for Hospitals, Hotels, Laboratories, Bottlers, Cannerys, etc.

VERMILYE & POWER.

21 Battery Place, New York

EAGLE 'FLASH' Self filling Pen

The Simplest—Surest—Safest—Handiest—and only perfect Self-Filling Fountain Pen

No glass filler—no ink to spill
—no clogging or shaking.
You simply press the button (as in the picture) and the pen fills in a "flash."
Writes the instant it touches the paper

**Eagle \$1.50
Flash**

No. 25 with 14 karat solid gold pen point—finest vulcanized rubber and fully guaranteed.
Eagle "Flash" No. 25 with gold bands, \$2.50
Eagle "Flash" No. 26 large size, . . . \$3.00
with gold bands, \$4.00

Sold by Stationers and Other Stores
Ask YOUR DEALER. If he doesn't sell you the Eagle "FLASH" Fountain Pens, then send the retail price direct to us. Each pen absolutely guaranteed.

Eagle Pencil Co.
377 Broadway, New York
Manufacturers of Gold, Fountain and Ball Pens, Lead Pencils, Etc.

EUROPE

FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER
FROM LONDON TO ATHENS
WITH

The Copley Tours

They are inexpensive. No waste in either extravagance or parsimony. Comfort; not show.

They are honest. The price quoted pays for the tour. No disappointments.

They are deliberate. No hurry; no worry; no breathlessness or blur.

They are intelligent. No courier, no guide, but a leader, one whom you would choose as such were he one of your number.

They are select. People whom you would like to know. Admission not alone by payment but by character.

Write for our Announcement of
THE COPLEY TOURS

Bureau of University Travel
203 Clarendon St., Boston



IT COSTS AS MUCH

to apply a poor or unsuitable varnish as a good one, while the difference in price per gallon is but trifling.

It will pay you to think this over when you get around to finishing the woodwork of your house. **LIQUID GRANITE** for floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds and outside doors, the result will be a deep and lasting satisfaction with the appearance of your woodwork.

Drop us a line and we will mail you useful information on wood finishing and handsome finished samples of wood.

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED
Varnish Manufacturers

New York Philadelphia Chicago St. Louis
Boston Baltimore Cincinnati San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT
Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.



A-R-E
SIX'S

Is Your Money Earning 6%?

6%

IF not, or if you do not know just where you can get that rate again or are not quite satisfied with your present investments, this brief talk on A-R-E Six's will open the way for you to *better income with less worry*.

For eighteen years we have earned and paid 6 per cent. on the stroke of the clock to thousands of investors the country over, to whom we have returned nearly \$3,000,000 in principal and interest. In that period we have built up Assets of over \$8,300,000, including a Surplus of over \$1,100,000, thus fully establishing the exceptional earning power of our business and the conservatism of our 6 per cent. rate. This record speaks for itself. If you are interested in a *safe and profitable medium either for income investment or for systematic saving*, we ask you to consider the unusual advantages afforded by A-R-E Six's.

A-R-E SIX'S are our 6 per cent. Gold Bonds based on the ownership of millions of dollars worth of selected New York Realty—the best security on Earth—issued in two forms, one providing income from capital, the other accumulating capital from income as follows:

6% Coupon Bonds—for income investment—purchasable at par in multiples of \$100; interest payable semi-annually by coupons attached; maturing in 10 years and meanwhile subject to withdrawal on interest dates after two years.

6% Accumulative Bonds—for income funding—purchasable on installments during 10, 15 or 20 years and enabling the person without capital available for income investment to accumulate a definite capital in a given time by simply investing each year the equivalent of an ordinary interest on the amount desired. This form also carries cash values after two years. The yearly payment rates per \$1,000 Bond are: 10-year term, \$71.57; 15-year term, \$40.53; 20-year term \$25.65.

A-R-E SIX'S are the direct contract obligations of this company, secured by its entire assets. They are non-speculative, non-fluctuating, as good as gold—principal and interest—from date of issue to date of maturity. They afford a *thoroughly conservative 6 per cent. investment*, especially adapted to the needs of the small investor, enabling him to enter this one best investment field with the staying qualities and earning power behind his small sums that only the capitalist can command.

Write us to-day and let us send you literature giving full information concerning our business and Bonds. You owe it to yourself to realize the highest return consistent with safety, which our Bonds afford. You can satisfy yourself fully concerning our record and standing by inquiry through the regular business channels. In addition to our literature we will send you *free*, on application, a map of New York, showing the location of our extensive properties.

American Real Estate Co.

712 Dun Bldg., 290 Broadway, New York





EVER-READY Safety Razor-Set Complete \$1.00

It's a \$5.00 "Safety"

"Ever-Ready" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered and easiest shaving of all razor blades. The blades can be stropped like the ordinary razor, and will last for years—that is something that isn't possible in any \$5.00 razor made. Seven Ever-Ready blades to fit "Yankee," "Star" or "Gem" safety razor frames sent prepaid for 75c. For those desirous of doing away with reholing and resharping, we will exchange seven new blades for seven dull ones and 25c.

"Ever-Ready" Razors are by no means an experiment.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor Sets are complete at \$1.00. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all compact in a handsome box.

We have manufactured Safety Razors under other brands during the past 21 years, and the "Ever-Ready" is the best that skilled workmanship and experience can produce at any price. "Ever-Ready" Seven-bladed dollar razors are now on sale in thousands of cutlery, hardware, jewelry and department stores throughout the world.

If your dealer doesn't sell them it is because he's profit-greedy. If you have the least difficulty in purchasing, send to us direct (one dollar) and you will receive your set, prepaid. Booklet free.

THE AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 293 Broadway, New York



\$1.50 (express prepaid)

For a **SILVER BREAD TRAY** that retails for \$2.50 to \$3.00

Only one to any one customer.

THIS Bread Tray is a very good one indeed.

It is a large size, being 11 inches long and 7 inches wide.

It is made for us of a fine grade of quadruple silver plate, and we warrant it to wear to your satisfaction.

The tray is not only strong and substantially capable of withstanding lots of hard usage, but it is beautiful in finish and design.

Around the border are raised grapes and grape leaves in a beautiful gray finish, shading off imperceptibly into a highly burnished centre, and the contrast is attractive and effective.

The retail dealers never sell this tray for less than \$2.50, and the great majority of them get \$3.00 for it.

Our price of \$1.50 (express prepaid), is a special one, and is made in order to induce you to write for a copy of our new catalogue No. 27.

We feel sure that if we can get you to look through our catalogue that you will be interested in many things that we show in it, and will send us a large share of your jewelry orders.

Our book contains 128 large pages, illustrating a complete line of Diamonds, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Rich Cut Glass, and Silver Plate that will give satisfaction.

We manufacture a large portion of the goods that we illustrate, and those that we do not make ourselves, we buy direct from the factories, thus saving a profit that the wholesalers must charge the retail jewelers.

By making our own goods and buying from the factories direct, we save from 25% to 30% from the price that the retail jewelers pay. This saving we have found it pays to give our customers, for we believe it better to do a large business at a small profit.

All our shipments are promptly made: in nearly every case going out the same day that your order reaches us.

The packages in which we send out goods are unusually attractive, more so, we believe, than are used by any other jeweler. You will be able to send anything that comes from Brodnax as a present and feel certain that it will reflect credit on you and on us.

Every shipment that we make goes with the distinct understanding and contract that if it is not satisfactory, that we will take it back and refund the full price that you have paid us.

We hope to have your order for a Bread Tray and your request for our Catalogue and both will be promptly sent.

GEO. I. BRODNAX, Incorporated, 27 S. Main St., Memphis, Tenn.
Wholesale and Manufacturing Jewelers

"It Winds Itself"

Why not throw away your clock key as you did your watch key? Secure a National Self-Winding Clock. We'll prove its accuracy and convenience—30 days in your home—at our expense.

All you have to do is to secure a National Self-Winding Clock from us, and test it a month at our expense.

Well, why the National Self-Winding Clock, you ask?

Simply because it's accurate—convenient—because it does away with the clock winding worry, and because it strikes the hour and half hour.

Now its accuracy is all due to its construction.

The National Self-Winding Clock is the most simple and accurate and satisfactory clock made—

The electric power in it—which winds the clock every 7 minutes—can be utilized as in no other clock, because of the "Contact" which the National Self-Winding Clock alone possesses, and because of which the electric power will wind the clock for from one to two years—with renewed batteries this clock will last a lifetime.

Because of the frequent winding there is the same tension or strain on the spring of the National Self-Winding Clock—

Hence, with absolutely uniform spring tension the National Self-Winding Clock must keep accurate time.

You see that kind of clock you have now, which is either an 8 or 1 day clock, is wound once every 8 days or every day—

Therefore the spring tension in it is stronger when wound up than when almost run down—and when the motive power varies that way your clock simply can't keep Time—that's all there is to it.

Now, we know "the clock that winds itself" so well—we know how accurate, how convenient it is—that we'll be glad to send one to you for a month on test at our own expense.

If you fill out the coupon and mail it to us to-day—

We'll send you free of charge our beautiful Clock Book, our Price-list, and Complete Information as to payment.

You can go over the Clock Book carefully, select the Clock, the appearance and price of which you like best, and tell us—and we will send the clock you select according to the plan given when sending the Clock Book, and we won't ask you to sign any notes or contracts either.

You keep that clock for 30 days.

If, at the end of that time, it isn't as represented—send it back—we'll pay the return charges cheerfully.

And you won't be out a single penny.

If, on the other hand, you want to keep the clock, and we know you will—



Style
No. 6

"It Winds Itself"

Pendulum movement. Hour and half-hour strike. Patent Regulator, 6-inch dial. Arabic or Roman Figures. Price, \$11.50. Height, 11¼ inches; width, 11 inches. Golden Oak or Mahogany Finish. Other styles shown in our book, \$7.50 to \$20.00.

Pay us the small amount due on the clock.

When you get the National Self-Winding Clock, you'll be absolutely sure that your Time's Right—

Each clock is guaranteed by the National Self-Winding Clock Company, Champaign, Illinois (capital paid up \$1,000,000).

Send in the coupon to-day. We may have to withdraw this offer at any time, if it overcrowds the capacity of our factory.

Remember, you are under no obligation to buy our Clock when we send you the Clock Book, etc., free.

National Self-Winding Clock Company Curtis Parkway, Champaign, Ill.

Send me free of charge your Clock Book, Price-list and full information as to payment. This will, under no condition, obligate me to buy a National Self-Winding Clock. I understand this offer may be withdrawn any time without notice.

My Name.....

City

Street and No.....

State..... Date.....



THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

The "No Hone—No Grind" Razor

No new blades—no annual tax
The first purchase price is the only expense.

There is only one razor of safety—the blade that shaves smoothly, easily, and without **honing** and **grinding**. The Carbo Magnetic is a razor that shaves best to-day, and better ten years from now.

One such blade is better than a dozen that can't do the work as well.

If you will send us your dealer's name, and let us know whether he handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor, we will send you our booklet, "**Hints on Shaving**," **Free**, and also make you a proposition whereby you can test and use one of these razors **without any risk** or obligation on your part. The booklet illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face, and gives much needed information to all self-shavers. The Carbo Magnetic Razor is sold by most good dealers. We back the guarantee. Send for book to-day.

Hollow Ground
as in picture
\$2.50

Double Concave for
extra heavy beards
\$3.00

Set of Two in
Leather Case
\$5.50

Carbo Magnetic
Strop, **\$1.00**
Strop-Aide, **25c.**

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 461-63 Broadway, New York

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Clean Chocolates

The illustrations show two ways of putting the chocolate coating on confectionery. The usual practice



The way Stacy's Forkdipped Chocolates are coated—The clean way.

is to have the centers dipped by girls who hold them in their fingers while putting on the coating. This method is not clean. The most careful manufacturer can not prevent unclean hands or nails, abraded or perspiring skin.

Stacy's Forkdipped Chocolates

are dipped with a fork so that the hands do not touch them in making. This method of making Stacy's Forkdipped Chocolates insures purity. Only the purest most expensive materials are used. The flavors are made from natural fruit and are exquisite. All desirable flavors in each dollar box. If your confectioner does not have it send to-day for an elegant 3-layer 20-ounce box fresh from our kitchens. \$1.00 express paid. Half size box—50c., Express Paid. Large Sample Box, Postpaid, 10c.



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Invalids convalescing take kindly to Welch's Grape Juice. Welch's Grape Juice takes kindly to them. Its purity makes it safe; its tonic qualities make it the ideal beverage for the sick room.

Welch's Grape Juice

is nothing but the juice of the choicest Concord grapes—unfermented, unadulterated, unchanged in any way. Its continual use means continued good health.

Sold by druggists and grocers. If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of 40 delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-ounce bottle, 10 cents.

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Always the center of attraction.
For sale where the best is sold.

Whitman's **Instantaneous Chocolate**
Made instantly with boiling milk.

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Established 1842.

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the world
a drink like
Hiawatha
Sparkling
Natural
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Holds
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Drink a glass of
Sparkling Hiawatha
first thing in the morning.
It will give you vim—life
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The habit of drinking
Sparkling Hiawatha
is the best habit you
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Will stand hardest wear and is practically
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Whether you do your own work or keep a maid, you ought to have the latest, improved

McDougall Kitchen Cabinet

to make your kitchen work easier and to save you half the time and strength it now requires.

McDougall Kitchen Cabinets embody the latest ideas and improvements of the leading domestic science experts, including the roller-bearing McDougall Gliding Flour Bin, that slides in and out at the slightest touch, is always within easy reach, and can be readily removed to be cleaned or aired. This important, patented device can be had only on McDougall Kitchen Cabinets, and is only *one* of *many* points of superiority described in the McDougall Catalogue, free on request.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You The McDougall Kitchen Cabinets

The best way to learn the advantages of a McDougall Kitchen Cabinet is to try it yourself. You can have your choice of over twenty different styles at \$14.90 to \$90.00,

On Thirty Days' Trial Right in Your Own Home

Notice the new Buffet Design illustrated above, fitted with the new McDougall Gliding Flour Bin—easy to fill and easy to use.

Look for the name-plate "McDougall, Indianapolis." It is the makers' guarantee of quality, your protection against imitation.

G. P. McDougall & Son, 529 Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A
Triumph
in
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Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR."
NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

Silver of High Degree

No apologies need be made for silver-plate that bears the stamp "1847 ROGERS BROS." The owner of such spoons, forks, knives, etc., is proud of the brand that is stamped on them, because it is the recognized standard of quality. Everybody knows

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate that Wears."

It was on the tables of your grandparents, known as best then, as it is to-day. The beauty of the various patterns and designs speaks for itself. Leading dealers carry complete lines. A good way to make selections easy is to send for our *new catalogue* "R 33" showing the best designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

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VESTA

BERKSHIRE

Van Camp's

BOSTON
BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

From Field to Can They are Assorted

Even in the pod begins the process of selection and rejection—for only best beans are used for Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

The farmer has promised his best to Van Camps. That means the best of the best varieties. The others go—somewhere—but never to Van Camps.

There is a secret in the spicing, too, which gives Van Camp's Pork and Beans their superior flavor. When the tomatoes have been thoroughly steamed, a basket of spices, exactly corresponding to mother's little "spice bag," is lowered into the cauldron. These spices, carefully selected and rightly measured from the choicest importations are allowed to impart their essence of goodness to the Tomato Sauce—none like Van Camp's.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans are not a substitute for fresh vegetables; they are a dish unto themselves—better, cleaner, more healthful than most vegetables, even better than most from the kitchen garden owing to *modern methods of sterilization*.

You should see the beautiful, snowy beans, the plump, spicy tomatoes—just ripe, not too ripe—the sweet, tender Pork, just as they come from garden and market, to be made into Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

First, the beans are all "hand picked," which is the packer's way of saying "picked over by hand." Then they are washed three times, never less; Van Camps have a certain Way, the Way experience has proved best.

After the Beans, the Pork and Tomato Sauce are all combined, in the can, they are sterilized at intensely high temperature—far better for health than the slower process of baking at low temperature. Sterilization kills every germ and cooks completely—deliciously.

In house-cleaning time serve Van Camp's Pork and Beans—convenient, appetizing, strengthening. Think of the time—and fuel too—saved by the housewife who uses Van Camp's—always ready. Van Camp's Pork and Beans make boys and girls husky and keep grown folks well.

Van Camp's Beans are very appetizing when served with leg of lamb, parsley garnished—the French chef always thinks of the color scheme when planning his menu.

Order a good supply of Van Camp's—from your grocer.

**The Van Camp Packing Company,
Indianapolis, Ind.**





"THE JELL-O GIRL"

TRY
**Chocolate Walnut
Jell-O
For Dessert**

TO-MORROW

Jell-O is not expensive, as a 10c. package makes enough dessert for a large family, and a child can prepare it for the table almost instantly.

Chocolate Walnut Jell-O.

To one package of Chocolate JELL-O, add slowly one pint of boiling water and set away to cool. When it begins to harden, add one-half cup English Walnut meats and half a dozen figs cut up fine. Serve in individual dishes with whipped cream piled on top.

Here is another favorite recipe for preparing Chocolate Jell-O :

Chocolate Foam.

Dissolve one package of Chocolate JELL-O in one pint boiling water, and set in a cool place. When it begins to stiffen, add one-half pint whipped cream and beat together with an egg beater; turn into a mold or bowl, and when congealed, serve with whipped cream. Delicious!

Jell-O comes in six flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate and Cherry.

At grocers everywhere 10 cts. per package. Approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904. Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905.

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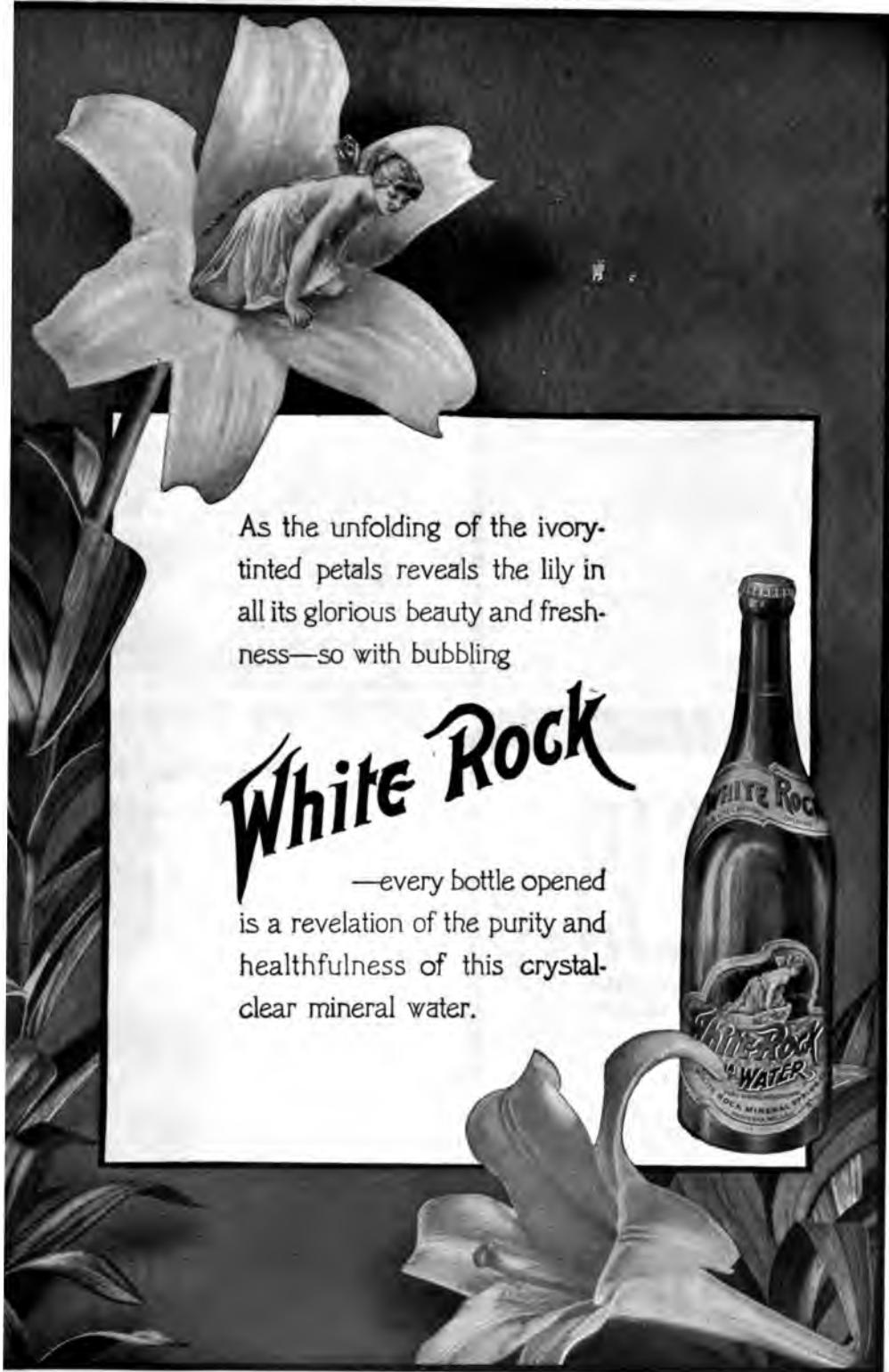


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White Rock

—every bottle opened is a revelation of the purity and healthfulness of this crystal-clear mineral water.



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GENUINE SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Mr. F. L. Cailler is the man who makes the finest chocolate in the world, and this is the factory where it is made—at Broc, Switzerland.

There are many imitations—but no equal. No other chocolate has the genuine “Cailler taste.”

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Use it

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Water Cooler

The most sanitary, economical and perfect device ever invented for dispensing drinking water

Coolers made in six sizes and to fit any bottle, finished in white enamel trimmed in gold, and nickel. For office or home. Price \$6.00 to \$12.00.

We will send one of our water coolers to any reliable person.

You may use it 30 days; if

perfectly satisfactory, remit for same; if not better than any other water cooler you ever saw, return it at our expense.

Note Advantages.

Water cannot become contaminated even if impure ice is used. Water flows directly from bottle to faucet through coil of pure block tin and is cooled in transit.

NOTICE—Our cooler is covered by broad basic patents and we will prosecute vigorously all infringements.

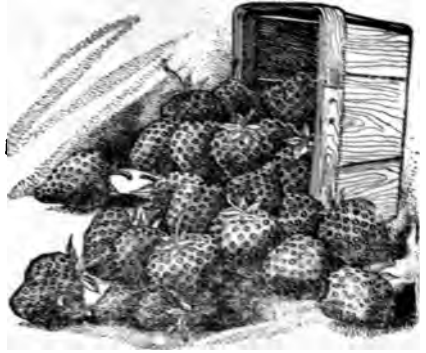
THE CONSUMERS CO., 3511 Butler St., Chicago
Coolers delivered f.o.b. Chicago, New York & San Francisco



Write for
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Above cut is a sectional view of our No. 4 cooler finished in white enamel, with two-gallon bottle. Ice capacity, ten pounds. Price, \$6.00.

The **HEINZ** Way of Preserving



The Heinz Way of preserving is truly a perfected art, so remarkable is it for retaining the exquisite flavor of the fresh fruits. None but the choicest of these, selected from the finest orchards, and pure granulated sugar, are used.

In preparation for the kettles, the fruit is *individually* inspected and washed; berries are hulled and cherries are seeded *by hand*; and everything that thought, care and equipment can do is done to make our preserved fruits among the most tempting of Heinz 57 Varieties.

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Your grocer sells Heinz Preserves in crocks, jars and cans of various sizes.

**Strawberries, Cherries, Pineapples,
Damsons, Red Raspberries, etc.**

Learn more of the Heinz Way of supplying pure foods for your home by reading our interesting little booklet "The Spice of Life." A copy will be mailed on request.

H. J. HEINZ CO., Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

HEINZ
57
VARIETIES

The Knabe-Angelus



A COMPETENT critic declared that this player-piano "presents an irresistible strength and is an attraction which must appeal to the public as no other existing combination can."

He did not overstate the fact, and how could he, for this instrument is the combined product of the two companies — Wm. Knabe & Company and The Wilcox & White Company — occupying the foremost positions in the manufacture of pianos and piano-playing devices.

The touch and incomparable tone of the Knabe Piano are not impaired by installing the ANGELUS entirely within the piano case, so the instrument is perfectly satisfactory to the trained musician of the highest artistic standard and is a never failing source of delight and entertainment to everyone who plays it by means of the ANGELUS.

For ten years the ANGELUS has been constantly developed by its inventive originators to its present point of superiority. It possesses peculiar and original mechanical advantages such as the wonderful melody buttons and the famous phrasing lever and the diaphragm pneumatics producing the human touch. These give the performer the means to produce truly artistic music and obtain effects not possible with any other piano player.

The case of the KNABE-ANGELUS is of elegant design and beautiful finish and is made of most carefully selected veneers of choicest figure.

Write for handsome booklet and name of our nearest local agency.



The Knabe-Angelus
Ready to be played by hand.



The Knabe-Angelus
Ready to be played by ANGELUS Roll.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY

Established 1876

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*for the
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*"We are advertised
by our loving friends."*



GEORGE W. GILE
One of our loving friends.

Are you having trouble in feeding your baby? Does his food disagree with him? Does he lose in weight? Does it seem as if he never would stop crying? Then Mellin's Food will help your baby and we will prove it, if you will write us just what the trouble is and what you are doing. As soon as your letter reaches us, we will send you a sample of Mellin's Food and a book of helpful directions. We will also write you a personal letter and tell you exactly how to use Mellin's Food for your baby. We have helped thousands of babies and we can help yours—if you will let us.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

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\$1,500,000

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OF THE

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These Bonds are secured by a closed First Mortgage on all the property now owned and hereafter to be acquired by the Publishers Paper Company, including a valuable tract of not less than 300,000 acres of timber lands, spool mills, saw and box mills, and valuable water powers in New Hampshire and Maine, together with a mill site of about 120 acres, docks and sulphite mill in course of construction, on tidewater at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and two ground wood pulp mills now being erected on Saco River water power sites.

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SECURITY

300,000 Acres of Timber Lands, conservatively valued at.....	\$6,000,000.00
Water Powers, Mill Site, Ground Wood and Sulphite Pulp Mills, valued at cost.....	1,447,000.00
Cash, and Cash Assets.....	290,500.00
Total Value of Security.....	\$7,737,500.00

The actual cash investment of the Stockholders is over two and a quarter times the bonded debt, and forms the best possible assurance to the bondholders of the value of the property and its safe and capable management.

EARNINGS

We quote the following from the President's official letter of January 1st, 1906:

"From many years of practical experience in pulp and paper making, and from a thorough knowledge of all the conditions that prevail, I have no hesitation in saying that the net earnings of the Company from the sale of pulp, and from its lumbering operations under the present arrangement, should not be less than \$300,000 per annum."

Contracts extending over terms of not less than five years, and providing for the sale to responsible parties of standing timber and logs on the Company's land, have been assigned and delivered to the Trustee as additional security for the protection of the Bondholders.

These contracts will produce an annual minimum net income of not less than..... \$100,000

Based on the minimum market price of the product and the maximum price of production,
 the operation of the ground wood and sulphite pulp mills will produce not less than..... 126,000

Estimated minimum net earnings.....\$226,000

To protect a maximum bond interest charge of..... 90,000

This estimate is thoroughly conservative and is over and above the sinking fund earnings for principal.

SINKING FUND

The mortgage provides that a sinking fund of \$1.00 per cord on all timber and forest products cut from the Company's lands shall be deposited with the Trustee for the payment of these bonds. The operation of this sinking fund provision applied to the amount of timber actually surveyed, estimated and proved to be on the Company's lands would be more than sufficient to pay off four times the entire bonded debt.

The Bonds are now ready and will be delivered at any bank desired, express prepaid.

PRICE ON APPLICATION

Telegrams may be sent at our expense. Circular containing full particulars will be furnished promptly upon request.

PEABODY, HOUGHTLING & CO.
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"TOP OF THE MORNING"



*You will always
relish*

CREAM *of* WHEAT

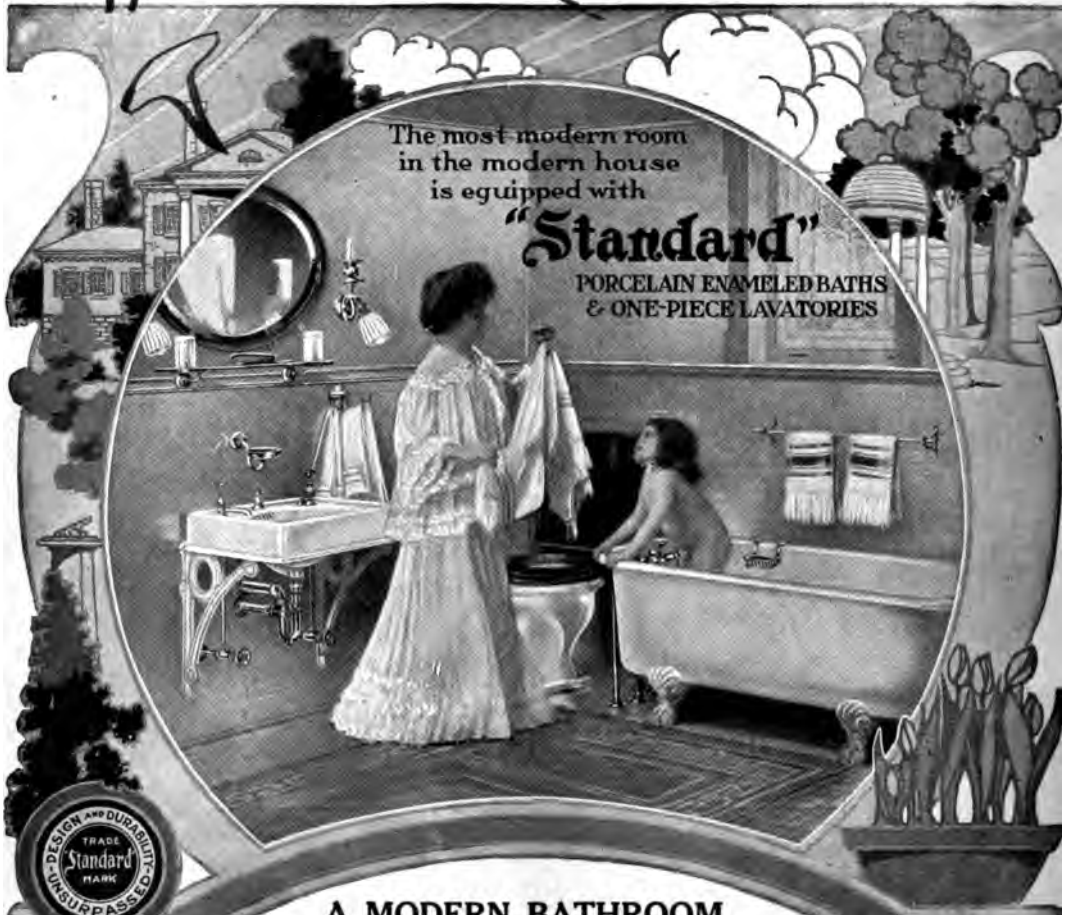
no matter how little you want to eat.

A dainty breakfast

A delightful luncheon

A delicious dessert

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In the bathroom are centered the comfort and convenience of the modern home. "Standard" Ware makes the bathroom a delight, a pleasure, a continuous source of pride in possession, and use. The white purity of its china-like surface is sanitary perfection — health insurance for your family—and the first aid in the making of the "Home Ideal." "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are a necessity to the new home and indispensable in modernizing the old. A house equipped with it is strictly modern and sanitary. Its cost is well within the range of economy, and its beauty will satisfy the most luxurious tastes.

Our 100-page Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE FIXTURES, Design P 26 can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$100.00—not counting freight, labor or piping.
CAUTION: Every piece of genuine "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.** Dept. E, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.
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London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.



Just think of a rice cereal as dainty and light as a snowflake, as wholesome and satisfying as meat, and yet so tempting that every child and every grown-up wants *more* when once they have tasted it.

Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

is that cereal. Made from the choicest white rice, by a patented "puffing" process that expands each grain or kernel many times in size, it has a dainty flavor, distinctively its own.

The same process that puffs the rice, also cooks it thoroughly. Quaker Rice is instantly ready to serve, with milk or cream and a dash of sugar, *after warming for a minute in a hot oven.*

While rice has a world-wide fame as a healthful and wholesome food, Quaker Rice is a revelation of its dainty deliciousness. Order a package of your grocer today, and learn how truly delightful it is.

Quaker Rice can be made into the most delicious and wholesome candies, such as Quaker Rice Balls, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., recipes for which will be found on each package. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.
Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A.

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Let your boy make a playground of his bed, if he wants to.

Let him have his cat or his dog or his toys with him.

What difference does it make, anyhow? Blankets are durable; and easily cleaned—if you go about it in the right way.

The best time to wash them is on a warm, sunny, breezy day in spring.

The best way to wash them is with Ivory Soap.

Follow the directions given below and your blankets will be as clean and soft and fluffy as when you bought them:

First, shake out the dust, then soak them in warm suds of Ivory Soap for thirty minutes. Work them up and down in the water, squeeze them against the side of the tub, and put them through the wringer, loosely adjusted, into another strong suds of the same temperature as the first. Stir about and soak for ten minutes, stretch soiled parts over a smooth surface, and rub with a brush, using a little of a solution of Ivory Soap cut up and dissolved in hot water. Rinse in several warm waters—or until both blanket and water are clean—then hang to dry in the open air. Hang the blankets so that they will dry straight. When perfectly dry, rub the surface with a soft flannel cloth and hang them near a stove or in a warm room for several hours. For each pair of blankets, allow a half cake of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap—99 $\frac{41}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.



*Pure as the joys of childhood
Fresh as the morning hour
Bright as the smile of sunshine
Sweet as the breath of a flower.*

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RUBIFOAM

RUBIFOAM has dainty charms which never fail to delight the sensitive tastes of children and win their hearts. Every child who uses it becomes a lover of RUBIFOAM.

The RUBIFOAM habit if formed in childhood means strong beautiful teeth for life.

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LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Your Children Stylishly Clothed

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